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PART I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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HENRY COBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Page 131—217, for "Arthur Fitzgerald," read "George Robert Fitzgerald."
 256, for "Sir W. Chatham Trelawney," read "Chatham.—Sir W. Trelawny."
 480, line 33, for "as composed of Ignoramus's," read "as composed of ignorant men."
 481, for "to make it the foremost thing," read "to make them the foremost things."

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THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

1884
17
JANUARY 1, 1827.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

CONVERSATIONS OF PALEY.

Communicated by the Author of "Four Years in France."

THERE are fifty-two prebendaries of the Cathedral Church of Lincoln, of whom four, the dean, subdean, chancellor, and precentor, each in his turn, reside for three months in every year. Paley's residence began on the day "commonly called," as the prayer-book has it, and still called, such is the pertinacity of tradition, "Christmas day;" but he continued his abode at Lincoln for six weeks or two months after his trimestral duty was terminated. I had frequent, almost daily opportunities of meeting him, and I hardly ever met him without his saying something worthy of being recorded in his *ana*. The anecdotes now offered to the public I have repeated very often in conversations with my friends, many of whom have suggested to me the scheme of making a collection of them and giving it to the world. At length I have followed this advice, and have found the renewed recollection of Paley's sayings a very agreeable occupation. I employed a few days in making heads of the "Conversations," and then sat down to reduce them into form.

Paley is by no means forgotten; his works are in the hands of every one; the circumstances of the times in which he lived and *talked*, are still fresh in the memory of every one, and have an intimate connexion with the state of things at the present day.

I cannot affirm myself to have been an ear-witness of every saying here set down: the far greater part of them I heard with my own ears, but some of them have been related to me by persons worthy of all credit, members of the society of the place, who, like myself, were frequently in company with Paley,—men incapable of attributing to him what did not justly belong to him, admirers of his talents and jealous of his fame.

I may be blamed (for belonging, as I do, to the proscribed and tolerated, and therefore insulted and calumniated, Catholic people, any reproach, however unjust, may be thrown upon me, not only with impunity, but with applause to the censurers)—I may be blamed for violating the confidence of social intercourse, for reporting what would not have been uttered but with an implied reliance on the discretion of the hearers.

I have certainly had private interviews with Paley; but I have taken care to avoid all mention of whatever may have passed between us when alone. When he spoke of what I call his "retreat to Longtown," I believe no one heard him but myself; but there can be no ground for the charge of indiscretion in the relation of an anecdote which, though very interesting, is perfectly innocent. In his talk respecting Dr. Jebb, he was particularly cautious; a proof that he considered his hearers as

free to interpret him unfavourably, and that he guarded himself there-
 fore beforehand against representations that might "not much contribute
 to his glory." These "Conversations," then, whatever may be the
 merits or demerits of the speaker or his editor, I submit to the reader,
 with the usual hope of "benefiting and delighting" him.

When I went to live at Lincoln, in 1797, I knew that Archdeacon
 Paley had been some few years before appointed subdean, and as his
 place obliged him to three months' residence every year, I anticipated
 much delight and instruction in the conversation of the author of "*Mor-
 ral and Political Philosophy*," of "*The Evidences of Christianity*," and,
 above all, of that sagacious and original work, "*Horæ Paulinæ*." On
 his arrival to perform his duty of residence, in the year above mentioned,
 I made him a visit without finding him "at home." It was known after-
 wards that he was at this time occupied in the composition of his "*Nat-
 ural Theology*." He returned my visit: unfortunately, I was "from
 home." My curiosity was not, however, long to wait for its gratification.
 I was soon invited to meet him at a dinner party,—at one of those din-
 ners which I have elsewhere spoken of as regularly interchanged between
 the residentiary and the society of the place. I entered the drawing-
 room with some degree of awe: the greater part of the company was
 assembled, and Dr. Paley was amongst them.

Imagine to yourself, reader, if you never saw Dr. Paley, and many of
 my readers may not have seen him, since I write about twenty years
 after his death,—imagine to yourself a thick, short, square-built man,
 with a face which, though animated and cheerful, could not but, at first
 sight, appear ugly; with bushy brows, snub nose, and projecting teeth;
 with an awkward gait and movement of the arms; a decent and digni-
 fied, but by no means excessive, protuberance of belly; wearing a
 white wig, such as suited his place, and a court coat; but without what
 would also have suited his place, a short cassock. To this part of the
 dress of the dignified ecclesiastic he had a particular dislike, and ridi-
 culed it by calling it "a black apron, such as the master tailors wear in
 Durham." The whole of his dress was of course black. He wore silver
 buckles at his knees and in his shoes.

He was talking as I entered; and I perceived, with much surprise,
 that he spoke a very broad northern dialect. He had passed, indeed,
 great part of his life in the north of England; but he had been educated
 and lived long at Cambridge, and had seen a good deal of the world.
 Perhaps he was vain of this singularity: perhaps he would not seem to
 wish to correct what he found he could not cure without difficulty, and
 so gave up the attempt. I heard him repeat three or four times the
 word "noodge," pushing his elbows at the same time towards the sides
 of those who stood nearest to him: this motion explains the meaning
 of a word not very generally in use among scholars, nor in good com-
 pany. But Paley's merits, though they might have been recommended
 by polished manners, were superior to them, and wanted them not; and
 his learning was the more agreeable by being entirely free from for-
 mality, pedantry, or assumption of literary importance. I could not
 learn to what all this "noodging" referred, as the story was finished;
 and, soon after, dinner was announced.

When we were seated at table, the mistress of the house said, "Mr.

Subdean, what will you be pleased to eat?" "Eat, madam? eat every thing, from the top of the table to the bottom—from the beginning of the first course to the end of the second." Then, putting on an air of grave doubt and deliberation:—"There are those pork *staakes*: I had intended to proceed, regularly and systematically, *through* the ham and fowls to the beef; but those pork *staakes* stagger my system." I sat next to him: he turned suddenly upon me:—"Mr. —, what would you do in such a case?" As I had to answer the first question proposed to me by the great Dr. Paley, I endeavoured to do so in choice and correct phraseology. I said, that when the end was the same, and the means equally innocent and indifferent——. Paley had a quick and nice tact on all occasions: whether he understood the preciseness of my sentence as in jest or in earnest I know not; but, not allowing me to finish it, he cried out—"Ay, I see you are for the pork *staakes*. Give me some of that dish:"—naming neither pork stakes nor ham and fowl.

Every one who has heard Paley talk must be aware how much his talk loses by being written down: no speech of the greatest orator,—not even that to which was applied "*quid si ipsum vidisses?*" could lose by transcription more of its force and effect. Paley's eloquence, however, did not, like that orator's, consist in his action: that was by no means graceful. His utterance was at times indistinct; and when the persons to whom he talked were near him, he talked between his teeth; but there was a variety and propriety of inflexion in the tones of his voice—an emphasis so pronounced, and so clearly conveying his meaning and feeling, assisted too by an intelligent smile or an arch leer,—that not only what was really witty appeared doubly clever, but his ordinary remarks seemed ingenious.

A party was assembled in the Subscription News-room. Some one came up to him and made an excuse for a friend, who was obliged to defer an intended visit to the subdeanery, because a man who had promised to pay him some money in April, could not pay it till May. "A common case," said Paley.—We all laughed. Paley, by way of rewarding us for our complaisance in being pleased with what was recommended chiefly by the quaintness of his manner, went on:—"A man should never *pay mooney* 'till he can't help it; *soomething maay* happen." These three last words were pronounced slowly, and with much affected seriousness.

At another time he said—"I always desire my wife and daughters to pay ready money. It is of no use to desire them to buy only what they want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy: but that paying ready *mooney* is such a check upon their imagination."

I will not trouble the reader with any more northern *orthography*, but observe, once for all, that Paley's *patois* added much drollery and fun to all that he said, and he said much with such intent; and, after I had been accustomed to it, it by no means weakened the impression of what he said seriously and logically. It did not appear like vulgarity, but the mere carelessness of force in one conscious that this fault was redeemed by his matter. Sometimes he did not disdain to use purposely a vulgar phrase. Having won a rubber at whist, he cried out, "Pay the people: U. P. spells geslings."*

We, that is the society of the place, dined at the subdeanery. The

weather was excessively cold ; the fire in the room in which we dined had been lighted but just before dinner ; we were all chilled. Paley felt it to be useless to make apologies for what might have been so easily prevented ; he talked of a dinner-party, "an improvement upon this room, for *they* dined out of doors." To one of the company who was helping to the *trifle*, as it is here called—"Captain ——, you seem to be up to the elbows in suds ; send me some of that ; dig deep." I observed, that immediately after dinner he sent for his tooth-pick case, and was impatient till it was brought ; that he drank very sparingly, of white wine chiefly ; and that some gingerbread was served, not as part of the desert, but to him alone.

After dinner, one of the party said, "Mr. Subdean, if you will give me leave, I'll stir the fire." Paley rushed from his end of the table : "I understand your trick ! you want to have an opportunity of warming yourself. These are reflections of a mind at ease : I have been farther from the fire than any of you : give me *the poker*." When we were seated round the fire, he gave me a letter : "It relates to the hare we had at dinner. It is written by a farmer, a tenant to the Dean and Chapter. Nay, read it aloud." I read :—"Reverend Sir : I request your honour's acceptance of a hare, as I mean to ask a favour in a short time. I am, &c. &c." Paley said, "As the Dean remarked, so many thousand presents have been made with the same intention, yet the motive was never so honestly avowed before." I said, "I hope the farmer will obtain the favour." "Very likely he will."

"A little girl, not quite four years old, came to me one day with a pink ribbon tied round her throat :—"Why do you put on that silly bit of ribbon?" "To make me look pretty." Purposes may be divined, but ingenuousness is rare ; nay, it is a bad compliment to the understanding of those who are to be conciliated, and therefore may very fairly be laughed at as a blunder, but still a venial blunder."

Paley came to dine with me. On entering a room of which two sides were covered with books—"Mr. ——, you are not of my mind : I make it a rule never to buy a book that I can either beg, borrow, or steal." I did not expect much success in any of those three means. "Well, however, I *do* make it a rule never to buy any book that I want to read only once over." I said there are very few books here that you would consider as of that sort. I thought I observed that, when he had perceived his "Evidences" and "Horæ Paulinæ" among the divines, he looked about for his "Philosophy." He might reasonably doubt whether it would be allowed a place on the shelf of an honest man's library. There it was, however, the rascally book ; and I did not say that to read it once was to read it once too often. The effect of reputation is, that one is obliged to procure of the works of a famous author those of which one does not approve ; and even this, my censure of Paley's "Morals and Politics," may induce some one to read the book. The tutors of Cambridge, no doubt, neutralize by their judicious remarks, when they read it to their pupils, all that is pernicious in its principles.

Three reasons have been given why Paley was not made a bishop. He was said not to be *presentable* ; he was said not to be orthodox ; it was said, too, that the late King (than whom none went more directly to the conclusions of good sense, when not led by conscience-keepers) having seen or heard of the ingenious but most imprudent illustration

of "Property," towards the beginning of the work in question, replied to some one who recommended Paley, "What? Pigeon Paley!"

He said, "I have always asserted, and still maintain it, that all tailors are cowards. They brought against me the example of many tailors that had enlisted themselves as soldiers. No argument at all in disproof of my assertion: these men had minds impatient of tailoring." This Latinism, and the importance he gave to the subject, were amusing enough.

"The appearance of——, the butcher, answers admirably to my idea of a lord. So long, and so lank, and so pale and unwholesome, with something of the shabby-genteel about the fellow: he was *intended* for a lord." It may be a question whether he meant to ridicule, or really had adopted such a vulgar prejudice. Probably he had no serious thought on the matter.

"When I lived at Carlisle, I used to send half a guinea to market on the market-day, and that supplied my family with provisions for the week." A proof, notwithstanding the cheapness of that country, of the straitness of Paley's circumstances. His family was numerous, and he had, he said, three servants. He talked without reserve of passages in his former life, which a man of ordinary character, in the situation he then filled, would have been careful to keep out of view. There was latent pride in this perhaps.

"When I went to town to teach a school, I pleased my imagination with the delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot. The room stunk of p——, and a little boy came up, as soon as I was seated, and began—b, a, b, bab; b, l, e, ble, babble." Was this babbling or truth?

"I wanted a waistcoat at this time, and went into a second-hand clothes-shop. It so chanced that I bought the very same waistcoat that Lord Clive wore when he made his triumphal entry into Calcutta."

"I went to the play; and, on coming out of the theatre, felt six hands all trying to pick my pockets: whether they were *rival* or *conspiring* hands I cannot say. They took from me a handkerchief not worth twopence. I am sorry for the disappointment of the poor pickpockets."

His education had been sufficiently hardy. "My father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him, on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried out, 'Get up again, Will.'"

"When I set up a carriage, it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale!*" His looks and manner were an admirable running commentary on this story, and rendered it superfluous for him to make, and he did not make, any remark upon it.

We talked about the great schools. He said, "A lad came to us at

Cambridge: he had been seven years at Eton, and could not spell *but*." Part of the fun of this consisted in the circumstance, that next to Paley was seated an Etonian, one, however, whose literary attainments were worthy of the fame of his school. He affected to laugh incredulously, though he must have known the story to have been but too probable. Paley rejoined: "I tell you the plain fact; the lad had been seven years at Eton and could not spell *but*; but we cooked him up." "I suppose you taught him to spell *butter*," said the Etonian. The difference^{as} in Paley's pronunciation of *but* (the same as that of an Italian in the word *buttare*) and the Etonian's pronunciation of the same vowel in *butter*, almost spoiled to the ear the jest intended,—that *butter* should be the comparative degree of *but*, the positive.

I knew at Oxford a young man from Eton, who, after seven years of education, though he could spell *but*, no thanks to his masters, certainly could not decline *musa*. I asked him how they could contrive to keep him so long at the school, and teach him so little. "They gave me the run of the school, and flogged me now and then to show they had not forgotten me." The reproach of making boys serve an apprenticeship to Greek and Latin, without learning either, is shared by Eton with every other great school; ay, and little school, and private school, and by seminaries for a select number, where "the strictest attention is paid to the health and morals of the young gentlemen:" but Eton may boast that the manners of the young men there educated are gentle, polished, and manly; free from boyish rudeness or bashfulness, in a degree superior to those of the youth of any other school, public or private; though in this most important point the former will always have the advantage of the latter. Yet, in manners, a youth of eighteen from Eton is as correct as a man of the world at five-and-twenty.

This "could not spell *but*" has its pendant, resembling it in playful exaggeration, and even in the form of the sentence. "I was driven by the rain into the News-room this morning," said Paley; "there I found Mr. — alone; he was poring over the map of Italy, and could not find Rome. I showed him how and all about it; traced out to him the march of the armies, and made a politician of him." Mr. — had that claim to kind attention which is derived from having passed threescore and fifteen years in this miserable world; and it is much to Paley's credit that he acknowledged it so good-naturedly.

He talked of education at the Universities: "You may do any thing with young men by encouragement, by prizes, honours, and distinctions: see what is done at Cambridge. But there the stimulus is too strong; two or three heads are cracked by it every year." He was asked, "Do you mean that they really go mad from over-studying the mathematics?" "Why, some of them go mad: others are reduced to such a state of debility, both of mind and body, that they are unfit for any thing during the rest of their lives. I always counselled the admixture of the study of natural philosophy, of classics and literature, and that University honours should be accorded to all. One thing I always set my face against; and that is, exercises in English composition: this calling upon lads—(lads, be it understood, is the old-fashioned University word for undergraduates)—this calling upon lads for a style before they have got ideas, sets them upon fine writing, and

is the main cause of the puffy, spongy, spewy, washy style that prevails at the present day." These four epithets, being all of them words capable of the grace of northern pronunciation, had all and each of them the advantage,—and it was by no means an inconsiderable one in point and effect,—of the "vulgar tongue" learned by Paley in his youth.

Whether a few hundreds of young men, at Oxford or Cambridge, shall learn a little more or less of Greek and Latin, or a little more or less of mathematics, is of little importance to the community at large. The former University excludes *in limine*, and the latter excludes from its degrees, all who will not subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England. This subscription is no security to the religion by law established, as no man can think himself bound by an act of this sort imposed upon him in his infancy. Before I went to Oxford, being then sixteen years of age, I consulted a friend whom I thought capable of advising me. "I am to subscribe the thirty-nine articles; I cannot understand them." "You will understand them hereafter." To how many does this "hereafter" arrive? To some who consider the subscription as a take-in, and reconcile their consciences to it as well as they can; to some who think then that they are bound in duty and in honour to reject it, and whose rejection causes discussions not always favourable to the reputation of Anglican orthodoxy; to some few who, after inquiry, retain it in sincerity: but the great mass persevere in their primitive indifference; having once subscribed as a matter of form, they subscribe again. It is an old college joke that a youth, on his matriculation, being told he was to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles, very readily took out his purse and asked, "How much?"

Thus academical institutions and establishments sufficient for the education of half the world, are reserved for the sole use of a comparatively insignificant number. Four-fifths of his majesty's subjects are excluded from what ought to be regarded as the patrimony of all of them: yes, four-fifths of them: for, if we allow that there are four millions willing to sign the *confession* of the Church of England, we rate very high the number of its faithful adherents. Foreign nations are excluded: the Anglo-Americans are excluded. Proud of their English origin, and speaking the same language, they would gladly avail themselves of the advantage of educating at Oxford or Cambridge the youth of their leading families; and we ought to avail ourselves of the means we possess to unite to us this great nation—for a great nation it already is—in bonds of parental and filial affection. This would be our glory: it is our interest: it may be our safety. Let, indeed, the aspirants to degrees in divinity subscribe "with a sigh or a smile," to use Gibbon's words; but the arts, and sciences, and languages, and law, and medicine, have nothing to do with theological orthodoxy.

No man could have a better right than had Paley, to criticise the faulty style of the imitators of Johnson, including the great names of Gibbon and of some of the Scotch historians. The vices of this style are its latinisms, its verbosity, and, above all, its monotony. A friend of mine at Oxford called it the *swing-swang* style. "Yes," said I,

—'each period has its brother;
And half a sentence just reflects the other.'"

But we are improved, I think, within these last twenty-five years. Paley's style is eminently terse and correct and animated, and purely English; his cadences are sufficiently harmonious, without being fatiguingly uniform.

There was a book-club at Lincoln, the members of which assembled once a week, at tea-time, and after tea each one took of books what he wished to read during the week following. The secretary said, "Mr. Subdean, what books do you choose?" He, casting a look as of doubt and dismay on the table covered with pamphlets and new publications, said, "I will try not to take more than I can read; but one's eye is always bigger than one's belly on these occasions." One of these evenings, being unable to attend, he wrote me a note, desiring me to choose his books for him; giving me to understand that he rather inclined that they should be light reading. When we next met, I asked him how he liked his books: "You have done very well: I was afraid you would have been too serious for me; but you have hit my taste exactly." I fear I have lost this note, which I should now consider as a precious autograph.

After selecting our books, we usually formed a party at whist. Paley held out the pack of cards for me to draw one; but suddenly withdrawing his hand, "short reckonings make long friendships, pay for your cards." I laid down my shilling; "Do not forget on what consideration, Mr. Subdean."

After whist, we entered into talk. Some one, speaking of a very worthy man, a clergyman in the city, said that he was a jacobite. One of the company cried out, "What? Mr. D. a jacobin?" "No," says Paley, "*bite*, not *bin*; who ever thought Mr. D. a jacobin?" "No," said I, "Mr. D. is a very honest man: no one here will say that a jacobin *quateus* jacobin, is an honest man; and a man must be either *bite* or *bin*." I was called on to show the necessity of the alternative: "As no one will say that we have a right to do now what was done in 1688, no one can consistently say that what was then done was done rightfully." The Precentor said, "I presume that it is in consequence of the change in your religious opinions that you have taken up jacobitical principles." "No," said I, "it was at Oxford that I learned them." The Precentor opposed my argument that the right of deposing kings either did exist at all times, or did not exist at any time, by distinguishing between the present time and 1688; hinting that James II. was deposed because he endeavoured to change the religion of the country. "Admitting the fact," said I, "other sovereigns had not only endeavoured, but done the same thing before him." Paley interrupted us, perhaps he thought it high time; addressing himself to me, "So, you are a jacobite?" "Yes." "And Mr. D. is another?" "He is so reported." "Then there are two of you. Well, I did not think the Pretender had been *so strong*." "At this time of day," I replied, "it is merely an historical question; there is no one for Mr. D. and me to fight for, even if we were so inclined."

Paley said, "The writers of novels have a very fair ground of quarrel against Mr. Pitt; he has made so many new lords, with such pretty-sounding titles, ending in *mont* and *ville*, and such novel-like terminations, that the writer of a novel can hardly have a lord in his work without fear of incurring the penalties of *scandalum magnatum*."

Paley did not very easily brook that any one should maintain an opinion different from his own. On these occasions he usually cut short all argument in a rough and sudden manner. He asserted that old age had more advantages, and was, on the whole, happier than youth. I ventured to differ from him, and amongst other obvious arguments, put forward the remark that age has lost all hope; and that hope, even though it be an illusion, is still a consolation. "Hold your tongue: you know nothing of the matter. I could write a book about it." I replied quietly, "I wish you would." This was in pure good-nature; he behaved, however, rather pettishly to my friend — on a similar occasion, and by way of making an *amende honorable*, invited him to partake of a barrel of oysters the following evening.

One day after a dinner, he laid it down as a rule that when an author had once defined a word, he had a right to use that word in the sense so defined, be the sense whatever it might. I contended that a writer could not be allowed to pervert words from their known and ordinary acceptation. He got warm: "A man has as much right to his words, once defined, as to the breeches on his backside." A careful old gentleman of the party said, "If he has paid for his breeches." I retreated from all further, now useless, argumentation with a pun: "that is fundamental," said I.

Observing that female infants learned to talk earlier than males, he said, "Boys begin to tell lies at two years old, and girls at one."

At a card-party I was standing with him near the fire, leaning on the chimney-piece; I took up an ornamental stone peach and showed it to him: he said, "It is not harder than many that are served at table."

A *skeleton* regiment, such is the phrase, arrived from the West Indies, and was quartered at Lincoln. This skeleton had been clothed with flesh brought from Ireland; in other words, had been recruited there, and on a peculiar plan. The regiment was intended to be sent to India after three years; boys, therefore, of from fifteen to seventeen years of age had been enlisted, with the intention of giving them a particularly good military education before their embarkation and during the passage, that they might be qualified for non-commissioned officers in the native regiments. Meantime, the cat-o'-nine-tails, though administered, as was supposed, with due regard to the tender age of these young soldiers, was not idle. One boy died a day or two after a punishment: the officers, shocked at the event, wished to impute it to some other cause; the previous state of the boy's health; some mismanagement. We met at dinner on the day of the poor lad's burial; of course the conversation fell on this topic. Paley said, "It is a pity that the officers should endeavour to excuse the matter; all the world must see that if the boy had not been flogged he would not have died; it is an unlucky accident." One officer of the regiment was present, a very young man; he was praised for the unaffected sensibility which he manifested on the occasion; he was not ashamed to shed tears. If he is still living, I hope I may recall to his memory what then did him so much honour. I forget the number of the regiment; Lord Southampton was colonel.

A strange tale was circulated about this time, of a farmer's wife, who, returning from market, fell from her horse and was buried in the snow, under which she lay for nine days and was then dug out alive:

in fact, she lived for more than two years after. Remarking on the seeming incredibility of this story, Paley said, "Formerly I used to believe nothing; now I believe every thing; men tell lies about circumstances, but they do not invent."

He had been in Ireland, and had passed some time with his friend ———, who was a bishop in that country. He observed: "There are two orders of the Irish peasantry: the lower order live with the pig; the higher order apart from the pig."

He said, "A good harbour is not sufficient to make a commercial town; Ireland has the finest harbours in the world, and but few commercial towns. Where there is a rich country, ports are made; but the harbours of Ireland, especially in the west, are backed by a country poor and miserable."

Some one was explaining to him that the matter used in vaccination was the same as what is called the *grease* in the heels of horses. "The ostler kisses the dairy-maid," said he, "and so the disease is communicated and conveyed, from the heels of the horse to the dugs of the cow."

"A friend of mine told me, that when he was about to undertake any building, or to have any thing to do with masons or carpenters, it was his practice to order three estimates, and to take the middle one as that to be relied on. 'Nay,' said some one present, 'surely the highest is most likely to be true in fact.' I told him he had better take the three estimates and add them all together."

Mr. Subdean, we saw you this morning in a situation that must have been very distressing to you:—in the midst of the crowd that was accompanying the poor man who was going to be hanged. "Why," said he, "I got into the crowd without intending it; but, being there, I waited to see the poor fellow pass by. I looked in his face to see the expression of it; he was amazed and stupified, and that was all: I observed that the nails of his fingers were perfectly white." Soon after, he said, "How strange it is that we should be so much under the influence of our habits! the poor man who was executed this morning was a miller; had been brought up a miller; after the commission of the felony, when he knew that they were in search of him, he hid himself in a mill, and in a mill he was apprehended."

He told me, "When I wanted to write any thing particularly well,—to do better than ordinary,—I used to order a post-chaise and go to Longtown; it is the first stage from Carlisle towards the north; there is a comfortable quiet inn there. I asked for a room to myself; there then I was, safe from the bustle and trouble of a family, and there I remained as long as I liked, or till I had finished what I was about." I said, "That is a very curious anecdote;" and I said it in a tone which, from a certain change in his countenance, I believe to have set him on musing how this anecdote would appear in the history of his life.

Paley took his rides on horseback occasionally, but always alone, without the attendance even of a servant. "I am so bad a horseman, that if any man on horseback was to come near me when I am riding, I should certainly have a fall; company would take off my attention, and I have need of all I can command to manage my horse and keep my seat; I have got a horse, the quietest creature that ever lived, one that at Carlisle used to be covered with children from the ears to the tail." Understanding all this, and seeing him gambadoing on the race-course,

I turned my horse's head another way. "I saw what you meant this morning; it was very considerate of you; I am much obliged to you."

Paley was too careful of petty expenses, as is frequently the case with those who have had but narrow incomes in early life. He kept a sufficiently handsome establishment as Subdean, but he was stingy. A plentiful fall of snow took place during an evening party at the Precentor's; two of Mr. Subdean's daughters were there; he showed great anxiety on account of the necessity that seemed to have arisen of sending them home in a sedan-chair: taking the advice of several of the company, whether such necessity really and inevitably existed, he said to me, "It is only next door."—"The houses touch," said I, "but it is a long round to your door; the length of both houses, and then through the garden in front of your house." He consulted the Precentor, who, to put the matter in the right point of view, cried out, "Let the girls have a chair; it is only three-pence a-piece."

We all admired Paley's talents; we were all proud of having him for Subdean; we all sought and delighted in his conversation: he was liked, yet it cannot be said in an unqualified sense that he was respected. The familiarity of his manners, his almost perpetual jests, his approximations to coarseness of language, weakened that splendour of his literary reputation by which we should otherwise have been dazzled. Yet he was, though rough and unpolished, perfectly well behaved; if ever he stepped aside from conformity with the order and regulations of good society, it was in the spirit of fun, and understood to be so; he was, in all ordinary cases, gentle and good-natured; his tact enabled, and his seemingly-benevolent disposition prompted him to say what might be pleasing to those with whom he conversed, and to avoid what might be disagreeable. He certainly was not by nature of a selfish character; how far the example of the world, and the necessities of his own situation might have engendered this sentiment, which every man finds unamiable when exerted against himself, it is not for man to judge, who cannot know the heart, and can seldom impartially decide on the conduct of his fellow-man. The carelessness and indifference which he not only affected in politics, but which he really felt at this time, may be accounted for by the failure of the hopes of his party; had the party succeeded, he would have adhered to it; but he seems, as will soon be perceived, to have always secured for himself a retreat in this very indifference. Of the sincerity of his attachment to the doctrines of the Church of England, I care not to give an opinion. I regard him as a most able champion of the cause of Christian revelation. Let all those who, as Paley was suspected to have done, subscribe the thirty-nine articles without believing them: all those who know nothing, all those who care nothing about them, be deducted from the number of his judges; and how many will remain to condemn him?

I have now done with his miscellaneous talk, and henceforward

—— major rerum mihi nascitur,
Majus opus moveo.

I am now to record some conversations which may exhibit Paley in his own colours as a politician and ecclesiastic.

"We had," said he, "a club at Cambridge of political reformers; it was called the 'Hyson Club,' as we met at tea-time; and there a great variety of schemes was proposed and discussed. Jebb's plan was this: that the people should meet in their several districts, and declare their will—there it was—their WILL; W.I.L.L.; if the House of Commons should think fit to pay due attention to the WILL of the people, why, well and good; if not, the people were to appoint other representatives or delegates to carry their WILL into effect. We had no more idea that we were talking treason than that we were committing "bestiality; it is treason *now*, and very properly." This assertion of innocence of intention was well acted, with an air and tone of affected simplicity: the word that concludes it, though unfit to be committed to paper, is too characteristic to be omitted; the pause before the words "very properly," was significant enough. He went on: "I was always an advocate for *braibery* and *corroption*." I cannot resist the temptation to give these words as they were enunciated. "They raised an outcry against me, and affected to believe that I was not in earnest. Why, said I, who is so mad as to wish to be governed by force? Or who is such a fool as to expect to be governed by virtue? There remains then nothing else but bribery and corruption." He argued for some little time in defence of a government by bribery and corruption; then said, "The club had a vast deal of talk," adding, in an under voice, as if somewhat ashamed of himself, at least, it is to be hoped that such was his feeling, "I did not care much about it; I got what I wanted."—"So much for Buckingham."

The political circumstance of the most important and home-felt interest to us all about this time was the income-tax; it gave occasion to much pleasantry on the part of Paley, and to several *bon mots*. The inn at which the commissioners assembled was opposite to the news-room; Paley looked out of the window on the crowd of farmers on the market-day waiting to make their appeals. "I dare say most of them contrive to wriggle themselves down to sixty pounds a year." The phrase, "wriggle themselves down," seems, to my apprehension, not only expressive, but picturesque. Paley's manner, must, however, be taken into account, as well as the merit of the choice of the terms; a look, half scowl, half smile, and the voice kept back almost in the region of the *epiglottis*, while the words came from between the teeth in a sound partaking of the semblance both of a growl and whisper. Such were the graces which beggar all description, and which must plead my excuse if I appear sometimes to esteem Paley's pleasantries more highly than they deserve.

There was good cause for "wriggling," for, at and below sixty pounds a year, there was a total or partial exemption from the operation of the act. This agreed in part with Paley's notions, who said that "There also ought to have been an ascending scale of income-tax; Tom Paine proposed it, and it was just and reasonable; but, as Tom proposed it, it could not be adopted. Tom was the *black dog*, and his name was sufficient reason for rejecting the measure: nothing could be good that came from Tom."

He said, "If the income-tax could have been foreseen, we should have had no war; and now that it is put on, I wish my head may never ache till it is taken off again." The income-tax is taken off; Paley's head is

past aching; but should that tax ever be put on again, many heads and hearts too will ache. Mr. Pitt's successors have been, let us hope they always will be, men of more feeling than himself; men of earthly mind, not "heaven-born!"

Some one brought word that the commissioners had served a schedule on ——— the butcher, formerly mentioned as Paley's *beau idéal*, or representative of a lord. This man was one of their number. Paley cried out, "What schedulize ———, himself a commissioner? Bag-eat dog, that's too bad."

He said that indirect taxation was the best mode of taxing; that it would be found that direct taxation would lessen the produce of the indirect; that the argument in its favour, that it made misers pay their share, was a very slight one, since the number of those who did not spend their incomes was very small in proportion to the whole people; that if a man chose to be a miser, he ought to have leave to be one; while, the taxes being laid on articles of consumption or domestic establishment, every one has the privilege of taxing himself.

Paley used sometimes to cite opinions delivered in his own works, beginning with "I have said—I have always said." Whether or no he has done so in this instance I cannot recollect, and my readers will pardon me if I do not take the pains of looking through his books to ascertain the fact; of course I have taken care to avoid such repetition whenever I have been aware of this self-quotation, by which Paley seemed merely to identify himself with the author of that name, naturally, easily, and without vanity.

"If I had been prime minister," said he, "I would have followed up the battle of Aboukir, just upon the neck of it, with a proposal for peace. Instead of that we were to electrify all Europe—that was Mr. Dundas's own word, electrify. And so the King of Naples, he was electrified; and the King of Sardinia, he was electrified." He paused a moment; I thought he refrained, out of complaisance to me, from mentioning the Pope among the electrified; for I and another were his only hearers; he went on, "And then we were to disturb the opium slumbers of the Grand Turk. Where is all this to end? we must have peace at some time. They treated about the basis of a peace; one would think they had been making triangles. We boast that we have destroyed their commerce and manufactures; why, in ruining their manufactures we have created their armies, and such armies, they fight to the water's edge; nothing stops them but *that*: and our asses," meaning the ministers,—Paley did not manage his terms—"our asses could not foresee all this. And then they boast that Egypt is hermetically sealed: Bewonnyparty will get out somehow or other." I have represented as well as may be in letters, his way of pronouncing this once terrible name, which, had it not been exchanged for that of *Napoleon*, might have been terrible still; or at least till the King of Terrors had disarmed it of all terror.

"The war might easily have been avoided: the French at first did all they could to avoid it; but Mr. Pitt wanted to be a great *war minister*; and so it was settled that he should try to be a great war minister; and so the war was begun: however, they soon wished to get out of it, and would have treated with Robespierre, on the condition of guaranteeing, so far as they could, his situation at the head of the

French people."—"What," said I, "such a horrible wretch as that?" "Ay, the business was to stop the spread of republican principles; any head would have answered our turn that could hinder the revolution from coming over here." It must be remembered that this conversation refers to a time anterior to that at which Mr. Pitt, without repealing a single indirect tax, established, what he pleasantly called, "a solid system of finance," shortly after the introduction of a paper currency, which, no doubt, he thought to be a solid circulating medium: he thus obtained twelve or fourteen millions a year, and the facility of borrowing in paper what we now are paying in gold. A war of a quarter of a century has inflicted on this empire wounds, which half a century will not heal. It is no imputation on Paley's sagacity that he could not foresee all this.

During the campaign in which the Archduke Charles so skilfully and successfully opposed Jourdan and Moreau, it was often a question with us in the news-room which side had the advantage; with so trembling a hand did victory for a long time hold the balance. Paley asked "Which army advances? that one army advances proves the other army is retreating."

In the following year, an invasion of England by the French was so seriously apprehended, that a military man, skilled in such matters, was sent down to Lincoln by his Majesty's Government to organize the means of defence for that county. It was supposed that the enemy might land an army on our flat coast, where, on account of the shallowness of the water, a large vessel could not reach them, and so penetrate across the county, into the midland manufacturing districts, in which it was feared many would join them. A public meeting was called, at which the Lord Lieutenant presided. The commissioner of Government was a German; he conducted himself with great good sense and imperturbable phlegm, answering all questions without any sign of impatience, unless, indeed, taking snuff were one; this expedient certainly gave him time to recollect himself. It was amusing to hear with how much coolness he talked of driving cattle, burning corn-stacks, destroying mills and ovens. To reconcile us to these measures repayment of damages was promised on the part of Government, and the son-in-law of the Lord Lieutenant, he himself being infirm and deaf, made us a speech. The speech was appropriate; but Lord ——— was betrayed by his zeal and by the spirit of the time, into the use of two epithets, against one of which I took exception, and Paley against the other. Lord ——— called the French "our atrocious and implacable enemy." "'Implacable,'" said I afterwards to Paley; "that is too humble: we do not want *placare*, to appease or soothe our enemy."—"Ay," said he, "and 'atrocious:' they have a right to come, and we have a right to knock 'em on the head: there's nothing atrocious in all that: it is fair in war. We have done them as much harm as we could, wherever we could: they have a right to serve us the same sauce."

An important cause was tried at the Assizes at Lincoln, in which Mr. Perceval, then a barrister attending the Midland Circuit, was counsel for the defendant: a large estate depended on the decision of this cause, in which the defendant obtained a verdict. Mr. Perceval happened afterwards to be Prime Minister, and this circumstance may

Conversations of Paley.

make Paley's opinion of him worth recording. "I think," said he, "I think Mr. Perceval contrived to insist on the only weak part of his own client's cause." Perhaps Mr. Perceval owed his elevation to his known ability in this way, considering what was expected of him. Of Edmund Burke, Paley spoke in the highest terms of admiration.

Game, and the game-laws were, of course, frequently a subject of conversation. Paley said, "I have always thought that the best way of settling the matter, was to make game private property; the property of him on whose land it is found."

Religion is also POLITICS: very few people care about dogmas; very few believe in them; and I am inclined to think that Paley believed and cared for them as little as any man. His proposal for establishing the Catholic religion in Ireland, spoken of in "Four Years in France," was grounded by him on political expediency; "For," said he, "the Presbyterian religion is established in Scotland, not because it is true, for the religion of the Church of England and of the Kirk of Scotland, being different, cannot both be true; but the Kirk is established in Scotland because it is the religion of the people of Scotland; for the same reason the Catholic religion ought to be established in Ireland:" and he proceeded to point out the political advantages that would, in the ordinary course of human interests and passions, result from the adoption of such a measure; on the justice of the measure he insisted a little, and but a little. With him, things are just, because they are expedient; it consists with his principle, indeed, to say that justice is the greatest possible good: but he was not always consistent. Such will be the usual march of his philosophy.

I was talking with him on the subject of Catholic Emancipation; our discourse was carried on with a reference to Ireland chiefly; it always happens thus; the number of Irish Catholics is so great, that the injury and injustice inflicted on about half a million of British Catholics, is not worth consideration. "Protestant ascendancy," said he, "must be maintained; this would be impossible, (the Catholics outnumbering the Protestants in so great a proportion,) if the Catholics were admitted to equal civil privileges." I replied, "This maintenance of Protestant ascendancy against a superior population is not the true, at least not the only reason for depriving Catholics of their civil rights, since the disqualifications in England, where they are not one in thirty, reach to more objects than in Ireland."—"That is true, and the reason for it is this; whatsoever should be granted to the English Catholics, the Irish would expect and require something more; besides, if the English Catholics were put on the same footing as the Irish, England would be over-run with Irish Catholics: to prevent this, it is necessary that the law should be more severe against English than against Irish Catholics." No Orangeman could have spoken better. Paley's spirit animated those who rejected Mr. Canning's bill for restoring to the English Catholic freeholder his elective franchise. And this is the way to make of Great Britain and Ireland an united kingdom!

It is but fair to observe, that Paley's proposal of establishing the Catholic faith by law in Ireland, was subsequent to this last mentioned conversation, by an interval of some months. Had I converted him

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to a sense of justice? Had I set him on seeking an expedient for stifling that monster, Protestant ascendancy? I do not believe it: I rather believe that he never cared about the subject on which he conversed, except as a subject of conversation. He never seemed to care seriously about any thing. He was a very pleasant fellow, after all.

It is the custom at Lincoln for the Residentiary to entertain at dinner the Judge of the Assizes, on the Sunday on which he makes his public appearance at the Cathedral. Paley received in this manner the late Sir William Ashurst, and surprised him not a little by saying, in his table-talk, "Formerly, my Lord, the Dean of Lincoln had so much to do, that he was obliged to have a subdean to help him; but now I cannot find out, for the life of me, that there is any thing for either of us to do." I have already given an instance—namely, in his *beau idéal* of a lord, that Paley sometimes indulged in what is called *common-place*; though he certainly brought it forward in an uncommon manner. That a subdean should say this, and to a judge too, and at his own house, and at an official dinner, on Assize Sunday, as our people call it, all this was strange. The judge looked grave, as a judge ought to do; and Paley well deserved to be repressed by the gravity of the judge. Paley must have known that these places of "repose with dignity" are the encouragement and reward of talent and exertion; he was himself at the moment a living proof that they do not always miss their designation. If they are sometimes given to men of no extraordinary ecclesiastical merit—to the younger sons of great families—to persons of large property, on the recommendation of powerful patrons, even such distribution, in the present relation of the church to the state, is not without its utility. The utility of that relation of the church to the state, is an entirely different question.

It was Paley's way, however, to treat dignities and dignitaries ecclesiastical with great familiarity; and what is the consequence of too much familiarity, as an old proverb will tell us. Speaking very contemptuously of some one, he said, "What can one do with such a fellow as that? What is he good for? One *might* make a *Dean* of him—he would do for a *Dian*." Yet it is my intimate conviction that Paley would most willingly have effaced the letters S.U.B. from his own title ecclesiastical.

Some one mentioning the name of a late Primate of all England, Paley cried out, "What? such a fool as that?" and this in a large company; adding too, at the same time, something very scandalous, and not fit to be repeated, respecting the cause of that prelate's promotion.

"Law"—it was thus, and without further addition, that he designated the Bishop of Carlisle—"Law was vapouring about residence; declaring, that in riding through a parish he could tell whether a clergyman was resident there or not; as, if it were so, that circumstance always threw an air of civility over the people who inhabited it. Why, said I," Paley continued, "I know a great many parishes to which I could take you, and, let the whole population pass in review before you, you shall not be able to tell which is the *Parson*: I know him by certain signs that I have learned by long practice: he has usually a black silk handkerchief round his neck, and he is more *greasy* than any man in

the parish, except the *butcher*. And these are your men to throw an *air of civility* over a people!" And he seriously removed the doubts of the incredulous among his hearers, by re-asserting that a large proportion of the clergy of his former archdeaconry were men of this equivocal exterior.

"We had a good joke against Law; you have read his works? Well; no matter: the fact is, he is very fond of parenthesis in the structure of his sentences; he will set a pair of hooks at a great distance one from the other, and then have another little parenthesis in the belly of *that*. He had a book printed at Carlisle; they were a long time about it: he sent several times to hasten them; at last he called himself to know the reason of the delay. 'Why does not my book make its appearance?' said he to the printer. 'My Lord, I am extremely sorry; but we have been obliged to send to Glasgow for a pound of parenthesis.' Law heard of this often."

"I approve of his having written a letter to Ching, and given him leave to publish it—the letter that appears in the advertisements of the worm-medicine; there was great good sense in not allowing his dignity as a bishop to prevent him from doing a good-natured action. I am only sorry for a mistake in the letter: he talks of an obstruction between the stomach and the viscera: now the stomach is one of the viscera." The appearance of the "Natural Theology" shortly after, explained how Paley came to be better acquainted with anatomical terms than his former bishop.

He had some particular cause of dislike of Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, some old college quarrel perhaps. I told him I had been reading a work that Watson had lately published. "What is it about?" said he, "is it a proposal for paying off the national debt? Mind—every cracked man proposes to pay off the national debt: that is a rule; nobody but a cracked man would think of it, and Watson has been thinking about it for several years past."

The income-tax again. He put on one of his grave, risible looks—one is obliged to make use of contradictory epithets, and, after all, can give but a very inadequate idea of the oddity of his manner—"I have but one objection to declaring the amount of my income; but for that objection, all the world should be welcome to know it; and that objection is," he paused and made us wait a little; "I am afraid of exciting the concupiscence of the younger clergy."

He had a very low opinion of the talents and learning of the Abbé Beaumont, who is mentioned in the account of the Author's conversion to the Catholic faith, which precedes the "Four Years in France." Some one spoke to him of M. Beaumont as the cause of that conversion. "He convert! He never converted any thing but a rump of beef into steaks." It may be supposed I was not present; but the anecdote has been repeated to me from several quarters. Paley did not know, and men who cry down the Catholic priesthood do not know, that a Catholic priest, by merely complying with the daily obligation of reading his breviary, is better informed in matters of religion than —; but comparisons, it is said, are odious; let each one fill up this sentence according to his own observation of the degree of knowledge possessed by those who take upon themselves to talk about such matters, from motives of interest or party spirit.

Paley was, however, in the right; Beaumont had neither learning nor powers of reasoning sufficient to have aided in my conversion, but for a certain predisposition on my part. This predisposition was not puerile, nor fanciful, but strictly theological; it consisted in High-churchmanism, a religion differing much more from Low-churchmanism than from Popery. The High and Low-churchman profess the same creed, subscribe the same *confession*; but the Low-churchman may believe any thing except Popery; whereas the High-churchman is, in principle, a Catholic; nothing is wanting to him but consistency, and the admission of three or four points of doctrine, in which points only the Anglican church, according to its "*book of common prayer*," differs from the Catholic.

Yet so completely has the Protestant faction of Queen Elizabeth succeeded in misrepresenting, disguising, and even in keeping out of view the tenets of the faith of our forefathers, that Beaumont was of great use to me. He proposed to me the argument of the "*perpetuité*;" he explained the difference between articles to be received as of faith, and those that are to be admitted by a pious belief only (as Gil Blas believed himself to be the father of his own children); between points of discipline, which the church regards as essential, and those that are indifferent. But I was converted by my own deductions from principles previously adopted; and by a desire to avoid the sin of heresy and schism, from which, in the litany of the established church, it prays to be delivered; classing it with hardness of heart, and contempt of God's word and commandment.

Sir Kenelm Digby was educated a Protestant, but became a Catholic, although Archbishop Land, with whom he corresponded on the subject, did all he could to dissuade him. My ancestor gave as a reason for returning to the faith of his fathers, that tenets which they did not profess, and practices which they did not follow, had been falsely imputed to the Catholics by his instructors in religion. He was a brave man who, in the beginning of the long parliament, rose in his place in the House of Commons, from which Catholics were not yet excluded, and professed his faith in that assembly, which detested Popery even more than Prelacy; though this latter was the more immediate object of their attack. The reader will, I hope, pardon this digression, which I conclude by observing that Paley well knew that, in order that beef-steaks should be good, it is requisite that the rump be well prepared; and that the converting it into steaks is an operation that demands but little skill, provided the cook's knife be a good one.

M. Beaumont told me that Paley made him a visit and had a long conversation with him on the ecclesiastical affairs of France, and the state of religion in that country, previously to the Revolution. On two subjects Paley expressed the greatest astonishment: he inquired concerning the residence of the parochial clergy, and was told that the *curé*, not a substitute, but the principal, was resident in every parish: he sounded Beaumont as to the sincerity of the French clergy, and expressed much surprise when assured that they really and truly believed what they taught. We have seen that Paley called his Diocesan's commendation of residence a "*vapouring about residence*:" it was too highly coloured, perhaps, but certainly ought not to have been qualified as "*vapouring*," especially by an Archdeacon: the circum-

stances of the case allowed Paley the opportunity of turning it into ridicule; yet clergymen with white cravats and jet-black coats are not, it may be, those who pay most attention to the instruction of the poor; and Christian instruction, be it remembered in confirmation of Bishop Law's sentiment, is the great civilizer of the human race. On Paley's orthodoxy, as an Anglican, I give, I have said, no opinion; I never heard either himself or any one else assert it, though I have heard many deny it. He was asked why he had not affirmed the divinity of Christ in his "Evidences:" he answered, and the answer was a perfectly fair one, that contested doctrines made no part of his plan. This work, with the "*Horæ Paulinæ*," I earnestly recommend to the younger members of the Catholic church. I draw no inference from what is *not* there; what is there is good.

He said, "I have often thought that if I was to turn swindler"—Boswell, if I remember right, makes some whimsical remark on Johnson's beginning with "Sir, I have often thought that if I were to keep a seraglio:" let us not be hypercritical, nor suppose that seraglios, or harems, were the frequent subject of meditation to one of these worthies, or swindling to the other. Paley said, however, "I have often thought that if I was to turn swindler, I would try to swindle in the character of a dignified ecclesiastic. It would be quite a new thing, and nobody would suspect it. Bishops, however, are too well known: it would not be safe to pretend to be a Bishop. Even an *English* Dean might appear in propriâ personâ, and push one out of one's place: but an *Irish* Dean; ay, that would do very well; even the titles of Irish Deans are, many of them, unknown in England; for example, the Dean of Aghadoe. Well, I would take a house at the west end of the town, or in Marybone, and I would have a fine brass plate on my door, on which should be inscribed, in grand uncial letters, "Dean of Aghadoe." Then I would wear a short cassock—nothing to be done without a black apron. So I would begin to run in debt: nobody would refuse to trust the Dean of Aghadoe: I would order in goods—every sort of thing that could be easily disposed of, and before I had exhausted my credit, before any one began to suspect, I would be off, and the Dean of Aghadoe would be returned *non inventus*."

He spoke of Dr. Ogden, author of "Sermons on Prayer:" he did not think highly of Ogden's works, but, as he had acquired celebrity as an author, an account of him was interesting. "Ogden had the strangest tone of voice I ever knew; a most solemn, drawling, whining tone; he seemed to think he was always in the pulpit. I met him one day in company with a friend, who said, 'Ogden and I went into the country yesterday to dine with ——.' 'What had you for dinner?' 'Nothing but a boiled leg of mutton;' to which Ogden subjoined, with a cadence as if concluding a sentence in delivering a sermon, 'No capers!'"

"Ogden laid a trap for —— (naming the late precentor of Lincoln); you all know that he played a skilful game at whist, and liked for his partner to do so too." "Yes, said I, he used to tell the whist players here that they called it '*playing* at whist,' and, therefore, never could acquire a right notion of the game." Paley went on; "Ogden placed himself quietly at the side of the whist-table, at which the late precentor was playing; his partner played in such a manner

that, according to all the rules of good play, he ought not to have held a certain card; G— directed his own play accordingly: at last comes out from the hand of G—s partner this very card. G— complained aloud to his partner, ‘I have been playing all the while on the supposition that you had not that card.’ Ogden put in, with his usual preaching tone, ‘It could not be *demonstrated* now that he had not that card.’ G— impatiently cried out, “Why yes, it might: because ——.” ‘What!’ said Ogden, what! when he *had* it?” It must be remembered that the scene lies at Cambridge, where the force of the word *demonstration* is most accurately apprehended.

Of this Precentor, thus brought to my recollection, let me say that I always looked up to him with respect as a man of honourable mind, of great sensibility and right feeling, of an enlarged and comprehensive, though somewhat prejudiced view of things. He treated me with benevolence in my youth, and gave me good counsel. He was a high church-man, and paid as much attention to order and ceremonial in his cathedral as it was possible for him to do. He once said, “You have got rid of Popery, and what have you got instead?” He answered the question himself at some length. I leave it to the reader to do the same.

On the evening when Paley told the story of the Hyson Club, as recorded in the POLITICAL subdivision of his table-talk, he was in an admirable flow of conversation. Now let us hear him “reason in divinity.” There were present some who could well understand him—an advantage which he did not always enjoy, but which always seemed to incline him to garrulity. One of the company was a Catholic: another who, for the time, was supposed to have adopted the tenets of Arianism: I say, for the time; because he once said to me, “I know what are my religious opinions to-day, but I do not know what they will be to-morrow: no man can be sure of his creed, unless, like you, he pins his faith on an infallible church.” A pretty good argument for the necessity of an infallible church. Animated by the presence of these two heterodox, the orthodox Dr. Paley launched a sort of defiance against *them*, as follows: “Mrs. Jebb was a very sensible pleasant woman, and almost as great a theologian as her husband. They had no children. I said to Jebb, ‘I suppose you and your wife pass your nights in dissertations on the eternal generation of the Logos, or in disputes about the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary.’” Having thus thrown down the gauntlet by a sneering allusion to Arian controversies and a question of Catholic doctrine, Paley, without waiting for a reply, went off into the drawing-room with an air of infinite self-content. In the course of this evening he had assumed to himself the merit of indicating, or of seeming to indicate, that the political and religious tenets of Dr. Jebb, supposed to have been heretofore adopted by William Paley, a young man, were, “very properly,” discarded by the Subdean of Lincoln.

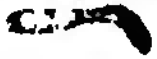
As many persons, after having laughed at the “immaculate conception of the blessed virgin,” have asked me the meaning of the words, I beg leave to offer an explanation of them, that the laugh may proceed *avec connoissance de cause*. They mean that the blessed virgin was, by a particular providence, conceived and born without the stain of

original sin. Such is the belief of many members of the Catholic church; but the church itself has given no decision on the subject. It becomes me to limit myself to an explication of the terms, requesting the members of the Establishment not to forget that they themselves believe in original sin, lest, as it is not unusual with them, they should wound Protestantism through the sides of Popery.

IRISH ROMANCE.—NEW TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY.

THERE is no country more fertile in the materials of romance than Ireland. Its dark and mournful history; the sad contrast between its capacities for good and its actual condition; and the frequent instances of noble daring and suffering by which the pictures of its degradation have been lightened, suggest, even at a distance, the fitness of the scene for the bolder effects of the ambitious novelist. Nor will the sense of this peculiar aptitude be diminished by a closer study of the character and manners of its people. They are not only more impressive than we are on this side the channel, and infinitely more expressive, but they want all the gradations and softenings of English life, which render its tenor even, dignified, and graceful, but which give it a smoothness and consistency unfavourable to the work of a selecting copyist. In Ireland, on the contrary, common life is almost of itself a romance, requiring no foreshortenings, no artificial contrast, no dexterous excision of level passages, no heightenings of passion, fortitude, or crime. Pleasure and despair border as closely on each other as the chapters in a novel; the darkest and the noblest qualities are developed by a single impulse; and a volatility of heart, equal to the French volatility of manner, presents the whole compass of the passions within a short period to the observer. The same exciting cause developes at once the laughable and the pathetic, the grotesque and the generous, the gay and the terrible. There is not the unity and decorum requisite for tragedy; but there is precisely the variety which the exigences of romance demand, thrown by nature into the strongest relief; changes of feeling no less striking than the most sudden vicissitudes of fortune; hate springing out of the depths of love; a stern sense of justice visible amidst the wildest excesses; and traits of oddity and whim decidedly marked even amidst scenes of agony and horror.

The national genius seems well fitted to take advantage of these ample resources. Incapable of poetry, in the highest sense, it should triumph in romance as it has long triumphed in eloquence. All that mere quickness of sensibility can prompt, and mere acuteness of perception discern, Irishmen can feel and describe; but they (generally speaking) want the power of harmonizing their conceptions; of making truth visible as beauty, and of endowing the mighty forms of Nature with life. The separate elements of poetry are theirs, and these they present in brilliant and imposing succession; but the great interfusing faculty, divine imagination, which alone can make their combinations "all compact," is wanting, or is not sufficiently potent to control the other qualities over which it should preside. Their very vivacity, the buoyancy of their spirits, and the warmth of their



young blood, render them incapable of that calm wisdom which belongs to "poets sage." From these very causes, that render them unfit for an art which has compression for its framework and truth for its essence, they are admirably calculated to succeed in extended prose narrative. Here "the extravagant and erring spirit," even within its proper confines, may find scope for the display of its graces and its powers. Here we do not expect to find description touched by sentiment; passion steeped in beauty; individual traits suggesting universal conditions; or glimpses into the inmost recesses of our nature, afforded in illustrations apparently casual; but we look for striking incidents, picturesque details, animated characters, and an ever-stirring spirit of life and action;—and all these seem peculiarly within the range of Irish talent and sympathy.

It is, however, only of late that the writers of the sister Kingdom have discovered their strength as novelists, or, at least, have become practised to use it with advantage. Miss Edgeworth, indeed, would have succeeded beyond almost any one else of her time in being amusing, if she had not been so perversely bent on being useful. She has a fine tact of observation; a brilliant rapidity of sketching whatever is singular in character, or grotesque in situation; a strong sense of humour, and subtle power of sarcasm; and these qualities she has employed in the delineation of many exquisite groups of the peasantry of her country. To these also she added an extravagance as truly Irish as the vagaries of any of those sentimentalists, against whom she was accustomed to point her sneers—as the story of *Ennui*, the *Adventures of Lady Delacour*, and the whole amatory portion of *Belinda*, abundantly testify;—but she chose to become the avowed instructress of the people, and with all her vividness of fancy, sank into a clever teacher, and exemplified the philosophy of utility and scepticism, by cold conceits and impossible incidents. Lady Morgan, with less discriminating power, was inspired by a higher enthusiasm, and wrote in a style eloquent, voluptuous, and gracefully free; but she resigned this department of literature before she had done full justice to her own capacities, though not before she had given some most impressive national pictures. Poor Maturin, with the richest pomp of words; a style absolutely embossed by quaint yet solid devices of varied beauty; a power of conceiving the most terrible situations, and inferior only to Mrs. Radcliffe herself in moving the passion of fear, was entirely destitute of the skill to individualize, and the warmth to animate his persons. In his "*Milesian*," he has given some of the dreariest and wildest representations of his country's misery which can be conceived; but the characters do not convey the impression; the author speaks for them, not through them. No writer has, we think, yet arisen who has exhibited the great resources of Irish romance with nearly the effect which the author before us promises to attain, and has in no inconsiderable degree produced already.

This series of "*The Tales of the O'Hara Family*," at least in its principal tale, is of a much higher order than that which preceded it. The first peculiarity which strikes the reader is the entire ease with which the author proceeds in his narrative. There is no note of preparation; no painful effort; and though the transitions are often violent and the incidents improbable, they seem suggested by the natural bent

of the mind, not painfully sought after as effects. Horrors are detailed with a simplicity that renders scepticism difficult, and humorous scenes, though too rarely interspersed, described with a *naïveté* seldom preserved in books, which heightens the enjoyment of the reader. The extravagance is the extravagance of feeling, not of taste merely: the honest fault of the author's genius, not the result of a laborious attempt at greatness. His stories are certainly not conducted with the requisite attention to probability, nor even to clearness; their development is sometimes itself a puzzle; and there is too great a tendency to startle the reader with a new light for which he was wholly unprepared—which always injures the general impression of a drama or tale, however it may tell for the moment. But there is no inconsistency in the character—in all that which appeals to the heart and abides there—the defects are those of form, rather than of substance. There is much excellent painting of manners; but the peculiar strength of the author is shown in his dealing with the passions in the fulness of their power. He has no shrinking timidity; descends to no half measures; but displays the real struggle of emotions either agitating the breast of an individual, or overmastering circumstances, or fiercely grappling for victory. In the boldness with which he shows what the passions are in their full growth, he reminds us more forcibly of some of our elder dramatists, especially of Webster and Ford, than any author of our time; and though he has little of their fancy or sweetness, he successfully follows them in the exhibition of the muscles and sinews of our intellectual nature strung for mortal wrestle; of the fiery ebullitions of ill-placed love, and the dark solemnity of revenge.

The tale to which these remarks are chiefly applicable is called *The Nowlans*, and occupies two volumes of the present series. Its hero is a youth, destined for the Catholic Church, who is tempted to break his vows by the fascinations of a beautiful girl in a sphere of life superior to his own, and who, after years of misery, is restored to his family and his profession. He is the younger son of a substantial farmer, but is taken, when a boy, to live with an uncle whose heir he should be—the half-witted, dissolute, low-minded proprietor of a considerable estate—in whose miserable establishment his piety is first assailed, his studies broken, and his heart prepared by habits of irregular thought, to yield to the potent temptations with which it is assailed. The uncle, Aby Nowlan, vegetating among the spoilers who are bringing him to ruin, and all his strange household—the slatternly mistresses, the ragged children, the rapacious guests, and their whole course of varied profligacy and pleasure—are portrayed with extraordinary graphic power; and the feelings of the innocent lad among these strange companions, his resistance, his half lapses, and his recurrences to the pure and noble, are developed with delicacy and truth, and finely contrast with the sordid vice and brutish insensibility of those by whom he is surrounded. When that ruin, which has long been gathering round his uncle, is complete, he returns unsettled and restless to his home, to encounter a more formidable tempter in the lovely niece of a gentleman of large fortune, whose life he has saved. This service naturally produces an intimacy; and Letitia Adams and John Nowlan fall in love, after he has been precluded by the solemn protestations of his faith from cherishing an earthly passion. The progress of this fatal affection—the

gradual absorption of all other feelings in one—the vain though manful attempt to overcome its fascinations—and the wretchedness which follows its gratification in a moment of frenzy, are given in the bold and masterly style to which we have referred, and, in their kind, have been exceeded by no modern writer. There is no false sentimentality; no meretricious art; and the delineation, vivid as it is, is yet moral, because its subject is passion, not mere appetite: and it is utterly free from affectations and sickly excuses. In this part of the work, which is conceived and executed in a real tragic vein, is, to our minds, the highest triumph of the author;—but there are incidents connected with the history of Frank, Letitia's brother, and Peggy Nowlan, one of the priest's sisters, which are more terrible in situation, and wrought with darker colouring. Mr. Frank is one of those melodramatic heroes who are easily painted—a gentleman by education and in manner, who is really a villain of the deepest dye—a cold-blooded sensualist, a highway robber, and a participator in murderous schemes. He fixes his eye on the beautiful Peggy Nowlan; flatters her vanity; and having been compelled to marry her by her brother, who is led falsely to believe she had been dishonoured, meditates her death. Having persuaded her to postpone declaring her marriage till the next day, he entreats her to meet him at midnight in a wild glen, there to be made his by the rites of the Protestant Church; she steals from the house to the spot; and having concealed herself behind a fragment of rock, beholds one of the desperate companions of her husband digging a grave intended to receive her; but commands her terrors, and waits till he despairs of his prey, fills in the earth, and retires. This is, no doubt, extravagant in conception; but it is made fearfully real by the manner in which all the circumstances are described; and is elevated by the mild heroism of the poor girl who is marked out as a victim, and who, in presence of mind and singleness of heart, resembles Jennie Deans, though possessing characteristic and national traits which absolve the author from having designed to imitate that beautiful pattern of lowly simplicity and goodness.

The courage of this rustic and modest heroine is destined to other trials almost equally severe. On a journey to Dublin, which she takes to seek out her afflicted father, who had fallen sick there while in search of his penitent son, the coach breaks down, and she is conveyed to a lone dilapidated house a few miles from the city—now the abode of the hardened mistress of her uncle, and the rendezvous of the robbers with whom her husband Frank is connected. Here she overhears preparations for the murder of one of the gang who had been detected in a scheme to betray his fellows, and witnesses, through the chink of her cabin wall, the deliberate perpetration of the deed on the wretch as he lies in his drunken slumber. She listens to the council held between the woman and her squalid son on the probability of her having become acquainted with the dreadful secret, and on the prudence of dispatching her; yet she counterfeits sleep; and, during the whole of the next day, baffles the cross-examination of her fearful hosts, subdues all symptoms of repugnance and fear, and succeeds in inducing them to allow her to quit the house at night on her road to Dublin. The whole business in this haunt of worse than banditti is really ter-

rific ; as a mere robber scene it is not inferior to the famous scene in Count Fathom, to the adventure of Raymond and Agnes, or to the more elaborate horrors of the cottage in the Family of Montorio ; and it has an additional interest derived from the quiet bravery of the poor girl who is encircled with its horrors.

The tale is too much crowded with incidents for analysis, and we have no room for any specimens which could be extracted uninjured from the context. There are other scenes of tragic power scarcely less appalling than that to which we have alluded—as when Frank receives his guilty associate in his uncle's house, and hints at his death while the uncle is standing in the darkness near—one in which the same fearful person, after he has been regarded as dead, imposes himself on the young sister of his forsaken wife as her long-lost brother, and admits robbers into the house, which she leaves in her agony of fear—and the closing scene at the Police-Office, which we will not anticipate. There is also a curious picture of a lodging-house in Dublin ; “its mean pinching economy, miserly comfort, unwarranted neatness and propriety, and cold, heartless, worthless independence”—all shining and polished from excessive care into a presumptuous appearance of respectability—the shrivelled hen-pecked landlord, with his shining suit of Sunday black, yet glossy after ten years service—the fat tyrannical landlady, sitting in a huge arm-chair, casting up her accounts and reading pathetic novels—and the daughter and niece, her dwarfish, hardened slaves, who “gave no idea of flesh or blood ;” whose age could not be guessed within twenty years, and with whom “one would no more think of flirting than with the wooden effigies found in the niches of old cathedrals.”

The other tale, “Peter of the Castle,” which occupies the third volume, is very inferior to this ; but contains some striking passages, and an animated description of an Irish country wedding.

There are many minor defects in these volumes which we have not space to notice : but there is one pervading fault which we must point out, and which we earnestly hope the author will be able to remedy in his future productions—a want of lightness and relief. The whole is of too gloomy a texture ; there is too little heartsease ; too little of the sunlight of humanity. In impressiveness the author is scarcely below the great novelist of Scotland ; but he wants the cheerfulness, the sense of enjoyment, and the airiness of touch, which give to the Waverley Romances their unwearying charm. If he can add these—and in genius such as he displays our faith is almost absolute—he may do much towards restoring the balance of power in the world of romance, by giving Ireland a share in the honours which have been well nigh monopolized by Scotland.

PASSAGES MARKED IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS BY
LORD BYRON.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—As every thing relating to Lord Byron has become doubly interesting since his death, it has struck me that a set of passages marked by him in Cotton's Translation of Montaigne may not be unacceptable to your readers. The work was lent him by myself while residing under the same roof with him; and he read the whole three volumes through with an interest, which he expressed in strong terms, and which, indeed, is very obvious. I mention these circumstances in order that the reader, from the manner in which I address you, may see that my communication is genuine, and that you know it to be so: and if it were of no other value, the public would be so far gainers in their information respecting the noble poet; of whom it has been truly said, that he seems to have furnished an experiment, how far it is possible to relate false and inconsistent things of a known individual. But of this, before long, I shall be able to convince the public in detail, and under my own name.

You know Cotton's excellent translation of Montaigne. He was a kindred spirit with his author,—frank, good-humoured, a mixture of the jovial and melancholy, with a careless, but strong and natural style, suitable to his mental vigour and personal dislike of artifice and elaboration. He had also, from education, a leaning to the aristocratical; though in his heart he embraced the whole human race. He had not Montaigne's egotism (to use a term very ill applied to the self-reflections of such men); but he had candour enough for it, if he had thought fit to give us an account of himself. Lord Byron had a liking on all these accounts both for the author and his translator; though having fallen with various sorts of ambition upon more independent times, his rank did not sit so easily upon him; and not being quite so wise as Montaigne, he suffered his eye for "universality" to be more obscured with spleen.

Lord Byron had a peculiar way of marking the pages that pleased him. He usually made a double dog's-ear, of a very tight, and, as it were, irritable description; folding the corner twice, and drawing his nail with a sort of violence over it, as if to hinder "the dog's" escape from him. I will begin the extract with one that he has marked with a *triple* dog's-ear. The reader will observe in it a very obvious application to himself. I must premise that these dog's-ears are the only marks: so that the reader must notice for himself such passages as he thinks the noble poet may have had more particularly in view. As there is another dog's-ear two pages farther on, and the subject is closely pursued, I will give the whole conclusion of the chapter that his lordship has here noticed, putting the particular pages marked by him *between brackets*, as I shall do with the rest. The present passage may serve as a treatise on the egotism of men of letters in general, and should be read by all critics before they commit their own by too hasty comments upon it.

“Every one, as Pliny says, is a good doctor to himself, provided he be capable of discovering himself near at hand. This is not my doctrine. it is

my study ; and is not the lesson of another, but my own, and yet if I communicate it, [it ought not to be ill taken. That which is of use to me, may also peradventure be useful to another. As to the rest, I spoil nothing, I make use of nothing but my own ; and if I play the fool, it is at my own expense, and nobody else is concerned in it : for it is a folly that will die with me, and that no one is to inherit. We hear but of two or three of the ancients who have beaten this road ; and yet I cannot say if it be after this manner, knowing no more of them but their names. Not one since has followed the track : it is a ticklish subject, and more nice than it seems to follow a pace so extravagant and uncertain as that of the soul : to penetrate the dark profundities of their intricate internal windings ; to choose and lay hold of so many little graces and nimble motions, is a new and extraordinary undertaking, and that withdraws us from the common and most recommended employments of the world. It is now many years since that my thoughts have had no other aim and level than myself, and that I have only pried into and studied myself : or if I study any other thing, it is to lay it up for, and to apply it to myself. And yet I do not think it a fault, if, as others do, by other much less profitable sciences, I communicate what I have learnt in this affair ; though I am not very well pleased with what I have writ upon this subject. There is no description so difficult, nor doubtless of so great utility, as that of a man's self. And withal a man must curl, set out, and adjust himself to appear in public.] Now I am perpetually tickling myself ; for I am eternally upon my own description. Custom has made all speaking of a man's self vicious, and does positively interdict it, in hatred to the vanity that seems inseparably joined with the testimony men give of themselves. I do not know that necessarily follows ; but allowing it to be true, and that it must of necessity be presumption to entertain the people with discourses of one's self, I ought not, pursuing my general design, to forbear an action that publishes this infirmity of mine ; nor conceal the fault which I not only practise, but profess. Notwithstanding, to speak my thought freely, I do think that the custom of condemning wine because some people will be drunk, is itself to be condemned. A man cannot abuse any thing but what is good in itself : and I believe that this rule has only regard to the popular vice : they are bits with which neither the saints whom we hear speak so highly of themselves, nor the philosophers, nor the divines will be curbed ; neither will I, who am as little the one as the other. Of what does Socrates treat more largely than of himself ? To what does he more direct and address the discourses of his disciples than to speak of themselves, not of the lesson in the book, but of the essence and motion of their souls ? We confess ourselves religiously to God and our confessor ; and, as they are our neighbours, to all the people. But some will answer and say, that we there speak nothing but accusation against ourselves. Why then we say all, for our very virtue itself is faulty and repentable ; my trade and art *is to live*. He that forbids me to speak according to my own sense, experience, and practice, may as well enjoin an architect not to speak of building according to his own knowledge, but according to that of his neighbour ; according to the knowledge of another, and not according to his own. If it be vain glory for a man to publish his own virtues, why does not Cicero prefer the eloquence of Hortensius, and Hortensius that of Cicero ? Peradventure they mean, that I should give testimony of myself by works and effects, not barely by words : I chiefly paint my thoughts, an inform subject, and incapable of operative production. It is all that I can do to couch it in this airy body of the voice. The wisest and devoutest men have lived in the greatest care to avoid all discovery of works : effects would more speak of Fortune than of me. They manifest their own office, and not mine ; but uncertainly, and by conjecture. They are but patterns of some one particular virtue. I expose myself entire : it is a skeleton, where at one view the veins, muscles, and tendons are apparent, every of them in its proper place. I do not write my own acts, but myself and my essence : I am of opinion that a man must be very wise to value himself, and equally

conscientious, to give a true report; be it better or worse, indifferently. If I thought myself perfectly good and wise, I would speak with open mouth, and rattle it out to some purpose. To speak less of a [man's self than what one really is, is folly, not modesty; and to take that for current pay, which is under a man's value, is pusillanimity and cowardice, according to Aristotle. No virtue assists itself with falsehood: truth is never the master of error: to speak more of one's self than is really true, is not always presumption, it is moreover very often folly: to be immeasurably pleased with what one is, and to fall into an indiscreet self-love, is, in my opinion, the substance of this vice. The most sovereign remedy to cure it, is, to do quite contrary to what these people direct, who, in forbidding them to speak of themselves, do consequently at the same time interdict thinking of themselves too. Pride dwells in the thought, the tongue can have but a very little share in it. They fancy, that to think of one's self is to be delighted with himself; to frequent, and to converse with a man's self, to be over indulgent. But this excess springs only in those, who only take of themselves a superficial view, and dedicate their main inspection to their affairs; that call meditation, raving and idleness, looking upon themselves as a third person only, and a stranger. If any one be ravished with his own knowledge, whilst he looks only on those below him; let him but turn his eye upward toward past ages, and his pride will be abated, when he shall there find so many thousand wits that trample him under foot. If he enter into a flattering vanity of his personal valour, let him but recollect the lives of Scipio, Epaminondas, so many armies and nations that leave] him so far behind them, and he will be cured of his self-opinion. No particular quality can make any man proud, that will at the same time put so many other meek and imperfect ones as he has in him in the other scale, and the nothingness of human condition to balance the weight: because Socrates had alone swallowed to purpose the precept of his God, *To know himself*, and by that study was arrived to the perfection of setting himself at nought, he was only reputed worthy the title of a Sage. Whosoever shall so know himself, let him boldly speak it out."

These observations were suggested to Montaigne by a story he had been telling. It was an account of an accident that happened to himself, and as it is curious, and preceded by some remarks on a subject of universal interest, I will proceed to quote the passages which Lord Byron has noticed in the same chapter. Such of your readers as are not acquainted with Cotton's translation, will be glad to get thus acquainted with it. To some Montaigne himself may be new. If so, it will be like bringing upon them unexpectedly an illustrious guest. Cotton comes with him to interpret; and Lord Byron sits expressing his approbation in silence.

"Canus Julius, a noble Roman, of singular constancy and virtue, having been condemned to die by that beast Caligula, besides many admirable testimonies that he gave of his resolution, as he was just going to receive the stroke of the executioner, was asked by a philosopher a friend of his; well Canus, said he, whereabout is your soul now? what is she doing? what are you thinking of? I was thinking, replied the other, to keep myself ready and the faculties of my mind settled and fixed, to try if in this short and quick instant of Death, I could perceive the motion of the soul when she parts from the body, and whether she has any resentment at [the separation, that I may after come again if I can, to acquaint my friends with it. This man philosophizes not unto death only, but in death itself. What a strange assurance was this, and what bravery of courage, to desire his death should be a lesson to him, and to have leisure to think of other things in so great an affair?

‘———— Jus hoc animi morientis habebat.’

This mighty power of mind he dying had.

“And yet I fancy, there is a certain way of making it familiar to us, and in some sort of making trial, what it is. We may gain experience, if not entire and perfect, yet such at least as shall not be totally useless to us; and that may render us more assured. If we cannot overtake it, we may approach it and view it, and if we do not advance so far as to the fort, we may at least discover it, and make ourselves perfect in the avenues. It is not without reason that we are taught to consider sleep as a resemblance of death. With how great facility do we pass from waking to sleeping, and with how little concern do we lose the knowledge of light, and of ourselves! Peradventure the faculty of sleeping would seem useless and contrary to Nature, being it deprives us of all action and sense, were it not that by it Nature instructs us, that she has equally made us to die, as to live, and from life presents us the eternal estate she reserves for us after it, to accustom us to it, and to take from us the fear of it. But such as have] by some violent accident fallen into a swoon, and in it have lost all sense; these, methinks, have been very near seeing the true and natural face of death; for as to the moment of the passage, it is not to be feared that it brings with it any pain, or displeasure, forasmuch as we can have no feeling without leisure; our sufferings require time, which in death is so short and precipitous, that it must necessarily be insensible. They are the approaches that we are to fear, and those may fall within the limits of experience. Many things seem greater by imagination, than they are in effect. I have passed a good part of my age in a perfect and entire health; I say, not only entire, but moreover spritely and wanton. This estate, so full of verdure, jollity and vigour, made the consideration of sickness so formidable to me, that when I came to experiment it, I found the attacks faint, and easy in comparison of what I had apprehended. Of this I have daily experience; if I am under the shelter of a warm room, in a stormy and tempestuous night, I wonder how people can live abroad, and am afflicted for those who are out in the field: if I am there myself, I do not wish to be any where else. This one thing of being always shut up in a chamber, I fancied insupportable: But I was presently inured to be so imprisoned a week, nay a month together. And have found that in the time of my health, I did much more lament the sick, than I think myself to be lamented when I am so, and that the force of my imagination enhances near one half of the [essence and reality of the thing. I hope that when I come to die I shall find the same, and that I shall not find it worth the pains I take, so much preparation and so much assistance as I call in, to undergo the stroke. But we cannot give ourselves too much advantage at all adventures.

“In the time of our third, or second troubles (I do not well remember which) going one day abroad to take the air, about a league from my own house, which is seated in the very centre of all the bustle and mischief of the late civil wars of France, thinking myself in all security, and so near to my retreat, that I stood in need of no better equipage, I had taken a horse that went very easy upon his pace, but was not very strong. Being upon my return home, a sudden occasion falling out to make use of this horse in a kind of service that he was not acquainted with; one of my train, a lusty proper fellow, mounted upon a strong German horse, that had a very ill mouth, but was otherwise vigorous and unfoiled, to play the bravo, and appear a better man than his fellows, comes thundering full speed in the very track where I was, rushing like a Colossus upon the little man, and the little horse, with such a career of strength and weight, that he turned us both over and over topsie-turvy, with our heels in the air! So that there lay the horse overthrown and stunned with the fall, and I ten or twelve paces from him stretched out at length, with my face all battered and broken, my sword which I had in my hand, above ten paces beyond] that, and my belt broke all to pieces, without motion or sense any more than a stock. It was the only swoon I was ever in till this hour in my life. Those who were with me, after having used all the means they could to bring me to myself,

concluding me dead, took me up in their arms, and carried me with very much difficulty home to my house; which was about half a French league from thence. Having been by the way, and two long hours after, given over for a dead man, I began to move and to fetch my breath; for so great abundance of blood was fallen into my stomach, that Nature had need to rouse her forces to discharge it. They then raised me upon my feet, where I threw off a great quantity of pure florid blood, as I had also done several times by the way, which gave me so much ease, that I began to recover a little life, but so leisurely and by so small advances, that my first sentiments were much nearer the approaches of death than life.

‘*Percbe dubbiosa anchor del suo ritorna
Non s’assecura attonita la mente.*’

Because the soul her mansion half had quit,
And was not sure she was return’d to it.

“The remembrance of this accident, which is very well imprinted in my memory, so naturally representing to me the image and idea of death, has in some sort reconciled me to that untoward accident. When I first began to open my eyes after my trance, it was with so perplexed, so weak and dead a sight, that I could yet distinguish nothing, and could only discern the light.

— ‘*Come quel ch’or apre, or chiude
Gli occhi, mezzo tra’l sonno è l’esser desto.*’

As people in the morning when they rise,
’Twixt sleep and wake, open and shut their eyes.

“As to the functions of the soul, they advanced with the same pace and measure with those of the body. I saw myself all bloody, my doublet being stained and spotted all over with the blood I had vomited; and the first thought that came into my mind was, that I had a harquebuzer shot in my head: and indeed at the same time, there were a great many fired round about us. Methought, my life but just hung upon my lips, and I shut my eyes, to help, methought, to thrust it out; and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go. It was an imagination that only superficially floated upon my soul, as tender and weak as all the rest, but really, not only exempt from pain, but mixed with that sweetness and pleasure that people are sensible of, when they indulge themselves to drop into a slumber. I believe it is the very same condition those people are in, whom we see to swoon with weakness, in the agony of death, and am of opinion that we lament them without cause, supposing them agitated with grievous dolours, or that their souls suffer under painful thoughts. It has ever been my belief, contrary to the opinion of many, and particularly of Stephen Boetius, that those whom we see so subdued and stupified at the approaches of their end, or deprest with the length of the disease, or by accident of an apoplexy, or falling sickness.

— ‘*(Vi morbi sæpe coactus
Ante oculos aliquis nostros ut fulminis ictu
Concidit, et spumas agit, ingemit, et tremit artus,
Desipit, extentat nervos, torquetur, anhelat,
Inconstanter et in jactaudo membra fatigat.)*’

(By the disease compell’d, so we see some,
As they were thunderstruck, fall, groan and foam,
Tremble, stretch, writhe, breathe short, until at length
In various strugglings they tire out their strength.)

Or hurt in the head, whom we hear to mutter, and by fits to utter grievous groans, though we gather from thence some sign by which it seems as if they had some remains of sense and knowledge: I have always believed, I say, both the body and the soul benumbed, and asleep.

‘ Vivit et est vitæ nescius ipse suæ.’
He lives, but does not know,
That he does so.

And could not believe that in so great a stupefaction of the members, and so great a defection of the senses, the soul could maintain any force within, to take cognizance of herself, or look into her own condition, and that therefore they had no tormenting reflections, to make them consider and be sensible of the misery of their condition, and consequently were not much to be lamented. I can for my part think of no estate so insupportable and dreadful, as to have the soul spritely and afflicted without means to declare itself: as one should say of such who are sent to execution, with their tongues first cut out; were it not that in this kind of dying, the most silent seems to me the most graceful, if accompanied with a grave and constant countenance; or of those miserable prisoners, who fall into the hands of the base bloody soldiers of this age, by whom they are tormented with all sorts of inhuman usage, to compel them to some excessive and impossible ransom, kept in the mean time in such condition and place, where they have no means of expressing, or signifying their mind and misery, to such as they may expect should relieve them. The poets have feigned some gods, who favour the deliverance of such as suffer under a languishing death.

———— ‘ Hunc ego Diti
Sacrum jussa fero, teque isto copore solvo.’
I by command offer to Pluto this,
And from that body do the soul dismiss.

“ Both the interrupted words, and the short and irregular answers one gets from them sometimes, by bawling and keeping a clutter about them; or the motions which seem to yield some consent to what we would have them do, are no testimony, nevertheless, that they live an entire life at least. So it happens that in the yawning of sleep, before it has fully possessed us to perceive, as in a dream, what is done about us, and to follow the last things are said with a perplexed and uncertain hearing, which seem but to touch upon the borders of the soul; and make answers to the last words have been spoken to us, which have more in them of fortune than sense. Now seeing I have effectually tried it, I make no doubt but I have hitherto made a right judgment. For first, being in a swoon, I laboured with both hands to rip open the buttons of my doublet, (for I was without arms,) and yet I felt nothing in my imagination that hurt me; for we have many motions in us, that do not proceed from our direction,

‘ Semianimesque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant.’
And half-dead fingers grope about and feel,
To grasp again the late abandon’d steel.’

So falling people extend their arms before them by a natural impulse, which prompts them to offices and motions, without any commission from us.

‘ Falciferos memorant currus abscindere membra,
Ut tremere in terra videatur ab artubus, id quod
Decidit abscissum, cum mens tamen atque hominis vis
Mobilitate mali non quid sentire dolorem.’
How limbs scythe-bearing chariots lopt, they tell,
Would move and tremble on the ground they fell,
When he himself, from whom the limb was ta’en,
Could by the swiftness feel no kind of pain.

“ My stomach was so oppressed with the coagulated blood, that my hands moved to that part of their own voluntary motion, as they frequently do to the part that itches, without being directed by our will. There are several animals, and even men, in whom one may perceive the muscles to stir and tremble after they are dead. Every one experimentally knows that there are some members, which grow stiff and flag without his leave. Now these

passions which only touch the outward bark of us, as a man may say, cannot be said to be ours : to make them so, there must be a concurrence of the whole man, and the pains, which are felt by the hand or the foot while we are sleeping, are none of ours. As I drew near my own house, where the alarm of my fall was already got before me, and that my family were come out to meet me, with the hubbub usual in such cases, I did not only make some little answer to some questions were asked me, but they moreover tell me, that I had so much sense, as to order that a horse I saw trip and falter in the way, which is mountainous and uneasy, should be given to my wife. This consideration should seem to proceed from a soul that retained its functions, but it was nothing so with me. I knew not what I said or did, and they were nothing but idle thoughts in the clouds, that were stirred up by the senses of the eyes and ears, and proceeded not from me. I knew not for all that, or whence I came, or whither I went, neither was I capable to weigh and consider what was said to me : these were light effects that the [senses produced of themselves, as of custom ; what the soul contributed was in a dream, as being lightly touched, licked and bedewed by the soft impression of the senses. Notwithstanding, my condition was in truth very easy and quiet, I had no afflictions upon me, either for others or myself. It was an extreme drooping and weakness without any manner of pain. I saw my own house, but knew it not. When they had put me to bed, I found an inexpressible sweetness in that repose ; for I had been damnably tugged and lugged by those poor people, who had taken the pains to carry me upon their arms a very great and a very ill way, and had in so doing all quite tired themselves twice or thrice one after another. They offered me several remedies, but I would take none, certainly believing that I was mortally wounded in the head. And in earnest, it had been a very happy death, for the weakness of my understanding deprived me of the faculty of discerning, and that of my body from the sense of feeling. I suffered myself to glide away so sweetly, and after so soft and easy a manner, that I scarce find any other action less troublesome than that was. But when I came again to myself, and to reassume my faculties,

‘ Ut tandem sensus convaluere mei,’

As my lost senses did again return.

which was two or three hours after, I felt myself on a sudden involved in terrible pain, having my limbs shattered and ground to pieces with my fall, and was so exceeding ill [two or three] nights after, that I thought once more to die again, but a more painful death, having concluded myself as good as dead before, and to this hour am sensible of the bruises of that terrible shock. I will not here omit, that the last thing I could make them beat into my head, was the memory of this accident, and made it be over and over again repeated to me whither I was going, from whence I came, and at what time of the day this mischance befel me, before I could comprehend it. As to the manner of my fall, that was concealed from me in favour to him, who had been the occasion, and other flim-flams were invented to palliate the truth. But a long time after, and the very next day that my memory began to return and to represent to me the estate wherein I was, at the instant that I perceived this horse coming full drive upon me (for I had seen him come thundering at my heels, and gave myself for gone : but this thought had been so sudden, that fear had no leisure to introduce itself) it seemed to me like a flash of lightning that had pierced through my soul, and that I came from the other world.

“ This long story, of so light an accident, would appear vain enough, were it not for the knowledge I have gained by it for my own use ; for I do really find, that to be acquainted with death, is no more but nearly to approach it.”

H.

OPINIONS FOR 1827.

“Opinion, sovereign mistress of effects.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Out upon it! away with it! down with it! to all the devils with 1826! One, two, three, four....eleven, twelve,—there, there it goes;—and “now methinks my soul hath elbow room.” Thank^d Heaven, this wearisome year is over; 1826 is passed! Well might Shakespeare call opinion, in the words of my motto, “sovereign mistress of effects.” In the present instance, at least, she has shown that she can walk off with a decent quantity of them. What between the blowing and the bursting of her joint-stock bubbles, she has very considerably lightened the pockets of his Majesty’s lieges. Every change in her versatile physiognomy has cost the nation a pretty penny; and it will be well if her cursed grimacing does not in the end bring us all to a return of *nulla bona*. Talk of the press governing opinion, after this, if you can. For once, opinion has clearly been too much for the press.—Of all the folks, whose interests were affected on this occasion, we poor authors were the worst off. An ex M. D. may turn quack doctor, an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer may pick pockets, an ex-lawyer may be good at hocus-pocus and figure as a new Abershaw, and an unfrocked divine may turn Methodist parson; but an author is unfit for every thing but writing. Would the Bank advance three farthings upon the best article that ever came from “the most experienced hand?” Oh, no! our paper currency is in no such vogue. We may *make* kites of our manuscripts, but we shall never *fly* them. The best style will never be deemed, on Change, an equivalent for the stern simplicity of “I promise to pay;” and I question if Cobbett himself would accept of all the notes of a Dutch commentator, in lieu of one Abraham Newland.

No more of this. 1826 has got the go-by; we have outlived its pains and perils, ay, and its pleasures too, for pleasures are sometimes fatal; and are ready, such of us as do not intend to cut our throats, to be the spectators or the actors in another “strange, eventful history.” Once more, therefore, let us renew our annual overhauling of accounts with opinion, lay down the chart by which we are to navigate its varying quicksands for the coming year, and arrive at a good understanding with our readers, in order to avoid an angry and acrimonious collision with their prejudices and predilections. This practice of yearly self-examinations, laudable in itself, is doubly necessary after the shock we have sustained.

Opinion, which has been so hard upon us, has not herself escaped unhurt from the conflict. Many long-established notions have gone down in the gale; and of those which survive, the *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* (I hate hacknied quotations) there are but few which are not so maimed and mutilated in the struggle, as to be recognized with difficulty for their former selves. The opinions of 1826 are indeed as obsolete as a stale almanack; and the orthodoxy of last year is become little better than heresy and schism. There is one incidental result of this revolution, favourable to “original correspondents,”—and it is well that there is any thing in it favourable to any body,—namely, that the shock of opinions has awakened some slight suspicion in the public of the uncertain value of its own notions; and our readers are less in a hurry to

run a-muck against the promulgators of ideas, which formerly, being new, would at once have been censured as heterodox. Liberality has, in fact, gained "since our last." Folks are not now quite so apt to cry mad dog after the writer who hints a fault and hesitates dislike of extravagance in our finances, or questions the blessings of a national debt. A joke may be cracked against the divine right to tithes, without incurring the reputation of a knave, or of endangering all private property: nay, so closely are men's thoughts modelled by the state of their pockets, that it may be doubted whether even John Bull or the New Times, which like Cerberus "*latratu regna trifauci personat*," would now venture a sneer at the exiguity of an American president's salary. Such is the growing disposition to question institutions and to grant a liberal indulgence to latitudinarian sentiment! Woe to the man, who, a little more than a twelvemonth back, should have dared to assert that the country was not in a most prosperous and promising condition; that the debt was not the cause of this prosperity; or that we should not hug ourselves in the certainty that the sinking fund will speedily annihilate that debt. What! you will ask, would you annihilate the cause of your prosperity? would you ruin the nation by rendering it solvent? This, I must confess, is not very logical; but who said that opinion was bound to be logical? and John Bull, above all the world, is a heaven-born free-man, and not bound to any thing. To question the logic of loyalty, or the loyalty of logic, would, fourteen months ago, have been a dangerous matter; and men were called sad names even for speaking ill of country bankers, those tortoises upon which reposes the elephant of public credit, which bears on its back the throne and the altar, the two foundations of the world itself. But now in this 1827, so cheap have silks and broad-cloths become, that I should not wonder if a man might censure with impunity the pence-collecting propensities of the dean and chapter of Westminster, call Southey's return to parliament by Milord a proof of purity of election, sneer at the quarrels of biblicals, question the taste of a newly-christened architect, or deny the judgment of him of the Custom-house. A man might assert the possibility of an honourable member being a dishonest man, without losing his ears, or jeer the money-making intrigues of a parliamentary chairman, without being called to order. Strange to say, we have lived to see the abuse of the king's ministers, and their measures, taken as a proof of loyalty; a stern rejection of his advice, and an hostility to his wishes, eulogized as tests of affection to his person and government, and high Tory periodicals attack the principles and men they have been for years eulogizing for the sake of lucre, speculating like Judas upon the sale of their masters. This abandonment of the reins of fancy, this relaxation of the ties of authorship comes very *apropos*. For it is not easy to be eternally dancing hornpipes in fetters, nor to walk a cord with the same grace and fashionable ease as we figure along the pavement of St. James's-street. Besides there are so many periodicals, gazettes, magazines, and reviews, all crying "give, give," that really it is all but impossible to keep within the narrow bounds of orthodoxy, and find food for the public. As well might we expect a good tragedy confined to the unities and common-places of the French stage, as look for originality within the limits of the canons of church

and state criticism. It is in vain that the writers for the periodicals steal—"convey, the wise it call,"—from each other, without mercy and without shame; and rummage old books, and vamp up old articles with new titles: there is no supplying the perpetual cravings of editors, there is no decently filling "our pages" when compelled to "print all freely under the inspection of two or three censors," as the French have it, with public opinion running against you like a mill-stream. Rejoice, therefore, with me, at our escape from the trammels of a war establishment of opinions: rejoice, that our minds, like our persons, are free to expatiate over the wide world of Nature, provided they be provided with the necessary passports. When a Swiss officer was reproached by a Frenchman that he fought for money, and not, like the objector, for honour, he replied, "Every man fights for that, of which he is the most in want." This explains the different states of opinion in France and England. The disputes of the people on the other side the channel with their Jesuits, and the pointing of the canons of the church against the people, are the sole topics of public interest, simply because Frenchmen are lamentably deficient in a due respect for state religions; we on the contrary, in England, are wholly engaged in the struggle for a morsel of bread, because there are so many of us without a seat at Malthus's great table. Hence a leading peculiarity in our opinions, and estimates of character. Formerly, to take money from a man against his will, and without giving him a *quid pro quo*, was very generally called an act of dishonesty. But it must be noted as an opinion of 1827, not to be contradicted or gainsaid on any pretext, that this depends altogether upon circumstances. Notwithstanding our no-popery zeal, we borrow a little in this matter from the Jesuits; and come down upon the case with a "*distinguo*." Robbery at the point of the pistol is very different from robbery at the point of an Act of Parliament; and fraudulent misrepresentation by individuals is, technically, getting money on false pretences, but not so in corporate bodies, such as joint-stock companies, and the like. If Waithman goes into his cases of parliamentary jobbing, we shall probably hear the landed interest loud in reprobation of the intrigues of money-brokers; and when the Corn Laws are discussed, the monied men will amply retaliate by displaying the roguery of legislating to raise rents. Before the end of 1827, it may be suspected that opinion will discover both parties to have spoken the truth. They had better patch up their Peachem and Lockit quarrels; and come to an open and avowed understanding, that, in money matters, frieze and broad-cloth make the whole difference between right and wrong; and that no man wearing a gilt button can be justly found guilty of thieving. In the mean time it may be taken for granted, that an opinion prevails among those who look on in these quarrels, that bread is too dear, and wages too low; and there are not a few who begin to surmise, that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark," which must be amended,—ay, and right suddenly too,—or the state vessel will capsize and go down, "like the Eddystone."

Another point upon which opinion has fairly veered round since 1826, is the case of the forty-shilling freeholders of Ireland. Last year, these worthies were to be sent to the right-about, because they have no conscience: now it is "to the left wheel" with them, for having too much. At the same time, it is more or less currently believed, that their

landlords are about the most impudent fellows that ever sought to carry a point by an oath and a bluster. Like Tom Thumb, who

“Made the giants first, and then he kill’d them,”

they are fighting with the work of their own hands. To be sure, when the act of Union acknowledged the principle of parliamentary corruption, by paying the *proprietors* of boroughs for the cession of their *vested rights* (Gracious God, what a proposition!!) the proprietors of counties may, in some measure, be excused for imagining that they have a right to the consciences of their tenants, and that the votes of those miserable wretches form a part of their rackrent. Connected with this subject, please to take notice, that till further orders, the interference of (Catholic) priests in elections is a scandalous breach of privilege; but that Protestant priests only fulfil the duties of their cloth, in preaching intolerant political sermons, and forcing the votes of all within their reach and influence.

Among the current opinions for 1827 it must be noted, that the race between Hunt and Leatherbreech has been decided a fair match. Lord Beresford is voted to be rather displeased, that his horse did not come in first at Waterford. Bets are offered that the jockey of Sudbury, brought to the scales, will be found “not weight.” The best judges who attended at Lonth, think that L. Foster’s b. c. was a little lame on its no-popery leg; and that if he does not come round before he runs again, he will surcly be distanced. There is but one opinion on the old colt Sumner; every body on the Surrey course was glad he broke down. About the opening of Parliament, serious doubts were entertained concerning the existence of Ireland, from the circumstance of the minister’s making no mention of it in the royal speech. This doubt is the more reasonable, inasmuch as the largest part of the Irish population was long ago declared by a great law-officer to have no legal being. There are, however, who think, that, before the session is over, ministers will be perfectly convinced that there is such a place, and that it is no “bed of roses” for them.

A lively notion at present subsists among playhouse-managers that theatres are a losing concern; and it is expected, that before the expiration of three years, sermons will be introduced between the acts, instead of music, as being infinitely more likely to draw houses. It is credited that Kean suffered no great “sea change” on becoming a North-American Indian. His motive on this occasion is now believed to be the putting himself on a level with those savages, who imagine that two shillings paid at the door of a theatre give a brevet of immaculate purity to the holder of a gallery-check, and entitle him to cast the first orange-peel at a backsliding actor. For the next three months, Shiel’s invective against the D. of York is to be taken as a conclusive argument against Catholic Emancipation. The King’s name on a five-shilling-piece is precisely like the owner’s mark on a sheep; “*pecunia*,” as every body knows, coming from “*pecus*.” The Leicester reverend is therefore “only mad north north-west: when the wind is southerly, he knows a hawk from a handsaw.” Liston is thought to have made a good hit in Paul Pry; and so too has the Rector of St. Olave’s. Not so, Mr. Sedgewick, He had much better not have “dropped in” upon the Scotch excisemen, nor “intruded” upon the dignified (s)peculations

of the Melville faction. Why did he not stay at home and read his Hesiod* before he thought of increasing the King's revenue at the expense of the King's Scotch officers?—at the expense of his English or Irish, no matter. What childish simplicity, not to know that honesty is not always the best policy! Apropos to this adage, Sydney Smith's letter to the Electors of Yorkshire is deemed a master-piece of logic, wit, and irony; but it is not an opinion for 1827 that he will be the next bishop. What need, indeed, have bishops of logic, wit, or irony? The London University is looking up (to use a mercantile phrase). Its prospects repose on a solid foundation; and its friends may confidently build upon a growing popularity. Still, however, knowledge is for the present suspected of being suspicious; and it is certain, that, as birds sing best when they are blinded, men are led to the best tune, when kept in the dark. The Lord Mayor of London is thought not to have been born with a gold spoon in his mouth, unless, indeed, he has sent it "up the spout." His Lordship must know, that when the newspapers are inclined to be abusive, they will make a *handle* of any thing. Let him imitate his own waiter, and pocket the peppering he has got without further notice. It is at present fashionable to believe, that Sir W. Scott read through the entire of the King's Library at Paris in one calendar week. A coroner's inquest is not an open court, and publicity is the bane of justice and official purity in all cases. "Cherry ripe" is no longer in season. Madame Vestris is in full blow. La Porte is "*doctus utriusque lingue*;" "good worts—good cabbage"—he had better act French in England, and English in France, if he means to thrive. The war against Sunday applestalls wages more fiercely than ever; the parable of the lamb falling into the well on a sabbath-day being voted apocryphal. As the poor do not work on a Sunday, they have no right to eat. Spanish bondholders, it is thought, will be paid at the Greek calends; and the Greek bondholders get a mortgage on "*des chateaux en Espagne*." The Turks, having accepted the ultimatum, have become an integral part of the Christian community; and are henceforth to be deemed eligible to a seat in Orange lodges, parliamentary commissions, borough corporations, and all other liberal institutions. The Royal Society of Literature is either spending the summer with the lost Pleiad, or undergoing a whitewashing retirement for the benefit of the insolvent act; or it is tunnelling under the Thames; or "peradventure it sleepeth." Assuredly it is not setting the Thames on fire; at least, such is the prevailing opinion. The day of judgement is nearer than ever—in the Court of Chancery; so too is Catholic Emancipation, the operation of the sinking fund on the payment of the national debt, and a reform in Parliament. The Speaker's modest doubts of the King's approving his election are not thought more of than the assembly of the Convocation; and neither are matters for more grave logic than the new election and virtual representation, or "Love, law, and physic," as exhibited in 1826. Baking chronometers in an oven is the best means of making them go—to pieces, though some think it a greenish trick.† It is no longer orthodox to sympathise with Italian refugees; and no *Greeks* are thought or talked

* Νηπιου, ουκ ισασι οσον πλεον ημιν παντες.

† Query, "Greenwich trick." Report says as much.—Printer's Devil.

of, except such as are men of consequence. In all other matters, opinions are pretty much as they were last year. Talent and honesty are as much in request in our public offices, as at my last writing. Prelates are equally tolerant, and the judges not less prompt to uphold the right of the press. Charles the Tenth is quite as much a Jesuit, Nicholas as moderate, Ferdinand as liberal and enlightened. Waiting, therefore, the end of the Session, and the next revolution in public sentiment, by these opinions I shall firmly and faithfully hold, as long as they continue profitable; and what more could be expected from the soundest lawyer, the most fashionable divine, or the most independent journalist? What more can the most fastidious reader of the New Monthly expect, from his "pore beadsman and oratour," M.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Year Twenty-six.

'Tis gone with its toys and its troubles,
 Its essays on cotton and corn,
 Its laughing stock company bubbles,
 Its Cherry Ripe—(music by Horn.)
 'Tis gone, with its Catholic question,
 Its Shiels, its O'Connells, and Bries:
 Time, finding it light of digestion,
 Has swallow'd the Year 'Twenty-six.

I've penn'd a few private mementoes
 Of schemes that I meant to effect,
 Which, sure as I hobble on ten toes,
 I vow'd I'd no longer neglect.
 "My wits," I exclaim'd, "are receding,
 'Tis time I their energies fix:
 I'll write the town something worth reading,
 To finish the Year 'Twenty-six."

My pamphlet, to tell Mr. Canning
 The Czar has an eye on the Turk:
 My treatise, to show Mr. Manning
 The way to make currency work:
 My essay, to prove to the nations
 (As sure as wax-candles have wicks)
 Greek Bonds are not Greek obligations—
 Were planned in the Year Twenty-six.

I sketch'd out a novel, where laughter
 Should scare evangelic Tremaine,
 Shake Brambletye House off its rafter,
 And level 'Tor Hill with the plain.
 Those volumes, as grave as my grandam,
 I swore with my book to transfix:
 'Twas call'd the New Roderick Random,
 And meant for the Year Twenty-six.

My play had—I'd have the town know it—
 A part for Miss Elinor Tree;
 At Drury I meant to bestow it
 On Price, the gigantic lessee.
 Resolved the fourth act to diminish,
 ('Tis there, I suspect, the plot sticks,)
 I solemnly swore that I'd finish
 The fifth, in the Year Twenty-six.

But somehow I thought the Haymarket
Was better for hearing by half,
To people who live near the Park it
Affords the best home for a laugh.
"There Liston," I mutter'd, "has taught 'em
Mirth's balm in their bitters to mix :
I'll write such a part in the autumn
For him—in the Year Twenty-six!"

I meant to complete my Italian—
('Tis done in a twelvemonth with ease,)
Nor longer, as mute as Pygmalion,
Hang over the ivory keys.
I meant to learn music, much faster
Than fellows at Eton learn tricks :
Vercellini might teach me to master
The notes, in the Year Twenty-six.

'Tis past, with its corn and its cotton,
Its shareholders broken and bit :
And where is my pamphlet? forgotten.
And where is my treatise? unwrit.
My essay, my play, and my novel,
Like so many Tumble-down Dicks,
All, all in inanity grovel—
Alas! for the Year Twenty-six!

My Haymarket farce is a bubble,
My *Bocca Romana* moves stiff,
I've spared Vercellini all trouble,
I don't even know the base cliff.
My brain has (supine anti-breeder)
Neglected to hatch into chicks
Her offspring—Pray how, gentle reader,
Thrive yours for the Year Twenty-six?

George Whitfield, whom nobody mentions
Now Irving has got into fame,
Has paved with abortive intentions
A place too caloric to name.
I fear, if his masonry's real,
That mine have Macadamized Styx :
So empty, cloud-capp'd, and ideal,
My plans for the Year Twenty-six!

Past Year! if, to quash all evasions,
Thou'dst have me with granite repair,
On good terra firma foundations,
My castles now nodding in air :
Bid Time from my brow steal his traces
(As Bardolph abstracted the Pix),
Run back on his road a few paces,
And make me—like thee—Twenty-six.

A VISIT TO THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC, BY CAPTAIN
MARKHAM SHERWILL,

25th, 26th, and 27th of August, 1825.

In Letters addressed to a Friend, by Captain Markham Sherwill.

LETTER II.

Friday, 26th August, 1825.

“ . . . Je jurai de consacrer la trace
De ce trop rapide moment,
Et de graver ici ton nom. . . . ”

DEAR FRIEND.—About four o'clock in the morning my companions began to awake, and were soon on the alert. In some degree I envied them the comfortable sleep they had experienced: such a pleasure was denied to me by the constant nausea, which had not left me during the night. The thermometer marked two degrees of Reaumur below zero; and how much lower it had been I could not ascertain, not having one of Cavallo's horizontal thermometers, which indicate in the morning the extreme cold during the night. It is, however, a general opinion, that at the break of day, and just before the sun rises, the cold is at the greatest, and I do not think the thermometer had been much lower.

A good fire was soon blazing in one corner of our dormitory; snow was melted, some negus made, and two or three cold fowls soon disappeared: I was thirsty, but my appetite was gone.

As soon as breakfast was finished, we made preparations for our second day's march; and having determined, if we possibly could, to sleep at the same place the second night, we left great part of our baggage, taking with us provisions for a mid-day meal, and two or three bottles of wine: our shoes and stockings were hung up to dry in the sun, there being no fear, as Coutet observed, that they would be stolen by any passers-by. Towards five o'clock we were all in readiness, the ropes were again affixed to us, as yesterday, and we started forth, linked together like criminals to be tried for life or death. Coutet gave us a paper of figs and raisins, which he said would be very acceptable to munch occasionally with a handful of snow. On descending from Les Grands Mulets, we passed by the ruins of the small hut which Monsieur de Saussure had erected during his visit to Mont Blanc in 1787. It was a good deal encumbered with snow, and the walls did not appear more than two or three feet high. I preferred the spot we had chosen for our night's lodging, as the views were more extensive.

After a cursory view of the remains of the hut, which the indefatigable Saussure had once occupied, we almost immediately found ourselves on the Glacier de Tacconai. Our guides felt very sanguine as to the weather. The sky was clear, and the morning cold, although the sun had already influenced our thermometer before we left the Grands Mulets; for between four and five o'clock it had risen one degree, and was thus only one degree below zero, when we commenced our second day's journey.

The Glacier de Tacconai is not so difficult to traverse, as the one we had encountered yesterday, but I should say it was more replete with beauties of its own peculiar kind. It would be endless to detail to you our progress over the crevices, our descent into them, and the difficulties of overcoming the irregularities on the ice. These glaciers, as well as others among the Alps, are supposed to be in many places five hundred or six hundred English feet thick. Where the inclination of the rock on which they are formed makes an angle of thirty or forty degrees, their descent must be supposed to be somewhat rapid towards the valleys, although their movement is of course imperceptible to the eye. Passing, as they do, over a very rugged

foundation, parts of them are impeded, while other parts are proceeding; and hence arise the crevices, or cracks, some of which I have seen not wider than half an inch, apparently just made, while others were much too large for us to pass over. Once we made a bridge, by laying four or five of our poles in a horizontal position, close together, where the chasm was not very wide, but of unknown depth. The ice of the glaciers has a different appearance from that which we see on ponds or lakes: in no case could skais be used: the ice is porous, and scarcely ever can you find a piece exempt from innumerable air-bubbles, except in the icicles, the formation of which is evidently different. We were obliged frequently to cut ladders or steps in the rapid ascents or walls of ice; and I think it was seldom so hard as the common ice in our valleys, the globules of air naturally rendering it less compact. The ice in these lofty regions is plainly formed in a different manner from all other ice. There is a constant, though gentle thaw, in the day, and this humidity freezes every night; thus an ice is produced, which might be said to be composed of an endless succession of strata, the mid-day thaw not being sufficient to dissolve all the snow; the air consequently is not entirely driven out; hence the innumerable interstices. It is well known, and easily understood, that whenever it rains in the valleys, it snows on these high mountains; so that, in fact, it never rains on the summit of the Alps.

These glaciers are constantly fed, not only by the snows, but by a thousand smaller glaciers, which descend from the peaks through the ravines, to aid the growth of the greater. On many sides of these perpendicular aiguilles, the snow finds no place to lodge, as is very evident on that face of Mont Blanc next to the Allée Blanche; consequently in long and heavy snow-storms, the accumulation on the glaciers, which become the reservoirs, is double what it would be if the surrounding country was a plain.*

We continued our journey across the Glacier de Tacconai, in a direction leading towards the Dôme de Gouté. In about two hours we encountered fresh difficulties, such as we had not experienced before, from the fresh-fallen snows, not more than three or four days old; the surface was frozen of the thickness of a shilling, but not sufficiently to bear our weight; consequently the fatigue of walking became very great, as we had now lost all solid footing. This fresh snow retarded our progress very much, for the guides were obliged constantly to advance a considerable distance before us, in order to ascertain the most practicable path; the crevices being partly obscured, the danger of passing them was very much increased. We frequently halted some minutes for their return, and, if their report was unfavourable, we changed our direction and pursued another. The anxiety and perseverance of the guides were beyond all praise, and could only be equalled by a degree of calmness and prudence rarely met with in such hardy fellows.

It was towards nine o'clock that we began to feel a strong tendency to sleep: the sensation cannot be described, for it is momentary. While we were in movement, it was less perceptible; but as soon as we remained stationary, an instantaneous desire to sleep overcame us, and frequently we were obliged to sit down on the snow, and beg of the guides a few minutes'

* In traversing these stagnated oceans, very large blocks of granite of many tons weight may be seen riding on the surface of the ice. These blocks have afforded the means of ascertaining a fact of importance. The experiment I am about to relate to you was made last year by some of the guides of Chamouni at the Mer de Glace. Two poles were erected one on each side of the glacier, out of reach of its movement, and so placed as to be in a direct line with the block of granite. In the course of twelve months this block had entirely changed its position as respecting the two poles, and had advanced upwards of one hundred yards on its march towards the valley; a clear proof that the glaciers do move on, and are continually diminishing at their lower extremity by the melting of the ice, and encroaching at the upper end by the constant snows.

repose. Our thirst also became very annoying, and with difficulty could we utter two or three words without moistening our throats with snow, for we had now no more chance of finding water in the refreshing pools and bright streams, which had given us so much pleasure during our walk of yesterday.

Having now reached a very highly rarified air, respiration became troublesome and difficult, so that at every fifteen or eighteen paces we were obliged to halt, and turn ourselves round towards that point from whence the light winds came, in order to breathe more freely; but as soon as we halted to breathe, sleep attacked us on the other hand; so that we had, during the whole of this day, a variety of enemies, contending each in his own way to prevent our arrival at the summit of the mountain.

My indefatigable friend, Dr. Clark, was constantly in advance, and it was necessary to summon all my force and all my courage to keep near him;—often I found myself following, I knew not how; I had now acquired so mechanical a mode of walking, and putting my legs into the footsteps of the leading men—the snow being at this time nearly up to our knees—that I became almost insensible of fatigue. From nine o'clock to ten we were employed in ascending what is termed “*Les Montées*,” a wall of snow, before arriving at “*Le petit Plateau*.” Having accomplished this with considerable difficulty, we traversed *Le petit Plateau*, and arrived at the foot of a second and much steeper ascent, which conducts to the “*Grand Plateau*.” Sleep, a burning sun on our head, cold feet, shortness of breath, and nausea, which I still felt in a great degree, rendered this ascent the most fatiguing I had ever hitherto attempted. Endeavouring, as I am, to give you a simple and true account of our proceedings, it is not necessary to call in the language of exaggeration. When therefore I tell you that this ascent was pretty steep, you may easily conceive it was so, from the simple circumstance, that frequently, in accomplishing the task, I was obliged to hold by the leg of the guide before me, to assist me in climbing through the snows, and that leg was perhaps at the moment even with the top of my head. The guide could not bend himself sufficiently to give me his hand, but, by sticking his pole firmly in the snow, he held fast by that, until I could bring myself to the spot where he stood. On arriving at the summit of this difficult ascent, we all with one accord spread the two or three knapsacks which we had brought, and sat down on them to eat our breakfast. It was now eleven o'clock, and we had hoped to have been by this hour much nearer the top of Mont Blanc; but the fresh-fallen snows had very much impeded our progress, and even the hardy guides began to complain somewhat of fatigue. We now looked back at the small plain, which we had just crossed, and I was told its breadth was about half a league. The Grand Plateau was to be our next undertaking, which, however, is a league and half across, almost quite level, entirely surrounded by lofty mountains, covered with eternal snows, its surface a good deal interrupted by large blocks of ice, and the ruins of avalanches, which continually fall on it from the inaccessible heights around. It is scarcely possible to call to your mind any figure which would give a just idea of the appearance of the Grand Plateau and its environs, unless I were to say it resembled what the inside of a white wash-hand basin might perhaps appear to an ant. We had entirely lost our appetite, and even the guides did not eat like the hardy race of the Alps; we drank some wine with snow, ate a small part of a fowl, and remained to rest in this place half an hour, with every hope and expectation of being on the summit in three or four hours.

I asked Coutet, who was my guide and counsellor, if I might lie down, and sleep on the snow for a few minutes: he gave his consent rather reluctantly, but, spreading my great-coat, and giving me his knapsack for a pillow, I fell back, and was immediately in a profound sleep. In ten minutes he awoke me, or I might have slept for ever.

We sat on the brink of les Montées, which had cost us so much labour to ascend—for nearly half the way we had cut steps in the snow and ice—we could not distinguish one cheerful object, being entirely shut in by projecting hills of snow. We had lost all sight of the peaceful and happy vale of Chamouni, of which we were but yesterday the inmates. Nothing, in short, was visible, but endless tracts of snow around, and a burning sun above. Not a trace of any living creature was to be found; all was silent; not a sound to disturb the solitude! I would willingly have enjoyed this extraordinary scenery still longer, but the word was given to proceed. Our unavoidable delays had very much deranged our plans; and the fear of being late, and in the dusk of the evening, amidst the horrors and dangerous passes of the Glacier de Tacconai on our return, occasioned us to hurry on; for had we met with the slightest accident, we must have slept on the snows the whole night. We had lost all crevices, caverns, and dangers of this sort, but the fatigue was not diminished. Frequently we were obliged to change our leading guides; for the simple fact of their walking first through the snow, occasioned exhaustion. To walk long without stopping was totally impracticable; respiration became very short and quick. The reverberation of the sun's rays incommoded us, and the heat was considerable. It appeared to me strange, that if the globe of quicksilver was turned to the sun, it seemed to have no effect on it, whereas a person sitting still in the same place, or even walking on, would rejoice to put himself under the shelter of an umbrella—so scorching were the sun's rays on the body. When we had reached the extremity of the Grand Plateau, Coutet pointed out to us the spot where he and his brother guides were ingulphed in an avalanche, which fell from the very precipice we were now about to climb. We stopped for a few minutes, but were soon hurried on, lest a similar catastrophe should overtake us. The surface of the Plateau indicated that a fall had taken place not longer ago than six or eight days. The irregularities, and mountains of snow which were driven together, showed very plainly that the fall had been very considerable; for we reckoned its extent to be nearly or quite two miles long. Silence and expedition were imposed on us by our guides: the one was certainly more practicable than the other. To talk we had little inducement; and to hurry on, overcome as we were with fatigue, was next to impossible.

We now took rather an oblique direction, winding round a very steep ascent at the foot of the Rochers Rouges. We found this part very steep; and by a zigzag movement we left this bare granite rock on our left hand, and arrived at a small plain which conducts to the Petits Mulets, which are two or three uncovered peaks also of granite. We did not reach Les Petits Mulets until half past one o'clock. We sat down ten minutes to recruit our strength, and drink a glass of wine to all our friends below; the guides threw off their knapsacks, and shaking each other cordially by the hand, seemed to forget all their fatigues.

I must acknowledge to you that I looked at the magnificent summit of Mont Blanc, from this point, almost without consciousness. The strength and force which we possess, when quietly walking through the beautiful valleys of Switzerland or Savoy, are well nigh exhausted when we arrive at the top of their stupendous mountains. The mind becomes worn down by fatigue, as well as by the changes the body must necessarily undergo in passing through these different atmospheres; and its powers are enervated almost to annihilation. However, though weary and feeble enough, we had no thought of abandoning our object. Dr. Clark and two guides led the way; Coutet and Pierre Simon assisted me:—their aid is here very essential, for this last ascent is icy, with scarcely any snow to prevent your slipping; and at the same time so steep, that the surface appears sometimes nearly close to your face.

The wind, as we continued to ascend, was bitterly cold. We had tied

some extra handkerchiefs over our ears and chin, and Coutet buttoned up closely his Alpine jacket, saying to me two or three times, by way of consolation, "*Nous y serons tout à l'heure.*" My other guide, Simon, had never been up; and though his strength and spirits had not failed him, he complained, and suffered a good deal from pain in his eyes. Within a short distance from Les Petits Mulets, I forgot to mention to you, that we saw very near to us, two birds which the guides called "*Cornelles.*" They were, I think, what Buffon calls "*Le choquard des Alpes,*" and Linnæus "*Corvus Pyrrhocorax.*" They inhabit the highest Alps, even amidst the eternal snows, and scarcely are seen on the mountains of the Jura. They feed on berries and wild fruits, and such insects as are found near the edge of the snow.

At two or three minutes after three o'clock we arrived at the utmost summit, the object of all our toils, and Coutet called out, "*Nous voici au sommet du Mont Blanc!*" I stood motionless for some time to take a general view of this strange wild world of mountains, and could scarcely believe where I was! We proceeded on towards the centre, and immediately fixed three poles in a triangular form, and suspended the barometer and thermometer to them. My watch was five minutes past three o'clock. At about five minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th August, 1823, the barometer marked fifteen inches nine lines and one-tenth French: and when we left Coutet's house the day before, it stood at twenty-five inches one line and one-tenth. The thermometer was three-fourths of a degree below zero, Reaumur. Having made notes of these observations, Coutet pointed out the principal objects worthy of notice, and most clearly to be seen from this the highest point in our quarter of the globe. It being three o'clock, or a little later, the sun was in the south-west, and interrupted our view very much in the direction of Geneva and the Jura: the Jura mountains formed our horizon in that direction. Langres, the highest town in France, we could not discover, although it has been said, that the chain of the Alps has been seen from it. On the opposite side of Mont Blanc the Apennines were visible for a vast extent, and the situations of Milan and Turin were pointed out to us. We looked very carefully and with an earnest wish to discover any thing like the Mediterranean sea in the line over Genoa, but I cannot say that I saw it. On the side of Switzerland the "*Jungfrau,*" near Grindelwald, was very conspicuous, as well as the Mont Buet, the Diablerets, the Ghemmi, and St. Gothard; more to the eastward, Monte Rosa was visible, which is 2430 toises above the level of the sea. The Valley of Chamouni, and even its little village, can be seen with a telescope. The convent of the Grand St. Bernard was hid, owing to its situation among the mountains. We could not see much of the Allée Blanche, or the environs of Mont Blanc, immediately at its base on that side, owing to the various projections, which, as it were, grow from its sides.

The day was remarkably fine—there was not a cloud above our heads; but on many of the lesser chains of mountains, and on the Apennines, there were light clouds and vapour.

Coutet endeavoured to make me see a star; but either he was mistaken, or his eyes were better than mine. I walked to the extreme end of the summit, and looked over towards the Maritime Alps: this chain was very distinct. The length of the summit of Mont Blanc is two hundred paces, and nearly level. I found a difficulty in measuring the width, for the sides are an immediate descent, so that I did not know where to begin or where to finish. The whole figure may be understood by the common term, a hog's-back shape.—I am told that the summit of this mountain has been described as forming nearly a triangle; but we did not find this to be the case now. It is evident, from the drifts of snow during the turbulent winds in winter, that its appearance may change in twenty-four hours; and that which is of a triangular form to-day may be circular to-morrow. The variety and changes in the drifts of snow on exposed plains, are sufficiently well known to every traveller.

Every object seen from this summit (2460 toises above the level of the sea) becomes so diminutive, with the exception of a few principal mountains, and so fore-shortened, that it seems entirely to have changed its form and character. The beautiful Aiguille du Midi, and those of Charmoz, the delight and admiration of every stranger who visits Chamouni, are in some degree lost in the general confusion; I ought to say, in truth, that no one particular object could be seen distinctly: every thing appears so massed together, that all power of distinction is lost.

• While stationary on the summit of Mont Blanc, I experienced a very peculiar sensation of lightness of body, which was also felt by some of the party, to whom I mentioned the circumstance. It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood. I mentioned this fact to Dr. Ebel at Zurich, and also to other persons whom I thought capable of elucidating the cause; but their explanations were not satisfactory. The subject will, perhaps, serve to amuse your studious hours: I only vouch for the fact. The rarity of the air did not affect me quite so much on the summit, as when labouring through the deep snows and climbing the ascents on our passage, during the ten hours we were employed in ascending from Les Grands Mulets.

The sense of hearing was not interrupted, if there had been any thing to hear; the smell, and power of feeling, were not diminished; but the faculties of the mind were in less activity. The sky was of a very dark indigo blue; this deep tint was, indeed, among the most remarkable features we observed. Being, as we were, above all vapour and thick atmosphere, which rises to a certain height above the level of the earth, the medium through which we saw it was of course more pure; and we looked, as it were, into a dark ocean of infinite space. After having well observed, as far as could be distinguished, the principal objects within reach, and again examined our glasses, the barometer was found to remain steady: the thermometer, however, had somewhat changed, and the mercury had fallen a very little below the point at which it was first marked, viz. three-fourths of a degree below zero of Reaumur. The wind began to freshen from the south-west, and Coutet would not suffer us to remain.

The snow drifted from the neighbouring mountains, and was hurrying along the surface of the summit about half way up to our knees, but none of it remained on the ice where we stood. This drifting snow, meeting with resistance, such as the body or legs of a man, would soon accumulate, not greatly to his comfort.

I have mentioned to you before that we had been ten hours coming from the Grands Mulets to the spot where we now stood. Although our return would not occupy more than half that time, still it was already late, and we might, therefore, by some accidental delay, have to cross the dangerous Glacier de Tacconai in the dark, or else sleep unsheltered on the ice. The injunctions of the guides were positive, and we were obliged reluctantly to obey their summons. We took one more general view, to endeavour to fix on our minds the wonderful panorama spread before us. How I wished you could have been transported, without experiencing the dangers and difficulties we had encountered, to the same spot, and enjoyed with me the magnificence of this wondrous scene. "Partager les plaisirs, n'est-ce pas les doubler?" Yes, my dear friend, I did indeed wish for you, that you might experience for a short time the awful impression of this sublime scenery. You may imagine that any other solitude is very similar to this, or that the silence of the lonely glen, or dark forest, may well represent the stillness here. But, no! the dreary wildness of the whole imposes on the mind a totally different feeling to that which we experience where there are objects of less horror to relieve the train of thought. There is a grandeur, a savageness, an awfulness in these regions, which seem to hurry the soul of man into a state of distraction, and to render the prospect widely unlike those

scenes of quietude, which soothe and soften the mind, and bid it reflect with composure. Here we were above all living beings, the sole inhabitants of a region far above the lofty flight of the eagle, where the foot of the chamois never ventures, and where man has seldom been. We stood amidst the frowns of savage Nature, almost insensible to every object beneath, and silently contemplating the cloudless heavens, pure and bright as the unsullied wastes of snow around and beneath. Here all worldly passions cease; man's thoughts occupy themselves in a more worthy train of reflection: he forgets the injustice of his enemies: his soul raises itself to heaven, as its nearest point, and rejoices to feel itself nearer the abode of truth. "*Le vrai nous vient du ciel, l'erreur vient de la terre.*" When we meet, we will enlarge upon this subject; in the mean time I will briefly state our mode of descent, an operation very different from that pursued in ascending.

On reaching the edge of the declivity which led to the Petits Mulets, Coutet told me that it would not be safe to walk down; and on inquiry I found the usual practice was to seat yourself on the ice between two guides, and thus slide in a few minutes the distance which had cost us an hour and half to ascend. I submitted to the plan suggested to me; and though the operation is somewhat hazardous, the agility of the guides in regulating the velocity by means of their poles, seems to remove all danger. In descending this first slope by this new method, I cast my eyes once or twice over the precipice to our right hand, and had just one moment to think, that if, by an ill-fated turn, we had directed our course that way, it appeared that we should most unexpectedly have paid a visit to the good monks of St. Bernard. When at Les Petits Mulets, I begged Coutet to stop a few minutes that I might once more look up at the hoary summit of Mont Blanc; and having rested a short time, and gathered a few fragments of granite from this, the highest bare point, we continued our line of march.

The Grand Plateau, whose lengthened plain extends nearly a league and a half, is not very comforting to a traveller ready to sink under an accumulation of fatigue and exhaustion. We had scarcely eaten any food during the day: a few of Coutet's figs and raisins had satisfied me; and among the seven guides, only half a three-pound loaf had been devoured, and two small chicken, which certainly, on any of their accustomed expeditions, would scarcely have sufficed for one; and our consumption of wine did not this day amount to three bottles. Having crossed the Grand Plateau, which required an hour and a half, owing to the deep snow, we stood for a few minutes debating what means would be the most secure to descend what I endeavoured to describe to you before as the great Montées. To slide seemed impracticable. This slope had been warmed by the sun in the mid-day, when we passed it; but now, owing to the shade and cold winds, it had again frozen, and was become exceedingly dangerous. Something was to be done; for to remain there all night, destitute of food, firing, and clothes, was not very desirable. We, therefore, began to walk with a very careful and deliberate step, placing our feet in the track we had made in the morning. We slowly crawled downward for some time, using every precaution not to slip; for though we were attached to each other by ropes, still the fall of one might endanger others: and to the base of the Montées was about twice as high as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. I had not descended more than one hundred, or one hundred and fifty feet, before I fell, and instantly the snow began to roll with me, nor could I stop myself until the ropes were extended to their full length. Coutet cried out—"*Ne bougez pas, Monsieur, ne faites pas le moindre mouvement.*" It required some little self-command to obey his orders; but I remained perfectly quiet, though not very composed, until he gave me directions to endeavour to press my heels into the snow, and thus raise myself a little, while the two guides, who held the ropes, should by degrees pull me up to the path from whence I had fallen. In trying to press my feet forcibly into the snow, they

came in contact with the ice, and slipped, so that my efforts were quite useless. However, by the utmost exertion in my power, and by the force of the guides, I was pulled up, but required some little time to recover my senses; for, swinging almost in the air, immediately over so great a depth, with some doubt of the result of the manœuvre, I was for the moment a little nervous. Two or three other trifling slips brought us to the small Plateau, over which we walked as rapidly as fatigue would allow us. When at its extremity, we had the smaller Montées to descend; but, as this was much less steep, and only about half the height of the other, we all sat down, and were very soon comfortably landed at its base.—I never enjoyed the pleasure of descending the Montagnes Russes, which were formerly fashionable near Paris; but I apprehend our slides were very similar to them.—We now witnessed two or three grand avalanches; but, happily for us, they took an oblique direction, and we remained stationary to observe their fall. The avalanches which fall directly from the mountain tops, thunder down with a deafening roar; but those which merely slip down the snowy steep, cause little noise, but raise a cloud of white dust, which marks their progress, and produces a beautiful effect. When we reached the edge of the Glacier de Tacconai, about six o'clock, it was getting dusk; and we had to cross a deep and frightful chasm in order to save a very considerable circuit. This passage was only practicable by laying four or five of our poles in a horizontal position, and thus making a bridge, having ropes affixed to each person. To descend the crevice was out of the question, for it was very deep, and contained water, and ice apparently not sufficiently frozen to support our weight. The poles were laid, but not in a very secure manner, and the leading guides, throwing their knapsacks over before them in order to be as light as they could, passed over in safety, and we followed. The poles, however, were very slippery, as well as the soles of our shoes. Many times in the course of our haltings, I found that I could not make the least impression on the upper leather with my iron spike, the shoe being frozen as hard as a sabot. To traverse this fragile bridge requires a pretty steady step, for one fall would be one too many.

Having successfully passed this chasm, we had not far to arrive at Les Grands Mulets, and reached our resting-place in perfect safety soon after seven o'clock, having been little more than four hours in descending from the summit; whereas it cost us ten hours to ascend to it. The rapid slides which we accomplished without any overturn or accident, facilitated very considerably our arrival. We soon spread our blanket on the rock, and in a very few minutes we were in a sound sleep, leaving the guides busy in preparing their supper, lighting their fire, and making negus. Our wood being all expended, the old useless ladder was soon cut up, and did good service even in its last moments.

As I shall have a few more particulars to relate to you relative to our arrival at Chamouni, I shall close this letter, and threaten you with a third. I dare say your patience is exhausted, but you imposed on yourself the fatigue, by a desire for every particular. For the present, however, I take compassion on you, and only add that I am ever,

Yours affectionately,
M. S.

RETORT LEGAL.

“What with briefs and attending the court, self and clerk,

I'm at my wits' end,” muttered Drone the Attorney.

“I fear 'tis a medical case,” answered Shark—

“You're so terribly tired by so little a journey.”

AGE.—*Ninon de l'Enclos*. — *Lovers past their prime*.

LORD BYRON, in a pleasant passage of his "Don Juan," says, that he never, by any process, could prevail upon a lady to tell him her age. We have been luckier than the noble poet, perhaps because our fair informants have had better faith in our good opinion. Men are supposed to be more ready to tell their ages than women; yet we suspect, that wherever a gentleman has piqued himself on his good looks, he is apt to let the truth out as unwillingly as any of the other sex; though he may think it belongs to his manly courage to do so. It is not handsome to watch people's faces for a disclosure; otherwise the experiment might easily be made.

Like all other concealments and insincerities, it is a foolish thing to palter about one's age: and like all other truths and open-dealings, it is a wise and triumphant thing to be candid about it. There is no case more in point respecting the advantage of truth-telling in ordinary, than this very one. The matter is clear and logical. If the lady is younger than we suspected, she has all the advantages, whatever they may be, which ladies propose to themselves in looking older than they ought. If she is older, our surprise at her young looks, and admiration of her candour, are proportionate.

Upon the subject of age itself, as it concerns the passion of love, we have already touched in our article upon Abelard and Eloisa. But there is a great deal more to be said upon it, as all those will agree with us, who are of an age between—what shall we say?—and seventy. We were going to say, sixty; but a friend of ours, who retains the enthusiasm of youth at sixty-three, and cracks walnuts and a play of Euripides at night-time, has just informed us of his intention to take unto himself a fourth wife; and he is left far behind by a lady, who ought to have lived on, and loved better, for his sake; we mean the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, whom Steele calls "the grandmother of the loves."

Voltaire, in spite of a sum of money she bequeathed him to buy books, says, that Ninon was by no means so charming in her old age, but partook in a very unequivocal degree of the aspect and infirmities of that time of life. He laughs at the story of the passion of the Abbé Gedoy. Voltaire, however, was then a boy; and besides the dislike of children for old faces to which they are unaccustomed, could not be expected to discern, in the countenance of Ninon, what might have remained to create it an interest. Nevertheless, we incline to believe with him. We dare say that Ninon, like Diana de Poitiers (of whose autumnal charms Brantome gives a most vernal account), retained the sort of beauty that she possessed, to a considerable period; for she led an easy, and to her a natural life, and doubtless took care of her health by those duties of temperance in eating and drinking, and personal cleanliness, which Nature never fails to reward. We doubt not her graces in those particulars; nor her good sense in most; nor even her good-heartedness, to a certain extent. It is an especial honour to her memory, that she never forsook an old friend. But we are confident,

from her never having had a lasting attachment, and her being able to dismiss *a lover* at a moment's notice, when she was no longer as pleased as he was, that she wanted imagination *and love*; and the very prudence and freedom from passion that would keep her young when others had grown old, would hinder her from being charming much longer,—at least to our taste. * Certainly it would not hinder her, even in a common point of view, from breaking up, like a proper plaster cast, in extreme age. To be sure, there is no saying what a French Abbé might have liked.

At no time, we confess, would Ninon have been a person to our taste. If we could not have loved her affectionately, the love would not have been love; and if we could, she ought not to have been able to throw it aside at a moment's notice. It would be nothing to us to be loved, after her fashion. We would rather have the smallest corner in a large heart that loved another. The proofs of a real ability to love are precious to us, wheresoever they show themselves.

It has been asked, at what age people ought to cease to love. In one sense, never. In the other, Nature will tell them. A certain tenderness of recollection, and a sweet and respectful treatment of one another, will never forsake those who have known how to love truly. As to the rest, there is a great difference in different people. There are men and women both, who seem as if they would never be old. On the other hand, there are some who appear as if they had never been young. We meet even with youth, who have the manners and carking thoughts of old age; children perhaps themselves of old age; or born and bred, while their parents were in a state of indecent ill-temper, or solemn nonsense. Disease and misfortune produce unhealthy children, prematurely old in constitution; but not, of necessity, little solemn coxcombs like these, both old and unpleasant. We have known men advanced in life, whom we could fancy making love with far less indecorum than some of twenty and thirty years of age. The reason is, that the former are young in spirit, and can pay their attentions with a grace, a pertinence, and a vivacity, that in rescuing love from the common-place of mere animal passion, at once make up for the want of youth, and supply what youth itself ought to bring. To be sure, set a man of this kind against a Romeo, and he will stand no chance; nor ought he to seek it. Juliets are not for him, vivacious as he may be. But set him against a young Shallow or Holofernes, and a Juliet herself would at least sigh over the difference. We sympathize with the immortal gaiety of Anacreon, in spite of his silver hairs. Nay, he succeeds in making us like them. His candour and pleasantry disarm us; we allow his cheeks, blooming with wine instead of youth; and agree to think of his white locks against them, as of lilies against roses. Solid objections appear superficial before the magic of his poetry and animal spirits. We think how many minutes he could make precious to one of his beauties; and by the help of his toleration, contrive to put up with the rest, and to fancy a little regard for him not so monstrous. We wonder whether any body ever thought of Anacreon *young*. What prodigious odes we fancy him to have written then! And yet perhaps he wrote as he did when old, because he did not begin writing too soon.

But we are the more willing to concede the point to Anacreon, be-

cause his gallantry appears a conscious and jovial sort of make-believe. If he were more in earnest, we should demand him to be younger or less sensual. His wine, his fiction, and he all go together. We look upon him as a gay old man, of invincible animal spirits, who finds care unnatural, and has confused the transition from youth to age by the help of wine. Wine is his youth, and he knows it. That is all. If it were not for the bottle, he would not pretend even to pretend gallantry; and accordingly he never separates the two ideas. This is not a lover, in our sense; and we are glad, for the sake of his good sense, that he does not affect to be such a one. He is only the prince of tavern-haunting old gentlemen. If he had lived now, he would have been an old younger brother of some lord, with a moderate income, a white waistcoat, and red face. He would have noticed the maid-servants as they went by; and been as fastidious in his notion of an ankle, as if he were a Newmarket jockey.

Of this cast, allowing for the cynical grossness of the *good old times* in France, were the Abbé Chaulieu, and his friend the Marquis de la Fare. They kept up an imaginary fire of youth with their wine; and in very agreeable verses, showed that they knew nothing of love. La Fare was sixty before he began to celebrate his debauches; and upon the strength of his Burgundy, very odd celebrations he made of them. He is like an old boy, just broken loose from some antediluvian governor. We forget how long he lived. Chaulieu lived till eighty, surmounting his gout in an extraordinary manner by the help of the French inconsequentiality, which was then taken for philosophy, and indeed had some right to be called so. It was better philosophy, at all events, than theirs who regard the crabbedness of age as wisdom; and think they have just come to their senses, when they have taken leave of them. He was in love at that age with Mademoiselle de Launay, afterwards the well-known Madame de Stahl; that is to say, he was in as loving a mixture of habit, wine, and vanity, as the gout would let him be. His verses to Mademoiselle de Launay look, we confess, more like real love, than his younger ones; but this was only because he had nothing but good wishes to offer her. A man of the world, who has never been truly in love when a youth, will hardly begin in his old age. If he could, this kind of second childhood would be more touching than any other.

It must be something both *young* and *good*, that renders any thing like love warrantable and real, after a certain time of life. There must be a warmth of temperament, to hinder the rest of it from being formal and impertinent; and a belief in the good qualities of the object to render the warmth graceful and affectionate. To believe in goodness is in itself a goodness. But under no circumstances can we reconcile to our imagination the idea of a marriage between a person advanced in life and a young one. Marmontel, who married at fifty-four, had grace and the love of beauty; and he tells us, that his young wife loved him and was very happy. He also informs us, that his marriage had made a great alteration in his opinions on love and duty; that is to say, he was not for allowing the licences, now that he was a married man himself, and had a young wife, which he took in former days with the young wives of others. But Marmontel, on the face of his own *Memoirs*, was not eminent either for want of selfishness or the

possession of candour. It is very possible, that with his wit and pleasant appearances he took the girl in. How was his wife situated by the time he was seventy, and she had discovered that her husband was a calculating man of the world? His marriage, in the opinion of one of his biographers, "added much to his felicity, and secured the regular habits of his life." This may be; but there are two persons to these bargains. We ought to know how much it added to the felicity of another, who, perhaps, did not wish to be so extremely regular. Elderly gentlemen really should not marry young wives, purely because they find it inconvenient to be gay.

The celebrated Condamine, who married a year later than Marmontel, had more warrant, because he was a man of inexhaustible spirits, and remarkably young in constitution. He wrote some gallant verses to Madame de la Condamine the day after his bridal; which the reader may see in the "*Poëtes du Second Ordre*," vol. iv. p. 178. But we know not whether, on any account, the Pope had a right to give him, or he to take, a dispensation to marry one of his nieces. He was a "tough senior," no doubt; but hardly had a right to so "tender a juvenal." His claim to a victorious comparison of himself with Tithonus might be allowed him; but a man has no right to think of Tithonus, on such occasions, even victoriously. What shall we say, however, to Cicero, who, at the age of sixty-one, married a young beauty to whom he was guardian? He had divorced his wife Terentia, alleging that she had a bad temper. How long was it before Publilia would have been glad to divorce *him*? We shall say of him, what, with due reverence to his conduct on some occasions, we should say, perhaps, in more instances, that he was a great impostor.

We can imagine two cases only, in which an elder might be warranted in marrying a young person:—one, when the latter could be protected from some harm or disaster in no other way; the other, when the young person falls in love with the older one, out of passionate admiration of some fine qualities. Instances of the former have happened; but they are very rare. They ought also to be very unequivocal, and are not likely to take place in civilized countries. In the latter case, the passion ought to be tried by time; ought to be soothed, diverted, and, if possible, to be done away, even by the object beloved; though it is neither very easy for the flattered person to do so with good will, or to succeed by dint of showing so much disinterestedness: of which a remarkable instance occurs in the history of Crates, the cynic philosopher. On the other hand, the person loving (whether lady or gentleman) is likely either to be of so very wilful or so very noble a nature, that the person beloved finds it difficult to escape in proportion. Madame Riccoboni, the French novelist, has a pretty story on this point, of which we have either the original or a copy in the little comedy of "*The Guardian*," by her friend Garrick. In no other instances is the disproportion warrantable; and in these it ought not to be at all approaching to the ridiculous; nor indeed is it likely in the one just mentioned. When we speak of love in advanced life, and of the necessity of founding it on something both *young* and *good*, we do not speak of the love of old age for youth, but of persons past the prime of life for one another. Next to an affection of long standing, begun in youth and perfected by kind offices, we cannot conceive any thing

more just or lovely than an attachment between two persons, formed for one another, who meet too late in life for all the fire, but for none of the tenderness of the passion; who have hearts; who have understandings; who have experience, without being spoilt by it; who love nature, and books, and goodness; who exalt desire with imagination, and the whole world they look upon with the thought that the other is a part of it. What a thing for one of them to say, "This is a person I should have fallen in love with when I was young;" and to find that the other said it at the same time! What notes will they compare! How will they live their youth over again! What walks will they take! What readings and conversations enjoy! What evenings fill brimfull of the happiness they have missed, no one the unhappier for it, and two become as angels!

It would be very rare indeed for two persons of unequal ages to live in this manner. They might do so for a time. Grace and a young imagination might, for a season, supply the one with attractions, and appear to equalise the connexion: perhaps might even give the younger person cause for self-congratulation. If a gentleman, he might say to the lady in the words of the Greek poet, which have been imitated by the French poet, which have been turned best of all by the English poet:—

"Thou still art so lovely to me,
I would rather, my exquisite mother,
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another."

But a season comes, when one of the parties must secretly draw painful comparisons, and the other be uneasy at the consciousness of it;—the more so, if generous, in proportion to the other's concealment.

Between old people, *who have been lovers*, the language of love may still survive, and be very touching. We will extract, on this subject, a passage out of the "Collections from the Greek Anthology," by the Rev. Mr. Bland and others. It is in the notes to that elegant work, and contains some very delicate French verses, extremely in point, with a translation worthy of them. But let the translator speak for himself:—

"In the fair and courteous days of France, when a gay and half romantic gallantry was the universal taste of the young and old, the lofty and the humble, Madame la Mareschale de Mirepoix, already in the winter of her days, but with more wit and warmth of imagination remaining than most of the youngest and gayest ladies of the court, sent to her old admirer, M. le Duc de Nivernois, a lock of her grey hair, accompanied by some very pretty and elegant verses descriptive of the regard she felt for him, which age could neither extinguish nor diminish. The Duke's reply is one of the sweetest specimens of gaiety and tenderness that I ever remember to have met with.

"For the consolation of those English ladies, who like Madame de Mirepoix, are growing grey, and to assure them that the aged themselves, although not likely to make new conquests, have at least the power of retaining the admirers of their youth, I venture my rude copies of these charming originals.

Madame de Mirepoix to the Duc de Nivernois, with a lock of her hair.

"Look, they are grey—but turn'd to grey
These locks our union's date attest,
Poor spoil that age can bear away,
But leaves me yet in friendship blest.

“No change in Friendship’s star appears,
Whose lustre, as in early prime,
Flames in the winter of our years,
Kindled by choice, and fed by time.

“No more the world our flame reproving,
Will force our bosoms to repress it;
Grey hairs, beside the charm of loving,
Allow the freedom to confess it.”

Answer of the Duke de Nivernois.

“Talk not of snowy locks—have done—
Time runs the same, and let him run—
To us what bodes the tyrant’s rage?
He knows not tender hearts to sever,
The little Loves are infants ever,
The Graces are of every age.

“To thee, Themira, when I bow,
For ever in my spring I glow,
And more in age approve thee.
Could I to gay eighteen return,
With longer ardour I might burn,
But dearer could not love thee.”

The French, it must be confessed, excel in these courtesies; in which there is often a great deal more heart, than Englishmen with less address are willing to imagine. Even if the attachment has not had as much sentiment in it as might be wished, it is hard to deny to good-natured old gentlemen and ladies, as handsome an opinion of one another as they can contrive. But it is as well to know the inferior exhibitions of these things for what they are, lest the old should frisk out of their sphere, and take their weaknesses for their strength. It is difficult to restrain a smile at the grave manner in which Madame de Genlis, in her *Memoirs* (see Volume the Fifth) speaks of a retreat for old ladies and gentlemen, in which the congenial souls are sure to find out one another, and strike up a sort of imitation of a flame. Mr. Bryan Edwards, in his “*History of the West Indies*” (vol. ii. p. 81) does not mince the matter; nor would Madame de Genlis, if she had been talking of negroes. But the passage belongs to too many French counts and countesses, as well as negroes. Mr. Edwards doubts whether those sable gallants ever felt the passion of love at all, if by love is meant “desire heightened by sentiment and refined by delicacy.” For our parts, we have no doubt on the subject; for we believe that negroes, as well as their masters, *have* felt such passions, though they could not read Akenside or Thomson’s *Seasons*. But we agree with him respecting the indiscriminate lovers he speaks of, black or white. Of these he says, that “when age begins to mitigate the ardour, and lessen the fickleness of youth, many of them form attachments, which, strengthened by habit, and endeared by the consciousness of mutual imbecility, produce a union for life. It is not uncommon,” he adds, “to behold a venerable couple of this kind, who, tottering under the load of years, contribute to each other’s comfort with a cheerful assiduity, which is at once amiable and affecting.” The picture might be worse. Among uninformed classes, perhaps it is rarely so good; and their betters might profit by it, if they were as informed as they suppose themselves. Mutual help and comfort,

arise how it may, has something more venerable in it, than the solitary solemnity (*i. e.* sulkiness) for which many old ages would fain lay claim to that epithet.

The only passion in old age which ever appeared to us to have any decency in it, was that of the celebrated Lord Peterborough at seventy for Lady Suffolk, then forty-five. It had more ; for it is really impossible to think of Lord Peterborough at any age in the light of an old man, his nature was so young, so lively, and so invincible. We shall not say more on the subject here, because we cannot say enough without discussing some delicate particulars, and we design a separate article for his Lordship. But the critics were out the other day, when they pronounced his letters to Lady Suffolk insipid and over-wrought. They took him for a common-place old gentleman, and he was a genius and an eternal boy ; one too that could be very much in earnest ; and who, in spite of all his knowledge of the world, as a soldier, a statesman, and a gallant, had a love and belief for good qualities, which should put to the blush all his *elders* from forty upwards.

A SONG OF IMPOSSIBILITIES.

“ Ici finit le Roman ; où l'on remarquera que je ne suis pas heureux dans la conclusion de mes amours.”—ROUSSEAU.

LADY, I loved you all last year,
How honestly and well,
Alas ! would weary you to hear,
And torture me to tell ;
I raved beneath the midnight sky,
I sang beneath the limes ;
Orlando in my lunacy,
And Petrarch in my rhymes.
But all is over ! When the sun
Dries up the boundless main ;
When black is white, false-hearted one,
I may be yours again !

When passion's early hopes and fears
Are not derided things ;
When truth is found in falling tears,
Or faith in golden rings ;
When the dark Fates, that rule our way,
Instruct me where they hide
One woman that would ne'er betray,
One friend that never lied ;
When summer shines without a cloud,
And bliss without a pain ;
When worth is noticed in a crowd,
I may be yours again !

When science pours the light of day
Upon the lords of lands ;
When Huskisson is heard to say
What Lethbridge understands ;
When wrinkles work their way in youth,
Or Eldon's in a hurry ;
When lawyers represent the truth,
Or Mr. Sumner, Surrey ;

When Aldermen taste eloquence,
Or bricklayers champagne;
When common law is common sense,
I may be yours again!

When learned judges play the beau,
Or learned pigs the tabor;
When traveller Bankes beats Cicero,
Or Mr. Bishop, Weber;
When Sinking Funds discharge a debt,
Or female hands a bomb;
When bankrupts study the Gazette,
Or colleges Tom Thumb;
When little fishes learn to speak,
Or poets not to feign;
When Dr. Geldart construes Greek,
I may be yours again!

When Pole and Thornton honour cheques,
Or Mr. Const a rogue;
When Jericho's in Middlesex,
Or minuets in vogue;
When Highgate goes to Devonport,
Or fashion to Guild-hall;
When argument is heard at Court,
Or Mr. Wynn at all;
When Sydney Smith forgets to jest,
Or farmers to complain;
When kings that are are not the best,
I may be yours again!

When peers from telling money shrink,
Or monks from telling lies;
When hydrogen begins to sink,
Or Grecian scrip to rise;
When German poets cease to dream,
Americans to guess;
When Freedom sheds her holy beam
On Negroes, and the Press;
When there is any fear of Rome,
Or any hope of Spain;
When Ireland is a happy home,
I may be yours again.

When you can cancel what has been,
Or alter what must be;
Or bring once more that vanish'd scene,
Those wither'd joys, to me;
When you can tune the broken lute,
Or deck the blighted wreath;
Or rear the garden's richest fruit
Upon the blasted heath;
When you can lure the wolf at bay,
Back to his shatter'd chain;
To-day may then be yesterday,
I may be yours again!

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.—NO. V.

THE apartment of my antiquarian friend was situated, as the reader may have anticipated, at the very top of the house, and approachable, with considerable difficulty, by a very gloomy staircase, hardly lighted by the enormous unglazed windows on the landing-places. An outer door, half way down, defended it from the profane; and its sole guardian, unless indeed may be considered such a large tabby cat in the antichamber, was a withered dame, formerly a nun, who had profited by the first irruption of the French to leave her convent, and dedicate her talents once more to the use of society. She was cook, portress, and valet de chambre; and these various employments had gradually sharpened her features into an ill-defined cunning, which now and then lightened up through the habitual gravity of her early profession. There was little exercise, however, for her or for her talents in her present service; her master was too poor, and perhaps too young; but with an older or richer man she would infallibly have enacted the *Serva Padrona*. She raised her crippled head and green piercing eyes to me as I advanced; but, perceiving her master behind, soon relaxed into a ghastly smile, and came up to whisper to him the names of those who had called on him in his absence. I perceived now and then a slight shade of alarm and solicitude cross his brow, which was dissipated altogether on hearing that the Signor P—— had been amongst his visitors, and that he had promised to return in less than half an hour. He insisted on introducing me to his friend, and we agreed to wait for him in the Studio. The Abbate preceded, and we groped our way to the sanctuary, through a narrow passage lighted only by the door, and rendered still more narrow by shelves covered with cobwebs and terra cotta fragments, and reaching very nearly to the ceiling. The Studio was a curious epitome of the man and his occupations. In the centre was a huge table, which nearly filled the room, originally covered with green morocco leather. The leather had curled up at the corners, and here and there been cut off for despatch, instead of glueing it back to its original position. The antiquarian, seeing me notice it, observed with complacency that it had been one of the most fortunate purchases at the great Colonna sale. On the table, half hid by a wall of large parchment-covered quartos, some blotted, others torn, lay a bason, and near a brush and a heap of medals. He had been lately cleansing some of the more illegible, but in attempting to decipher their legends had scrupulously avoided touching the interior. No man was a more devout worshipper of the orthodox green, the legitimate patina of antiquity, than my friend. I had scarcely been five minutes in the room, when he begged me to taste some ten or twelve specimens that he had especially selected for this merit, observing at the same time that he gave me the example, with a significant smile and nod of the head, that *they* at least did not taste of the “vinegar.” I saw a few curious volumes on his single bookcase, and was proceeding to cross over with the intention of taking them down, when I found the brick floor was scarcely passable with rubbish of all descriptions, amphoræ rolling at full length, fragments of Etruscan sarcophagi, masques grotesque enough for a satyr, &c. &c. nor was the value much diminished in his opinion by the disjointed and fractured state in which they had been found. Inscriptions, not always exceeding ten letters, large near, were husbanded with the same care, and limbs of all sizes and ages were ranged symmetrically in a sort of marble catacomb behind. He perceived me smile in passing them, and immediately interpreting my thought, and anxious to justify his occupations, crossed over two or three of the heaps which impeded my progress, and called my attention to a large lump of perfume, upon which there were still traces of three Etruscan letters. Whilst I was occupied in clearing them from the dirt, he sat down to copy them for me, observing that it was now, he believed, the tenth time that he had transcribed them, “they were so singularly unique and beautiful.” I left him in the enjoyment of his pleasure, and recounted in turn an anecdote I had heard that morning of modern barbarism, which, as I had imagined, immediately roused numerous exclamations of horror and

indignation.* The inscription generated a dissertation, and Lami and Lanzi were put into requisition. A large copy lay tumbled with other books in a corner of his bookcase: he immediately leapt up on his bed, which lay half entombed in an extremity of the room amongst the marbles, and had just opened it when his friend was heard at the rusty bell at the door. "Favorisca, favorisca," exclaimed the Abbate with exultation; and immediately throwing down the volume on the medals, and the medals on the marbles, scrambled through them all, and rushed out of the chamber to receive him. He was quite another man on his return: the natural affections had got back to his heart, and his heart to his face. Instead of the earthy and saturnine complexion which seemed to "embrown" every thing which came from him with a hue of age and study, there was a youthful flash and flow of the blood to his very forehead. His angular cheeks worn into visible bone, his eye drowned in the sullen glare of his spectacles, the stalking dogmatism of his step, were lost in the fervour and earnestness of his first salutations. He had not seen his friend for some time: his visit was a novelty: from dwelling apart from mankind, he had preserved the truth and purity of his affections, but insensibly contracted a certain tone of exaggeration in their expression. He listened, kindled at every word, and cast forth in his turn, though almost at random, every Cruscan and Ciceronian expression of kindness he could heap together; he stumbled through a quotation, then left it, shook his friend again and again by the hand, and trailed over the third and remaining chair, justifying the scantiness of his accommodations with an apology from Horace, "*Si potes archaïcis conviva recumbere lectis*," &c. which seemed fully called for by the occasion. I was soon introduced, but not without a magnificent preamble, to the "esimio pittore" at my side. We drew our chairs closer, exchanged compliments, and in a few moments were in the midst of an interesting conversation.

This "distinguished painter" was an artist of some reputation and more pretension. He had come for the purpose of borrowing a few antiques from the Abbate, for a painting, still in hand after four months continued labour. He was a short stout Roman figure, with deep and dark eyes firmly set, a high and daring nose, and otherwise distinguished by the usual characteristics of his nation. He spoke in the lazy superlatives of his professional idiom, whenever he touched upon the commonplaces of the arts; but his manner altered with his matter, and his favourite topics, as with most Roman artists not immediately connected with the government, were French and Italian politics. He expatiated on the past and present; and above all, upon the future—on the "Tedesca rabbia," the mock liberality of England, the Jesuitism of France, and not least nor last, on the wrongs and hopes of Carbonarism and the Carbonari. There is no liberty of the press in Rome,—little indeed in any part of Italy; but the conversazione sometimes, and the *tete-à-tete* always, makes up for the silence or flattery of the Gazette. An Englishman is always regarded as a friend, or at worst as a neutral; his national pride is propitiated by separating him and his country from his government, and he is allotted the part of an arbitrator, or a Chorus, wherever curiosity or chance may cast him amongst the grievances or complaints of Continental society. My presence, therefore, was no check to the free expression of his feelings, nor was he much more embarrassed by the title or character of his friend. The Abbate

* An Irish Baronet, whose connoisseurship did not equal his riches, had purchased a handsome alabaster base, with an interesting sepulchral inscription of the finest letter and most perfect preservation. The Abbate Fea, inspector and douanier of all the antiquities of the city, heard of the discovery, and laid an embargo on the vase for the sake of the inscription. The Baronet, who valued the alabaster and counted the inscription as nothing, proposed to arrange the matter by erasing the inscription. Fea expostulated—the purchaser was inexorable. After much parley in vain, the inspector was at last obliged to relent; and inscription and vase were both carried off, to the great surprise of the antiquarians, to decorate the drawing-room of a barbarian.

in his youth, as may have been surmised, had been intended for the Church; he had entered the order of the Chierici Regolari, but finding there some impediment to his pursuits, had, like his maid, profited by the large permission of the Revolution, and transferred his affections from the theology of the moderns, to the Theogony and Pantheon of their predecessors. He was, therefore, a very tolerant auditor of all declamations against the degeneracy of modern times, smiled at an anecdote from Burchard, enjoyed a sneer at a Cardinal, joined in a laugh at a Capucin, and went *toto animo*, with every invective against all who were concerned in the late restrictions imposed upon excavation. As Fea ruled, and no one could excavate without a "permissu superiorum," every thing was tending to a premature decrepitude; an era of unalloyed Vandalism was approaching; and though there was a strong smell of heterodoxy in the Venta of the Carbonaro, he almost preferred it to an academy or a commission, which stood between him and the treasures with which every monticule in Rome, though I know not how often they have been disembowelled, is still considered to be pregnant. The painter had shaped his political idol out of the "inutile lignum" of former controversy, and had quite as much of Leti and Aretino in his head, as of Filangieri, Delfico, and other modern innovators;—but in all times the Roman anomaly has justified nearly the same accusations, and popes, cardinals, and the heterogeneous admixture of the clay and gold in the same statue, of this world and the next in the same system, little practice, and decreasing strangers, maintained his politics in a state of proper virulence, which wanted only a protecting army, and a good constitutional occasion for their explosion. The arts, also, and in their own domain, had been recently invaded. Not only had a horror of "the nude," in the instance of Canova's latest monument, recalled the decent and decorous era of Daniel di Volterra,* but other Braghettoni were employed, and the pious antipathy to nature was intended to be extended by the reformers down to the smallest

* No one can visit the Last Judgement of Michael Angelo, without hearing from his guide the story of Daniel di Volterra, and the order "to clothe the naked," which acquired for him the cognomen of "Braghettone." This corrective of the simplicity of the artist has ludicrously (though I am told necessarily) been extended from painting to sculpture, in the instance of the Verità of Giacomo della Porte in St. Peter's. A beautiful, though too attractive statue, has been disfigured into modesty; a thousand sarcasms and epigrams thrown off; and the morality and curiosity of the Romans remain very nearly where they once were. The shortest and simplest expedient would have been to remove the scandal altogether, though such a reformation, to be worth any thing, should be universal. The Verità was seducing enough; but why not also give the benefit of bronze drapery to the very naked Adam and Eve of the Duomo of Orvieto? Canova was treated with more severity—but who can complain after Michael Angelo? He had scarcely completed his monument of the Stuarts—ordered and paid for by the King of England, (and which, by the by, was a subject of much commentary and merriment at Rome,) when the two Genii who watch with reversed torches at the entrance of the mausoleum began to attract the attention of the fathers of the Rev. Fabbrica, and were thought so scandalously beautiful, that instant inquiry was ordered (not on the application of the ladies) for some artist who would undertake to clothe them after the manner of the Verità. The inquiry, to the disgrace of modern decency, totally failed; no modern Braghettone was to be found, and Canova still triumphs in the purity and *naïveté* of his original idea. The Bambino, however, does not escape so well: a few engravings were passed off, indeed, at the commencement, on the Maestro del Sagro Palazzo, but he soon found better spectacles, and will not allow a child at present to go undrest. Nor does this regard the present only—the edict is to have all the force of an ex-post-facto law. The wife of a sculptor complained to me that she had been compelled altogether to reform a Holy Family of Corregio which she had just engraved. This war with gnats may be very reasonable in England, but here, where they have camels to fight with, it is exquisitely absurd. It is in no wise better than the modesty of the Tartuffe, and corrects morals much in the same way that Xerxes did the sea. The ocean receives the shackles, and closes over them.

Bambino in the wax-works of the Ara Coeli. Various artificers were employed, and all good; but somehow or other, with every dike against the immorality, it always found its level in the eyes and ears of the public. These domestic grievances were farther enhanced—the engraver complained of his paper being taxed; the painter of his customers being scared away; the butcher of the increased rigour of the Lent—in fine to all but the spoilers themselves, a quiet revolution was discoverable in the very den of Cacus. The anti-chambers of the Vatican were not exempt from these murmurs; but what was to be substituted for the abuse? in all this there was the vaguest image of good government possible—the Utopia of the Romans is, when a great conqueror shall build great arches, and gain great victories every day to cover them, and find artists, and pay all whom he shall find, for the exploits which they are to translate or traduce into paint or marble. That time, or rather its hopes, passed away with Napoleon: the arch of Milan was yet unfinished—the great bas-relief of the Quirinal lay still in model and stucco—the excavations at Naples had almost ceased—at Rome had advanced feebly—Canova had no more his dozen of imperial portraits, and the Eternal City was dying daily. As to the English, they bought like shop-keepers—nothing sold sooner or better than a necklace; their genius could just reach a chess-board or a tea-table; they were the barbarians who spend only upon a bauble. Rome had experienced the tide, and was now in the ebb—the commerce was without the merchant—an interruption begot a famine—the air-pump was exhausted, and the animal dying within. There was scarcely an atelier which was not in opposition: the only sincere admirers of things as they are, were the buyers and sellers of the Vatican. Our visitor was neither, and was consequently a Carbonaro from disappointment as much as from conviction. He spent ten minutes in railing before he entered upon the object of his visit; and it was only by way of postscript, that he at last begged to have a small Nolan vase for the purpose of introducing it into his painting.

The conversation naturally reverted to his profession, and he was not sorry to have one visitor to his atelier. The day was yet young, and I had already intrenched upon the Abbate's hour of dinner. I perceived, from the frequent entry and unquiet glances of the governante, or maid, that my delay was unwelcome, and I accepted with pleasure the proposal to visit, in company with my new acquaintance, the Studii of Sculpture and Painting in the city. The Abbate made us as many reverences as he pronounced words, and bowed us out of the room into the dark room, with a last allusion to the Capitol. In a few moments we were in the street, and I surrendered myself at discretion to my new guide. The Giulia was not very far from the Ponte Sesto, or the Ponte Sesto from the Piazza Apollinare. There stands the Studio of W——. We immediately took that direction. W—— is not a native, but a resident of Rome, and, as an inquilino, or stranger-citizen, has obtained that influence, if not consideration, which sooner or later strangers must acquire here more than in any other portion of the world. Rome is made up of passengers; it is the great high road of Europe, and the chief caravansery of the arts. Every one seems to camp in its precincts; and, between the cares of religion and the other world on one side, and on the other the cares of the arts, which connect you in some manner with all Europe, no one can remain here long without losing a great deal of the *mal de pays*, and more or less becoming intellectually and morally a cosmopolite. A new country rises around us in place of the old, and we cling to Rome by our occupations as much, perhaps, as by the more tangible and positive ties of birth and citizenship. What every one feels in himself, he extends to others, and we soon allow every new comer to naturalize himself without any other claim than his profession. We soon reached our destination. The Studio of W—— was formerly a church; one of those ex-temples which the French and the malaria, want of funds and population, have retrenched from the four hundred which make up one-sixth of the Pontifical city. An inscription, in a bright slab of white marble over the door, fresh from the stonecutter and

the panegyrist complimented the painter in complimenting his visitors, and recorded how, "with a condescension belonging only to (reigning) popes and emperors, Pius VII. and Francis I. had deigned to visit and cheer his labours." This is only common parlance here; but an eye and spirit new from England demurs for some time to these *koutoos* on marble. In the present instance the wonder is a little more miraculous; for a visit at all to such a man is a consoling sign of the times, a striking symptom of the merciful disposition of the legitimates to acts of amnesty and oblivion, and betrays an amiable weakness and compassion for political as well as domestic frailties. No man as an individual, and few as a painter, have less title to their indulgence. W—— is a Fleming, and was, it is said, the jackall informer of the bloodiest Terrorists of the Revolution. He bought and sold blood, and the thirty pieces of silver have prospered in his hands. He has put off and on all weeds and creeds, all colours and moralities—"Motley's your only wear" in the great European Bedlam, and no *gizouette* of them all has a greater assortment of subaltern costumes and masques for all disguises and treacheries down to the disgusting nakedness of absolute self. He is a walking illustration of the proverb, and no man has ever done in Rome more exactly as Rome does. In France a speculator on the crimes and follies of the mob above and below him, soberly profiting on their drunkenness, and treating every master, as he did David, a cavaliere of the Legion of Honour in the empire—and in the Holy City one of the chief members of the Pontifical Academy of St. Luke, scandalously rich and sordidly avaricious. "You will see him," said my conductor, "sometimes recalling to a Bonaparte the gorgeous illusions of the late dynasty, when the 'Grande Pensée' was the shibboleth for every groveller for the crumbs of the imperial table; sometimes with the penitential bow of a pardoned offender holding up the train of restored legitimacy, and bepraising, in their ambassadors and courts, the right-royal right to taste and judgement of every crowned idiot in Europe; sometimes railing in a suppressed sneer, with a relic of the Revolution, at the jugglery of the revived religion, and sometimes with the flowing robes, and laced cravat, and lighted taper of the performers in a jubilee-procession, lamenting over the weakness of these latter times, and praying for the restoration of Christendom to its 'ancient order.' He is known to be all this and ten times more: but I will not lead you into his house—if he be bad in the street, what must he be in his atelier? And is it singular he should be so? Of what difference to him is vice or virtue?—is he not endured, praised, protected, paid, patronized, and honoured, to the very columns of the *Diario*? These things are miracles: but here they are standing ones. If you ask me why;—go in and judge for yourself. For my part, I have seen him, and will await your return in the street."

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM LENTULUS CRUS
TO THE LESSEE OF THE GREAT GAP IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Just landed from Brighton, with wonder I found
Our Dove-cote so splendid quite razed to the ground,
Pænates and Lares all put to the rout,
Not a brick of the building but's scatter'd about,
And, specimen sad of the mischief that's brewing,
Instead of a Club-house the Guards have a ruin!
Where shall white-trowser'd Warriors now rendezvoos,
Take a glance at the ladies and pick up the news;
Fight Peninsular battles again and again,
Re-take each position and thrice kill the slain,
Describe on the table each river and fort,
And make it all plain as a pike-staff in Port?—
The neighbours complain, such a dust you have kick'd up,
'Twould take both the Thames and New River to lick't up.

Then the Gap in the street is so frightfully wide,
Over which your Colossus of Vice is to stride !
It has raised an alarm, be assured, through the town,
And Birnie declares that your pride must come down.
You boast, like Augustus, that brick you receive it,
And quick hocus pocus, that Portland you leave it ;
But Holdfast's a dog far superior to Brag,
For he never would let the cat out of the bag ;
Without all this fuss our *Vingt'un* and *Ecarté*
Were very well lodged and our cozey Loo party,
Nor Brooks's nor Whites such a Hazard room sported,
Where Legs of the very first fashion resorted,
But fortune is buckled in vain on your back,
You fling it all down like a stumbling old Hack :
The fools who, by splendid example undone,
Their sight undermine while they gaze at the sun,
Must be left to the malice and jest of mankind,
And grope out their way like the halt and the blind.
What if George, out of humour with palaces grown,
Should ask a new drawing of Wyatt or Soane,
With a word or a nod set the tradesmen all going,
And thousands on thousands lay out, that are owing,
The structure is changed from whatever 'tis found,
If round 'tis made oblong, if square 'tis made round,
Tumble down and build up, are the words of command,
And Nash holds the magic of Prospero's wand ;
But what may not Princes think graceful and pretty
When such things are dared by the dregs of the City !

REMINISCENCES OF A YOUNG FENCIBLE.—NO. II.

I now imagined that I was in perfect safety, and had nothing to apprehend provided my two companions kept their own counsel, which it was as much their interest as mine that they should do ; so that I felt little fear upon that head. It was destined, however, that I should experience some tribulation for my conduct amongst the insurgents. One fine evening, after I had returned from parade, I went to my room, which was in a small public-house, where some other soldiers were also quartered. I sat myself down by my room-window, which overlooked a garden, and taking up my clarionet played, for my own amusement, an air which I had often played before for the amusement of others. I mean " Croppies lie down." It is a beautiful air, and I played it solely because I liked the music, and not for the purpose of excitement, which was the general object when that and other similar tunes were called for by the loyalists.

I had not been playing more than five or ten minutes, when my attention was attracted by a voice beneath my window. I immediately laid down my clarionet ; upon which a man, dressed as a soldier, looking up to the window, said in a tone as if unwilling that his words should reach any other ear than mine,—

You have played that very beautifully ; but not so well as I have heard you play

" 'Than tho' sin hullah augus na dusig me."

" I'm asleep, and don't wake me."*

* A celebrated Rebel air, and a very beautiful one also.

I started from my seat with terror and amazement, and gazed at my encomiast in order if possible to recognize him. This was no difficult task, for he did not appear to wish for concealment; and I soon recollected the features of a man who had been very conspicuous in his zeal for the success of the rebels, and had held a commission in their army during the first and second week of my sojourn amongst them. I immediately laid down my clarionet and descended to the garden to ascertain his motive in thus attracting my notice, not doubting but that he had assumed the uniform of a soldier to secure himself from detection.

Well, my lad, said I, as soon as I had joined him, what can induce you to risk your person in this quarter, near which you have so recently acted in a very different character from that in which you now make your appearance?

I can scarcely think the risk very great when for the last three weeks I have appeared daily in this character. I am actually a soldier.

What! you! the most active of the rebels?

Even so—I was, as you say, one of the most active amongst them, and would have been so still, could I have seen the slightest glimmering of success. When hope vanished, I thought it would have been criminal to keep up a contest for the purpose of ascertaining which party could shed the greatest quantity of human blood: I therefore left them; and, deeming myself insecure in any other vocation, I became, as you see, a soldier.

And have you felt no uneasiness at the prospect, or at least the hazard of being recognized?

I was little known in these parts before I joined the rebels, and, therefore, not very likely to be recognized under my present circumstances. As soon, however, as I learned that the regiment to which I had attached myself was the same as that to which you belonged, I became apprehensive that upon our first meeting some inadvertence upon your part might betray me. I always calculated upon your eventual liberation from the rebels, but did not feel uneasy upon that score, as I believe we might each tell tales which would be of little advantage to each other in this quarter.

You may rely upon it that I will never open my lips upon the subject to mortal breathing.

Neither must you appear to know me when first you see me in the presence of others, and your companions would do well to adopt the same precaution.

I told him that I would venture to promise for my comrades; after which we shook hands, and parted mutually satisfied.

He was a young man, apparently about two and twenty years of age, and remarkably handsome. I felt a prepossession in his favour the first hour that I saw him, and we for many years afterwards continued to be the firmest friends.

A few nights after the interview which I have just related, he again paid me a visit in my quarters, and asked me to accompany him a short distance into the country. I asked him how far; and he replied, only about two miles: it was upon a matter to him of the utmost importance, and he would communicate it to me on the road. Although I

knew but little of him, and some people might think that little not altogether in his favour, I agreed to accompany him.

He continued silent until we had got about a mile upon the road; and might, perhaps, have continued so to the end of the journey, had I not asked him whither we were proceeding.

The fact is, he replied, that I am so absorbed in my own thoughts that I forgot that you were still ignorant of the favour which I wish you to grant me. My future fortunes depend upon this hour. This would not trouble me but that I may henceforth involve another in my own fate; and should it be for evil I should not easily forgive myself.

You are about to be married, then?

You have guessed rightly.

Have you any other expectations or resources for supporting a wife than those which you derive from your new profession?

None except what I may perhaps expect by my marriage. My father and mother may each or both be living or dead, for what I know; for I never knew either one or the other. When I came to years of maturity I found myself alone in the wide world, without kith or kin. Relation I had none. I had one friend to whom I owed my education, and I have forfeited his friendship, it matters not how; but when it happened, I found myself without any claim on society, and society was equally, I thought, possessed of no claim on me. I became reckless of my life. I took a satchel on my back, and as a poor scholar wandered about the country, living upon the hospitality of the peasantry, and sometimes entertained in the houses of the minor gentry. About twelve months since I passed through this part of the country, and at a gentleman's house where I was entertained, I dared to fall in love, and with his daughter. Yet I was not ungrateful to my entertainer, as I could prove if I had leisure to enter into details; but suffice it to state that I was beloved in turn. I knew the immeasurable distance which spread itself between me and my elected bride, and became dejected. The rebellion broke out; my hopes revived; the flame of liberty burned strongly in my bosom, for even when I had nought else to love, I loved my country. My expectations, as you already know, were blighted and in despair. I returned hither to take a last farewell of her to whom fortune decided, as I thought, that I was never to be united. Affection was too strong for prudence, and she resolved to share my fortunes whether good or evil. To deter her from quitting her father's house I became a soldier. It was all in vain. Mine she would be, even though she was compelled to follow the baggage-waggon. In short, I have no choice left, and this night she is to be my wife.

After a pause of some duration I asked him how he meant to provide for his wife, for it was impossible for him to expect that an educated female, of refined habits, could at once descend to the humiliating privations which as a soldier's wife she must be compelled to submit to.

Reasoning upon the prudence of the step is now too late, he replied. I both foresee and apprehend the worst. I have also painted my apprehensions to her in their worst colours; and the reply which conquered all my reasoning was, "My father loves me, and when it

cannot be retracted he will forgive me, and purchase a commission for you."

I hope it may prove so, I replied; but if it should prove otherwise?

Why, then I must get the enemy to shoot me in the first engagement that our regiment enters, and then surely her father must be reconciled to her.

This, my friend, is a poor prospect to go to the altar with. Had you not better dissuade her from her purpose until your conduct in the field may raise you to the rank of an officer? You know the soldier's motto—a gold chain or wooden leg.

I do, he replied, and I know that many have been compelled to take the wooden leg, while the instances are few in the English service where a common soldier has ever succeeded in obtaining the gold chain. But there is no use in thinking, the die is cast, and this night shall witness our union.

But what is the favour which you require at my hands?

Simply, to give her away—to stand in the shoes of her father.

I am but a young man to act as father upon such an occasion; but I will do so, although for your sake as well as the lady's I could have wished that the marriage might be celebrated under more favourable auspices.

We soon after turned from the main road, and crossing some fields arrived in a short time at a handsome house, surrounded, as far as the darkness would permit me to see, by very beautiful plantations. My companion having stationed me within the edge of a coppice, where it was next to impossible that I should be discovered, proceeded himself to the mansion, requesting that I would there await his return. It was a long while before he returned, and my patience was well nigh exhausted, when at length I perceived two figures approaching, and shortly after recognized my companion with the lady of his love leaning upon his arm.

I issued from the coppice, and we all proceeded at a rapid pace until we regained the high road. Instead of proceeding towards our quarters, however, we now struck through a by-path which wound between two hills. Here I began to feel considerable apprehensions for our safety, upon hearing a whistle so loud and long, breaking upon the silence of the night, as if it would never terminate. I had lived long enough amongst the rebels to know their signals; and the moment I heard this I conjectured that there was a party at no great distance. My companion perceived at once my perplexity; and in order to relieve my alarm, observed that there was nothing to apprehend.

Whoever whistled thus, said he, is at least two miles distant. Besides—it is unanswered.

Not so, said I, as another whistle as shrill and as loud as the foregoing swept through the air from the opposite direction.

Good Heavens! exclaimed the lady, I hope we are in safety.

Be not alarmed, he replied. If you only recollect yourself a moment, you will perceive that these signals can have no reference to us.

The moon was beautifully clear, and we had just crossed a rivulet upon stepping stones by its light, when another whistle right a-head, and at no great distance, caused us more perplexity and uneasiness than we had yet experienced. In a few seconds the whistle was replied

to upon either side of us ; and knowing that since the dispersion of the rebels numbers of them had formed themselves into bands of robbers, and lived by plunder and devastation, I became seriously alarmed. My companion appeared now to be completely at a non-plus. He stopped for a moment, and looked around him, at the same time observing he knew that part of the country well, and that from the King's troops it could easily conceal us, but unfortunately the rebels were as intimately acquainted with its hiding places and recesses as he was himself.

Do you think then, I asked him, that they have seen and are in pursuit of us ?

I think no such thing, he replied. We have unfortunately taken our path through the spot which they have assigned for their place of meeting ; and therefore, as I apprehend no search, I shall be able in a few moments to recollect a convenient place of concealment.

In less than a minute he proceeded rapidly forward to a hedge that crossed our pathway, with a ditch at each side of it, and which, from the fine weather that had lasted for some weeks, was perfectly dry. The hedge was a broad one, and set at each side with trees and bushes, that in some places were almost impervious. We got into the ditch, and proceeding to the closest part of it, we sat down to await the issue, completely screened from observation.

We had not been long in our cover, when some persons crossed the hedge, about twenty yards distant from the spot where we had taken shelter. Here they halted, and again the whistling recommenced, and was answered not only from each side, but also from the path we had just passed. In a short time a party of fifteen or twenty had assembled, and, as usual upon these occasions, the whiskey was produced and handed round, while a conversation went on, in which I soon felt the deepest interest.

Well, Paddy, said one, have you heard any thing lately of —— ? and he named my companion, who had some reason to wish that I was not privy to this conversation.

Faith and that I have—the devil's cure to the rascal ! he has turned red-coat.

So Jack Finane told me, said another. He said he saw him on parade in his regimentals.

Bad luck to him ! said another ; it was the like of him that lost Ireland.

He may not be so bad, after all, said another. He never liked a red coat yet ; and, take my word for it, he will serve them a slippery trick one day.

You seem to be well known in this quarter of the world, said I, in a whisper, to my comrade.

Better known than trusted, said he, in a tone and manner which I cannot describe, but which left the impression upon my mind for a moment, that the opinion of the speaker was not wholly without foundation, who said that he believed he would “serve the red-coats a slippery trick one day yet.” I had but little time to think upon the matter, however, when another whistle announced an accession to the party.

The whistle was answered, and in a minute or two after a man was seen approaching at full speed, and almost breathless from exertion.

He came up staggering from fatigue, and, when within a few paces of the party, he bellowed forth at the top of his voice: "News, news—boys—news—arrah, by J——s, the best and the finest news for old Ireland that you ever heard since the day Father Murphy hoisted the green flag upon the hills. Let me wet my whistle,"—and, suiting the action to the word, he snatched a bottle from one of the party, and putting it to his lips took somewhat more than would fill a thimble, if one might judge by the time he held it to his mouth. "There, my lads—now for the news—the French, the French—arrah, then, bad luck to my mother's son if it isn't true. The French, you dogs, the French!" He could get no farther, but capered about like a madman, while the whole party gathered open-mouthed round him, and begged him to tell them what really was the news he brought.

"Didn't I tell you?" he continued—"the French—they are landed in Killala Bay."

A shout of exultation was immediately raised by the whole party. As soon as this had subsided, the questions were eagerly renewed. Are there many of them? how many?—and what have they done?

Many of them? faith and that there are—a power of them. They have taken Killala. The red coats attacked them, and made them run like the devil.

Made them run?

By my soul they did; but it was d——d hard after them. But come, my lads, we must spread the news and raise all the men we can.—Arrah, by J——s, my boys, we'll have another toss up for it.

The exulting spirit with which he gave utterance to this prediction was eagerly caught by the rest of the party, and nothing was to be heard but the most confident anticipations of success, now that the French were come at last. Neither did they forget to ask whether their favourite general Bonaparte had not come in person; but as their informant could give no authentic answer upon this point, they consoled themselves with the certainty, that at all events the French were arrived, so long, so anxiously, and hitherto so vainly looked for.

The whole party soon after crossed the streamlet, and were shortly out of view, to our great relief, for, had we been discovered, our treatment might not have been of the most agreeable description. We now resumed our journey, and in about a quarter of an hour arrived at a hut, where we found a priest, of course a Catholic, in readiness to receive us. An old crone who sat in the corner of the chimney, and her son, a stout fellow about five and thirty years of age, were the witnesses to the ceremony, and in a few minutes the destiny of this blooming girl was sealed for ever.

The night was somewhat chilly; but there was a blazing fire on the hearth, and the old woman was endeavouring to boil some water in a three-legged iron-pot which hung from an iron hanger in the chimney. There were some glasses on the table, and two bottles, the contents of which might be easily surmised.

These preparations, however, were scarcely sufficient to dissipate a tinge of melancholy which pervaded the whole party. The journey and the alarm had brought down the romantic notions of the lady to the realities of life; and perhaps, at that moment, she might for the first time have entertained a just sense of the importance of the proceed-

ings in which she had thus clandestinely engaged. Her husband, too, was depressed in spirit; and upon the whole, I have never seen a wedding, resulting from mutual love, in which less felicity was apparent than in this. The priest endeavoured to enliven them by a few jokes, and the old crone threw out insinuations with a knowing leer about throwing the stocking, at which the maiden blushed; but all failed in exhilarating their dejection, although each endeavoured to assume a forced gaiety, which evidently but ill accorded with what was passing within.

We quaffed a glass of mountain-dew to the health and happiness of the new-married couple, while the priest, looking at them, protested that it was impossible they could be otherwise than happy. A supper of cold meat prepared for the occasion was then served up, which to me was by no means unacceptable. I was as hungry as a hawk, and did ample justice to it; as did also the old woman's son, who had, perhaps, seldom the good fortune to sit down to such, to him, sumptuous fare.

Shortly after supper was over, the priest wished us good night, and left us without appearing to have any apprehensions of the rebels, with whom he might probably have had a perfectly good understanding. Before he departed, however, I perceived that he accepted his guerdon from the fair hands of the bride, and, if I might form a judgment from the satisfaction expressed in his countenance, it was liberal.

After his departure, the old woman conducted the young couple to their bridal chamber, a miserable room, rendered as comfortable as circumstances would admit of for the occasion. The old woman laid herself down upon a bed of rushes in a corner of the room, where we had been sitting. The son and myself occupied two chairs by the fire-side, and consoled ourselves with whiskey punch for our want of rest.

It was necessary that we should be in our quarters before the daylight was far advanced, in order to avoid being missed, which in those times would have subjected us to serious punishment. I was still more anxious upon this head, in consequence of the intelligence we had heard relative to the landing of the French, which might, if it reached the town, cause an immediate muster of the troops. I mentioned these fears to my comrade before he retired, and we arranged that I was to knock at his room-door at half-past two o'clock, when we should with all expedition return to our quarters.

I continued chatting away the time with the peasant, who entertained me with numerous tales of ghosts, fairies, and apparitions, to which I listened with a greedy ear, until I judged that the appointed hour had arrived. My comrade was alive to the summons, and the grey dawn of morning was just peeping over the hills when we issued from the hut, and retraced our steps to the paternal dwelling of the bride. Having deposited her in safety, we pursued our way to the town, where we arrived before five o'clock, and regained our quarters without difficulty and without observation.

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

WHISPER, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree,
 One, where a thousand stood !
 Well might proud tales be told by thee,
 Last of the solemn Wood !

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
 With leaves yet darkly green ?
 Stillness is round, and noontide glows—
 Tell us what thou hast seen !

“ I have seen the forest-shadows lie
 Where now men reap the corn ;
 I have seen the kingly chace rush by,
 Through the deep glades at morn.

“ With the glance of many a gallant spear,
 And the wave of many a plume,
 And the bounding of a hundred deer
 It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

“ I have seen the knight and his train ride past
 With his banner borne on high ;
 O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
 From his gleamy panoply.

“ The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
 His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,
 And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,
 Kneeling at Vesper-hours.

“ And the merry men of wild and glen,
 In the green array they wore,
 Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,
 And the hunter-songs of yore.

“ And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
 Hath made the forest ring
 With the lordly tales of the high Crusade,
 Once loved by chief and king.

“ But now the noble forms are gone,
 That walk'd the earth of old ;
 The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
 The sunny light looks cold.

“ There is no glory left us now
 Like the glory with the dead :—
 I would that where they slumber low,
 My latest leaves were shed !”—

Oh ! thou dark Tree, thou lonely Tree,
 That mournest for the Past !

A peasant's home in thy shade I see,
 Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
 Of laughter meets mine ear ;
 For the poor man's children sport around
 On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall
 A happy summer-glow,
 And the open door stands free to all,
 For it recks not of a foe.

And the village-bells are on the breeze
 That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree !—
 —How can I mourn, amidst things like these,
 For the stormy Past with thee ?

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

No. II.—*Caffer Campaigns.—The Prophet Makanna.*

You have perhaps heard in England of the Caffer war of 1819, and of the assault on Graham's Town by an army of 10,000 savage warriors; but I apprehend the real occasion of that war, and the character of the extraordinary man who then directed the counsels of the Caffer chiefs, are scarcely known beyond this secluded nook of the world. The grievous wrongs inflicted on the native tribes under the Dutch government of the Cape, were long ago exposed by Mr. Barrow, in a strain of generous indignation highly creditable to the feelings of that distinguished writer; but, since the colony became a dependency of the British empire, not one of the many travellers who have explored its remote provinces has thought fit to tell the world how matters are managed now. It is therefore, I presume, taken for granted that the abuses that once existed have been long ago redressed, and that the treatment of the natives by our colonial authorities has been strictly regulated by those principles of justice and humanity, which as a nation we so loudly profess. Such is, doubtless, your impression—for our Government proclamations at the Cape have been of late years flamingly philanthropical. But let not England "lay the flattering unction to her soul," that empty professions will pass for good deeds. The light of day will at length reveal what has been doing in the dark; and then it will be found that the long-abused Aborigines of South Africa have, indeed, gained but little by the transfer of the Cape from Dutch to English dominion; and that the chief, almost the sole alteration in their condition is this:—Under the Dutch they were plundered, and oppressed by the boers; under the English by the Government itself.

A detailed narrative of our wars with the Caffers would furnish but a deplorable tale of wrong and retaliation, far too long and too monotonous for your pages. I send you therefore only a single "act of the drama." It is neither the last, nor perhaps the most affecting; but it may serve as a specimen of our colonial performances in this style of acting, and perhaps draw some attention to our secluded political theatre before the last scene of the *Caffer* tragedy is completed, as the *Hottentot* one has been long ago.

In the year 1818 an internal war broke out among the Caffer clans which border on the colonial frontier. It originated in certain disputes between the Chief Gaika and his uncle S'Lhambi, about the possession of a tract of pasturage,—and in resentment of the conduct of the former in plundering some of the weaker chiefs of their cattle, and forcibly carrying off and appropriating to his own use the wife of a distinguished warrior.* The parties flew to arms, and a powerful confederacy was formed against the arrogant usurper. S'Lhambi was supported by his brother Jaluhsa, by the prophet-chief Makanna, by Congo, Habanna, Hinza, and most of the other principal leaders of the Amakosa nation. In the conflict which ensued, Gaika was defeated with great loss, his clan dispersed and plundered, and he himself driven for shelter to the vicinity of the colony. The victors did not press him farther, nor was any aggression committed by them upon the colonial territory. There was, therefore, not the slightest pretence for our interference.

* Gaika's fine person and plausible demeanour fascinated the travellers Barrow and Lichtenstein, who saw him when he was a very young man. Since that time his character has developed itself very differently from what those writers anticipated. At this day he stands lower in moral estimation, even in the opinion of the Caffers, than any other chief of note in their nation. He has been long notorious for his arrogance, duplicity, sensuality, and insatiable cupidity; and is considered, by the missionaries and other Europeans to whom he is known, to be very far below the average character of his countrymen, who are certainly, on the whole, a fine high-spirited race of men, and not undeserving of the favourable accounts which the intelligent travellers above named have given of them.

It was entirely a domestic quarrel, and the Caffers ought to have been left to settle it their own way.

Unhappily, the colonial Government did not choose to remain neutral. It adopted the cause of "King Gaika;" publicly declared him the paramount and legitimate chief of the Caffer nation,* and denounced his opponents as rebels and outlaws! In prosecution of this extraordinary policy, Lieut.-Colonel Brereton was directed to march into Cafferland, in the close of 1818, with a powerful force of military and Burgher militia. The insurgent chiefs deprecated this unprovoked invasion: they declared that they were anxious to remain at peace with the colony; but at the same time obstinately refused submission to Gaika. The "commando" (I adopt the colonial term) marched forward. The unoffending inhabitants were attacked in their kraals or villages, plundered of their cattle, and slaughtered or driven into the woods. I have been assured by officers who accompanied this commando, that not less than 23,000 head of cattle were carried off from the lands of S'Lhambi and his allies,—9000 of which were allotted to Gaika, and the rest distributed among the boors, or sold to defray the expenses of the expedition.†

By this unprovoked invasion the Caffer clans were not only wantonly exasperated, but rendered in a great measure desperate, by being deprived of their principal means of subsistence. Under such circumstances is it to be wondered at that they followed the retiring track of their invaders, and began to pour themselves into the colony in numerous swarms, ravenous for plunder and revenge? Retaliation was easy and immediate. The cattle of the boors along the frontier were everywhere swept off, and many of the inhabitants were forced to abandon their dwellings. Detached military posts were captured. Captain Gethin of the 6th regiment, Lieutenant Hunt of the African corps, and numerous small parties and patrols of British soldiers were massacred. The Caffers soon discovered that the European troops were but ill-adapted for withstanding their system of bush-warfare, and their audacity daily increased. The Moravian settlement of Enon, a hundred miles from the frontier, was plundered and burned to the ground. The Zuurveld, where the British settlers are now located, was overrun and laid waste; and the British troops, harassed and baffled by this desultory mode of warfare, strove in vain to maintain their ground, or to defend the frightened colonists.

The counsels of the Caffer chiefs were at this time directed by an extraordinary individual, generally known in the colony by the name of Lynx, but whose native appellation was Makanna.‡ He had been originally a Caffer of low rank, destitute of property, and without any pretension to no-

* The claims of Gaika to such authority were, at the best, exceedingly questionable. He had never been recognized as sovereign by the greater part of the Amakosa clans; and he told Lord Charles Somerset himself, in 1817, that many of the other chiefs considered themselves his equals, and were entirely independent of his control. In point of lineage even he is inferior to Hinza, who, if any thing like regular monarchy existed among these wild tribes, would of course be king. But it is altogether absurd to talk of legitimate sovereignty in such a state of society; and it is at all events manifest that we had no business to interfere in the internal polity and civil broils of these barbarians, so long as the safety of the colony was not endangered by them.

† Part of this plunder was also devoted to pious purposes—much after the fashion of our European worthies of the middle ages, who religiously wasted provinces to endow abbeys and cathedrals. About 3000 rix-dollars, accruing from the sale of Caffer cattle, was allotted to build a church in the village of Uitenhage. Questionable as such an appropriation was, however, it was too disinterested an object to be executed. In January 1826, when I visited that village, I found that no church was yet erected, and that the "consecrated fund" had been, by permission of the governor, diverted to a very different object.

‡ The similarity of this name to that of Mr. Moore's "Veiled Prophet" is a curious coincidence.

bility of lineage; but, by his talents and address, had gradually raised himself to distinction. Before the present war broke out, he was in the habit of frequently visiting the British head-quarters at Graham's Town; and had evinced an insatiable curiosity and an acute judgment on subjects both speculative and practical. With the military officers he talked of war, or of such of the mechanical arts as fell under his observation; but his great delight was to converse with Mr. Vanderlinger the chaplain, to elicit information in regard to the doctrines of Christianity, and to puzzle him in return with metaphysical subtleties or mystical ravings.

Whether Makanna had acquired any correct views of the Christian system seems doubtful: but of his knowledge, such as it was, he made an extraordinary use. Combining what he had learned respecting the creation, the fall of man, the atonement, the resurrection, and other Christian doctrines, with some of the superstitious traditions of his countrymen* and with his own wild fancies, he framed a sort of extravagant religious medley; and, like another Mahomet, boldly announced himself as a prophet and teacher directly inspired from Heaven. He endeavoured to throw around his obscure origin a cloud of mystery; and impiously called himself "the brother of Christ." In his usual demeanour he assumed a reserved, solemn, and abstracted air, and kept himself apart from observation: but in addressing the people, who flocked in multitudes to hear him, he appeared to pour forth his soul in a flow of affecting and impetuous eloquence. The missionary, Read, who visited him in Cafferland in 1816, describes his appearance as exceedingly imposing, and his influence both over the chiefs and the common people as most extraordinary. He addressed the assembled multitudes repeatedly in Mr. Read's presence with great effect; inculcating a stricter morality, and boldly upbraiding the most powerful chiefs with their vices: at other times, instructing them in Scripture history, he adduced as a proof of the universal deluge, the existence of immense beds of sea shells on the tops of the neighbouring mountains. To the missionaries he was apparently friendly, and urged them to fix their residence in the country under his protection; yet they were puzzled by his mysterious demeanour, and shocked by his impious pretensions, and could only conclude that he was calculated to do much good or mischief, according as his influence might be ultimately employed.

By degrees he gained a complete control over all the principal chiefs, with the exception of Gaika, who feared and avoided him. He was consulted on every matter of consequence, received numerous gifts, collected a large body of retainers, and was acknowledged as a warrior chief as well as a prophet. His ulterior objects were never fully developed; but it seems not improbable that he contemplated raising himself to the sovereignty as well as to the priesthood of his nation; and proposed to himself the patriotic task (for, though a religious impostor, he certainly was not destitute of high and generous aspirations,) to elevate by degrees his barbarous countrymen, both politically and intellectually nearer to a level with the Europeans.

But, whatever were Makanna's more peaceful projects, the unexpected invasion of the country by the English troops in 1818 diverted his enterprise into a new and more disastrous channel. The confederate chiefs, in turning their arms against Gaika, though roused by their own immediate wrongs, had acted at the same time under the prophet's directions; for it was one of his

* Many of the traditional customs of the Caffers, besides the rite of circumcision, bear a striking resemblance to those of the Mosaic law, and seem strongly to corroborate Mr. Barrow's opinion, that they, however remotely, derived their lineage from a Hebrew or Arabian origin. Many terms in their language appear to point to a similar source. For example, the name of that beautiful antelope, the Springbok (*Antelope pygarga*) is *Tzebi* in the Amakosa tongue. The very same word is used in Hebrew to denote an Antelope of the same description, if not the precise species, erroneously rendered "roe" by our translators: "Like a roe (*Tzebe*) or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel."

objects to humble, if not to crush entirely that tyrannical and treacherous chief, who was the great obstacle to his public, and, perhaps, personal, views of aggrandisement. With the English authorities he had assiduously cultivated terms of friendship; and had not apparently anticipated any hostile collision with them on this occasion. But, after Brereton's destructive inroad, by which Makanna's followers, in common with the other confederate clans, had suffered most cruelly, the whole soul of the warrior-prophet seems to have been bent upon revenging the aggressions of the Christians, and emancipating his country from their insolent control. He saw that this was not to be effected by mere marauding incursions, such as had always hitherto characterised Caffer warfare. The great difficulty was to concentrate the energies of his countrymen, and direct their desultory aims to more important objects; and this he at length effected.

By his spirit-rousing eloquence, his pretended revelations from Heaven, and his confident predictions of complete success, provided they implicitly followed his counsels, he persuaded the great majority of the Amakosa clans (including some of Hinza's warriors) to unite their forces for a simultaneous attack upon Graham's Town, the head-quarters of the British troops. He told them that he was sent by Utëka, the Great Spirit, to avenge their wrongs; that he had power to call up from the grave the spirits of their ancestors to assist them in battle against the white men, whom they should drive, before they stopped, across the Zwartkops river and into the ocean; "and then," said the prophet, "we will sit down and eat honey!" Ignorant of our vast resources, Makanna probably conceived that, this once effected, the contest was over for ever with the usurping Christians.

Having called out the chosen warriors from the various clans, Makanna mustered his army in the forests of the Great Fish River, and found himself at the head of between nine and ten thousand men. He then sent (in conformity with a custom held in repute among Caffer heroes) a message of defiance to Colonel Willshire, the British commandant, announcing "that he would breakfast with him next morning."

At the first break of dawn the warriors were roused for battle on the mountains near Graham's Town; and before they were led on to the assault, were addressed by Makanna in an animating speech, in which he is said to have promised the aid of spirits of earth and air to assist their cause and to countervail the boasted prowess of the "white men's fire."

Thus excited, they were led on by their various chiefs, but all under the general direction of the prophet himself, and his chief captain, Dusani the son of S'Lhambi. The English were completely astonished when they appeared, soon after sunrise, marching rapidly over the heights which environ Graham's Town; for Colonel Willshire had so entirely disregarded the message sent him, considering it a mere bravado, that he had taken no precautions whatever, and was himself very nearly captured by the enemy as he was taking a morning ride with some of his officers. Had the Caffers advanced by night, they could not have failed of capturing the place.

All was now bustle and confusion in the little garrison, which consisted of only about three hundred and fifty European troops, and a small corps of disciplined Hottentots. The place had no regular defences, and the few field-pieces which it possessed were not in perfect readiness. The Caffers rushed on to the assault with their wild war-cries. They were gallantly encountered by the troops, who poured upon them, as they advanced in dense disorderly masses, a destructive fire of musketry, every shot of which was deadly, while their showers of assagais fell short or ineffective. Still, however, they advanced courageously, the chiefs cheering them on, almost to the muzzles of the British guns; and many of the foremost warriors were now seen breaking short their last assagai, to render it a stabbing weapon, in order to rush in upon the troops, according to Makanna's directions, and decide the battle in close combat. This was very different from their usual mode of bush-fighting; but the suggestion of it evinces Makanna's judgment; for, if promptly and boldly acted upon, it could not have failed of success. The great bodily strength and agility of the Caffers, as well as their vast supe-

riority in numbers, would have enabled them to overpower the feeble garrison in a few minutes.

At this critical moment, and while other parties of the barbarians were pushing on to assail the place in flank and rear—the old Hottentot Captain, Boezac, who happened that day to be accidentally at Graham's Town with a party of his buffalo-hunters, rushed intrepidly forward to meet the enemy. To old Boezac most of the Caffer chiefs and captains were personally known. He was a man of great coolness too, and familiar with their fierce appearance and furious shouts. Singling out the boldest of those who, now in advance, were encouraging their men to the final onset, Boezac and his followers, the best marksmen in the colony, levelled in a few minutes a number of the most distinguished chiefs and warriors. Their onset was for a moment checked. The British troops cheered, and renewed with alacrity their firing, which exhaustion and dismay had somewhat slackened. At the same instant the field pieces, now brought to bear upon the thickest of the enemy, opened a most destructive fire of grape shot. Some of the warriors madly rushed forward and hurled their spears at the artillery-men. But it was in vain. The front ranks were mown down like grass. Those behind recoiled—wild panic and irretrievable rout ensued. Makanna, after vainly attempting to rally them, accompanied their flight. They were pursued but a short way; for the handful of cavalry durst not follow them into the broken ravines where they speedily precipitated their flight. The slaughter was great for so brief a conflict. Fourteen hundred Caffer warriors strewed the field of battle; and many hundreds more perished of their wounds before they reached their own country.

This formidable attempt, altogether unprecedented in Caffer warfare, alarmed the colonial Government, and awakened all its vengeance. The burgher militia throughout the whole extent of the colony was called out, and marched to the eastern frontier to assist in chastising the "savages." Colonel Willshire, collecting all the disposable British and Hottentot troops, marched into the enemy's country in one direction, while Landdrost Stockenström, with his burgher commando of a thousand horsemen, swept it in another. The villages of the hostile clans were burnt, their cattle carried off, their fields of maize and millet trodden down, and the wretched inhabitants driven into the thickets, and there bombarded with grape-shot and Congreve rockets. Dispirited by their late failure, defeated in every attempt at resistance, their women and helpless old people often massacred indiscriminately with the armed men; their principal chiefs, S'Lhambi, Congo, Habanna,—above all, their prophet Makanna, denounced as "outlaws," and the inhabitants threatened with utter extermination if they did not speedily deliver them up "dead or alive,"—the Caffer people yet remained faithful to their chiefs. And though the prophet had lost much of his influence since the disastrous failure of his great enterprise, yet among the multitudes now driven to despair, and perishing of want around him, not one was found willing to earn the high reward offered for his apprehension by his "civilized" conquerors. The course adopted by Makanna under these trying circumstances was remarkable; and I shall detail it in the words of a friend who witnessed his surrender, and who, having accompanied this Christian commando, had taken notes at the time, (which I have had the advantage of,) descriptive of the manner in which our Caffer wars are managed, and of such remarkable occurrences as fell under his observation.

"The rain had continued to fall in torrents for several days. Mr. Stockenström, with his division, was encamped on the high ground east of Trompetter's Drift. The Caffers repeatedly shewed themselves in great force, as if disposed to attack; rushing forward with their usual shouts;—but, on being fired at, as quickly retired to the ravines.—In the afternoon of the 15th, (Aug. 1819,) two Gonagua women came to the camp, and told Mr. Stockenström, that they were sent by the chief Makanna to sue for peace; he offering to come himself and treat, if his life and liberty could be guaranteed. Mr. S. replied, that he would pledge himself that the Chief's life should be safe; but he could offer no guarantee for his liberty; because one of the chief objects of the expedition was to take Makanna and some others 'dead or alive.'

"The women departed with this message; and the Landdrost scarcely allowed himself to imagine that their visit had any other object than that of espionage, or of lulling him into security; so that it excited no small degree of surprise among us, when the celebrated Caffer prophet, towards evening of the next day, walked coolly into the camp—with an air of pride and self-possession, which certainly commanded respect.

"It appeared that the message sent by the women had been correctly delivered—but' (added this barbarian with a magnanimity which would have done honour to the most civilized being) 'people say that I have occasioned the war: let me see whether my giving myself up will restore peace.'

"After partaking of some refreshment, he entered into a conversation with the Landdrost, in which he displayed no small share of sound judgment and shrewd sagacity. He became evidently uneasy, however, when he learned that he was not speaking to the 'principal man,' and that he would be delivered over to the commandant (Lieut.-Col. Willshire) the day following. He said that he knew the Colonel too well to trust him: that he was too much the friend of his mortal enemy Gaika, and would deliver him up to that chief, who would cruelly torture and murder him. Our arguments to persuade him that this suspicion was unfounded, were unavailing. He remained gloomy and indignant; so that it was deemed necessary to place a guard over him until next morning,—when Colonel Willshire, with the main body, passed by the Landdrost's camp, and took Makanna as a prisoner along with him.

"A few days afterwards, a small body of Caffers were seen at the edge of a thicket near Colonel Willshire's camp, who made signs that they desired a parley. The Colonel, attended by a couple of officers (of whom the narrator was one), having moved towards them unarmed, two Caffers approached, and proved to be the one S'Lhambi's and the other Makanna's chief counsellors. They were, I think, as noble-looking men, and as dignified in their demeanour, as any I have ever beheld. After a few questions and answers relative to the disposal of Makanna, (who by this time had been sent into the Colony,) and the prospects of an accommodation, the friend of the captive chief delivered himself in the following terms—in so manly a manner, with so graceful an attitude, and with so much feeling and animation, that the bald translation which I am able to furnish, can afford but a very faint and inadequate idea of his eloquence.

"The war (said he) is an unjust one, for you are determined to extirpate a people whom you have forced to take up arms. When our fathers, and the fathers of the Boors, first established themselves in the Zuurveld, we then lived together in peace. Their flocks grazed on the same hills; their herdsmen smoked together out of the same pipes; they were brothers—until the herds of the Caffers increased so as to make the hearts of the Boors sore. What those covetous men could not get from our fathers for old buttons, they took by force. Our fathers were *men*: they loved their cattle: their wives and children lived upon milk: they fought for their property. They began to hate the colonists, who coveted their all, and aimed at their destruction.

"Now their kraals and our fathers' kraals were separate. The Boors made commandoes on our fathers. Our fathers drove them out of the Zuurveld; and lived there, because they had conquered it. There we were circumcised; there we got wives; and there our children were born. The white men hated us, but could not drive us away. When there was war, we plundered you. When there was peace, some of our bad people stole; but our chiefs forbade it. Your treacherous friend Gaika always had peace with you; always plundered you: and, when his people stole, always shared in the plunder. Have your patrols ever found cattle taken in time of peace, runaway slaves, or deserters, in the kraals of *our* chiefs? Have they ever gone into Gaika's country without finding such cattle, such slaves, such deserters, in Gaika's *own* kraals? But he was your friend: and you wanted the Zuurveld. You came at last like locusts.* We stood: we could do no more. You said, "Go over the Fish River—that is all we want." We yielded, and came here.

"We lived in peace. Some bad people stole, perhaps: the nation was quiet—the chiefs were quiet. Gaika stole—his chiefs stole—his people stole. You sent him copper; you sent him beads; you sent him horses—on which he rode to steal more. To us you only sent commandoes.

* Alluding to Colonel Graham's commandoes in 1811 and 1812.

'We quarrelled with Gaika about grass—no business of yours. You sent a commando *—you took our last cow—you left only a few calves,—which died for want, along with our children. You gave half the spoil to Gaika : half you kept yourselves. Without milk,—our corn destroyed,—we saw our wives and children perish—we saw that we must ourselves perish ;—we followed, therefore, on the spur † of our cattle into the colony. We plundered, and we fought for our lives. We found you weak : we destroyed your soldiers. We saw that we were strong : we attacked your head-quarters ‡—and if we had succeeded, our right was good ; for you began the war. We failed—and you are here.

'We wish for peace : we wish to rest in our huts : we wish to get milk for our children : our wives wish to till the land. But your troops cover the plains, and swarm in the thickets, where they cannot distinguish the man from the woman, and shoot all.

'You want us to submit to Gaika. That man's face is fair to you, but his heart is insincere. Leave him to himself. Make peace with us. Let him fight for himself—and *we* shall not call on you for help. Let Makanna loose ; and S'Lhambi, Congo, and the rest will come to you any time you fix. But if you will still make war, you may indeed kill the last man of us—but Gaika shall not rule over the followers of those who think him a woman.' §

* Brereton's commando in 1818.

† Foot-prints.

‡ Graham's Town.

§ As a suitable accompaniment to this genuine specimen of Caffer oratory, I subjoin a few lines of their poetry. The following is part of a hymn which I have frequently heard sung by them to a low monotonous native air. It is right to state, however, that it is far more elevated in sentiment than their ordinary songs, which seem to be in general very unmeaning. This hymn was composed by a chief named Sicana, who, like Makanna, could not read a syllable in any language, but whose ideas had doubtless been enlarged and elevated by intercourse with the Missionaries. It is the only specimen I have ever met with of versification in any African dialect, and will afford a tolerable notion of the liquid flow of the Amakosa tongue :—

“ Ulin guba inkulu siambata tina,
 Ulodali bom' uadali pezula,
 Umdala uadala idala izula,
 Ycbinza inquis zixeliela.
 UtiKa umkula gozizulinè,
 Yebnza inquis nozilimele.
 Umze uakonana subiziele,
 Umkokeli ua sikokeli tina,
 Uenze infama zenza ga homi ;
 Imali inkula subiziele,
 Wena wena q'aba inyaniza,
 Wena wena kaka linyaniza,
 Wena wena klati linyaniza :
 Ulodali bom' uadali pezula
 Umdala uadala idala izula.”

Translation.

He who is our mantle of comfort,
 The giver of life, ancient, on high,
 He is the creator of the heavens
 And the ever-burning stars.
 God is mighty in the heavens,
 And whirls the stars around the sky.
 We call on him in his dwelling-place,
 That he may be our mighty leader,
 For he maketh the blind to see ;
 We adore him as the only good,
 For he alone is a sure defence,
 He alone is a trusty shield,
 He alone is our bush of refuge :
 Even HE, the giver of life on high,
 Who is the creator of the heavens.

This manly and moving remonstrance, which affected some of those who heard it even to tears, had no effect on Colonel Willshire, and obtained no release for Makanna nor reprieve for the famished and hunted inhabitants. The commandant and his superiors were made of sterner stuff than to be melted by the misery of "Caffer savages." All efforts, however, to get possession of the persons of the other chiefs were unavailing: even treachery was tried in vain.* So, after plundering the country of all the cattle that could yet be found, and leaving famine and devastation behind them, our "Christian" commando retired into the colony, without gaining the object for which the war was professedly commenced; but with a spoil (including Brereton's) of about 50,000 head of cattle captured from the dispersed, and despairing natives.†

In the mean while the unfortunate Makanna was carried captive to Cape Town, and confined by order of the Government on Robben Island, in the mouth of Table Bay,—a spot appropriated for securing convicted felons, condemned slaves, and other malefactors, doomed to work in irons in the slate quarries. After being here a few weeks, Makanna attempted to effect his escape by seizing a fishing-boat,—but was upset and drowned before he could gain the shore.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

Paris, November 18, 1826. (In continuation.)

TALMA was more remarkable for talent than intelligence. He wrote an Essay on Le Kain, which was printed some years ago. It is merely a common-place dissertation, and it scarcely possesses the merit of unfolding the writer's views with perspicuity. Talma had many anecdotes of Napoleon, and he never varied in his manner of relating them—whether the Emperor was all powerful at the Tuileries, or in captivity at St. Helena—or within the last year or two, when the progress of liberalism and the love of the charter have rendered Napoleon, in the eyes of the younger portion of the French public, a despot remarkable for his talents and misfortunes.

One day Napoleon said to Talma—"I have just been acting a tragic scene. The Princess d'Ekmulh (Madame Davoust) has been long tormenting me for a private audience. I gave her one this morning, and what do you think she wanted? A throne for her husband. He is, in truth, a prudent man; and, if he and I escape the dangers of war for a few years longer, I may, perhaps, give him what he wants."

On another occasion he observed to Talma, "The Austrians never had but one good general; and, because I did not praise him, they suffered him to perish in an inferior service."

* The late Colonel Fraser was urged by a superior officer to seize Congo and Habanna by inveigling them into his power under false pretences; but that humane and honourable man indignantly refused.

† Compare the conduct of our "civilized and Christian" warriors with that of the "savage Caffers" in their own wars, as described by Lichtenstein, whose information is generally correct and well authenticated:—

"Any one who falls unarmed into the hands of the enemy is never put to death: the women and children equally have never any thing to fear for their lives; they are universally and without exception spared."—"The women and children are sent back: the victors also return some of the cattle taken, though, perhaps, but a small part, dividing the rest among themselves. This claim of the conquered to the restitution of some part of the booty rests upon a principle, which is a common saying among the Koosas,—That we must not let even our enemies die with hunger."—*Lichtenstein's Travels in Southern Africa.*

Speaking of heroism, he said one day ;—" Your tragedies are very absurd when they attempt to pourtray military heroism. Battles are won by judgment and perseverance, and sometimes by chance. When two armies of a hundred thousand men each engage together, the majority of the troops on both sides have the strongest inclination to fight. So long as this ardour prevails, a general has nothing to do, at least not more than a coachman who drives a coach through the Rue Saint Honoré. But, when the engagement has lasted five or six hours, the love of fighting begins to diminish very much in both armies, and then the general must possess the talent requisite for animating his own troops, and discouraging those of the enemy. This talent, or whatever it may be called, must be ready on the spot. And, besides, judgment is requisite to enable a man to see things as they really are, and not your tragic enthusiasm which misleads and raises false expectations as to what men are capable of doing. Murat was a tragic hero ; yet he was but a poor general. Dessaix, on the other hand, was a true hero, but he was too simple for tragedy." He then pronounced judgment on all the distinguished men he had known.

One day about the beginning of April 1815, just after his return from Elba, Napoleon sent for Talma. The latter, on his arrival, found him very much out of humour—" People say, he exclaimed, that I have taken lessons of you to learn how to mount my throne, and to make a speech.* At all events, whether you gave me lessons or not, it is a proof that I have played my part well. I understood, added Napoleon, that Louis XVIII. was much pleased with you. You could not but be flattered by the approbation of a good-natured man, who has seen Le Kain."

The harmless calumny to which Napoleon here alluded, was not so awkwardly contrived as some which were invented by the retrograde party, which endeavoured to detract from the glory of that extraordinary man, to whom alone kings are indebted for preserving monarchy in Europe, during the 19th century. When Napoleon was angry, his countenance and gestures strongly resembled those of Talma. The likeness was particularly striking when Talma appeared in the characters of Manlius and Cinna. Napoleon's fits of anger were sudden and violent. I was at the Tuileries one day when he suddenly cast his eyes on the Abbé Dastros, (now Bishop of Bayonne,) who had been maintaining illegal correspondence with Pope Pius VII. The Pope had just excommunicated Napoleon. " Do you know what you have been doing, Sir?" said the Emperor to the Abbé. " You will stir up civil war in your country. I should do well to have you tried and shot within four and twenty hours!"—Napoleon was like a madman: he could not restrain his rage ; and I was never so forcibly struck with his resemblance to Talma.

M. Tissot has published a pamphlet on Talma, which contains some pages of very interesting matter, viz. the advice given by Napoleon to the celebrated actor, respecting the proper mode of performing the part of Nero, in Racine's *Britannicus*.

The constant object of Talma's ambition was not to shine in society, but to excel in his profession. He devoted himself wholly to the advancement of the dramatic art. This sort of feeling, without which no proficiency can be attained in the Fine Arts, is becoming more and more rare. The Arts are now cultivated merely as the means of making money. The painter finishing his picture, and the poet concluding his tragedy, are only engrossed with thoughts of the reception which their works may experience in the world. Canova and Corneille thought in this manner of their works ; and, in consequence, they suffered themselves to be too much

* The royalist pamphlets of 1814 were continually ridiculing Napoleon for having been, as they alleged, obliged to place himself under Talma's tuition. Talma was insulted by the officers of a regiment, at Lille, I think, on account of the pretended lessons which he was said to have given to the impromptu Sovereign.

allured by the attractions of society. All classes are now mingled together in France, and it is not the richest, but the cleverest man, who makes the greatest figure in a drawing-room. This triumph of sociability is fatal to the Arts. Talma, however, escaped the contagion; and to this circumstance he owed his profound feeling for Tragic Art. He gave useful hints to some of our contemporary tragic writers, and strongly recommended them to be less bombastic. He began to feel the absurdity of the *tirade*.*

No sooner had Mr. Canning quitted Paris, than Sir Walter Scott arrived, just as it were to keep the attention of the fashionable world engaged on England. Sir Walter has not been, by any means, so popular as Mr. Canning. He did not come recommended by that striking mark of ability, by which Mr. Canning placed Portugal out of the reach of France, and of the Holy Alliance; and that, too, without firing a gun, or spending a single penny. It appears that the celebrated novelist is now engaged on a Life of Napoleon. So much has already been written respecting the Captive of St. Helena, that the French public seem resolved to read nothing more on the subject, until it shall be treated by some man endowed with the talent of Machiavel or Montesquieu. The descriptive powers of the Author of Woodstock, who recently presented us with so singular a travestie of Cromwell and other English republican Generals, appear to me hardly calculated to paint the ambitious Napoleon, who filled us at once with terror and admiration, and whose plans were continually changing as they became extended. In 1810, M. Semonville observed, that Napoleon was the most loquacious of despots. How will Sir Walter Scott relate his spirited and eloquent conversations? It was Napoleon's custom to pass a portion of the night with some one of those distinguished men of the Revolution whom he had called to his Council of State; and, on these occasions, he discussed and matured his plans. Judging from the dialogues which Sir Walter has introduced into his novels, he appears to be more capable of describing his characters while they are speaking, than of making them speak well. He excels in painting the superficies of his characters, and all the external circumstances connected with them; but as to the language put into their mouths, if divested of the interest which the Author's vivid descriptions have excited in the mind of the reader, it will often be found too tame. This would be a fatal error in reporting the conversations of Napoleon, which were always free from insipidity. He might be extravagant, and sometimes mystical; but he was never by any chance insipid. This fact is attested by hundreds of witnesses who may be found in the saloons of Paris, and who are competent judges of the matter.

The King showed Sir Walter the most marked attention. When he appeared at Court, on the 5th of November, his Majesty addressed a few sentences in English to him; and his daughter, Miss Scott, has been much admired by the ladies at the Tuileries. She is said to have a Spanish countenance, with a fine intelligent expression, and beautiful black hair. It is fortunate for Sir Walter that he belongs to the high Tory party; otherwise he would have been terribly bored with the troublesome attentions of the old Marchionesses, who learned to speak broken English during their emigration. Sir Walter Scott speaks French so indifferently that he cannot maintain conversation in it, and the old ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain took advantage of this circumstance to overwhelm him with their compliments in bad English. Sir W. Scott is much more formal than Mr. Canning. He has the politeness of a country gentleman who is always afraid of appearing impolite. His conversation was described as almost official.

Sir Walter visited the Theatre du Gymnase, to see M. Scribe's popular piece, the "*Mariage de Raison*;" and on this occasion he gave proofs of extraordinary memory. Several of the incidents in the *Mariage de Raison* are borrowed from various novels, some of which are not very well known; for

* The French give the name of "*tirades*" to those declamatory passages of forty or fifty lines, which occur so frequently in the tragedies of Voltaire and Racine.

example, the scene in which Suzette gives her husband the key of the chamber door, is borrowed from Madame de Montolieu's *Caroline de Lichfield*. Sir Walter immediately recognized this incident, as well as several others. In the box which the Prefect lent to Sir Walter that evening, were the Duke de Fitz-James, Madame de Mirbel, &c. and they were all amazed at his literary information. But in the estimation of the French, literary information is not equal to wit and the talent for eloquent and animated conversation. Mr. Canning, on the contrary, whenever prudence permitted him, displayed a considerable share of wit. He made several unexpected sallies.

Miss Anne Scott has somewhat of the formally polite manner of her father. She speaks but little, and has a touch of the Scotch accent: she is simple and frank. Age excepted, she has been compared to Miss Fox, the daughter of Lord Holland, who was much admired in Paris last winter. During his stay here, Sir Walter saw none but diplomatic characters, whose conversation has always an official tone, owing to their professional habits and contracted views. He did not seek to gain the intimacy of such men as MM. Méneval, Bassano, Fain, Daru, Molé, Beliard, &c. who were on a footing of close intercourse with the Emperor Napoleon for a long series of years.

M. Gosselin, a bookseller of Paris, has realized about ten or twelve thousand pounds by publishing bad translations of the Scotch novels. He is now bringing out a splendid edition of the whole of the novels in seventy-two volumes; and he addressed a copy of this publication to Sir Walter, apologizing for having printed the Baronet's name on the title-page. "These works are mine," replied Sir Walter; "pecuniary misfortunes oblige me to make this avowal." This is the story here, and it is said to be the first time Sir Walter owned himself the author of those popular productions.

French literature now flourishes only in two of its branches. First, little comedies, in the style of Marivaux, invigorated by the intelligence of the nineteenth century: such as M. Scribe's "*Mariage de Raison*," and "*Le plus beau jour de ma vie*." And secondly, historical works: I know of eight great publications of the latter class, which are to appear between this and the month of May; several of which, I think, deserve to be in the highest degree successful. A circumstance which will contribute to their success is, that the Frenchman now-a-days believes in nothing. To please him, a writer must be sensible, honest, and diligent; and these qualities, of which the public of the nineteenth century are most competent to judge, are precisely such as are requisite in the composition of a good historical work.

Count Daru, who is so celebrated for the courage he displayed during the fatal retreat from Russia in 1812, and who, for respectability of character and solidity of talent, may be compared to your Sir James Macintosh, has announced a *History of Brittany*, in three volumes. This work will, no doubt, be translated into English. Count Daru seems to consider an historian as the *minister of truth*, honestly reporting a series of events to posterity. A picturesque and highly coloured narrative may cause the historian to be suspected of passion and prejudice; and may diminish the reader's confidence in the accuracy of the details presented to him. In the opinion of competent critics, the *History of Brittany* is perfectly faultless, with regard to accuracy and extensive research. Perhaps, however, it may appear heavy to those, who, during the last ten years, have fancied they have been reading history in Sir W. Scott's novels. But Count Daru's work has been out only a few days, and I can merely speak of it from the impression which a hasty perusal has produced on my mind. The work bears evidence of the author having been engaged in important affairs, and having served under the greatest General of modern times. Most of our present historians, for example, Daru, Barante, Fain, Mathieu, Dumas and Segur, have acted their parts in the great political scenes which they describe, and which, for the last thirty years, have agitated France and the whole of Europe. It is, therefore, probable, that posterity will confirm the favourable judgment already pronounced on most of their works.

The following are the titles of some of the historical publications an-

nounced for this winter. M. Fain, who was Napoleon's private secretary, and who in that capacity became acquainted with a multitude of curious facts and political intrigues, is preparing a History of the retreat from Russia. This work, which is to consist of two volumes, will be entitled "*Porte-feuille de 1812.*" M. Fain has already published two works of the same kind, entitled, "*Portfolios of 1814 and 1815;*" both of which contain a great deal of curious matter, though they were thought to be rather too much tainted with Bonapartism. The portrait of M. Fain appears beside that of the Duke de Bassano, in the print representing Napoleon's farewell to his guard at Fontainebleau. Faithful to the practice of the modern school, the painter has not set off his figures to the best advantage; and there is nothing to admire in the picture, except the idea of treating the subject. The French public will not fail to institute a rigid comparison between M. Fain's forthcoming account of the retreat from Russia, and the excellent history of the same period for which we are indebted to Count Philippe de Segur. M. de Segur has accepted a grand cordon from the Bourbon government, after having severely censured his old master. His style partakes of the extravagance of Madame de Staël's school, and frequently betrays a straining for effect. This fault excepted, M. de Segur's work is excellent: he has cautiously spared two or three individuals, who are still living, and whose imprudence occasioned the disasters of the retreat. Four or five years hence he may tell the whole truth on this interesting subject.

Count St. Aulaire is a man of considerable wit; and what is more, he knows how to manage it. He is also described to be a perfect model of elegance of manners. I do not know whether he preserves these brilliant qualities as a writer. It is reported that he is about to publish a History of the *Fronde*. Never was there a more hazardous speculation. Cardinal Retz, whose genius was eminently French, and consequently calculated to please the French taste, left some admirably written Memoirs, containing an account of the *Fronde*, the most comical event in the history of France, or perhaps of any other country. To describe this event in the grave and solemn tone of Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*, would render the narrative extremely dull and heavy. It would be easy to make a very agreeable history of the *Fronde*, by adding an introduction and notes to the Memoirs of Cardinal Retz.

The Cardinal, who had led a very irregular life in his youth, became extremely devout in his old age. He wrote his Memoirs to please his last mistress, just before his fit of piety came upon him. He could not find it in his heart to burn the manuscript, and he gave it to the Abbess of a convent. The nuns, shocked at what had been written by a prince of the church, scored out of the manuscript every thing which they thought indecorous; and thus we are deprived of all that relates to the Cardinal's gallantries, for the Memoirs have been published from a copy of the manuscript with the omissions. The original manuscript was known to be in existence in 1798. It was lent to Rewbell, one of the directors of the French Republic; who, it seems, lost it. So at least the story goes.

A large work by M. Thierry, on the early ages of the French Republic, is announced for publication next spring.

M. Mignet's admirable work, the "*History of the French Revolution,*" is well known. It roused the indignation of the retrograde and ministerial party, though they have not yet been able to make any reply to it. M. Mignet has written a History of the League and Henry IV., which will contain many curious facts not hitherto known. The two first volumes of this important work, which is to consist of four, will appear in March 1827, and the two last in May. The League disorganized the French kingdom, and Henry IV. re-organized it. It is impossible to form a just conception of the settlement effected by Henry IV. without understanding the state of disorder brought about by the monks, directed by the Court of Rome, and supported by the treasures of Spain. Henry IV. was perhaps the very best of

Kings, for in his time there was no such thing as representative chambers and the government depended on the unlimited will of the sovereign. Henry was the greatest Gascon that ever lived. Fine words cost him nothing. How many false and illusive promises he made for the sake of re-organising his poor kingdom, ruined, as it had been, by civil war and anti-moral preachings. Of all celebrated men, Henry IV. was perhaps the greatest favourite with the fair sex. Libertines usually love the sex in general, and are but seldom attached to one woman. But Henry IV. on the contrary, was always the slave of one single passion; and after all the vicissitudes he had undergone, fell passionately in love with the Princess de Condé, when he was upwards of fifty. The history of his amours is connected with the history of France. To an intrigue of Gabrielle d'Etrées we were indebted for the immortal Sully. Henry IV. who was wholly devoted to his amours, was remarkable for no other quality than the courage he evinced on the field of battle. He, however, had sufficient judgment to make choice of three or four clever men, (Sully for one,) who discharged for him all the duties of government. From the nature of the subject, M. Mignet's book cannot fail to be highly interesting and popular.

M. de Potter, who, though a native of Belgium, is reckoned among the number of our French writers, has just published a little historical pamphlet which has excited a great deal of attention. It is a translation of the Letters of Pope Pius the Fifth. These letters, which now, for the first time, appear in the French language, were discovered at Rome by Francis Goubau, of Antwerp, and published by the Plantins in 1640. They have hitherto been so dispersed, that M. Lacretelle jun.* has not even mentioned them in his history of the religious wars of France. Pius V. was intent on the extirpation of the heretics; and his principles were so purely Catholic that after his death he was ranked among the saints. In a letter to Catharine de Medicis he says, "Be convinced that you cannot do any thing more agreeable to God than openly to persecute your enemies." He proposed that all the prisoners taken in the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour, should be put to death. He died three years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, an event which he had prepared during his pontificate. He was a shrewd and artful man, and his curious letters prove that he knew how to take advantage of the weak side of the Princess with whom he corresponded. He treated Charles IX. as a child, and kept him in fear of hell fire. He alarmed Catharine de Medicis by representations of the power of the Hugonots. He spoke of glory to the Duke of Anjou, and offered his support to the ferocious Duke of Alba, whose ambitious spirit he well knew. I have not space to describe more fully the curious character of Michael Ghislieri, better known by the title of St. Pius V. These letters completely unfold the policy of the Court of Rome, which is the same in 1826 as it was in 1570, and which cannot but be interesting at the present moment, when the question of Catholic Emancipation is agitated in England. The Court of Rome seems to forget, that in 1570 the church and the priests were at the head of information and civilization; but since that time they have been stationary. While the world has been advancing, they have been opposers of knowledge, and the greatest enemies to all human improvement. They cannot be convinced that the power of the steam-engine has succeeded the power of the thunder of the Vatican. M. de Potter, who is well known as the author of the *Esprit de l'Eglise*, and the life of Scipio Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia, is said to be preparing a history of the Popes from St. Peter to Leo XII. He proposes devoting only a few sheets to those Popes who have merely followed up the plans and plots of their predecessors; but he will treat at greater length the histories of Gregory VII, Boniface, Leo X, St. Quintus, and Pius VI. Such a work, written by a man who for the space of ten years has had free access to the libraries of Rome, Florence,

* M. Lacretelle is a droll historian, for he changes the tone of his narrative, accordingly as he wishes to flatter Napoleon or the Bourbons.

&c. must necessarily be full of curious matter. Gregorio Leti has thrown only an uncertain and partial light on the intrigues of the Court of Rome, in his Histories of the Conclaves, which is, however, an exceedingly curious work.

My letter has already extended to such a length, that I must defer a description of the splendid building, the new Exchange, which was opened on the 4th of November, the *fête* of Charles X. The building was commenced in the time of Napoleon, by the architect Brongniart. The expense has been defrayed by the merchants of Paris. It resembles a Greek temple, and is, I think, one of the finest edifices in Paris.

I suppose M. Remuzat's Chinese novel will shortly make its appearance in an English dress. It has probably been already noticed and quoted in your Literary Reviews, and if so, it would be useless to send you any extracts from it. It has been very much read in Paris. It presents a picture of Chinese manners about the year 1450, though the author lived about the year 1600; and shows the Chinese to be no less artful and tricky than European diplomatists. The celebrated Duke of Orleans used to say, that before a man could make his way at Court, he must be *sans honneur et sans humeur*. This is precisely the character of the Chinese, to whom M. Remuzat has introduced us. They practise all kinds of dishonesty, and without exciting the resentment of the persons they injure. Among all the rogues exhibited in this novel, only one is punished, and he is a poor porter who suffered himself to be bribed, and is turned away by his master. M. Remuzat seems to have faithfully translated, without attempting to embellish the original author.

You recollect M. Ouvrard's affair. Never was there any thing so scandalous. Eighty millions of francs have been made away with; and so powerful are the individuals concerned in this embezzlement, that M. de Villele, who has only one object in view, viz. to keep his place, has been intriguing for two years to screen the offenders. On the 10th of November, M. Ouvrard appeared before a new tribunal. He has just published the second part of his Memoirs, and he has announced the third. He acknowledges that at one period of his life he possessed seventy-two millions of francs, and there is reason to believe that he was once worth no less than two hundred millions. He is now at Sainte Pelagie, the prison for insolvent debtors.

The French works lately published on Spain have, generally speaking, been full of absurdities, for their authors have either been sold to the Jesuits or to M. de Villele. M. Ouvrard, with the intention of attracting public attention to his own affairs, has published some very amusing particulars respecting the Peninsula. The book has been out only two days, and every body is already acquainted with the history of the celebrated brigand chief Jienne. This man, at the fall of Napoleon in 1814, commanded a band of 500 men, who had always been robbers rather than soldiers. He kept them in active service, that is to say, plundering on the highways, from 1814 to 1823. The French Generals on entering Spain formed acquaintance with Jienne, who was a spirited and intelligent man. They admitted him to their table, and jokingly compared him to Laroque Guinard. After the restoration of Ferdinand, Jienne had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the Monks, and the French Generals suffered their table-companion to be hanged! M. Ouvrard gives a description of the celebrated Father Cirillo, who resembles Sir W. Scott's character of Rob Roy. The curious anecdotes related by M. Ouvrard, exhibit some of the Spanish liberal Generals in a very ridiculous point of view. Not only were they destitute of the talent requisite for inventing measures to attach the people to the cause of liberty, and to create new interests; but they could not even adopt the measures invented in France by Mirabeau, Danton, and Carnot. The Spanish liberals ridiculed the French for having purchased only a sort of half and half liberty, at the price of so much blood and money. M. Ouvrard relates some curious and interesting particulars respecting the death of Riego, and Ferdinand's departure from Cadiz,

but he says nothing about the blow which his Majesty gave the Queen, and which so shocked all the young French officers. It is said that M. Ouyard's *Memoirs* have been prepared for the press by MM. Roun-Laborie and Regnaut, both men of considerable talent. Should the author be still more indignant against the ministry six months hence, when he intends publishing the third part of his *Memoirs*, he will, perhaps, venture to tell the whole truth. Nothing is likely to be more entertaining to the public, or more mortifying to the distinguished personages concerned in the embezzlements in Spain.

The Abbé Marcet de la Roche Arnault, who has been long among the Jesuits, has just published a Biographical Account of those *good fathers*. This work would be more curious if it contained less of fiction and more of fact.

The Duchess de Duras, so celebrated for her talent, is just now dangerously ill. Her death would be a great loss to literature. The Saloon of the Duchess de Duras retains all that grace of manners and amiable urbanity which distinguished the French nobility of the old school. The Duchess is the authoress of some very pretty novels, in which she has painted the impossibilities of love, if I may so express myself. Ourika cannot marry her lover, because she is a woman of colour; and Edward cannot be united to the Duchess de Nevers, because he is not a nobleman. The Duchess de Duras has read to some of her friends a novel entitled "Olivier," which is said to be superior to any of her former works, but which has not been printed.

M. Scribe, the clever author of the "Somnambule," "Michel et Christine," and the popular little piece the "Mariage de Raison," is reported to have fallen into a state of languor, which is very alarming, not only to his personal friends, but to all interested in French Dramatic Literature.

An intriguer, named Roger, at present reigns paramount at the Académie Française. Before the Revolution, the title of Academician was a Marshal's baton to a man of letters, and procured him a high degree of consideration in society. In 1815, Louis XVIII. dismissed from the Academy almost every man of merit, and their places were filled by writers sold to the ultra party, such as M. de Bonald, who receives a pension out of the odious tax paid by common prostitutes to the police of Paris. To complete the degradation of the Academy, the Ministers have consigned it to the superintendence of M. Roger, who has orders to admit no individual of the liberal party. During the last three months, the Academy has fallen into such utter discredit, that no candidates presented themselves as successors to MM. Lemontey and Villars. MM. de Lamartine, Beranger, Benjamin Constant, de Barante, Mignet, Scribe, &c. feel that they would be sacrificing the respect they now so justly enjoy, were they to be nominated by M. Roger. This gentleman has at length prevailed on M. Dupeytren, (the surgeon who distinguished himself by his intrigues at the death of Talma,) Dr. Pariset, the Abbé Guillon, and some others, who, though very loyal subjects of the King, are very insignificant sort of people, to become candidates for the vacant places at the Academy. But the Bishop of Paris, who displayed such an unbecoming want of temper in Talma's house when that celebrated man was on his death-bed, has, however, forbidden the Abbé Guillon to present himself at the Academy. The successors for MM. Lemontey and Villars are not yet chosen. It has been reported that M. Royer Collard, who is really a man of merit, will place himself on the list of candidates. In the mean while the petty intrigues which are now going on more actively than ever at the Academy, serve to increase the public contempt for that establishment, and its director M. Roger. Our present government certainly possesses the art of degrading every thing. This is an advantage to a nation, which requires a change of all its old institutions. Every thing now existing in France, the Charter excepted, will be overthrown before this time twenty years. Nobody doubts this fact—not even M. de Villele.

Obliteration of Ideas.

So long ago as the year 1782 a subject for dissection was brought to the then residence of Sir William Blizard in Lime Street. John Haynes had been by profession a thief and housebreaker, and had, in consequence, finished his career at Tyburn. The body showed signs of life, and Sir William perfected its recovery. Anxious to know the sensations which John Haynes had experienced at the moment of his suspension, the surgeon questioned the thief earnestly upon that subject. All the answer he obtained was as follows:—"The last thing I recollect was going up Holborn Hill in a cart. I thought then that I was in a beautiful green field—and this is all I remember till I found myself in your honour's dissecting-room." "Well, but, my dear Sir," said Sir William Blizard, in his emphatic manner, "beautiful green fields? you must surely mistake! there are no fields between Holborn Hill and Tyburn, but those in which the church of Saint Giles' was built, and they have been brick, stone, and mortar this many a year—and besides, there was Middle Row to pass, and the north-end of Drury-lane; not to mention the portal of the church I have alluded to, over which Judgment-day is carved in bronze; this surely must have arrested the attention of a gentleman in your situation." It was all to no purpose,

"For still the little maid replied,
Indeed but we are seven."

There was no recalling to the mind of John Haynes any local object beyond the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn. The surgeon was sorely puzzled: he had some reading in metaphysics, and more than some in anatomy; but here was a clear case of obliteration of all ideas immediately preceding the catastrophe in the cart. They had not merely faded from the man's mind; they were forcibly driven out of it, and no effort of his brain could suffice to recall them.

Mr. Deputy Dowgate was one of the stewards of the Literary Fund anniversary dinner. He locked his desk, walked from his counting-house in Union Court, Broad-street, entered a hackney-coach at the corner of Queen-street, Cheapside, and descended from it at the entrance of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand. He then was summoned to dinner, swallowed the usual quantity of bad wine and worse speeches, and, in the evening, mounted the box of the Camberwell coach to return home. Jehu, on arriving at the Old Parr's Head, at the corner of the Green, drove his left front wheel unconsciously over a supine sow. The coach was upset, and the Deputy lay as supine as the sow. He had reached Parr's head, but seemed totally indisposed to attain his years. In three days Mr. Dowgate recovered his senses, and alleged to the wondering by-standers that he had no recollection of any incident beyond that of locking his desk and depositing the keys in his left waistcoat pocket. Now Mr. Poet Fitz-Gerald had recited some verses at the dinner, aloft from a small table covered with green baize, at the right elbow of the president. This surely was enough to "create a soul under the ribs of death," as the aforesaid poet's prototype has it. But no! not even that event; no, nor Mr. Deputy Dowgate's own white wand of office, nor his own speech in answer to "The Stewards! with thanks for their kind entertainment," could by any effort of the attendant apothecary be replaced in the sufferer's

sensorium. The immortal Charles Dignum, deceased, had moreover sung two songs after dinner. He, upon being told of the poet's dull oblivious antidote, did not exclaim with Miss La Rolles, "Dear Mr. Meadows! only conceive how you forget things," inasmuch as Miss Burney's Cecilia had not formed part and parcel of his studies; but I have a credible note of what he did exclaim—"Lord now, only think—poor man—not remember? why I sang two songs, 'Sally in our Alley,' and 'The lass that loves a sailor.' Dear! why I had more pine-apple jelly than I could possibly eat, so I gave him a bit. Not remember *that*? He must be mad—I'm sure of it—I don't know." Here was another instance of all ideas between Broad-street and the Strand obliterated by a concussion of the brain.

Tom Meredith drove his cabriolet, one fine day during the many that enlivened the last summer, to join a dinner party at the Castle at Richmond. On his return homeward, rather warm with the Tuscan grape, he encountered an old woman, vending stationary pippins, in front of the Red Lion at Putney. Tom made no bones of breaking the old woman's—the Paddington coachmen do so daily—and why not Tom?—but, unluckily, the crone was cased in a pair of Yorkshire stays. These served her in as good a stead as the corslet of the man in armour, who tumbled from his horse last Lord Mayor's day, and lay snug and unhurt in Mac Adam's mud, at the corner of Bridge-street, Blackfriars, immediately opposite the Albion Assurance Office, while the whole procession passed over him. So it fared with the old apple-vender, by whose tough whalebone Tom's wheel was tilted into the air. The horse plunged; the shafts snapped; and the driver lay under the hood of the cabriolet like a butterfly under a hat. The quadruped, in the mean time, with his hind hoofs, helped himself where he liked; and Mr. Thomas Meredith became insensible from rather too rude a blow on the forehead. Tom, in the course of a week, came to what his friends, by courtesy, call his senses; but no incident could his sensorium recall beyond the payment of the toll at Putney Bridge, on his way down to Richmond. Mrs. Forty's excellent bottled porter and iced Champagne had been diluted by the waters of Lethe. As I had been of the dinner party, and had told one of my best stories, it so grieved me to the soul that Tom Meredith should pass through his future life unapprised of the anecdote, that I determined to take a ride to the aforesaid Red Lion, to cross-examine him upon the topic. "Well, but, my dear Tom," said I, "although you may possibly forget passing old Lord Kenyon's miserly mansion at Marsh Gate, and Mrs. Forty's carved mahogany staircase, and her maid of honour cheese-cakes, and even the 'hip, hip, hip, huzza' of Major Stentor, yet it is absolutely impossible that you can have forgotten my story of the Cambridge mayor." "Indeed, my dear friend, but I have," faintly ejaculated Mr. Meredith, "will you oblige me so far as to repeat it?" "For once, Tom, I will," rejoined I, "but pray take care of your head in future. If my anecdote is again knocked out of it, I cannot promise to repeat it a third time. You must know, Tom, that at an election dinner at Cambridge, the mayor sat at one end of the table, and Sir Peter Pawsey, a gentleman of a good estate in Lincolnshire, at the other. Sir Peter's son, a raw long-legged lad from Harrow, was also at table. After dinner, that general buz that frequently occurs in a large mixed party, was succeeded by a momentary silence. 'Here is

one of those awkward *pauses* that one sometimes meets with at table,' observed the mayor to a doctor of civil laws on his right. Well, Tom, the conversation went on, and in about ten minutes a second cessation of talk suddenly took place. 'Here is another of those awkward *pauses* at table,' repeated the mayor to the doctor.—'Not half so awkward as a Cambridge mayor,' bellowed Sir Peter Pawsey, casting a furious glance at the astonished chief magistrate. The fact is, Tom, the baronet had pocketed the first supposed personal affront, which he had taken to himself; but the second, glancing, as it seemed to do, upon his darling and only son, was too much for his temper's endurance."—Mr. Meredith thanked me for my story, and promised to drive more cautiously in future.

Here are three well-attested instances of Ideas obliterated by a blow—clearly knocked out of the head, as if they were so many books knocked from the shelf of a library; and one of the strange parts of the matter is, that the periods of time thus rudely annihilated, are in all three cases nearly similar. The time occupied by the thief in riding between Holborn Hill and Tyburn, must have been about the same as that employed by Deputy Dowgate between Union Court, Broadstreet, and the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand: and, allowing for the average rate of motion of Tom Meredith's cabriolet, he must have employed, between Putney and Richmond, a portion of time nearly equal to the other two. I am not much of a metaphysician, but I think I may venture to say, that from John Locke to Dugald Stewart, no similar fact has been accounted for, or even mentioned.

Leaving it, however, to philosophers to explain the phenomenon, I, as a practical man, cannot but dilate upon the useful purposes to which it may be turned. If a simple fracture of the skull will drive out of a man's head an hour's incidents, a compound fracture may obliterate a whole day's: and *è converso*, a mere external contusion may knock off twenty minutes, and a slight rap with a cudgel may get rid of a disagreeable quarter of an hour. What a field is here opened for improvement in social intercourse! How many bores next to one at table may be put up with, if one's footman may with his cane knock it all out of one's head. Then again, as to Courts of Justice. In a case which occurred last Friday in the Court of King's Bench, where the editor of a morning paper was tried for the publication of two libels; Mr. Scarlett, for the plaintiff, upon the calling on of the second cause, desired the jury to dismiss from their minds all that had occurred in the trial of the first. How palpably impossible! So the public is repeatedly desired to suspend its judgment. The public may hang up its hat, but I defy it to suspend its judgment. There is only one practical way of effecting it. Embody Caligula's Roman wish in London: give John Bull one neck, and one head will follow as a matter of course. Then take a sledge hammer and smite him between the horns: so shall John Bull suspend his judgment. So too in two similar actions at law. Let the crier of the court be furnished with a good bludgeon, and, after the first verdict, smite each special jurymen on the oblivious occiput: (not omitting a tap for the tales men). Mr. Scarlett may then say, "Gentlemen of the jury, are you all cudgelled?" and the second cause may proceed.

I dined lately with the Mortmains, a serious family in Mecklenberg Square; and a very serious piece of business it was. Methought the

very cod's head looked seriously at me out of the top dish, and the roasted hare in the second course looked very serious indeed. I was asked after tea, (or rather it was hoped), that I did not play at cards. I answered as Horne Tooke answered George III. "I don't know a king from a knave." Hereupon I was highly lauded by Mrs. Mortmain, who pronounced card-playing "a sad waste of time." I ventured to ask the serious Miss Emma Mortmain her opinion of Caradgri's La Vestale, that being a grand *serious* opera: the young lady answered, "We never go to the Opera, or any public places—it is a sad waste of time." As I saw the whole family last spring at a crowded concert at Willis's, that, I presume, was a private place. The Reverend Hezekiah Halt, the celebrated anti-gamist of Finsbury, then proceeded to expound us a text, and this I must in candour own was the least serious part of the entertainment. At eight o'clock we adjourned to a room on the ground-floor to see Jane, Sarah, and Lucy Mortmain take a lesson in dancing. "I consider myself very fortunate," said Mrs. Mortmain, as we descended the stairs, "in having discovered a serious dancing-master." This, I own, awakened my curiosity. I had not seen a serious dancing-master since Deshayes danced the Death of Nelson at the Opera-house. On entering the back room behind the dining parlour, we found the young ladies arrayed, with their light-brown locks as lank as three pound of candles. "Curling the hair," said their mamma, "is a sad waste of time." "It is worse, my dear," said her spouse, "it is heathenish." I rather suspect Mr. Mortmain here glanced at the marble head of Jupiter Tonans at the Deepdene, whose locks and beard wave in spiral corkscrews; but of this I am not certain. After dancing a serious quadrille, the children were walked off to bed to the tune of the Dead March in Saul, and the elder branches and myself returned to the drawing-room. As all amusement is a sad waste of time, we then occupied ourselves till ten o'clock by looking at the fire. I had almost forgot to mention, that the serious dancing-master played upon a serious kit which he drew out of a black bombazeen bag. I mentioned this latter circumstance to William Spencer, who exclaimed, "I have often seen a serious cat, but a serious kit must be as great a rarity as a Tortoise-shell Tom." I considered the whole of this affair to be what we lawyers call a *dies non*. The bare reflection upon it was a bore of the first water and magnitude: whereupon I resolved to "hie to the witches,"—in plain language, to adjourn to Mr. De Ville, the phrenological lamp-maker in the Strand, to know whether he could not by some process, less rude than fracturing the skull, drive the recollection of what had passed in Mecklenberg Square clean out of my head. I told him my errand, and the cause of it. "Ah, Sir," said the philosopher (whose words I will not repeat, inasmuch as he broke Priscian's head whilst examining mine); "you are not the first gentleman who has come to me from that house upon this errand. Let me see—yes, here it is—Organ of Evangelism, very faintly propelled." "I feared as much," said I mournfully. "Then prithee repel it, for I am in a fever to forget Mecklenberg Square." "I could do it in a moment, Sir," said the artist, "but with submission I think you had better leave it alone." "Why so?" "Because if you drive Mr. and Mrs. Mortmain entirely out of your head, you may, from forgetfulness of what has passed, be induced to dine there again; whereas now,"—"Say no more, Mr. De Ville," said I with alacrity, "say no more, you are a man of sense; so pray send me home that bronze reading-lamp."

FASHION IN 1826.

" Yet life, you say, is *life* ; we have seen, we see,
And with a living pleasure we describe,
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity."

WORDSWORTH.

THERE are few words which have departed more from their original signification than that talismanic word FASHION, or have been used in more various senses. First, we have *Fashion* in the simple meaning of the French word from which it is derived, *façon*, (from *facere*) form, workmanship, or make: then, *Fashion*, manner; as "arms knit o' this fashion:" then we have *Fashion* as applied to dress, or a particular mode of dress: then we have *Fashion* in a higher acceptation—THE FASHION; some mode established by precedent—I was about to say, by universal taste or approbation; but how many bow to the *fashion* without approving it! and how often are the fashion and taste in direct opposition to each other! In this sense, the Fashion is the influential power of the day—

" Ruling the court, the camp, the grove,
And maids below and maids above,"

extending its influence to literature as well as dress; to politics, to physics, and to metaphysics; to languages and the arts; to the education of the mind as well as of the body; and, strange to say, there is a fashion in virtue, in charity, and even in religion. It *was* the fashion to admire Mr. Irving and to imitate Mrs. Fry; to drink hot water, after the precedent of Lady H——; and to experiment in opium-eating: now, it is the fashion to listen to Mr. B——; to be converted by Mr. ——; to eat mustard-seed; to drink little wine. "It is so easy for the vulgar to ape the vices of fashionable life, that I suspect it will soon be *the fashion to be good*, merely by way of distinction," said a clever woman of rank, who has gone to set the fashion of *goodness* in a city and court where it is least likely to be followed.

Lastly, we have the word FASHION, in its highest and most modern acceptation, as used without the article, and expressing an abstract and intangible idea; as when we say, a look, an air of fashion; a woman of high fashion. In this, its arbitrary and ideal sense, *fashion* has nothing to do with externals, either of rank, person, or dress. It can dispense with *title*, but not with *station*; with *virtue*, but not with *discretion*. Talents and beauty are not necessary; but some sense and good taste are a *sine quâ non*. Fashion lieth not in the cut of a coat or the make of a gown; nor in the tye of a cravat, nor in the shape of a bonnet:

" Where fashion is, these are more fashionable,"

but these are not *fashion*. Look at Mrs. ——: dress is the least part of her care; she is even habitually "*un peu negligente dans sa mise*." She is not in a hurry to adopt *the fashion*, whatever it may be. It is even suspected that her *marchande de modes* is English instead of French; and it is easy to guess that her bonnet is not an *Herbot*. Yet who can see her enter a room and not perceive in her whole person, air, and manner, with all her careless simplicity and unconscious superiority, that stamp of high fashion, that indescribable something, which proclaims her at once to be "*somebody*?" On the other hand, there is Lady J——: every part of her dress, from the trimming

of the *cornette* down to the little shoe which peeps from beneath the manifold flounces, is of the newest pattern, and of the true Parisian cut—but the whole, though really studied, is in such excellent keeping, so unobtrusively rich, it is such “artless and majestic elegance,” that it is plain the charm we admire, the “look of fashion,” lies apart from, and is independant of the dress. What can make Lady —, “the gentle marchesa,” a woman of fashion? Can her high birth, her title, her rank, her riches, her airs, her diamonds, which eclipse those of crowned heads, or the embroidered page who stands behind her chair, prevent her from being noted almost as *mauvais ton* as Mrs. C. herself, or equal her with those “there sitting where she cannot soar?” Then there is Lady G—, who contrives, whatever may be the fashion, to wear only what is most becoming to herself; her waist, or her head-dress, does not rise and fall, like the mercury in a thermometer, with every fluctuation in the atmosphere of fashion. Her dress is never remarkable, and it is never remarked. She looks not only fashionable, but so bewitchingly lovely in every thing she wears, that those who by chance observe her dress, are surprised to find in it nothing remarkable. And *à propos* to the example here set before them, our fair readers who may not have an opportunity of studying *Fashion* at the West end of the town, but are obliged to borrow their ideas from the “*Belle Assemblée*,” or the “*Costumes Parisiennes*,” are hereby admonished that the extreme of any fashion is in the highest degree *unfashionable*. We know some young ladies, who, when large bonnets were worn, carried on their heads such monstrous machines of black velvet, that their entrance into a room was like the coming of a thick cloud: one bonnet was enough to intercept the light of a bow-window. Then there is our young acquaintance Miss C—; because the hair is now worn *en crêpes*, she frizzles out her head, till a full-bottomed wig is nothing to it, and ranges cylindrical curl upon curl, till her face peeps out like an owl in an ivy-bush. Lastly, there is Lady —, who always looks as if she had just come out of a milliner’s band-box, or as if dressed out as a lay figure in Madame Cassonne’s show-rooms:—every article of her dress is strictly fashionable, but the *tout ensemble* is “*bien mauvais goût*.” Lady — is a woman of quality; she never was, she never will be, a woman of fashion.

We find among the significations of the word fashion, in Johnson’s Dictionary, “*above the vulgar and below nobility*.” Now every body knows that fashion is *above nobility*; mere rank cannot give fashion—a Duchess, as we all know, may be a dowdy, a Marchioness may have the manners of a market-woman, a Countess may look like a kitchen-maid.

Manners are not *fashion*, for the very essence of fashion is the absence of *manner*: we have not an English word which expresses the French word *manieré*: no person of fashion is *manieré*. The Duchess of — had no manner, and sometimes it must be confessed no manners, yet she was undoubtedly a woman of fashion: with all her coarseness, she was never less than a duchess. What, then, is *fashion*? A man who writes a successful poem, or makes a voyage to the North Pole, or broils on an embassy to the black Sultan of Tallalderiddlediddledoo—an Esquimaux savage, or the author of a satirical novel, may be the *fashion*—the lion or lioness of one or two seasons; but

here *fashion* and *the fashion* are at variance: no person of fashion is ever either a lion or a lioness. In short, to *be in the fashion* is in the power of any one; to *be the fashion*, is the transient distinction of a few; but to *be of fashion*, is the privilege of a certain *caste* only; indescribable except by its effects; felt rather than understood; permanent in its possessor, but neither hereditary nor transferable.

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The fashionable season last year began late and gloomily, the appalling vicissitudes of the commercial world were felt through all the ramifications of society. The dissolution of parliament carried most of the leading fashionables out of town sooner than usual, the gentlemen to canvass squires and burgesses, the ladies to play the courteous and hospitable in behalf of husbands, sons, or brothers, like Lady Adeline Amundeville:

“ ——— Watching, witching, condescending,
To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game.”

The town was unusually empty, many were abroad, many never came up to town, anticipating a short season; trade languished, and the fashions remained nearly stationary. In female dress we have had a few variations, which are matter of rejoicing to all who take an interest in feminine beauty, and show the dawning of a better taste. When the successive publication, last year, of *Brambletye House*, *Woodstock*, *Pepys's Diary*, and the well-written reviews of it, and one or two popular comedies turning on the same period, excited so much amusement and interest, and fixed the attention of the public upon the reign and court of the second Charles,—it was at once hoped and feared that some of the fashions of that day would have been adopted in this; that we should have had forthwith the beautiful *coiffure à la Castlemaine*, the *chemisette à la Nell Gwyn*, or the *corsage à la belle Stewart*, or the *écharpes brodées à la Grammont*. It would have been so at Paris, where *fashion* and *popularity* mean pretty much the same thing, and where they are in no respect particular about the names or derivations of their fashions.* The knot of ribbon worn in the hair formerly, was called a *Fontanges*, after one of Louis the Fourteenth's least reputable mistresses; and a late importation of Egyptian antiquities has given name to a variety of fashionable colours, as the *terre d'Egypte*, *eau du Nile*, *poussière des Ruines*, &c. But to return, for these digressions will never do:—about the beginning of the spring, the style of dressing the hair full was carried to a preposterous excess. The men “bearded like pards,” their hair pulled over their brows, their whiskers meeting at the point of their chins, looked as if they were ashamed of their own faces:—with our women it was still worse—the hair, frizzled and tortured into enormous curls (aptly termed a *sarrisson*), and loaded with a tasteless *mélange* of jewels, flowers, and combs, seemed to emulate the vast and elaborate edifices under which our

* About five years ago we had among the fashionable colours at Paris, the “*Couleur d'une araignée méditant un crime*,” and the “*Couleur d'une souris effrayée*,” the derivation of which I could never ascertain. During the Revolution it is well known that women wore ear-rings, “*à la Guillotine*,” and “*Robes à la victime*.” The celebrated Parini meeting one day in the streets of Milan, a beautiful girl in this fashionable dress, it gave occasion to his elegant and well-known ode, “*Silvia vestula à la victime*.”

grandmothers tottered some sixty years since. This odious and unbecoming fashion, invented by some French *friseur* to the desperation of painters and the perdition of beauty, has since declined; and we do not despair of seeing the hair of our beautiful women (that is, as much of it as may have been spared from the burning, frizzing, and *crêpeing* of the last two seasons,) falling again into those graceful ringlets, which, if not more natural, have at least the advantage of appearing so. The bust has not been so much covered this year; and this too we rejoice at: if there *must* be an excess one way or the other, concealment is more tolerable than exposure; but there was something particularly unbecoming in those high formal-looking dresses which were worn last year, even *en grande parure*. The envious muffling of a part of the figure, which in a beautiful woman is so very beautiful—that graceful falling of the bust, where the throat and shoulders unite,—had a chilling effect to the eye—it was good policy as well as good taste to banish them. We admired the gay, many-coloured ribbons crossing the shoulders, and floating downwards to the feet. The long semi-transparent sleeves, so generally worn, were certainly invented for the advantage of those whose arms were not *particularly* handsome: we who love to see the white and rounded arm fall gracefully over the harp or the guitar, charming the eye with its undulating outline—its snowy tints relieved by the jewelled bracelet—have often wished away the envious cloud of “woven vapour” lace, muslin, or *tulle*, which disguise without concealing the beautiful limb; but the leveller Fashion made no distinctions, and these tantalizing sleeves have been almost universal. In the same manner, the tight bracelet at the end of the sleeve, closing round the wrist, or the cuff turned back after the Queen Elizabeth fashion, is beautiful when the hand so exposed is beautiful; but when instead of a white, delicate, and taper hand, with a velvety and transparent surface,

—“O’er which the violet vein
Wandering leaves a tender stain,”

it happens, *par malheur*, to be a clumsy hand, wrinkled by age, or gaunt and discoloured by ill health, the exposure is unbecoming, and even disagreeable;—but here Fashion again interposes in defiance of Taste, as inexorable and indiscriminate in exhibiting imperfections as in disguising attractions.

The rich loose mantles, lined and trimmed with furs and velvets, and of the most splendid colours, have our *warm* support. In a carriage, or an opera-box, when worn by a woman who has (as it was said of a great painter) “*a soul for drapery*”—when gracefully disposed, and falling lightly round the figure, which it half hides and half reveals—the effect is charming, and reminds us of Titian and Giorgione; but, like other things, the effect depends on the manner in which they are worn; and as walking-dresses, however pleasant and convenient, they are odiously unbecoming. In appearance, at least, they impede the progress, conceal the shape, restrain the free movements of the body, and give a heavy and cumbrous air to the lightest and loveliest figure. They have, in short, all the disadvantages, the clumsiness, and awkwardness, without the *dignity* of a hoop-petticoat, of which exploded piece of *parure* it was once comically said, that “a hoop-

petticoat was no more a *petticoat*, 'than Diogenes' tub was his *breeches*."

Women, who study dress as a matter of taste, not of adornment merely, are well aware that the colours and patterns of their dresses do not affect the complexion only, but even the *longitude* and *latitude* of the figure, the whole *tournure* in short: though mixed and contrasted colours are the fashion, they know that there are certain colours, beautiful in themselves, which, when approximated, are as *discordant* to the eye as consecutive fifths to the ear. There is no beauty without fitness: a colour or pattern which looks well on Miss A——, is frightful on Miss B——; a woman who has a short or rotund figure should not wear a dress in which the pattern runs horizontally, (a check or plaid for instance,) nor one in which the colours are so arranged that the eye is attracted in a lateral direction, nor full nor broad trimmings: such a style of dress adds greatly to the breadth, and detracts from the height of the person. With tall or slight figures the rule should be just *vice versa*.

Having reached the skirts of the dress, the petticoat's sacred and "enchanted round," we stop discreetly, and turn to other matters. In literature the prevailing taste has been, and is, for Works of fiction or biography, Novels, Tales, Diaries, Reminiscences, "Recollections," and personal Narratives; and the best works which have appeared for some time past have been in these departments.

Granby was, in every sense of the word, a fashionable novel; it was written by a young man of fashion. It described fashionable manners and characters well, in a tone of feeling perfectly gentlemanlike, and without the slightest caricature or exaggeration. Some parts of Tremaine are superior in power and style to any part of Granby: though it is hardly fair to compare the two works, inasmuch as the former is written with a higher purpose, and is, in all probability, destined to a more permanent end, than any thing can be which is dedicated to the fleeting and vapid subject of Fashion.

Since the appearance of the earliest and best of the series of Waverley novels, nothing in the way of literature has so excited the public mind as the Tales of the O'Hara Family. In the Scotch novels, the iteration of the same subjects and scenes, however splendidly got up, and varied with all the skill of a master-genius, began to pall upon the imagination. The O'Hara Tales introduced us at once to a new state of society, another country, another race of people,—a land which for centuries has been warring with destiny, and in which the terrible conflict of opinions, prejudices, and passions, have called forth wildest extremes of vice and virtue, have "melted to sorrow or maddened to crime." If in some parts the overpowering interest of the story becomes almost too harrowing, and the delineations and style verging upon coarseness, it must be unavoidable from the class of subjects chosen; at all events, it is the very sublime of Dutch painting. Allied to this author in the peculiar power and bent of his genius is Cooper, the American novelist, who, without the slightest violation of *costume* or probability, has continued to make his young North American Indian* so interesting, that for a few weeks Uncas was the fashionable

* In "The Last of the Mohicans."

Hero de Roman. It is very amusing to compare this genuine young savage with the sentimental hero of M. Chateaubriand's *Atala*.

It has been the fashion lately for our nobility to take to authorship, (perhaps for the same reason as the Laird of Auldbiggings)—Lord Normanby, Lord Blessinton, Lord Dillon, and Lady Caroline Lamb. In short, it is the fashion,

“Those write now that never wrote before,
And those who always wrote, now write the more.”

Macadamisation may be pronounced fashionable, since it has at length reached Bond-street. German, and German literature, and German horrors, “*Diablerie Tedesche*,” have been very much the fashion; so are Geology and the Antediluvians; so are Professor Voelker and his Gymnastics. Female gymnastics have been adopted lately, under the patronage of the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Byron, &c.; we doubt their becoming fashionable. Dancing, which was never so universally the fashion, never so well taught, or cultivated in so graceful, so finished, so perfect a style—no, not in the days when Sir Charles Grandison danced a minuet with the amiable Miss Harriet Byron—is almost the only gymnastic exercise we can allow the sex, in which physical strength and muscular agility are neither necessary nor attractive. Walking, dancing, riding as ladies ride, exercise sufficient to preserve the health and bloom, and “keep the palace of the soul serene,” will never, we trust, be unfashionable among Englishwomen. *Au reste*, we remember a pleasant anecdote *apropos* to female gymnastics: A lady, very much afflicted with nervous complaints, went to consult the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Abernethy: the rough and caustic manner in which he catechised her, so discomposed the fair one's weak spirits, that she was thrown into a fit of hysterics. On parting she put the usual fee into his hand, in the form of a sovereign and a shilling. Mr. Abernethy pocketed the sovereign with one hand, and with the other presented the shilling to her, saying gravely, “Here, Madam, take this shilling, go to the next toyshop, buy a skipping-rope and use it every day; it will do you more good than all my prescriptions!”

We come now to Music and the Theatres.—The Opera last season opened with the *Crociato in Egitto* and Signor Velluti; but poor Velluti was neither in fashion nor in voice. Madame Cornega, in Felicia, was an inefficient substitute for that lively little warbler Maria Garcia. She has great musical science and execution; but the quality of her voice reminds one of Coleridge's lines on Dr. Donne, something about “twisting iron pokers into true-love knots;” moreover she caught a cold, perhaps from singing in an empty house; and more than once the part of Felicia—a principal part, too—was left out altogether—an omission which the *orderly* public either did not perceive, or did not regret sufficiently to resent. Caradori is always charming, but she requires strong support; and the opera went on languishingly, in spite of a new ballet and an importation of very beautiful dancers and figurantes, till the arrival of Madame Pasta in April, and all was again alertness on the stage and enthusiasm in the audience. For about a month or six weeks she appeared successively in her favourite parts—the Nina, Tancredi, Desdemona, and Romeo, and at length appeared in the “*Medea in Corinto*.” The effect she produced in this

part—the blending of vocal talent with highest histrionic art; the conflict of earthly passions and supernatural powers; the impassioned tenderness of the mistress, the meltings of maternal love, the pangs and fury of a “woman scorned,” and the final and terrible vengeance of the sorceress, were given with a grandeur of effect which will never be forgotten: it was, on the whole, the most magnificent piece of acting which has appeared on the stage since the days when Mrs. Siddons was in the zenith of her powers. It has been the fashion to draw elaborate comparisons between Pasta and our Siddons—unfairly we think. Pasta unites talents seldom combined, never before perhaps united in the same degree of perfection.* She is not only the most magnificent tragic actress, but incomparably the finest singer of the day:—in her fine and mobile features; in the contour of her face; in the form of her head, and the manner in which it is placed upon her shoulders, she bears a striking resemblance to the antique Niobe. Nothing can exceed the grace and originality of some of her gestures and attitudes, they are so many studies for a painter:† she has a manner peculiar to herself of raising her arms gradually over her head, as if about to soar upwards, reminding one of some of Murillo’s “Assumptions,”—which is perfectly beautiful;—but she has certain disadvantages of figure and person, and combats with a tendency to *embonpoint*, which has latterly increased, and which is any thing but *tragic*. Her wonderful genius can, it is true, surmount these disadvantages: but Siddons was so gifted by nature, that she had no disadvantages to contend with. Was her genius therefore less? No; but the admiration she inspired was more intense, unmingled, unalloyed. In her splendid and solitary example we have witnessed that union of extraordinary mental endowments with the most perfect and commanding beauty of form and feature, which, in her department, has realized all that the painter, sculptor, and poet ever dared to imagine. Why have we not a statue erected to her? She has been the idol and the pride of two generations!‡ We shall talk to our children and our grandchildren of Siddons; but never, never shall we or they look upon her like again!

The other theatres have been unfashionable—they are voted gothic and *mauvais ton*. It is idle to plead the late hours and dinners of our fashionables as a reason for the decline of the dramatic art, and the desertion of the great theatres by the highest orders: if there was talent and attraction sufficient, these would give way.

Travelling and residing abroad, we lament to say, continue to be the fashion—the result is the absence of many of the ornaments of the higher circles, many dandies of ton, many brilliant women and beauti-

* Grassini united both; but magnificent as she was, there was a want of variety in her singing and in her acting—she had not the *compass* of Pasta.

† Mr. John Hayter has made drawings from the most striking scenes in the *Medea*, which ought to be in the possession of every admirer of Pasta: some of them are full of dramatic effect, particularly the groupe of *Medea* and her children.

‡ Northcote, remarking that people of talents had their full share of admiration, adds, that “he had seen young ladies of quality, Lady Marys and Lady Dorotheas, peeping into a room where Mrs. Siddons was sitting, with all the same timidity and curiosity as if she had been a preternatural being—I am sure more than if she had been the Queen.”—*Boswell Redivivus, New Monthly Magazine for October.*

ful girls, who are "finishing their education," and studying moral philosophy at Rome and Naples: another, and a better result, is the increasing taste for music and painting, and in the latter a juster taste and a finer feeling than has ever yet prevailed in this country. The National Gallery and the "King's Pictures" have been this year a fashionable lounge: it was gratifying to see the numbers of elegant women who crowded the rooms from morning till night: if only half the number were led thither by a genuine love of the art, the other half by fashion, idleness, example, affectation, or *assignments*, something must still be gained; few are so dull of eye, so cold of heart, so obtuse of mind, as to look round upon those *chefs-d'œuvre* of art without some "pleasurable feeling of blind love," some awakened perception of excellence, some gradual improvement of taste. In music there is nothing new in style: Venio is charming everywhere with his violin—musical parties continue *the fashion*. The Royal Academy of Music is likely, from bad management, to go out of fashion: it wants a better organization. Music was never such a universal passion as at present—every body who has or has not a voice sings, every one who has fingers plays something or other. The guitar this season seems to have reached the climax of favour—it is everywhere. No drawing-room or boudoir is furnished without a guitar lying on the sofa or *fautueil*. The elegance of its form, its portability, its manageableness, the graceful yet unobtrusive support it gives to a soft voice, and all the romantic associations connected with it—of moonlight nights, serenades, and lovers muffled in Spanish cloaks—combine to make it a favourite. The guitar has been in and out of fashion in this country several times within the last hundred and fifty years. The first notice taken of it as a fashionable instrument was in the merry days of Charles the Second. A young Italian, named Francisco, came over to England, and gained the King's favour by his admirable performance of a certain *sarabande*, which greatly tickled the royal ear. Immediately, the mistresses and the courtiers set themselves to learn the guitar, and, adds De Grammont, "*Dieu sait la raclerie que c'était!*" Among the "*Guitarristes de la cour*," the Earl of Arran distinguished himself; he was, next to Francisco, the finest performer at court; even his brother, the gallant Ossory, did not disdain to tinkle the guitar. With the ladies it became as indispensable at the toilette "*as their rouge and patches*."

In the two following reigns it became completely neglected and unfashionable, nor is it once alluded to in the Spectator, nor in any of Pope's or Addison's works, as far as we can recollect. It came into use again in the middle of the last century, again went out of fashion, and re-appeared during the Peninsular war; most of our young officers learned during their campaigns in Spain and Portugal, to sing "*tu mi chamas*," and thrum a *bolero* or *fandango*. On their return, they set the fashion, and a yearly importation of amateur guitarists from Italy has made it general, or rather universal. Those who merely cultivate the guitar as an accompaniment, without any conception of its capabilities as an instrument, should have heard Sor, who astonished all the musical circles in London some years ago; or since that is no longer possible, they ought to hear the young Spaniard Huerta, who has lately arrived in this country: his superiority in clearness and brilliance of touch, the power, the rapidity, the facility, the grace of his

execution, the depth and variety of tone he can call forth, are incredible, inconceivable to those who have not heard him; he gives to the puny instrument in his hand an effect like that of a band of music, heard through some diminishing medium. Sometimes, when inspired, and in a fit of musical enthusiasm, he breaks forth into the wildest and most beautiful voluntaries and improvisazioni, his fingers seem literally "to feel in each chord, and live along the strings." It is idle to say that the result is trifling, compared to the genius, time, and labour bestowed. Huerta has done what he set himself to do: he has attained matchless perfection on his instrument; he can inspire, at once, breathless admiration, wonder, and unmixed delight—is not this something? Besides Huerta, we have Sola, Bertoli, Newske, Derwort, all celebrated performers; and, above all, as a master and composer, the mild and tasteful Verini. The whole soul of this man is formed by the spirit of harmony; he has not a discord in his whole composition: his very thoughts unconsciously arrange themselves in music. His simple melodies are full of character, originality, and beauty; and some of his national *ariettas* and *boleros*—the latter particularly, are exquisite *morçeaux*. But the witchery of music is leading us too far, "to turn and to return." The season of 1827 has begun unusually early, in consequence of the meeting of Parliament. London is unusually gay. The shops are already full of novelties—the streets full of carriages; there is a stir—a ~~buzz~~ among all ranks—every thing, in short, which can pleasantly contrast with the last gloomy season, and promise a crowded, busy, and auspicious spring. The only fashionable, as well as popular topic is at this moment war, war, war!—a prospect, which, whatever may be its probability, policy, or justice, seems to give universal satisfaction,—except to the fund-holders, and the young ladies who came out last season.

EMINENT LIARS.

I REVERENCE Liars. I must not be understood as meaning those coiners and utterers of falsehoods, always petty whether great or small, which are intended either to injure other persons, or to serve themselves; those despicable creatures who invent lies, or pervert the truth, as a means to attain an end: all such I abandon to the contempt they deserve. Nor do I mean those peddling, pettifogging, would-be liars, who only lie by halves, who falsify facts, or timidly set about embroidering a groundwork of truth with details of their own creating. No; the liars I allude to are the spirited emulators of the Mandevilles, the Pintos, and the Munch-Hausens, who tell you the lie, the whole lie, and nothing but the lie; and who lie, too, (I do not desire a softer term, for, though "familiar," yet, in the sense in which it is here applied, it is "by no means vulgar,") from no less noble an impulse than the pure, disinterested, honest, unadulterated love of lying. So profound is my veneration for that illustrious fraternity, that I cannot consent to honour with a niche in their temple even Gulliver himself. To say the truth, Gulliver was but a poor fellow after all. Indeed it never was seriously pretended that such a man as Gulliver did exist, or ever had existed. He was nothing more than a peg to hang a satire upon; the puny invention of a novelist. Gulliver was Swift, and

Swift was Gulliver, and the history of his adventures was timidly put forth as a mere fiction. For this reason the *book* called Gulliver (for Gulliver is but a book and never was a man) must be degraded to the level of the Utopias, the Arcadias, and other flimsy *books* of the same ignoble kind. Had Jonathan Swift stood forward, as a gallant, gentlemanly liar (my late lamented friend, Colonel Nimrod, for instance) would have done, and roundly asserted that he, himself, the identical Jonathan,—that he, in his own proper person, had visited a country called Lilliput, where he had held intercourse with a race of human beings of such diminutive proportions that their very giants were scarcely six inches tall; had he pledged his own character for veracity on the positive occurrence *to himself* of all the adventures he tamely ascribes to a shadow, then had Jonathan Swift been deemed worthy of equal rank with those glorious liars whose names I have recorded. As it is, he has compromised his fame. He may be a fine writer, a keen satirist, a profound philosopher;—with so much reputation as those ordinary qualifications may acquire for him, let him rest satisfied; but—LIAR he is not.

I have mentioned Munch-Hausen. It is generally believed that Munch-Hausen is only a *nom de guerre*. Such, however, is not the fact. Baron Munch-Hausen was a Hanoverian nobleman, and even so lately as five and forty years ago he was alive and lying.* It is true, that the Travels published as his, though not by him, were intended as a satire or parody on the Travels of the famous Baron de Tott: but Munch-Hausen was really in the habit of relating the adventures, now sanctioned by the authority of his mendacious name, as having positively occurred to him; and from the frequency of the repetition of the same stories, without the slightest variation even in their most minute points, he at length believed the narratives he had himself invented, and delivered them with as much *sang-froid* as if they had described nothing but so many probable events. There was nothing of the *Fanfaron*, or braggart, in his manner; on the contrary, he was distinguished by the peculiar modesty of his demeanour. When called upon, in company, as he invariably was, to relate some of the extraordinary adventures of his life, he would enter upon the subject with as much diffidence as a Wellington or a Nelson describing his own real achievements; till, gradually warming, he would become vehement, and endeavour to illustrate his descriptions by the most extravagant, yet, at the same time, the most expressive gestures and attitudes. He was a masterly liar; a great artist. It must be remarked, that in his wildest inventions there is nothing to shock the understanding: admit the cause, and the consequences follow naturally enough. He shoots a handful of cherry-stones into a stag's forehead! Allow the possibility of cherry-stones taking root in a stag's forehead, and there

* The present paper is certainly admitted to be a suspicious medium for the conveyance of truth; nevertheless the information concerning Baron Munch-Hausen is given under the positive belief of the writer that it is authentic. He received it from a Polish gentleman, one whose veracity has never been impeached, who assured him that when travelling many years ago, through Hanover, he met with several persons who had been well acquainted with the hero, and that the name of Munch-Hausen was then, as it may be still, a by-word for any story partaking over-much of the marvellous.

is nothing improbable in his finding, a few years afterwards, a cherry-tree sprouting from it. The cold, in a certain country where he is travelling, is so intense as to freeze the tunes a post-boy endeavours to play upon his horn. The horn is hung by the fire-side, and, as the tunes in it become thawed, they flow out audibly one after another. Admit the cause, I say, and there is nothing absurd in the consequence. Had he made a tree of emeralds and rubies to spring from his cherry-stones, or a band of musicians to start out of his horn, (as some of his awkward imitators would do,) he would not so long have maintained his enviable eminence as a consistent and credible liar, but have been confounded in the mass of inventors of nonsensical Rhodomontades.

But my main object in this paper is to rescue from oblivion a few of the mighty lies of one who, had he committed his sublime inventions to the press, instead of modestly employing them for the edification and delight of those private circles which he sometimes honoured with his presence, had eclipsed the whole galaxy of liars. But, alas! he is dead! Colonel Nimrod is dead! The day that witnessed the extinction of that lying luminary of the sporting world, was a day of rejoicing to all the birds in the air and all the fishes in the sea. Ah! securely may'st thou gambol now on yonder pleasant slope, thou noble stag, for Nimrod is no more! Spread out your glittering wings in peace, ye bright inhabitants of ether; and you, ye little fishes and ye great, sprats, shrimps, leviathans, white-bait, whales, sport freely in your watery homes, for Nimrod is no more! Well might it be to them a day of jubilee when their unparalleled destroyer was destroyed: to me it was a day of lamentation and sorrowing. I knew him well. With what delight have I listened to his astounding narratives, each sentence worth a whole volume of truth! and how impatiently have I, upon such occasions, turned from the captious lover of matter-of-fact who has petulantly whispered me—" 'Tis all a lie."—And what then? The Faery Queen is a lie; the Midsummer-Night's Dream is a lie; yet neither Spenser nor Shakspeare are stigmatized as liars. Why then should the epithet "lie," in its opprobrious and offensive sense, be applied to those extempore prose inventions of any reveller in the realms of Imagination, which, were they measured out by lines and syllables, and committed to paper, would be called Poems? All inventive poets are, in a certain sense, liars; and akin with poets are travellers into countries which never existed, seers of sights which have never been seen, doers of deeds which were never done; and such merely was Colonel Nimrod: he was an extempore prose poet. Such liars, I would say liars generally, are your only interesting tale-tellers; for nothing is so insipid as the bare truth; and the proof of this is, that we seldom meet with a true story worth telling. This may appear to be a startling opinion, but most people entertain it, and are often unconsciously led to express it. Of a hundred real adventures, ninety-nine are not worth relating: and the common eulogy bestowed on any real occurrence which happens to be somewhat out of the usual way, is, that it is as interesting as a romance; in other words, that that particular fact is as interesting as a fiction—or, to come at once to the point, that that true story is as interesting as if it were a lie.

But I am digressing from my purpose, which is simply to record

two or three of the most exquisite of the many admirable lies I have heard delivered by my late lamented friend, Colonel Nimrod;* and, outrageous and extravagant as they will appear, I do most positively assert that I repeat them, as nearly as I can, in his own words. His manner of narrating those marvellous tales, of which he always was himself the hero, was perfectly easy and assured, and was calculated to impress his hearers with a conviction that, at least, *he* entertained not the slightest doubt of their truth. He seldom described his feats, or the accidents of his life, as subjects to be wondered at; they were casually noticed, as the turn of the conversation might afford occasion, and as mere matters of every-day occurrence. If, indeed, any one expressed a more than usual degree of astonishment, or exclaimed, "That's *rather* extraordinary, Colonel!" his reply invariably was—"Extraordinary, sir! why I *know* it is extraordinary; but I'll take my oath that I am in all respects the most extraordinary man that God ever let live."

A BROKEN HEAD.—I was one day standing with him at his window when a man was thrown from his horse. "There's a broken head for him, Colonel," said I.—"I am the only man in Europe, sir," he replied, "that ever had a broken head—to live after it. I was hunting near my place* in Yorkshire; my horse threw me, and I was pitched, head-foremost, upon a scythe which had been left upon the ground. When I was taken up my head was found to be literally cut in two, and was spread over my shoulders like a pair of epaulettes. *That* was a broken head, if you please, sir."

NEW MODE OF EXECUTING A WRIT.—Something having occurred in conversation that led to the subject of arrests, he started up and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I have been arrested oftener than any man in England! Once under most atrocious circumstances. You must know that I was lodging at Stevens's; my wife was with me. One morning, between seven and eight, while we were in bed, a bailiff came into the room. 'I understand your business, my good fellow,' said I; wait below, I'll get up and dress, and accompany you to my solicitor, who will do the needful. By G—, Gentlemen, he swore I should get up and go with him as I was. 'What! in my night-shirt!' said I. He insisted, I resisted; when the scoundrel went to the fire-place, drew out the poker which had been in the fire all night, and thrust it, red hot as it was, into the bed between Mrs. N. and me. Mrs. N.—woman-like—the moment she felt the red-hot poker jumped out of bed; not so, your humble servant. There I lay, and there stood the scoundrel poking at me; and there would I have remained, had not the bed-clothes taken fire. Now I did not choose to be burnt in my bed, nor would I endanger the safety of the house, in which there happened to be many lodgers at the time, so up I got and dressed myself—I resolved to carry *that* point, and I did. Now I put it to you, as men and gentlemen; did I compromise my honour by giving in at last? But observe, 'twas as I tell you—not till the bed took fire."

EXPEDITIOUS SHOOTING.—I once said to him, "You have the reputation of being an excellent shot, Colonel Nimrod!"—"Ay, Sir; I shoot

* It need scarcely be observed that the name of Nimrod is fictitious; but the person it represents was, for a very long period, a prominent character in the sporting world.

with a ramrod sometimes."—"Shoot with a ramrod!"—"Why, how the devil else would you shoot when you are in a hurry?"—"Really, I don't understand you."—"This is what I mean, Sir, for instance: I was going out one fine morning at the latter end of October, when I saw the London mail changing horses—as it always did within a mile of my gates—when I suddenly recollected that I had promised my friend F—a basket of game. Devil a trigger had I pulled—the coach was ready to start—what was to be done? I leaped over the hedge, fired off my ramrod, and may I be d—d if I didn't spit, as it were, four partridges and a brace of pheasants. Now I should be a liar if I said I ever did the same thing twice—in point of *number*, I mean."

These specimens will serve to show to what perfection poor Nimrod had brought the art of lying. I could repeat another which he delivered whilst lying (in both senses of the word) on his death-bed, but that it might be misconstrued into the pure effect of delirium. For my own part I consider it as another illustration of "the ruling passion strong in death." That he believed his own stories, and expected they would be believed by his hearers, I am fully persuaded. I shall not attempt to trace the causes of this infirmity of mind; but wherever it exists in the same degree, I consider it as presenting a case for the consideration of the physician rather than of the moralist. P*.

TALES OF A VOYAGER TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN.†

THESE volumes possess unusual attraction. As comprehending a series of Tales, they resemble, in their general model, an entire class which has recently been called into existence amid the encouragements of public favour; but they differ from their precursors in the novel circumstance of their well-managed introduction into the narrative of a real voyage at sea, and a voyage, too, of the very peculiar character which belongs to that, the incidents of which are here narrated.

Our readers, however, like ourselves, will probably be in some danger, from a mere glance at the title-page, of wandering wide of a just guess at the source to which they are to be indebted for their entertainment, and, we may add, for their information. Is the author one of the late companions of Captain Parry? Are the tales a part of those identical ones which, doubtless, along with balls, theatricals, and masquerades, formed part of the recreations of our adventurous discoverers during the long night and winter of the Arctic Regions? Or, is the "Voyager" the actual pursuer, or the actual pursued, of whom we have heard in Mrs. Shelley's history of Frankenstein's equally monstrous and disastrous man-making?

But the author is not the one nor the other of these, but is propounded to us, as neither more nor less than a valetudinarian young gentleman, a passenger and candidate for health in that hitherto somewhat unthought-of pleasure-bark, a ship bound to explore the white wonders of the Frozen Ocean, and the ice-bound regions of Spitzbergen. In point of fact, we have, in these volumes, a delightful and most instructive description of a real voyage in the Arctic, interspersed with Tales of

† "Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean," 3 vols. post 8vo.

human life in the most various countries, periods, and circumstances. As his *Tales* are as alluring (and we can say no more) as his very intelligent and eventful narrative of what, as a voyager, the author either felt or saw, our admiration is continually divided between his *facts* and his *fictions*; many even of which latter are, in their strength of colouring and knowledge of the human heart, near of kin to *facts*.

The name of the "*Arctic Ocean*," and its necessary present association with that of our intelligent and undaunted northern navigator, Captain Parry, will, perhaps, plead our apology for digressing, for an instant, into a word or two of intelligence regarding the new enterprise in the Arctic Regions, at present projected, in the hands of the same gallant and persevering officer. The new undertaking, then, and which is made at the sole instance of Captain Parry himself, is not that of reiterating the attempt at a North-west Passage, or of meeting Capt. Franklin; but exclusively that of endeavouring to arrive, either upon the ice or upon the water, from Spitzbergen, at the North Pole, and thence to return to Spitzbergen. But the thought, at present almost mysterious and romantic, of actually reaching the North Pole, together with the name of Spitzbergen, an hyperborean island so long an object of curiosity to the readers of voyages and nautical misfortunes, tempts us to dash at once into the middle of our present author's work, and quote from his second volume the very grand and picturesque description of the distant appearance and general condition of the island alluded to.

"Spitzbergen and its climate appeared on the thirtieth; but I willingly bore the frost and chill breezes, which dwell like native genii around this grim and desolate region, for the gratification of gazing on a land associated with my earliest reminiscences among books. At present, however, it is only a distant object, exhibiting a long track of snowy mountains, which appear to rise out of the sea, and hide their summits in the clouds. We are in latitude $75^{\circ} 11'$, running along the western coast of the island, if this vast tract of sterility may be so called. By the English fishers it is generally denominated the east-land, in contradistinction to the west-land, or Old Greenland, which is the real Greenland, although Spitzbergen sometimes obtains that name. It extends to a little above the eightieth degree, north; and is celebrated for reindeer, bears, foxes, and down, to obtain which the Russians are said to leave a party of men every winter, whom they relieve in the summer, when they supply their place by a fresh company.

"Another view of Spitzbergen appeared on the following day, being part of Prince Charles's Foreland, a long island on the western coast. The ice-bound regions of the main land were clearly seen beyond it, and I obtained a more distinct view of its surface than I had enjoyed before. I say enjoyed, for Spitzbergen had been the Ultima Thule of my travelling desires since I was a child, although I never even dreamt of seeing that land of the sublime and desolate.—The shores of this extensive tract of barrenness and beauty looked low where we saw them, and wide plains stretched from the coast inland to the foot of a range of mountains; but there are seven conical hills, lying near each other, towards the sea, which seem unconnected with any other cluster, and have been designated by the name of the seven Ice Bergs, though, in all probability, they are only smaller mountains, shrouded in eternal snow.—Numerous hills, similar to the seven Ice Bergs, stand scattered over the desert that lies along the shore; but, as they grow more distant, they assume bolder and still loftier characters, many of them hiding their heads in the clouds, while others show their snow-wreathed crests above

the highest vapour.—The universal whiteness, which spreads over hill and valley to the far distant mountain, gives a singularly dazzling and unvaried cast to the wild features of the scene, when lighted up by the sun; but I had also the good fortune to view it when partly free from this delusive brilliancy, and I traced, with a telescope, the gradually ascending chains of Alps, till they seemed to rise beyond the sphere of earth. My mind felt as if mounting with gigantic strides from pinnacle to pinnacle, to scale the barriers of another world; cliff rose beyond cliff, and precipice was piled upon precipice, till their fleecy sides scarce allowed a perfect image to the sight; but even when I believed I had gained the ultimate verge of vision, an airy minaret gleamed still far beyond my fancied limit, which, though in perspective size a mere flake of snow against the sky, might be in reality a huge avalanche, hanging on the brow of an arctic Mont Blanc. What, then, were the wonders which might lie between me and this speck of distant world! What the caverns, the lakes, the glaciers, the people, and the monsters! I was lost in a dream of speculation and desire, as I gazed long and lingeringly over this expanse of regions unexplored, and I turned from it to the familiar things around me with contempt and mortified ambition.—The portion of Prince Charles's Foreland which we made, and of which I preserve a drawing, was the 'North Hook,' or northern extremity, and presented the bluff face of a steep precipice, terminating a high-backed hill, which seemed to run round a small bay, of which the 'Hook' formed one of the points. Its colour was dark and grey, and broad streaks of snow traversed it perpendicularly, probably occupying rifts in the surface, where it lay secure from the warmth of the sun."

Of the pleasures, as well as the trials and strange adventures of the "Voyage," we have scarcely room to speak, nor to give any specimens of the strong and beautiful, but, as we are quite persuaded, not extravagant language of our author's descriptions; language which, perhaps, is mainly beautiful because it speaks of beautiful things; and which, we half suspect, will, ere long, with the aid of improved steam-boats, lure at least some hundred of even our ordinary Margate visitors, to peep at whales and molly-mawks beyond the Skerries. But our present business is, not with the Voyage, but with the Tales that were told on its progress. These, as already intimated, are very various in their character; the scene of some is in England, and even in London; and of others, in Germany, France and Italy. The eras to which they refer are equally diversified, comprehending Tales of the middle ages, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and of His present Majesty's coronation, if not of still later epochs. The reader, in short, is alternately surprised with the exhibition of the materials of romance, now upon the banks of the Rhine, or in the Campagna di Roma; and now in the Shetland isles, Rotherhithe, St. George's Fields, Whitehall, Hyde Park, and Mary la bonne Watch-house; including living pictures of his own days, not less than those which belonged to generations now mouldered into dust.

The principal titles, in the catalogue of tales, are, "The Charioteer, or Night Adventures in London"—"The Nikkur Holl, a Romance of the Shetland Isles"—"Woolcraft, a story of real life"—"The Assassins"—"A Vision of Lucifer"—"The Vrow, or the Dutch Wife and her Suitors"—"The Valetudinarian"—"The Boar-Wolf, a Tale of Terror"—"Mortram," the longest of the whole; and "The Goth, a tale of Italian Banditti," the next in length. Of these, "The Nikkur Holl," the first of the series, is the largest and most powerful of the romantic kind; and may be truly said to abound in extraordinary merit.

It is full of the most intense interest; the machinery is, in great part, lofty; and it is written everywhere with the pen of a master. Though founded upon dark superstitions, which have come down from the most remote ages, it links itself, through the peculiar circumstances of the "Shelty" or Shetland populations, with the existing generation; and thus unites, in striking mixture, the creed and the dreams of antiquity, with the details of modern industry and commerce, and with the forms of modern vice and folly. To relate the story, or to wrong both author and reader by presenting any abstract, is no part of our design; but we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of alluding to one of its most striking portions.

Spiel Trosk, and Petie Winwig, are "Shelties" of our own time, and native residents of one of the outer Skerries. They are sworn friends, and partners in a fishing-boat, and in all their other undertakings; but Petie is fat, stupid, good-natured, and contented; and Spiel, thin, acute, restless, and avaricious; while both are honest and industrious. Unfortunately, the industry of Spiel degenerates into a ravenousness of gain, and by this passion is engendered in his bosom a wild persuasion of his destiny to extraordinary riches by extraordinary means; a misfortune which ultimately draws him wholly aside from regular labour, and devotes him to visionary schemes and the thirst of lucrative adventure. It is in the state of mind, that Spiel (according to the legend) becomes the prey of demoniacal temptation, and is promised, by a "Kelpie," the discovery of the sunken treasures of a Dutch wreck, upon condition of performing a gloomy and strange rite in a desert spot. We had intended to quote the magnificent description of this sacrifice; but our pages are already too full to admit it. This, at any rate, relieves us from the perplexity of selection from a tale where almost every passage is instinct with genius and expressed in "words that burn." A vision falls, as the reward of the unholy sacrifice; but the history of that and of its results, as well as of the wonderful scenes which precede it, we leave to delight and enchain the readers of our author's volumes.

From the grand and terrible of romantic fiction, as drawn from the Shetlands, and from the superstitions of barbaric life, the reader will hardly turn without surprise to the narrative of "The Assassins," in which the author has actually found the materials of his "tale of terror" in the front of the new Bethlehem Hospital in St. George's Fields, and between the spots occupied by the Elephant and Castle, and the Three Stags respectively. But of the tales which are most connected with English and modern life that of "Mortram," as it is the longest of the whole, so it is equally distinguished by a lively observation of the ways of men, and by keen glances into the intricacies of the human heart. The opening paragraphs fully prepare the reader for the dark pictures of human error which are to follow, and for the author's acquaintance, as well with the manners of different ages, as with the political history of his country. A living interest is sustained throughout the whole narration; the sarcasm and censure are strongly directed; and the catastrophe, though achieved by means of a concurrence of circumstances somewhat bordering upon the improbable, is very artfully deferred, and very unexpectedly introduced.

The Tale of "The Goth" is that which, from its incidents, borders the most closely upon the common-place of novel-writing; but those

incidents are quite marvellous and improbable enough to captivate all the general romance-readers, while the stores of scientific and historical reading, and of Continental travel, which have contributed to the beauty of the narrative, command the warmest approbation of the critic. The "Goth," is an English gentleman of the Elizabethan age, who visits Italy, where the natives of the North are popularly known as "Goths." He is the son of a hunting, drinking, riotous, and blaspheming 'Squire, (capitally sketched) who, after doating upon him while, in the first years of his childhood, his ruddy health enabled him to drink and swear to his father's full content, becomes his father's aversion for many years, during which a sickly constitution disables the child from profiting from, or even receiving, similar lessons. In this interval, his father proposed sending him to Oxford; and, here, our author introduces a very brief but just remark, demonstrative of the general, national, and individual value of that ancient school: "You possibly," says he, "may consider that University as a valuable retreat of learning, in this age, when the literature of antiquity is, perhaps, too much neglected."

The youthful sickliness of "the Goth," combined with peculiar domestic circumstances and opportunities, had both rendered him studious, and led him into the study, or, at least, into the reading, of books of magic and astrology, a part of the favourite pursuits of the time in which he lived. Upon leaving England, for the purpose of foreign travel, we find him characterising Frenchmen as wanting in depth of character; and the natives of Milan as celebrated for magical attainments: "Shakspeare," says the narrator, "in representing its Duke as skilled in magic, has only fallen in with the opinion then entertained of the Milanese."

In the Campagna, "the Goth," by dint of his meditative habits, and of his acquaintance with the books, at least, of the astrologers and magicians, is introduced to some very surprising adventures, all of which terminate, however, in procuring for him a wealthy English wife, to the great satisfaction of his swearing, roaring, and vivacious father.

The "Valetudinarian" is an exquisite morsel, upon the model of the "Stout Gentleman," and well adapted, like its original, to keep the reader in an incessant smile, if not in broader mirth, (and not wholly unaccompanied, perchance, with a tear) throughout all its length. Almost every line contains a jest, and there is a vein of the kindest and most delicate feeling, which everywhere pervades it. The scene is in Kensington Gardens. Some of the actors are "the Valetudinarian," who frequents them for his health, and a youthful stranger, for whom "the Valetudinarian" conceives a lively interest, but to whose acquaintance, and even speech, every effort fails of introducing him. Having taken it into his head that the youth is a poet, and writing a Pastoral, "the Valetudinarian" falls into reveries and projects which are humorously told.

We have not room to notice the other tales, but must conclude our remarks upon this interesting work, by saying that "the Boar-Wolf" is conceived and executed with a powerful feeling of supernatural terror, and in grand and poetical language. It must be confessed, however, that the fable is a little too much in the wild German taste.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.—NO. XIII.

The Catholic Bar.—Mr. Bellew.

“ And ye shall walk in silk attire.”—*Old Ballad.*

UPON the first day of last Michaelmas term eight gentlemen were called to the Bar, of whom four were Roman Catholics. This was a kind of event in the Hall of the Four Courts, and in the lack of any other matter of interest, such as the speech of a new Sergeant at a corporation dinner, which had by this time ceased to excite the comments of the attornies, produced a species of excitation. There are two assortments of oaths for Catholics and Protestants upon their admission to the Bar. The latter still enter their protestations, in the face of Lord Manners and of Heaven, against the damnable idolatry of the Church of Rome. But when the more mitigated oath provided for the Roman Catholics happens to be rehearsed on the first day of term, it is easy to perceive an expression of disrelish in the countenance of the Court; and although it is impossible for Lord Manners to divest himself of that fine urbanity which belongs to his birth and rank, yet in the bow with which he receives the aspiring papist, there are evident symptoms of constraint; and it is by a kind of effort even in his features that they are wrought into an elaborated smile. It does not frequently happen that more than one or two Roman Catholics are called in any single term; and when Lord Manners heard four several shocks given to the Constitution, and the Roman Catholic qualification-oath coming again and again upon him, it is not wonderful that his composure should have been disturbed, and that the loyal part of the Bar should have caught the expression of dismay. Mr. Sergeant Lefroy, alarmed at the repeated omissions of those pious denunciations of the Virgin Mary, by which the laws and liberty of these countries are sustained, in the very act of putting a fee into his pocket, lifted up the whites of his eyes to Heaven: Mr. Devonshire Jackson let fall his mask, and determined on voting for Gerard Callaghan: the Solicitor-general was observed to whisper Mr. Saurin, until the arrival of Mr. Plunket withdrew him from the ear of his former associate in office: to Mr. Saurin it was proposed by Barclay Scriven to petition Mr. Peel to appoint him Attorney-general in the island of Barbadoes; and it is rumoured that another letter to my Lord Norbury has been discovered, in which the writer protests his belief, that the Bar will be soon reduced to its condition in the reign of James the Second.

In the reign of James the Second Roman Catholic barristers were raised to office; and, as the time appears to be at hand when they will be rendered eligible by law to hold places of distinction and of trust, it is worth our while to examine in what way they conducted themselves when, in the short interval of their political prosperity, Roman Catholics were invested with authority. Doctor King says, that “ no sooner had the Papists got judges and juries that would believe them, but they began a trade of swearing and ripping up what they pretended their Protestant neighbours had said of King James, whilst Duke of York;” and proceeds to charge them with gross corruption in the administration of justice. The Doctor was Archbishop of Dublin. He had originally been a sizar in the university; and having

afterwards obtained a fellowship, gradually raised himself, by dint of sycophancy and intrigue, to one of the richest sees in the richest establishment in the world. Whether he exhibited all the arrogance of a Pontifical *partenu*; whether he was at once a haughty priest and a consecrated jackanapes; whether he was a sophist in his creed, an equivocator in his statements, and a cobweb-weaver in his theology; whether he had a vain head, a niggard hand, and a false and servile heart, and betrayed the men who raised him, I have not been able to determine. He appears to have been an apostate in his politics. His representation of the conduct of the Catholic judges in his time is not without some episcopal characteristics, and justifies what Leslie says of him:—"Though many things the archbishop says are true, yet he has hardly spoken a true word without a warp." The best and most incontrovertible evidence (that of Lord Clarendon, the Lord-lieutenant, and a firm Protestant,) can be adduced to show how widely the statements of Doctor King vary from the fact.

Lord Clarendon tells us that "when the Popish judges went to the assizes in the counties of Down and Londonderry, where many considerable persons were to be tried for words formerly spoken against King James, they took as much pains as it was possible to quiet the minds of the people wherever they went; and that they took care to have all the juries mingled, half English and half Irish."—(State Letters, vol. i. p. 326.) "Judge Daly," he says, "one of the Popish judges, did, at the assizes of the county of Meath, enlarge much upon the unconscionableness of inditing men for words spoken so many years before; and thereupon the jurors, the major part of whom were Irish, acquitted them:" and he adds, that "Mr. Justice Nugent, another Popish judge, made the same declaration at Drogheda, where several persons were tried for words." Lord Clarendon further states, that he was in the habit of consulting Roman Catholics, who had been recently promoted, respecting the appointment of mayors, sheriffs, and common-council men. "I advise," he says, "with those who are best acquainted in these towns, particularly with Justice Daly, and others of the King's council of that persuasion; and the lists of names these men give me are always equal, half English half Irish, which they say, is the best way to make them unite and live friendly together," (State Letters, vol. ii. p. 319.)

In the first volume of the State Letters, ~~Dr. King~~, he says, "At the council-board, there was a complaint proved against a justice of the peace; and it is remarkable that several of our new Roman Catholic counsellors, though the justice was an Englishman and a Protestant, were for putting off the business; and particularly the three said Popish judges said, the gentleman would be more careful for the future." He adds, that "when the Popish judges were made privy-counsellors, they conducted themselves with singular modesty,"—a precedent which I have no doubt that Mr. Blake will follow, when he shall be elevated to the vice-regal cabinet.

Of the Roman Catholics, who were promoted in the reign of James the Second, Sir Theobald Butler, of whom such frequent mention has been recently made in the House of Commons, was by far the most distinguished. He was created Attorney-general, and discharged the duties of his office with perfect fairness and impartiality. This very

able, and, as far as renown can be obtained in Ireland, this celebrated man, was not only without an equal, but without a competitor in his profession. Although the reputation of a lawyer is almost of necessity evanescent, yet such was the impression produced by his extraordinary abilities, that his name is to this day familiarly referred to. This permanence in the national recollection is in a great measure to be attributed to the very important part which he took in politics, and especially in the negotiation of the treaty of Limerick. His high rank also, for he was a member of the great house of Ormond, added to his influence. As far as I have been able to form an estimate of his intellectual qualities, from such notices of him as occur in the writers of the time, and from the speech which he delivered at the bar of the Irish House of Commons, he was more remarkable for strength, brevity, condensation, and great powers of argument, than for any extraordinary faculty of elocution. The speech to which I have adverted, has none of those embellishments of rhetoric, and those splendid vices in oratory, to which the school of Irish eloquence became subsequently addicted. The whole of this oration is cast in a syllogistic mould, and exhibits too much logical apparatus. It was, I believe, the fashion of the time: still the vehemence of passion breaks through the artificial regularity of reasoning, and while he is proceeding with a series of propositions, systematically divided, the indignant emotions, which the injuries of his country could not fail to produce, burst repeatedly and abundantly out: in the midst of all the pedantic forms of scholastic disputation, Nature asserts her dominion; he gives a loose to anguish, and pours forth his heart.

Sir Theobald Butler had not only been among the besieged Catholics at Limerick, but was employed by his countrymen to settle the articles of capitulation. His name appears on the face of the treaty as one of the parties with whom, on behalf of the Irish, it was concluded. When in the year 1703, only twelve years after the articles had been signed, a bill (the first link of the penal code) was introduced into parliament, the effect of which was utterly to abrogate those articles, the eyes of the whole nation were turned upon the man who had been instrumental in effecting that great national arrangement. Independently of his great abilities as an advocate, he presented in his own person a more immediate and distinct perception of that injustice which was about to be exercised against the body, of which he was the ornament, and to which his eloquence now afforded their only refuge.

In a book entitled "*An Account of the Debates on the Popery Laws*," it is stated that the Papists of Ireland, observing that the House of Commons was preparing the heads of a bill to be transmitted to England to be drawn into an act to prevent the growth of Popery; and having in vain endeavoured to put a stop to it there, at its remittance back to Ireland presented to the House of Commons a petition praying to be heard by their counsel against the bill, and to have a copy of the bill, and to have a reasonable time to speak to it before it passed, when it was ordered that they should be heard.

Upon Tuesday the 22d of February, 1703, Sir Theobald Butler appeared at the bar, and with the treaty of Limerick in his hand, requested, on behalf of the Irish Roman Catholics, to be heard. It must have been a very remarkable scene. Whether we consider the assembly to

which the remonstrance was addressed, or the character and condition of the body on whose behalf it was spoken, whose leading nobles, and they were then numerous, stood beside their advocate at the bar of the House, we cannot but feel our minds impressed with a vivid image of a most imposing, and in some particulars a very moving spectacle. The first advocate of his time, who was himself a principal party in the cause which he came to plead, stood before a Protestant House of Commons; while below the bar were assembled about their counsel the heads of the Roman Catholic aristocracy. The latter constituted a much more extensive and differently constituted class of men from those by whom they have been succeeded. They had been born to wealth and honour: they had been induced, by a sentiment of chivalrous devotion, to attach themselves to the fortunes of an unhappy prince. The source of their calamities was in a lofty sentiment. Almost all of them had been soldiers; scarce a man of them but had carried harness on his back. They were actuated by the high and gallant spirit which belongs to the profession of arms. On the banks of the Boyne, on the hill of Aughrim, and at the gates of Limerick, they had given evidences of valour, which, although unavailing, were not the less heroic. They had been worsted, indeed; but they had not been subdued: they had been accustomed to consider their privileges as secured by a great compact, and in substituting the honour of England for the bastions of Limerick, they looked upon their liberties as protected by still more impregnable muniments. It is easy to imagine the dismay, the indignation, and the anguish with which these gentlemen must have seen a statute in rapid progress through the legislature, which would not only have the effect of violating the treaty of Limerick, and reduce them to a state of utter servitude, but, by holding out the estate of the father as a premium for the apostacy of the child, would inculcate a revolt against the first instincts of nature, and the most sacred ordinances of God. Their advocate, at least, saw the penal code in this light. "Is not this," he exclaimed, "against the laws of God, and man, against the rules of reason and justice; is not this the most effectual way in the world to make children become undutiful, and to bring the grey head of the parent to the grave with grief and tears?" In speaking thus, he did no more than give vent to the feelings which, being himself a father, he must have deeply experienced; and the heart of every parent whose cause he was pleading, must have been riven by their utterance.

If there was something imposing in the sight of so many of the old Catholic nobility of Ireland, of so many gallant soldiers, gathered round their counsel in a group of venerable figures, (for most of those who had fought in the civil wars were now old,) the assembly to which they were come to offer their remonstrances must have also presented a very striking spectacle. The Irish House of Commons represented a victorious and triumphant community. Pride, haughtiness, and disdain, the arrogance of conquest, the appetite of unsatisfied revenge, the consciousness of masterdom, and the determination to employ it, must have given this fierce and despotic convention a very marked character. Most of its members, as well as their Roman Catholic supplicants, had been soldiers; and to the gloom of Puritanism, to which they were still prone, they united a martial and overbearing sternness, and exhibited

the flush of victory on their haughty and commanding aspect. To this day, there are some traces of lugubrious peculiarity in the descendants of the Cromwellian settlers in Ireland; at the period of which I speak, the children of the pious adventurers must have exhibited still deeper gloom of visage, and a darker severity of brow. In addressing an assembly so constituted, and in surveying which an ordinary man would have quailed, Sir Theobald Butler had to perform a high and arduous duty. How must he have felt, when, advancing to the bar of the House, he threw his eyes around him, and beheld before him the lurid looks and baleful countenances of the Protestant conquerors of his country, and saw beside him the companions of his youth, the associates of his early life, many of them his own kindred, all of them his fellow-sufferers, clinging to him as to their only stay, and substituting his talents for the arms which he had persuaded them to lay down! The men whom he had seen working the cannon at the batteries of Limerick, stood now with no other safeguard but his eloquence, at the mercy of those whom they had fought in the breach and encountered in the field. An orator of antiquity mentions that he never rose to speak upon an important occasion without a tremor:—when the advocate of a whole people rose in the deep hush of expectation, and in all that thrilling silence which awaits the first words of a great public speaker, how must his heart have throbbed!

Sir Theobald Butler's speech (I dwell thus long upon the subject, because the event which produced it has been attended with such important consequences, and the arguments of the Roman Catholic Barrister have lately excited a good deal of parliamentary notice) comprehends almost every reason which can be pressed against the enactment of the penal code, as a violation of public faith. He did not however confine himself to mere reasoning upon the subject, but made an attempt to touch the feelings of his Protestant auditors. He has drawn a strong and simple picture of the domestic effects of the penal code in the families of Roman Catholics, by transferring the estate of the father to his renegade son. "That the law should invest any man with the power of depriving his fellow-subject of his property would be a grievance. But my son—my child—the fruit of my body, whom I have nursed in my bosom, and loved more dearly than my life—to become my plunderer, to rob me of my estate, to take away my bread, to cut my throat—it is enough to make the most flinty heart bleed to think on it. For God's sake, gentlemen, make the case your own," &c.*

* Extracts from Sir Theobald Butler's speech were given about a year ago in the *Etoile* newspaper, which is a series of articles on Ireland contributed to produce that calculation upon the feelings of the Roman Catholic body recently evinced in the debates of the French parliament. The following is the translation of the passage referred to, which appeared in the *Etoile*:—"Grand Dieu! est-ce que cette loi feroce n'est pas une révolte contre la loi primitive de la nature, qui est gravée par Dieu lui-même dans le cœur humain? Un code qui donnerait à qui que ce soit le droit détestable de me priver de mes biens à cause de ma croyance dans la religion de mes pères serait tyrannique et exécrationnable. Mais mon fils, mon enfant, le fruit de mon propre corps, celui à qui j'ai donné une vie plus chère que la mienne, et qui porte mon sang dans son cœur! que mon fils soit l'instrument fatal de ce code de brigands, que ce soit lui qui me perce le sein, qui me plonge un poignard dans le cœur, qui me pousse avec mes cheveux blancs dans la tombe! Vous Protestants que vous êtes, montrez que vous êtes hommes, et songez que vous achetez des prosélytes par des moyens qui font horreur à la nature, et dont la seule pensée fait navrer le cœur d'un père."

This adjuration exhibits no art of phrase, but it has nature, which, as was observed by Dryden of Otway's plays, is after all the greatest beauty. Those simple words, which contained so much truth, cannot be read without emotion; but how far greater must have been their effect when uttered by a parent, who was lifting up his voice to protect the sanctuaries of nature against violation. In what tone must a father have exclaimed, "it would be hard from any man, but from my son, my child, the fruit of my body, whom I have nursed in my bosom!" Surely in the utterance of this appeal, not by a mere mercenary artificer of passion, but by a man whom every body knew to be speaking the truth, and whose trembling hands and quivering accents must have borne attestation to his emotions, the sternest and most resolved of his judges must have relented, and, like the evil spirit at the contemplation of all the misery he was about to inflict,

"For a moment stood
Divested of his malice."

And if the hearts of the Protestant confiscators were touched, did not the tears roll down the faces of the unfortunate Catholics who stood by—did they not turn to sob in the bosom of their children, and clasping them in their arms inquire, in the dumb eloquence of that parental embrace, "whether they would ever strike the poignard with which the law was about to arm them, into their breasts?" Their advocate did not, however, merely appeal to the sensibilities of his auditors, but swept his hand over strings by which a still deeper vibration must have been produced.

He assumed a loftier and a bolder tone. He raised himself up to the full height of his mind, and, appealing to the principles of eternal truth and justice, denounced the vengeance of Heaven on those who should be so basely perfidious as to violate a great and sacred compact; and was sufficiently courageous to remind a Protestant House of Commons that the treaty of Limerick had been signed, "when the Catholics had swords in their hands." This was a stirring sentence, and sent many a heart-thrilling recollection into the hearts of those to whom it was addressed. The prince of the conquerors must have started, and the conquered must have looked upon hands in which there were swords no more. It is recorded of an ancient orator, that he exercised over the minds of his heroes an influence so powerful, that his description of a battle was interrupted by the exclamation of a soldier who had been present at the engagement, and whom the spell of eloquence had carried back to the field. Even at this day, every reference to the siege of Limerick produces an extraordinary excitation in Roman Catholic assemblies; and if the descendants of those whose rights were secured by the treaty of Limerick, recur with indignation to the incidents of that celebrated siege, to what a point of excitation must the gallant cavaliers by whom the advocate of the Irish nation was surrounded, have been wrought, when he, who was himself a party to that great national indenture, with that deep and solemn tone and that lofty gravity of demeanour for which he was remarkable, recalled the events in which almost every man who heard him, bore a conspicuous part. It is in the remembrance of such scenes that memory

may be justly called "The actor of our passions o'er again." I do not think that I am guilty of any exaggeration when I say, that in appealing to the time when the Roman Catholics had arms in their hands, the advocate of their rights and the representative of their emotions must have brought back many a martial recollection to the clients, in whose front he stood, and whose cause he was so emphatically pleading. The city, from which William at its first siege, with an army of thirty thousand men, had been driven back—the fortress which art and nature had conspired to make strong, and which valour and constancy would have rendered impregnable, must have risen before them. All the glorious circumstance incidental to their former occupation must have returned. The shout of battle, the roar of the cannon, the bloody foss, the assault and the repulse, the devotion and abandonment, with which whole regiments rushed through the gates, and precipitated themselves into imaginary martyrdom—Sarsfield upon the battlements, the green flag floating from the citadel, and the cry of "Help from France!"—these must have been among the recollections which were awakened by their advocate, while he appealed to the time "when they had arms in their hands," and stood in the fire of their batteries, and not at the threshold of the House of Commons. But if the sentiment of martial pride was rekindled for an instant, how quickly it must have gone out, and how soon those emotions must have collapsed into despair. They must have known, for the countenances of their victors must have apprised them, that they had nothing to expect but servitude and all the shame that follows it; and then indeed they must have mourned over the day, when at the head of a powerful army, in a strong fortification, with several garrison towns still in their possession, with a great mass of the population ready to rush again to the field, and with a French fleet freighted with arms and with troops in the Shannon, they had been induced, upon the faith of a solemn compact, to lay down their swords, and put their trust in the honour of the King and the integrity of his people. They must have cursed the day, when, instead of adding their bones to the remains of those who lay slaughtered in the trenches of Limerick, they survived to behold the Protestants of Ireland taking advantage of that fatal surrender, and in defiance of the most solemn compacts, in violation of a clear and indisputable treaty, not only excluding them from the honours and privileges of the state, but wresting their property from their hands, instituting a legalized banditti of "discoverers," exciting their children into an insurrection against human nature, converting filial ingratitude into a merit, and setting up parricide as a newly-invented virtue, in the infernal ethics of the law.

As Sir Theobald Butler had anticipated (for he intimates it in an involuntary expression of despondency), his arguments were of little avail, and he lived long enough to see the penal code carried to its atrocious perfection, and chain after chain thrown upon his country. He even survived an act of parliament by which Roman Catholics were excluded from the profession in which he had earned fortune and renown. It is a common notion that he changed his religion in order to avert the evils which he so powerfully described; but I was informed by his grandson, Mr. Augustine Butler, that he died in the religion in which he had lived, and that his great estates became in consequence

equally divisible among his children. He was interred in the church-yard of St. James's church in Dublin, where a huge but rather uncouth monument has been raised to his memory. His epitaph differs from most obituary panegyrics by the adherence of encomium to truth. It is inscribed under a rude and now mutilated bust, and runs as follows :

Designatur hac effigie
 Theobaldus e gente Butlera
 Hibernus Jurisconsultus
 Legum, Patriæ, nominis decus
 Dignitate equestri denatus, non auctus
 Causidicus
 Argutus, concinnus, integer
 Barbarie forensi, et vernacula disertus
 Non partium studio
 Non favoris aucupio
 Non verborum lenocinio
 Sed rerum pondere
 Et ingenii, vi insitâ
 Et legum scientia penitiori
 Pollens
 Quem lingua solers, illibata fides
 Comitatus et sale multo condita gravitas
 Quem vitæ tenor sincerus
 Et recti custos animus
 Legum recondita depromere sagax
 Ad famæ fastigium evexere
 Fortunæ etiam, ni religio obstaret, facile evexissent.
 Obiit Septuagenarius XI Martii, 1720.

Notwithstanding the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the Bar, the expedient which was adopted for the purpose does not appear to have been found effectual. A certificate of conformity was all that was required, and this certificate was so easily obtained, that the members of the obnoxious religion were still able to creep and steal into the profession. The letters of Primate Boulter, who governed Ireland for a considerable time, and whose simple maxim it was to keep Ireland divided, in order that her dependency might be secured, give us a very curious insight into the state of the Irish Bar in the year 1727. In a letter dated the 7th of March, 1727, he writes, "There is a bill gone over to regulate the admission of barristers, attornies, six clerks, solicitors, sub-sheriffs, &c. which is of the last consequence to this kingdom. The practice of the law, from the top to the bottom, is at present mostly in the hands of new converts, who give no further security on this account, than producing a certificate of their having received the sacrament in the Church of England or Ireland, which several of them who were Papists in London, obtain in the road, hither, and demand to be admitted barristers in virtue of it at their arrival, and several of them have *Popish wives*, and have mass said in their houses. Every body here is sensible of the terrible effects of this growing evil, and both Lords and Commons are most eagerly desirous of this bill." (Boulter's Letters, vol i. p. 179.) The horror entertained by his Grace of Dublin for barristers, whose better-halves were infected with Popery, appears ludicrous at this day. Doctor King considered the division of allegiance at the Bar between the law and the fair sex as highly dangerous to the security of the established Church, and would have taken "*au pié*

de la lettre" what Lord Chesterfield said of the beautiful Lady Palmer,* that she was the only "dangerous Papist" he had ever seen in Ireland. I know not, however, whether the feeling by which Doctor King was influenced, be wholly extinct. I do not mean to say that Lord Wellesley would object to a barrister on account of his "having a Popish wife, and mass said in his house;" but it is observable that of the three

* The writer of this article was acquainted with Lady Palmer, when she was upwards of one hundred years of age. The admiration which Lord Chesterfield is known to have entertained for this lady induced me to seek an introduction to her. Although rich, she occupied a small lodging in Henry-street, where she lived secluded and alone. Over the chimneypiece of the front drawing-room was suspended the picture of her platonic idolater. It was a half-length portrait, and had, I believe, been given to her by the man of whose adoration she was virtuously vain. I was engaged in looking at this picture, while I waited on the day of my first introduction for this pristine beauty of the Irish court. While I gazed upon the picture of a man who united so many accomplishments of manner and of mind, and observed the fine intellectual smile, which the painter had succeeded in stealing upon animated canvass, I fell into a somewhat imaginative strain of thought, and asked myself what sort of woman "the dangerous Papist" must have been, in whom the master of the graces had found such enchanting peril. "What a charm," I said, "must she have possessed, upon whose face and form those bright eyes reposed in illuminated sweetness,—how soft and magical must have been the voice from whose whispers those lips have hung so often, what gracefulness of mind, what an easy dignity of deportment, what elegance of movement, what sweet vivacity of expression, how much polished gaiety and bewitching sentiment must have been united! I had formed to myself an ideal image of the young, the soft, the fresh, the beautiful, and tender girl, who had fascinated the magician of so many spells. The picture was almost complete. The Castle in all its quondam lustre rose before me, and I almost saw my Lord Chesterfield conducting Lady Palmer through the movements of a minuet, when the door was slowly opened, and in the midst of a volume of smoke, which during my phantasmagoric imaginations had not inappropriately filled the room, I beheld in her own proper person the being, in whose ideal creation I had indulged in a sort of Pygmalion dream. The opening of the door produced a rush of air, which caused the smoke to spread out in huge wreaths about her, and a weird and withered form stood in the midst of the dispersing vapour. She fixed upon me a wild and sorceress eye, the expression of which was aided by her attitude, her black attire, her elongated neck, her marked and strongly moulded, but emaciated features. She leaned with her long arm and her withered hand of discoloured parchment upon an ivory-headed cane, while she stretched forth her interrogating face, and with a smile, not free from ghastliness, inquired my name. I mentioned it, and her expression, as she had been informed that I was to visit her, immediately changed. After the ordinary formulas of civility, she placed herself in a huge chair, and entered at once into politics. She was a most vehement Catholic, and was just the sort of person that Sir Harcourt Lees would have ducked for a rebel and a witch. Lord Chesterfield and the Catholic question were the only subjects in which she seemed to take any interest. Upon the wrongs done to her country, she spoke not only with energy, but with eloquence, and with every pinch of snuff poured out a sentence of sedition. "Steth, sir, it is not to be borne," she used to exclaim, as she lifted her figure from the stoop of age, with her eyes flashing with fire, and struck her cane violently to the ground. Wishing to turn the conversation to more interesting matter, I told her I was not surprised at Lord Chesterfield having called her a "dangerous Papist." I had touched a chord, which, though slackened, was not wholly unstrung. The patriot relapsed into the woman; and passing at once from her former look and attitude, she leaned back in her chair, and drawing her withered hands together, while her arms fell loosely and languidly before her, she looked up at the picture of Lord Chesterfield with a melancholy smile. "Ah!" she said——But I have extended this note beyond all reasonable compass. I think it right to add, after so much mention of Lady Palmer, that although she was vain of the admiration of Lord Chesterfield, she took care never to lose his esteem, and that her reputation was without a blemish.

Catholic barristers who have been promoted under his Lordship's administration, by a strange matrimonial coincidence every one is married to a Protestant.

The bill sent over by Primate Boulter was carried, and Catholics were effectually excluded from the Bar. From 1725 to 1793 lawyers earnestly and strenuously professed the doctrines of the state; and although upon his death-bed many an orator of renown supplicated in a Connaught accent for a priest, yet his lady, whose gentility of religion was brought into some sort of question, and who would have considered it as utterly derogatory to set up a widow's cap to the memory of a relapsed papist, either drowned the agonies of conscience in the vehemence of her sorrows, or slapped the door in the face of the intrepid Jesuit, who had ventured upon the almost hopeless enterprise of saving the soul of the expiring counsellor. The Bar gradually assumed a decidedly Protestant character; and although an occasional Catholic practised as a conveyancer, yet none obtained any celebrity in the only department of the law from which Roman Catholics were not actually excluded. Indeed they held so low a place, that it appears to have been a kind of disrepute to have had any thing to do with them; and I remember to have read, in the cause of Simpson against Lord Mountnorris, the deposition of a witness, who stated as a ground for impeaching a deed, executed by the Earl of Anglesea, that it was drawn by a Papist. Roman Catholics were at this period excluded from the English, as well as from the Irish Bar; but Booth, the great conveyancer, was a Roman Catholic, and, before the professors of his religion were admissible to the rank of counsel, Mr. Charles Butler, of Lincoln's-inn, had obtained great fame.

In the year 1793 the great act for the relief of the Roman Catholics was passed. It was a piece of niggard and preposterous legislation: all, or nothing, should have been conceded. The effect of a partial enfranchisement was to give the means of acquiring wealth, influence, intelligence, and power, and yet withhold the only legitimate means of employing them. The Roman Catholics were not admitted into, but brought within reach of the constitution. They were still placed beyond the state, and were furnished with a lever to shake it. They obtained that external "point d'appui" from which they have been enabled to exercise a disturbing power. The extension of the elective franchise to men, who were at the same time declared to be ineligible to parliament, and the admission of Catholics to the Bar while they were denied its honourable rewards, are conspicuous instances of impolicy. The late Mr. George Ponsonby was strongly impressed with the imprudence of allowing Roman Catholics to enter the race of intelligence, and yet shut up the goal. He felt that the government were disciplining troops against themselves, and insisted on the absurdity of exciting ambition, and at the same time closing the avenues to its legitimate gratification. He saw that so far from conciliating the Roman Catholic body by so imperfect and lame a measure of relief, their indignation would rather be provoked by what was refused, than their gratitude be awakened by what was granted: desire would be inflamed by an approach to its object, while it was denied its natural and tranquillizing enjoyment. Mr. Ponsonby's anticipations were well-founded, and are going through a rapid process of verification.

The first Roman Catholics who took advantage of the ennobling statute, were Mr. Donnellan, Mr. Mac Kenna, Mr. Lynch, and Mr. Bellew. Every one of those gentlemen (*quod nota*, as Lord Coke says in his occasional intimations to the Junior Bar) was provided for by Government. Mr. Donnellan obtained a place in the revenue; Mr. Mac Kenna wrote some very clever political tracts, and was silenced with a pension; Mr. Lynch married a widow with a pension, which was doubled after his marriage; and Mr. Bellew is in the receipt of six hundred pounds a year, paid to him quarterly at the Treasury. The latter gentleman is deserving of notice. Whether I consider him as an individual, as the representative of the old Catholic aristocracy at the Bar, as a politician, a religionist, or a pensioner, I look upon this able, upright, starch, solemn, didactic, ~~pragmatical~~, inflexible, uncompromising, obstinate, pious, moral, good, benevolent, high-minded and exceedingly wrong-headed person, as in every way entitled to regard.

Mr. William Bellew is a member of one of the most distinguished Roman Catholic families in Ireland. There was formerly a peerage attached to his name, which was extinguished in an attainder. A baronetcy was retained. His father, Sir Patrick Bellew, was a man of a high spirit, distinguished for his munificence, and that species of disastrous hospitality, by which many a fine estate was so ingloriously dismembered. He constituted a sort of exception among the Catholic gentry; for at the time when that body sank under the weight of accumulated indignities, Sir Patrick Bellew exhibited a lofty sense of his personal importance, and was sufficiently bold to carry a sword. His property descended to his eldest son, Sir Edward Bellew. Mr. William Bellew, the barrister, who was his second son, was sent to the Anglo-Saxon university of Douay, from whence he returned with all the altitude of demeanour for which his father was remarkable, but with a profound veneration for all constituted authorities, of whatever nature, kind, or degree, and with abstract tendencies to political submission, which are by no means at variance with a man's interests in Ireland. He was one of the first Roman Catholics called to the Bar, and I have understood from some of his contemporaries, that, as he represented the Catholic gentry, and was considered to take a decided lead in their proceedings, in his first appearance in the Four Courts he attracted much notice. His general bearing produced a sort of awe; and it was obvious that, as Owen Glendower says, "he was not in the roll of common men." His lofty person, his stately walk, his perpendicular attitude, the rectilineal position of his head, his solemnity of gesture, the deep and meditative gravity of his expression, his sustained and measured utterance, the deliberation of his tones, his self-collectedness and concentration, and that condensed, but by no means arrogant or overweening, look of superiority by which he is characterized, fixed an universal gaze upon him; and from the contrast between him, and the rapid, bustling, and airy manner of most of his brethren, excited a general curiosity. Heedless of observation, and scarcely conscious of it, the forensic aristocrat passed through the throng of wondering spectators, and as Horatio says of the Royal Dane,

"with solemn march
Went slow and stately by them."

There was indeed something spectral in his aspect. The phantom of the old Catholic aristocracy seemed to have been evoked in his person, while the genius of Protestant ascendancy shrunk before its majestic apparition. All idea of checking "the growth of Popery" vanished in an instant at his sight; the only man who could compete with him in longitude of dimensions being Mr. Mahaffy; but that gentleman's stupendous length sat uneasily upon him, whereas the soul of the lofty Papist seemed to inhabit every department of his frame, and would have disdained to occupy any other than its sublime and appropriate residence. High as his post and demeanour were, they were wholly free from affectation. With a great deal of pride, he manifested neither insolence nor conceit. He looked far more dignified than authoritative; and although a strong expression of austerity was inscribed upon his countenance, it was by no means heartless or even severe. If I were a painter and were employed to furnish illustrations of *Ivanhoe*, I do not think that I could find a more appropriate model than Mr. Bellew for the picture of Lucas Beaumanoir. His visage is inexorable without fierceness; and many a time hath he been observed fixing his immitigable eye upon a beauty in the dock at the assizes of Dundalk, with that expression with which the Grand Master is represented to have surveyed the unfortunate Jewess. His friend Mr. Mac Kenna used to observe, that "if William Bellew saw a man hanging from every lamp-post down Capel-street, in his morning walk from Great Charles-street to the Four-Courts, the only question he would ask would be whether they were hanged according to law?"

Mr. Bellew came with signal advantages to the Bar. He was closely connected with the oldest and most opulent Roman Catholic families, and was employed as their domestic counsel. Their wills, their purchases, and marriage articles were drawn under his inspection. It was, I have heard, not a little agreeable to behold Mr. Bellew going through a marriage settlement, where an antient Catholic family was to be connected with an inferior caste. In Ireland, as well as in the sister country, the pride of birth prevails among the Roman Catholic gentry beyond almost any other passion. As in England we find an universal diffusion of cousinship through the principal Catholic houses, so the ancient blood of the Catholics of the Pale has been, by a similar process of intermarriage, carried through an almost uniform circulation. This pride of birth among the Catholic gentry, when excluded from political distinction, was perfectly natural. Having no field for the exercise of their talents, and without any prospect of obtaining an ascent in society through their own merits, they looked back to the achievements of their ancestors, and consoled themselves with the brilliant retrospect. While a young Irish Protestant threw himself into the field of politics, an Irish Catholic was left without the least scope for enterprise, and had scarce any resource, but to pace up and down the damp apartments of his family mansion, and to commune with the high-plumed warriors of the Pale, who frowned in mouldering paint before him. The young ladies too were instructed to look with emulation on the composed visages of their grand aunts, and to reverence the huge circumference of hoop in which their more sacred symmetries were encompassed and concealed. For a considerable time it was possible to maintain the dignity of the Roman Catholic families

without any plebeian intercourse ; but at last the pressure of mortgages and judgments became too great, and it was requisite to save the estate at the expense of the purity of its owner's blood. After a struggle and a sigh, the head of an old Catholic house resigned himself to the urgency of circumstances, and yielded to the necessity of intermingling the vulgar stream, which had crept through the grocers and manufacturers of the Liberty, with a current which, however pure, began to run low. A priest, a friend of the family, who, as matrimony is one of the seven sacraments, thinks himself in duty bound to promote so salubrious a rite, is consulted. He gives a couple of taps to his gold snuff-box, tenders a pinch to the old gentleman, protests that there are risks in celibacy, that it is needful to husband the constitution and the estate, and observing that the young squire, though a little pale, is a pretty fellow, puts his finger to his nose, and hints at a young damsel in New-row, (a penitent of his reverence, and a mighty good kind of young woman, not long come from the Cork convent,) with ruddy cheeks, and vigorous arms, a robust waist and antigallican toes. The parties are brought together. The effect of juxtaposition is notorious ; most of my readers know it by experience. The young gentleman stutters a compliment, the heart of the young lady and her wooden-fan are in a flutter ; the question is popped. The old people put their heads together. Consideration of the marriage, high blood, and equity of redemption upon one side ; and rude health and twenty thousand pounds on the other. The bargain is struck ; and to ensure the hymeneal negotiation nothing remains but that Counsellor Bellew should look over the settlements.

Accordingly a Galway attorney prepares the draft marriage settlement, with a skin for every thousand, and waits on Mr. Bellew. Laying thirty guineas on the table, and thinking that upon the credit of such a fee, he may presume to offer his opinion, he commences with an ejaculation on the fall of the good old families, until Mr. Bellew, after counting the money, casts a Caius Marius look upon him, and awes him into respect. He unrolls the volume of parchment, and the eye of the illustrious conveyancer glistens at the sight of the antient and venerable name that stands at the head of the indenture. But as he advances through the labyrinth of limitations, he grows alarmed and disturbed, and on arriving at the words "on the body of the said Judy Mac Gilligan to be begotten," he drops his pen, and puts the settlement away, with something of the look of a Frenchman, when he intimates his perception of an unusually bad smell. It is only after an interval of reflection, and when he has recalled the fiscal philosophy of Vespasian, that he is persuaded to resume his labours, but does not completely recover his tranquillity of mind, until turning the back of his brief, he marks that most harmonious of all monosyllables "paid," at the foot of the consolatory stipend.

No man at the Bar is more exact, careful, technical, and expert in conveyancing, than Mr. Bellew. He at one time monopolized the whole Catholic business.

Nor was it to the Roman Catholic body that his reputation as a lawyer was confined. He deservedly obtained a very high character with the whole public for the extent of his erudition, his familiar

knowledge of equity and of the common law, the clearness of his statements, the ingenuity and astuteness of his reasoning, and for that species of calm and deliberative elocution which is of such importance in the Court of Chancery. I look upon Mr. Bellew as a man who has most grievously suffered by his exclusion from the inner bar, from which nothing but his religion could have kept him. It was in the Court of Chancery that his business lay almost entirely; and in that court, it is absolutely necessary to have a silk gown, in order to be listened to with ordinary attention. The reason is this: not that Lord Manners pays no respect to any individual who is not in silk attire, but because the multitude of King's Counsel who precede a lawyer in a stuff gown of necessity exhaust the subject, and leave him the lees and dregs of the case. Mr. Bellew has lived to see his inferiors in talent and in knowledge raised above his head, and it is now his doom, at the end of a cause, to send his arguments like spent shot, after the real contest has been decided, and the hot fire is over. His situation would be very different indeed, if it were his office to state cases, and open important motions, for which no man is more eminently qualified. The whole Bar feel that he labours under a great hardship in this particular, for which a pension of 600*l.* a-year affords a very inadequate compensation. Mr. Bellew's pension of 600*l.* has effectually excluded him from all useful interference in Roman Catholic affairs; for, whenever he opposes a popular measure, it is sufficient to refer to his salary at the Castle, in order to excite the popular feeling against him. He has, however, upon this subject been a good deal misrepresented, and it is only an act of justice to him to state the facts.

The Catholic aristocracy supported the Union. They were led astray by a promise from Lord Cornwallis, and by such an intimation from Pitt as induced him to resign. I do not intend to discuss the merits of the question, but can readily conceive that many a good man might have advocated the measure, without earning for his motto, "*Vendidit hic auro patriam.*" I am fully convinced, from what I know of the honourable cast of Mr. Bellew's mind, that he never did promote the measure from any sordid views to his own interest. Lord Castlereagh was well aware of the importance of securing the support of the leading Roman Catholic gentry, and the place of assistant barrister was promised to Mr. Bellew. Whether the promise was made before or after the Union, I am not aware; nor is it of consequence excepting we adopt the scholastic distinction of Father Foigard in his argumentative assault upon Cherry's virtue: "If it be before, it is a bribe; if it be after, it is only a gratification." At all events, I am convinced that Mr. Bellew did nothing at variance with honour and conscience from any mercenary consideration. The place of assistant barrister became vacant: Lord Castlereagh was reminded of his engagement, when, behold! a petition signed by the magistrates of the county, to which Mr. Bellew was about to be nominated, is presented to the Lord Lieutenant, praying that a Roman Catholic should not be appointed to any judicial office, and intimating their determination not to act with him. The government were a good deal embarrassed by this notification; and in order at once to fulfil the spirit of their contract, and not to give offence to the Protestant magistrates, a pension equivalent to the salary of a

chairman was given to Mr. Bellew, and he was put in the enjoyment of the fruits of the office, without the labour of cultivation.

That it was reprehensible to tax the people with an additional pension on the part of the Irish government, out of a miserable dread of irritating a few Protestant gentlemen, cannot, I think, be questioned: and but few persons will be inclined to attach any great blame to Mr. Bellew for having accepted of this compensation. It would be very idle, however, to enter into any explanation upon these subjects with the Roman Catholic body, among whom the very name of pensioner, connected as it is with all sorts of back door and postern services at the Castle, carries a deep stigma. No matter how well Mr. Bellew may argue a point at a Catholic assembly; no matter how cogent and convincing his arguments may be in favour of a more calm and moderate tone of proceedings; the moment Mr. O'Connell lifts up his strong arm, and with an ejaculation of integrity "thanks his God that he is not a pensioner!" all the Douay syllogisms of Mr. Bellew vanish at the exclamation, and yells and shouts assail the retainer of government from every side. Had he the eloquence of Demosthenes, the clinking of the gold would be heard amidst the thunder. Yet I entertain no doubt that Mr. Bellew has not, in his political conduct, been actuated by any mean and dishonest motive. I utterly dissent from him in his views, principles, and opinions; but I believe that he is only acting in conformity with impressions received at a very early period, which his education and habits tended not a little to confirm. His first opinions were formed at a period when the Roman Catholic aristocracy was actuated by a spirit very different from that which it has lately evinced. Much condemnation has been attached to that body for their want of vigour in the conduct of Catholic affairs. But allowances ought to be made for them. The penal code had after a few years ground the gentry almost to powder. They lived in a state of equal terror and humiliation. From their infancy they were instructed to look upon every Protestant with alarm; for it was in the power of the meanest member of the privileged class to file a bill of discovery, and strip them of their estates. At their ordinary meals, they must have regarded their own children with awe, and felt they were at their mercy. Swift represents the whole body as little better than hewers of wood and drawers of water. The complication of indignities to which they were exposed must necessarily have generated bad moral influences; and accordingly we find in their petitions and remonstrances a tone of subserviency at which their descendants would blush. Even after the penal code was relaxed, and they were restored to the rank of citizens, they preserved the attitude of humility to which they had been accustomed; and when the load which they had carried so long was taken off, they retained a stoop. At length, however, they stand erect in their country; and with very few exceptions, exhibit the same spirit as the great mass of the people. Lord Fingal, though prevented by his health from taking an active part in public affairs, gives evidence of his assent to the bold and vigorous course of measures adopted by the body, of which he is the hereditary head, by the presence of his son. The latter, Lord Killeen, manifests as much energy and determination as he does sound sense and admirable discretion. Lord Gormanstown has thrown himself with enthusiasm into the national cause, and feels the injuries of

his country with a deep and indignant sensibility ; and even Lord Kenmare, whose love of retirement excludes him from the bustle of public meetings, lends to the Catholic Association the authority of his name, and shows that the spirit of patriotism has penetrated the deep woods of Killarney, in which his lordship and his excellent lady (the sister of Mr. Wilmot Horton) are connubially embowered. I should not omit to add, that Sir Edward Bellew and his son, who is a young man of very considerable abilities and likely to make a distinguished figure, displayed during the late election for the county of Louth great public spirit, energy, and determination. But amidst this almost universal change in the general temperature of the country, amidst this general ascent of the mercurial spirit of the people, Mr. William Bellew remains at zero. Not the smallest influence is perceptible in the cold rigidity of his opinions. True to the doctrine of non-resistance, he brings up in its support, the whole barbarous array of syllogistic forms with which his recollections of Douay can supply him. It is in vain that the rapid progress of the Catholic cause is urged against him : you appeal in vain to the firmness, union, and organization of the people, which have been effected through the Catholic Association : the insurrection of the peasantry against their landlords, and the consequent sense of their own rights with which they have begun to be impressed, are treated with utter scorn by this able dialectician, who meets you at every step with his major drawn from religion, and his minor derived from passive obedience, and disperses your harangue with his peremptory conclusion. Nor is it to speculation that he confines his innate reverence for the powers that be ; for after the dissolution of the old Roman Catholic Association by an Act of Parliament, when an effort was making to raise another body out of its ruins, of his own accord Mr. Bellew gratuitously published a letter, in the public journals, to demonstrate to the Attorney-general that it would be legal to put it down. In this view Mr. Plunket does not appear to have concurred.

Notwithstanding the censure which I have intimated of Mr. Bellew's political tendencies and opinions, I repeat, and that sincerely and unaffectedly, that I entirely acquit him of all deliberate corruption. His private life gives an earnest of integrity which I cannot question. It is, in all his individual relations in society, deserving of the most unqualified encomium. It would be a deviation from delicacy, even for the purposes of praise, to follow Mr. Bellew through the walks of private life. Suffice it to say, that a more generous, amiable, and tender-hearted man is not to be found in his profession, and underneath a frozen and somewhat rugged surface, a spring of deep and abundant goodness lives in his mind.

If in the hasty writing of the present sketch, I have allowed grotesque images in connexion with Mr. Bellew to pass across my mind, I have "set down nought in malice ;" and if I have ventured on a smile, that smile has not been Sardonic. In addition to the other qualities of Mr. Bellew for which he merits high praise, I should not omit his sincere spirit of religion. He is one of those few who unite with the creed of the Pharisee the sensibilities of the Samaritan. Mr. Bellew is a devout and unostentatious Roman Catholic, deeply convinced of the truth of his religion, and most rigorous in the practice of its precepts. The

only requisite which he wants to give him a complete title to spiritual perfection, is one in which some of his learned brethren are not deficient; and it cannot be said that he "has given joy in heaven," upon the principle on which so many barristers have the opportunity of administering to the angelic transports. One of the results of his having been always equally moral and abstemious as at present is, that his dedication to religion attracts no notice. If another barrister receives the sacrament, it is bruited through town; and at all the Catholic parties, the ladies describe with a pious minuteness the collected aspect, the combined expression of penitence and humility, the clasped hands, and the uplifted eyes of the counsellors; while the devout Mr. Bellew, who goes through the same sacred exercise, passes without a comment. In truth, I should not myself know that Mr. Bellew was a man of such strong religious addictions, but for an incident which put me upon the inquiry. Upon Ash-Wednesday it is the practice among pious Catholics to approach the altar; and while he repeats in a solemn tone, "Remember, man, that thou art dust," with the ashes which he carries in a vase the priest impresses the foreheads of those who kneel before him with the sign of the cross. Some two or three years ago, I recollect the court was kept waiting for Mr. Bellew, and the Master of the Rolls began to manifest some unusual symptoms of impatience, when at last Mr. Bellew entered, having just come from his devotions; and such was his haste from chapel, that he had omitted to efface the "memento mori" from his brow. The countenance of this gentleman is in itself sufficiently full of melancholy reminiscences; but when the Master of the Rolls, raising his eyes from a notice which he was diligently perusing, looked him full in the face, he gave an involuntary start. The intimation of judicial astonishment directed the general attention to the advocate; and traced in broad scpulchrál lines, formed of ashes of ebony in the very centre of Mr. Bellew's forehead, and surmounted by an ample and fully powdered wig, the black and appalling emblem. The burning cross upon the forehead of the sorcerer in "The Monk" could not have produced a more awful effect. The Six Clerks stood astonished; the Registrar was petrified; the whiskers of Mr. Daniel M'Kay, the Irish Vice-Chancellor, stood on end; and while Mr. Driscoll explained the matter to Mr. Sergeant Lefroy, Sir William M'Mahon with some abruptness of tone declared that he would not go beyond the motion.

HON. CAPTAIN KEPPEL'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.*

THE British possessions and commerce of India—the relations which those possessions and that commerce induce us to cultivate, as a nation, with the Asiatic countries which lie between India and our own—and the frequent passage of intelligent individuals through those countries, as an overland route, for going to or returning from India, are gradually introducing us to a considerable share of that intimate knowledge, which the several parts of the great region of which we are now speaking, very anciently cultivated with each other; but which, in our re-

* *Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, St. Petersburg, &c. &c. in the year 1821. By Captain the Hon. George Keppel. 4to. pp. 338.*

mote division of the globe, has long been almost confined to books, and almost worn the aspect of romance, rather than that of faithful history and accurate and familiar description. The extensive area now under contemplation, embraces within its limits some of the countries the most interesting, under every conceivable aspect, to our minds; they are associated with the traces and recollections of our national origin, with our civil history, and with that of our arts, sciences, letters, and civilization, and, above all, with our religion. The regions which lie still further to the eastward—the Asiatic countries to the east of the Persian Gulf—have no such popular and national, familiar, and even mysterious attractions; their ancient history—their historical remains—their hallowed sites—however interesting to another portion of mankind, have little or nothing to do with our western learning, with the histories which we read, with the allusions to which we are accustomed, with our Greek and Roman classics, with our manners, or with our religious faith. But, when travellers, as now, are able to talk to us of Chaldea (a portion of the modern pashalic of Bagdad), of Bagdad itself, the city of the Califs, and, above all, of the Calif Haroun al Raschid; of the reputed site of the Garden of Eden; of the actual ruins of Babylon, and of the Tower of Babel; all our attention is then awakened, and we receive with eagerness every word that is written concerning scenes that have been ever present to our mind's eye, though yet discernible only through a veil of darkness and of distance.

Captain Keppel, the author of the present interesting work, sailed for England from Bombay; and after touching at Muscat, disembarked at Bussorah, and ascended the Tigris; from Bagdad, he made a short excursion to the reputed ruins of Babylon, on the banks of the Euphrates; and passing through Kermanshah to Teheraun, the present capital of Persia, pursued his way to Bakoo, on the Caspian Sea, and thence, by land, to St. Petersburg, whence he finally took shipping for England. On the Persian coast, a country pilot ran the ship aground, but without any serious consequences. While measures for retrieving the accident were in progress, "the author of our calamity," says Captain Keppel, "was pacing the deck, the picture of horror and indecision, calling aloud on Mahomet to assist us out of danger;" and adds, "when called to account for his obstinacy, the pilot gave us an answer in the true spirit of predestination: 'If it is God's pleasure that the ship should go ashore, what business is it of mine?'" It should be observed, however, that the pilot's reply is here erroneously associated with the doctrine of "predestination," since it obviously belongs rather to that of a special and over-ruling Providence. The first and second chapters of Captain Keppel's book introduce us to several instructive traits of Persian and Arabian life and manners. Between the two nations there subsists no more (as we think) than the discordance observable in all corresponding instances, though to Captain Keppel it appears in a harsher point of view. "We were much amused," says this gentleman, "with the Sheikh's son, a child of three years' old, whose spirited answers were strong indications of the manner in which his father was bringing him up. I asked him, among other questions, if he was an Arab or a Persian? Indignant that there should be a doubt upon the subject, his little hand grasped the dagger in his girdle, as he replied, in an angry tone, 'God be praised, I am an Arab!'"

At Bussorah (the Balsora of our earlier writers) the English party witnessed the ceremonious entry of a new Governor ; and upon occasion of describing the audience granted by that personage, Captain Keppel makes a judicious and gentlemanly remark, highly deserving of practical and more general attention. It was (for example) barbarous ignorance and ill-breeding alone, which induced our last English Embassy to refuse the performance of the *co-foo* at the court of Pekin.

“ During this visit we wore our hats, in conformity to the Eastern custom of always keeping the head covered ; and agreeably to an exclusive privilege granted to Englishmen, we did not take off our shoes. Without entering into the merits of that John Bull policy, which exacts from the natives of the country in which we are residing, a conformity to our customs, instead of our adopting theirs, the privilege we Englishmen claim, both at Bagdad and at this place, of keeping on our shoes in the presence of the Pasha, certainly does appear an useless acquisition of privilege on our parts, and one that cannot but be highly offensive to their Asiatic feelings.

“ It is scarcely necessary to mention, that throughout the East, the mere act of a native entering a room with shoes on, is the greatest possible insult, as it is on the floor that all meals are eaten. Let us put the question to ourselves. Would any of us be pleased, if a foreigner were to claim the right of coming from the streets in his dirty boots, and of dancing up and down our dinner-table?”

At Bussorah, also, the party witnessed a horse-race, in which the English manner was imitated execrably ; and a betrothment, according to the singular custom of the place.

After these allusions to the light and agreeable nature of the greater proportion of the contents of Captain Keppel's volume, and of the easy and well-written form in which it is communicated, we make no apology for the haste with which we now proceed to pages of a graver, or at least an intenser interest, as being devoted either to some of those objects of that majestic and attractive antiquity to which we have made reference, or else to such as are bright with the enchantment of Arabian fiction ; for Captain Keppel, throughout all this part of his journey, travels with the alternate volumes of Scripture and of the Thousand and One Nights in his hand ; and compares continually, as he goes, the text of either page with the objects before his eyes. From the concluding words of the subjoined passage, the reader will see that the Wahhabees, of whom so much has been said at recent dates, are by no means of very recent original.

“ Mr. Hamilton, two officers of the *Alligator*, and myself, went to Zobeir, a town eight miles distant, to examine some ruins in the neighbourhood, supposed, by some, to be those of the ancient city of Bussorah. Within two miles of Zobeir, the remains of a wall can be traced ; and here commence the ruins, which are very extensive. Large fragments of stone pillars lie scattered in every direction ; many of these remaining in the original position, show that the former buildings were spacious, and supported by colonnades. About a mile west of Zobeir, the remains of buildings are much more indicative of former splendour, than elsewhere. Our guides informed us, that this quarter was formerly inhabited by the wealthy Barmecides, of whom mention is made in the Arabian Nights. This noble family was of Persian extraction, but settling afterwards in the cities of Bagdad and Bussorah, its members enjoyed, under several successive Caliphs, the highest honours of the state. The portion of a handsome arch, containing a Cufic inscription, was pointed out to us, as the Jamee Ali Barmekkee, the tomb of Ali the Barmecide. This personage was the uncle of our old acquaintance the Vizier

Giaffer, of Arabian Nights' celebrity. Half a mile to the west of this tomb, is a small mosque, covered with glazed tiles, containing the tomb of Zobeir, an Arab chief, from whom the neighbouring town derives its name. This chieftain was one of the earliest followers of Mahomet, and was slain at the battle of the Camel, which was fought near this place; an action memorable in the Mahometan annals, as the first in which the arms of the "faithful" were stained with civil blood.

"It would be difficult to assign a correct date to these ruins. D'Anville supposes them to belong to the city of the Orchæpi, a sect of Chaldean astronomers and mathematicians. Niebuhr, and other travellers, say they are those of ancient Bussorah; but then the time in which that city was founded, has never been correctly defined. By some, we are assured that Bussorah owed its existence to Omar, in the 14th year of the Hegira, and 635th of the Christian era; and by others it is attributed to the Roman Emperor Trajan, who reigned five hundred years previous to the former date.

"We were met within a mile of Zobeir by Hajee Yusuf, one of the principal inhabitants, who, with two or three horsemen, paid us the compliment of preceding us into the town. On arriving at the Hajee's house, we alighted from our horses, and partook of a plentiful Arab breakfast.

"Zobeir has regular streets, and an air of cleanliness that must strike every one coming from the stinking city of Bussorah. It was built a century ago, by some Arabs, who fortified themselves in it against the attacks of that desperate gang of Mahometan dissenters—the Wahhābees, so called from their leader Abdool Wahheb."

Leaving the ship, and ascending the Tigris toward Bagdad in a boat, the travellers soon arrived at Il Jescerah, also called Irak Arabia, and Babylonia, the seat, as locally reputed, of primeval Paradise.

A little higher up the river, the party came in sight of the Hammerine Mountains; and passed a building venerated and enriched by both Jews and Mahometans, as the tomb of the prophet Ezra; and hereabout Captain Keppel killed a brace of partridges "in the Garden of Eden."

Some wood-engravings, which, in addition to a map and two or three lithographic prints, illustrate this volume of travels, contribute, in the succeeding and subsequent chapters, to give precision to our ideas of the antiquities which Captain Keppel soon begins to bring to our notice; but we shall introduce these subjects (as they are also introduced by Captain Keppel) with a short extract, descriptive of the general appearance of the ruins of ancient buildings in the country traversed.

"Shortly afterwards, we came upon some extensive ruins on the left bank of the river, which we landed to examine: indeed, from hence to Bagdad, this now desert tract bears the marks of having once been covered with large and populous cities. Previous to entering upon a description of this place, a few general observations are necessary respecting the appearance of all ruins of this once populous region.

"The soil of ancient Assyria and Babylonia consists of a fine clay, mixed with sand, with which, as the waters of the river retire, the shores are covered. This compost, when dried by the heat of the sun, becomes a hard and solid mass, and forms the finest material for the beautiful bricks for which Babylon was so celebrated. We all put to the test the adaptation of this mud for pottery, by taking some of it while wet from the bank of the river, and then moulding it into any form we pleased. Having been exposed to the sun for half an hour, it became as hard as stone. These remarks are important, as the indication of buildings throughout this region are different from those of other countries, the universal substitution of brick for stone being observed in all the numerous ruins we visited, including those of the great cities of Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and of the mighty Babylon herself, for which we have the authority of Scripture, that her builders 'had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.'

"In consequence of this circumstance, the ruins now before us, which our guides called Mumliheh, instead of showing fragments of pillars, or any marks by which we might conjecture the order of architecture, exhibit an accumulation of mounds, which, on a dead flat, soon attract the eye of a traveller, and have at first sight the appearance of sandy hillocks. On a nearer inspection they prove to be square masses of brick, facing the cardinal points, and, though sometimes much worn by the weather, built with much regularity; the neighbourhood of these large mounds is strewn with fragments of tile, broken pottery, and manufactured vitreous substances. Coins, the incontestable proofs of former population, are generally to be found. In this place they are so abundant, that many persons come from Bagdad in the dry season to search for them. Abou Nasir told us that some time ago he found a pot full of coins; and Mr. Hart picked up two, with apparently Cufic inscriptions, but their characters were not very decipherable. Near the place where they were found, was the fragment of a vessel which possibly contained them."

But, though neither the foregoing remarks, nor the materials for building which it brings under our review, would lead us to expect the existence of "pillars" or columns among the decorations or resources of Babylonish edifices; and though, perhaps, we ought at least to hesitate at believing that the *invention* of the column could have had place upon such a soil; yet we presently find Captain Keppel presenting us with the figure of what, in the first instance, indeed, he calls a pillar or column, but afterward describes as resembling those ancient columns (sometimes, we believe, called towers) "so common in Ireland."

"Half a mile from the banks of the river was the portion of a pillar, composed of sun-burnt bricks, twenty feet two inches high, and sixty-three feet in circumference. It consisted of eight layers of bricks, several compartments of seven layers placed horizontally, and one vertically; between the layers was interspersed cement, one-half the thickness of the brick. The pillar stands at the eastern side of a large mass of ruins, apparently the remains of an extensive palace, or temple; that portion which is left, proves it to be detached, and there were evidently no means of ascending it."

If this "column, of sixty-three feet in circumference," was at any time a part only of another building, our notions of the magnitude, as well as of the ornamental character of that building, must be enhanced indeed! But was it not more probably a detached and independent object?

At page 67, we have the sculptured figure of the lower limbs of a sitting female, with long vestments, wrought in granite, and much resembling the corresponding portions of the Egyptian figures of Isis; but the Mahometan antiquaries of the country relate, that it is all that now remains of a brother and sister, whom God, for their sins, turned into stone.—The view and description of the *Tauk Kisra*, on the site of the ancient Ctesiphon, discover to us the remains of a palace of very large dimensions.

But, refraining from further reference to the particulars of Babylonish antiquities, we content ourselves, in this place, with citing Captain Keppel's very succinct and satisfactory statement of that important point—his grounds "for supposing the ruins he visited were those of Babylon:" we merely observe, in addition, that while upon the spot, our author found ample reason for reliance upon the measurements, and every other particular which was given to the world, by the late estimable English consul at Bagdad, Mr. Rich.

"From this place, the ruins of the once mighty Babylon are distinctly visible, presenting the appearance of a number of irregular and mis-shapen hills. Fourteen miles to the N. N. E. is the Tower of Babel, now known by the name of Nimrod's Tower. Since my return to England, I have been occasionally asked, what grounds I had for supposing the ruins I visited were those of Babylon. Rennell has so completely established their identity with that city, that I shall merely state the following reasons for my belief.

"The place in question is still called Babel by the natives of the country. The traditions of Oriental writers, and those of the neighbouring Arabs, assign the highest antiquity to the ruins. The accounts given by ancient authors agree with the Oriental traditions. The appearance of the place answers the description given by those authors, and the position agrees in the relative distance of Babylon from other great cities: the city of Seleucia, for instance, to the north-east, and that of Is to the north-west. The ruins seen by me correspond with all ancient accounts, both in their geographical relation to Babylon, and to the peculiar description of building. The appearance of the fallen city is precisely that which the divine writings predict Babylon should exhibit after her downfall. The geographical accounts convince me, that Babylon could not have stood elsewhere than on the spot I visited; and the prodigious remains are conclusive evidence that they could have belonged to no other city.

"The next point for consideration is, the reason why greater remains of Babylon are not to be found? Remembering the circumstances under which this city was built, there will be no difficulty in accounting for the deficiency. It is the vast size of Babylon, and not the want of durability in its materials, that ought to excite our wonder. I have before stated, on the authority of Scripture, that the builders of Babylon substituted "bricks for stone, and slime for mortar;" a peculiarity which is mentioned by Herodotus, and various ancient authors; and I have also remarked on the ready adaptation of the wet mud on the banks of the river for the making of bricks. When we consider the sandy nature of the soil on which Babylon stood, the perishable materials of which the city was composed, and the many large cities that have been built of the ruins; when it is remembered, that workmen have been constantly employed in removing the bricks; that for two thousand years the ruins have been subject to the operations of the weather, and that in consequence of the Euphrates periodically overflowing its banks, they are for two months of every year in a state of inundation;—we ought the rather to be surprised, that such vast masses should have withstood so many concurring causes for total extinction. From these circumstances, I take it for granted, that all the ordinary buildings are crumbled into dust, and that only the remains of the largest exist.

"Whoever has seen the mud habitations of an eastern city, will readily accede to this suggestion. If any further argument were wanting, the fact mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, that the greater portion of the place within the walls was ploughed up in his time, would be, in my opinion, conclusive evidence.

"After stating upon what grounds I rest my belief in the identity of these ruins, it is fair to add, that our party, in common with other travellers, have totally failed in discovering any traces of the city walls.

"The divine predictions against Babylon have been so literally fulfilled in the appearance of the ruins, that I am disposed to give the fullest signification to the words of Jeremiah, that "the broad walls of Babylon shall be utterly broken." We are told by Herodotus, that Babylon was surrounded by a very wide and deep trench, with the earth of which the wall was constructed. This wall was 200 cubits or 300 feet high. When Darius took Babylon, being exasperated against the inhabitants for the resistance they had shown him, he reduced their wall from its original height to 50 cubits. As his object was evidently to incapacitate the proud citizens from again opposing him, it is highly probable that he refilled the trench with the earth which had been taken from it. The work of destruction did not stop here.

Xerxes, on returning from his ill-fated Grecian expedition, is said to have levelled the remaining part of the wall. This statement, however, must not be taken too literally. St. Jerome, who lived in the fourth century of the Christian era, states, that the wall was still standing; nevertheless, the reduction by Xerxes must have been very considerable. From the time of Jerome, no mention is made of Babylon for several centuries, in which interval it is most probable that what remained of the wall must have contributed to the building of the numerous cities which have been formed out of these ruins."

The accounts of the mendicant order of Calendars, of the tomb of Zobeide, and of a visit to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Bagdad, can by no means fail to interest the reader.

Tearing ourselves away from Captain Keppel's very alluring account of his stay at Bagdad, (the City of Gardens,) and from Gaur, (the City of Magicians,) we are equally obliged to hurry our reluctant steps through Kermanshah, where the Persian domination takes place of the Turkish. The length of the description of the funeral of a deceased Prince, (associating its circumstances, as, to a limited extent, we do, with those of a recent and lamented occurrence among ourselves,) prevents us from extracting it. We allow ourselves room, however, for remarking on the barbarian combination which that description presents, not only of many observances entirely similar to our own, but of many features of the most polished manners, united, nevertheless, with others of the most gross character. On the road from the capital to the place of sacred deposit, the convoy halted for a night in a caravanserai, where the royal chief-mourner, (the son of the deceased,) together with the chief priest, were foremost in a carousing party—got drunk—and sang the most licentious, not to say the most loathsome, songs. It is remarked upon this occasion by Captain Keppel, that "some Persian love-songs have been elegantly translated into English by one of the most flowery poets of the last century; but the reader would throw down the verses with disgust if he were aware of the objects to whom these amatory effusions are generally addressed."

The author's arrival at Teheraun, and his account of the Persian Court, along with further displays of Persian manners, and Persian antiquities, would easily detain us for many pages further; and the more so, because we think it an object of interest to impress upon English readers in general, as well that ancient connexion which, as we have above hinted, unites themselves and the Persians, both for common Scythian origin and for community of all fundamental ideas—as also that modern and hourly increasing connexion which, as we have also above hinted, our Indian empire creates and dictates, as matter of state policy, at the present day. At the funeral of the Prince of Kermanshah, the music played was chiefly English, and, amongst the rest, the air of "Rule Britannia:" the English name is in general repute in Persia; and we may here add, from another source than Captain Keppel's volume, a brief view of the existing English ascendancy in Persia. The Persian troops are commanded by English officers, clothed in English uniforms, and supplied with English arms. An English officer (Major Hart) is Generalissimo of the Persian forces; the physician of the Prince Royal, Abbas Meerza, (Dr. Cormic) is an Englishman. At the date of the last advices to Eng-

land, Colonel Macdonald Kinneir, the British Chargé d'Affaires, was with the king of Persia, who was then about to proceed to the frontiers to join Prince Abbas. In short, the whole machinery of the Persian Government is put into motion by English agents, and by English influence. It may be remarked, too, that within a very recent period, all foreigners, except the English, were ordered to quit the Persian territory. The national policy (it may be scarcely necessary to subjoin) which dictates this close intimacy of England with Persia, refers to the joint interest of both in the defence of the latter against the power of Russia—Persia struggling for her own independence, and England for preventing the general aggrandisement of Russia, and especially for the prevention of a Russian acquisition of Persia as a means of annoyance, at the least, if not of overthrow, of the English empire in India. There are those who suspect a connexion between the existing troubles at the two opposite points of Persia and Portugal; that is, that Russia foment the discord in the Iberian Peninsula, in order to divert the English resources from the assistance of Persia, and from the ultimate defence of India.

From Teheraun, Captain Keppel and his friends, as before stated, passed into the Russian territory, and thence by Bakoo on the Caspian Sea, by the Desert of Astrakhan, and through the midst of the Lesguy, Calmuc, and Nogai Tartars, to St. Petersburg.

“One morning,” says the author, “as we were changing horses, a state prisoner, guarded and heavily manacled, drove up to the inn door. He looked pale and dispirited; no one appeared to be acquainted with the nature of his accusation. He had been suddenly taken from his family at Vladimir, had been travelling night and day, and was not to be allowed to stop till he arrived at St. Petersburg. It was with a shudder I heard, that he was, in all probability, likely to perish under the dreadful lash of the knout.”

Of the easy and agreeable manner in which Captain Keppel has throughout communicated his information we have already spoken; and in laying down his book, we have only further to remark, that it has everywhere both amused and instructed us, and that we are struck with the very competent amount of enterprise, intelligence, learning, and good taste which have stamped the whole of his observations and researches.

THE CLUBS OF ST. JAMES'S.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

BRUMMELL AND ALDERMAN COMBE.—The late Alderman Combe was a great gamester, and made as much money by his dexterity at play, as he did by brewing. One evening, whilst he filled the office of Lord Mayor of London, he was busily engaged at a full hazard-table at Brookes's, where the wit and the dice-box circulated together with great glee, and where Beau Brummell was one of the party. “Come, *Mash-tub*,” said Brummell, who was the *caster*, “what do you set?” “Twenty-five guineas,” answered the Alderman. “Well then,” returned the Beau, “have at the Mayor's *poney*,* only,—and Seven's the main.” He continued to throw until he drove home the

* By gamesters, twenty-five guineas (rolled up in paper) are called a *Poney*; and fifty, a *Rouleau*.

Brewer's twelve poneys, running; and then getting up and making him a low bow, whilst pocketing the cash, he exclaimed, "Thank you, Alderman; for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours."—"I wish, Sir," replied the Brewer, "that every other black-guard in London would tell me the same."

ROGER WILBRAHAM AND SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.—The late Sir Philip Francis, who, during many years of his life, was a member of the House of Commons, spoke, on all questions of importance, on the side of Opposition. He was the convivial companion of Fox, and during the short administration of that Statesman, was made a Knight of the Bath. Roger Wilbraham, who was also on the same side, came up one evening to the whist-table, where Sir Philip (who, for the first time, wore the ribbon of the Order) was seriously engaged in the middle of a rubber, and thus accosted him. Laying hold of the ribbon, and examining it for some time before he spoke, he at length said, "So, this is the way they have rewarded you at last:—they have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they?—a pretty bit of red ribbon to hang about your neck; and that satisfies you, does it? Now, I wonder what I shall have! What do you think they will give me, Sir Philip?" The newly made knight, who had twenty-five guineas depending on the rubber, and who was not very well pleased at the interruption, suddenly turned round, and casting on him a ferocious look, exclaimed, "A halter, and be d—d to you!"

SHERIDAN'S INTRODUCTION INTO THE CLUB.—It is proper to premise, that when any gentleman is desirous of being a member of Brookes's, it is necessary that two members should propose him, and that his name, with those of the proposers, should be inscribed on a board over the fireplace of the club-room, for one month before his election or rejection is decided. This must be by ballot, and if even one *black* ball be thrown into the urn, the candidate cannot be admitted. This rule, in the olden time, was, like the Median and Persian laws, never infringed: perhaps it is not now; but the present members of the Club are not so rigid as to the character, quality, and fortune of candidates, as their fathers were. Twenty years ago, the Club was select, and by no means numerous: a citizen or merchant could seldom or never obtain admission; and wealth alone, without high blood or transcendent talent, was generally excluded. Within a few late years, the number of members has been extended to fifteen hundred; consequently wealth, or a seat in the Opposition, has been a pretty certain passport for admission. Election by ballot, however, still continues; and the only person who ever became a member without this ceremony, was his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness entered the Club in order to have more frequent intercourse with Fox; and, on his first appearance, every member got up and welcomed him in by acclamation. But, to return to the subject of the present anecdote.

When Fox first became acquainted with Sheridan, he was so delighted with his company and brilliant conversation, that he was exceedingly anxious to get him admitted as a member of Brookes's, which he himself was in the habit of frequenting every night. Sheridan was accordingly proposed; and though on several occasions every gentleman was earnestly canvassed to vote for him, yet he was

sure to have *one black ball* whenever he was balloted for; which was, of course, sufficient to disqualify him.

This was carried on for many months; and it was at length resolved on by his friends to find out who the person was that so inveterately opposed the admission of the orator. Accordingly, the balls were *marked*, and old George Selwyn (whose aristocratic prejudices would have induced him to black-ball his Majesty himself, if he could not produce proofs of noble descent for three generations at least) was discovered to be the hostile party. This circumstance was told the same evening to Mr. Sheridan, who desired that his name might be put up again as usual, and begged that the farther conduct of the matter might be left to himself.

Accordingly, on the next evening, when he was to be balloted for, Sheridan arrived at Brookes's, arm-in-arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began. Being shown into the candidates' waiting-room, the waiter was ordered to tell Mr. Selwyn that the Prince desired to speak with him, in the room below stairs, immediately. Selwyn obeyed the summons without delay; and Sheridan, to whom, by the by, he had no *personal* dislike, entertained him for half an hour with a political story which interested him very much, but which, of course, had no foundation in truth. During Selwyn's absence the balloting went on, and Sheridan was chosen; which circumstance was announced to himself and the Prince by the entrance of the waiter, who made the preconcerted signal, by stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately got up, and apologising for an absence of a few minutes, told Mr. Selwyn that "the Prince would finish the narrative, the catastrophe of which he would find very *remarkable*." He now found his own way up-stairs, and his name being sent in to Fox, he came out, took him by the hand, and introduced him with all due formality to the Club; all the members of which welcomed him by shaking hands, and with the most flattering compliments. Sheridan was now in his glory.

The Prince, in the mean time, was left in no enviable situation; for he had not the least idea of being left to conclude a story, the thread of which (if it had a thread) he had entirely forgotten, and which, perhaps, his eagerness to serve Sheridan's cause prevented him from listening to with sufficient attention, to take up where Sheridan had dropped it. Still, by means of his auditor's occasional assistance in the way of prompting, he contrived, with a good deal of humming and hawing, to get on pretty well for a few minutes; when a question from old Selwyn, as to the flat contradiction of a part of his Royal Highness's story to that of Sheridan, completely posed him, and he stuck fast. Having endeavoured to set himself right by floundering about a good deal, and finding that it was all labour in vain, the Prince at length burst out into a loud laugh at the ludicrous figure which he cut, and exclaimed "D—n the fellow!—to leave me to finish his infernal story, of which I know as much as the child unborn! But never mind, Selwyn, as Sherry does not seem inclined to come back, let us go up-stairs, and I dare say Fox, or some of them, will be able to tell you all about it."

They adjourned to the Club Room accordingly, and old George, who did not know what to make of the matter, had his eyes com-

pletely opened to the whole manœuvre, when on his entrance, Sheridan, rising, made him a low bow, and thus addressed him: "'Pon my honour, Mr. Selwyn, I beg pardon for being absent so long; but the fact is, I happened to drop into devilish good company:—they have just been making me a member,—without even one *black ball*,—and here I am." "The devil they have!" exclaimed George.—"Facts speak for themselves," replied Sheridan; "and as I know you are very glad of the circumstance, accept my grateful thanks (*pressing his hand on his breast, and bowing very low,*) for your friendly suffrage.—And now, if you will sit down by me, I'll finish my story; for I dare say his Royal Highness has found considerable difficulty in doing justice to its merits." "Your story! It's all a lie, from beginning to end!" screamed out Selwyn, amidst immoderate fits of laughter from all parts of the room. The old man now sat down, growling, at the nearest whist-table; but, in a short time, he could not help joining in the peals of mirth which were occasioned by the trick that had been played him; and before the evening was over, he shook hands with Sheridan, and kindly wished him welcome.

Poor Sheridan remained many years a member, and was the delight of all. He paid his subscription, it is true: that is, twenty guineas the first year, and twelve every succeeding one; but his account with the house was, alas! like all his other debts, continually on the increase. When he was turned out of office, the partners who managed the concerns of the Club, seeing no chance of their claim being ever cancelled, would fain have *dismembered* him; but his fascinating conversation had made him so many friends(?) that it was more than they dared do, to refuse him a bottle when he called for it; or to forget to lay a knife and fork for him, when the members chose to dine together on grand occasions. There is no doubt but Sheridan would have paid all his debts if he could; but his wishes to do so, compared with his well-known want of economy, were like Paine's simile of Mr. Pitt's theory of Finance: viz. that the power of the Sinking Fund to redeem the National Debt, was like that of a man with a *wooden leg* trying to overtake a hare,—the longer he ran, the farther he was behind! Mr. Sheridan was sufficiently sensible that some apology, or "promise to pay," was due to the proprietors; and never failed, on proper occasions, to amuse them with flattering prospects of the future. In these, he deceived himself more than those whom he attempted to cajole. Still, he was at all times a welcome guest at Brookes's; for the gentlemen above alluded to, continued to grant that with a good grace, which they could not refuse, or withdraw, without considerable offence to the oldest and most respectable members.

FIGHTING FITZGERALD.—Whilst on the subject of sinister admission to the Club, the writer cannot do better than relate the very singular and whimsical manner in which Mr. Arthur Fitzgerald forced his way into Brookes's. This personage, it is well known, though nearly related to one of the first families in Ireland (Leinster), was publicly executed, in the year 1786, for a murder which he had coolly premeditated, and which he and others perpetrated in a most cruel and cowardly manner. The fame, or rather infamy, which encircled his brows, from having been the survivor in a great many duels, became at length the cause of the most ferocious haughtiness, and greatly increased his

overbearing and quarrelsome disposition. His duelling propensities, however, kept him out of all the first clubs in London, and rendered him at once both an object of terror and of hatred; and, even when he was introduced at the Court of France, where single combat was not so much reprehended as in Great Britain, the young monarch (the unfortunate Louis XVI.) could not help showing his abhorrence of a professed duellist, by uttering a most deserved sarcasm on Fitzgerald, and by refusing to admit him a second time to his levee. The gentleman who introduced him (the English Ambassador) having said, "I have the honour to introduce to your Majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald, an Irishman, of high descent, who, in his time, has successfully fought no less than eighteen duels, and always killed his man:" the King replied, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I have read your famous English history of Jack the Giant Killer; and I think it may be greatly improved by adding this Irishman's life, by way of appendix—Let him retire!" His Majesty farther observed to the Ambassador, in the duellist's hearing, that if Mr. Fitzgerald showed a disposition to quarrel with any of his subjects, he should order him to quit France in ~~four~~ ^{within} four hours.

But, to avoid farther digression, the writer has to state that Fitzgerald having once applied to Admiral Keith Stewart, to propose him as a candidate for Brookes's, and the worthy Admiral well knowing that he must either fight or comply with his request, chose the latter alternative. Accordingly, on the night in which the balloting was to take place, (which was only a mere form in this case; for even Keith Stewart himself had resolved to *black-ball* him,) the duellist accompanied the gallant Admiral to St. James's-street, and waited in the room below whilst the suffrages were taking, in order to know the issue. The ballot was soon over, for without hesitation each member threw in a *black ball*, and when the scrutiny took place, the company were not a little amazed to find not even *one* white one among the number. However, the point of rejection being carried *nem. con.* the grand affair now was, as to which of the members had the hardihood to announce the same to the expectant candidate. No one would undertake the office, for the announcement was sure to produce a challenge; and a duel with Fighting Fitzgerald had, in almost every case, been fatal to his opponents. The general opinion, however, was, that the proposer, Admiral Stewart, should convey the intelligence, and that in as genteel terms as possible. But the Admiral, who was certainly, on all proper occasions, a very gallant officer, was not inclined to go on any such embassy. "No, gentlemen," said he, "I proposed the fellow, because I knew you would not admit him; but by G—, I have no inclination to risk my life against that of a madman." "But, Admiral," replied the Duke of Devonshire, "there being no *white ball* in the box, he must know that you have *black-balled* him as well as the rest, and he is sure to call you out, at all events." This was a poser for the poor Admiral, who sat silent for a few seconds, amidst the half-suppressed titter of the members; at length, joining in the laugh against himself, he exclaimed, "Upon my soul! a pleasant job I've got into. D—n the fellow!—No matter!—I won't go:—let the waiter tell him that there was one *black ball*, and that his name must be put up again if he wishes it." This plan appeared so judicious, that all concurred in its propriety: accordingly, the waiter was, in a few minutes, despatched on the mission.

In the mean time Mr. Fitzgerald showed evident symptoms of impatience at being kept so long from his "dear friends" above stairs; and frequently rang the bell to know *the state of the poll*. On the first occasion, he thus addressed the waiter who answered his summons; "Come here, my tight little fellow; do you know if I am *chosed* yet?" "I really can't say, sir," replied the young man, "but I'll see." "There's a nice little man: be quick, d'ye see, and I'll give ye sixpence when ye come with the good news." Away went the *little man*; but he was in no hurry to come back, for he as well as his fellows were sufficiently aware of Fitzgerald's violent temper, and wished to come in contact with him as seldom as possible.

The bell rang again, and to another waiter the impatient candidate put the same question, "Am I *chosed* yet, *waiter*?" "The balloting is not over yet, sir," replied the man. "Not over yet!" exclaimed Fitzgerald. "But sure, there is no use of balloting at all, when my dear friends are all unanimous for me to come in. Run, my man, and let me know how they are getting on."

After the lapse of another quarter of an hour, the bell rang so violently, as to produce a contest among the poor servants, as to whose turn it was next to *enter* in his den; and Mr. Brookes, seeing no alternative but *resolving* to *take* the message from the waiter who was descending the staircase, and boldly entered the room with a coffee equipage in his hand. "Did you call for coffee, sir?" said Mr. Brookes, smartly.—"D—n your coffee, *sur*, and you too," answered Mr. Fitzgerald, in a voice which made the host's blood curdle in his veins. "I want to know, *sur*, and that without one moment's delay, *sur*, if I'm *chosed* yet?" "Oh, sir," replied Mr. Brookes, who trembled from head to foot, but attempted to smile away the appearance of fear; "I beg your pardon, sir; but I was just coming to announce to you,—sir,—with Admiral Stewart's compliments, sir,—that,—unfortunately,—there was one black ball in the box, sir; and,—consequently, by the rules of the club, sir,—no candidate can be admitted without a new election, sir,—which cannot take place,—by the standing regulations of the Club, sir,—until a month from this time, sir."

During this address Fitzgerald's irascibility appeared to undergo considerable *mollification*; and, at its conclusion, the terrified landlord was not a little surprised and pleased to find his guest shake him by the hand, which he squeezed heartily between his own two, saying, "My dear Mr. Brookes, I'm *chosed*, and I give ye much joy; for I'll warrant ye'll find me the best customer in your house;—but there must be a small matter of a mistake in my *election*; and as I should not wish to be so ungentle as to take my *sate* among my dear friends above stairs until that mistake is duly rectified, you'll just step up and make my compliments to the gentlemen, and say, as it is only a mistake of *one* black ball, they will be so good as to waive all ceremony on my account, and proceed to *re-elect* their humble servant without any more delay at all;—so now, my dear Mr. Brookes, you may put down the coffee, and I'll be drinking it while the new *election* is going on."

Away went Mr. Brookes, glad enough to escape with whole bones, for this time at least. On announcing the purport of his errand to the assembly above stairs, many of the members were panic-struck; for they clearly foresaw that some disagreeable circumstance was likely to

be the finale of the farce which they had been playing. Mr. Brookes stood silent for some minutes, waiting for an answer, whilst several of the members whispered and laughed, in groups, at the ludicrous figure which they all cut. At length, the Earl of March (afterwards the Duke of Queensberry) said aloud, "Try the effect of *two* balls:—D—n his Irish impudence, if *two* black balls don't take effect upon him, I don't know what will." This proposition met with unanimous approbation, and Mr. Brookes was ordered to communicate accordingly.

On re-entering the waiting-room, Mr. Fitzgerald rose hastily from his chair, and seizing him by the hand, eagerly inquired, "Have they *elected* me right now, Mr. Brookes?"—"I hope no offence, Mr. Fitzgerald," said the landlord, "but I am sorry to inform you, that the result of the second balloting is,—that *two* black balls were dropped in, sir."—"By J—s, then," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "there's now *two* mistakes instead of one. Go back, my dear friend, and tell the honourable members that it is a very uncivil thing to keep a gentleman waiting below stairs, with no one to keep him company but himself, whilst they are enjoying themselves with their champagne and their cards and their tokay, up above. Tell them to try again, and I hope they will have better luck next time and make no more mistakes, because it's getting late, and I *won't* be *chosed* to-night at all.—So, now, Mr. Brookes, be off with yourself, and *lave* the door open 'till I see ~~what~~ despatch you make."

Away went Mr. Brookes for the last time. On announcing his unwelcome errand, every one saw that palliative measures only prolonged the dilemma; and General Fitzpatrick proposed, that Brookes should tell him, "his cause was hopeless, for that he was *black-balled all over*, from head to foot, and it was hoped by all the members, that Mr. Fitzgerald would not persist in thrusting himself into society where his company was declined."

This message, it was generally believed, would prove a sickener, as it certainly would have done to any other candidate under similar circumstances. Not so, however, to Fitzgerald, who no sooner heard the purport of it than he exclaimed, "Oh, I perceive it is a *mistake altogether*, Mr. Brookes; and I must see to the rectifying of it myself,—there's nothing like *daling* with principals,—and so I'll step up at once and put this thing to rights, without any more unnecessary delay."

In spite of Mr. Brookes's remonstrance, that his entrance into the club-room was against all rule and etiquette, Fitzgerald found his way up-stairs, threatening to throw the landlord over the banisters for endeavouring to stop him. He entered the room without any farther ceremony than a bow, and saying to the members who indignantly rose up at this most unexpected intrusion, "Your servant, gentlemen! I beg ye will be *sated*." Walking up to the fireplace, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart;—"So, my dear Admiral, Mr. Brookes informs me that I have been *elected* three times."—"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I am sorry to say, you have not been chosen," said Stewart. "Well then," replied the duellist, "did you black-ball me?" "My good sir," answered the Admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing!" "Oh, I *supposed* no such thing, my dear fellow, I only want to know who it was that dropped the black balls in by *accident*, as it were."

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member, and put the same question *seriatim*, "Did you black-ball me, sur?" until he made the round of the whole club; and it may well be supposed, that in every case he obtained similar answers to that of the Admiral. When he had finished his *inquisition*, he thus addressed the whole body, who preserved as dead and dread a silence as the urchins at a parish school do on a Saturday, when the pedagogue orders half a score of them to be *horsed* for neglecting their catechism, which they have to repeat to the parson on Sunday:—"You see, gentlemen, that as none of ye have black-balled me, *I must be chose*; and it is *Misther* Brookes that has made the mistake. But I was convinced of it from the beginning, and I am only sorry that so much time has been lost, and honourable gentlemen prevented from enjoying each other's good company sooner.—*Waitther!* come here, ye *raskal*, and bring me a bottle of champagne, till I drink long life to the club and wish them joy of their unanimous election of a *rael* gentleman by father and mother, and"—This part of Fitzgerald's address excited the risible muscles of every one present, but he soon restored them to their former lugubrious position, by casting around him a ferocious look, and saying in a voice of thunder,—"*and who never missed his man!* Go for the champagne, *waitther*,—and d'ye hear, sur, tell your *masthur*, *Misther* Brookes that is, not to make any more mistake about *black balls*, for though it is below a gentleman to call him out, I will find other *wines* of giving him a bag full of broken bones!"

The members now saw that there was nothing for it but to send the intruder to Coventry, which they appeared to do by tacit agreement; for, when Admiral Stewart departed, which he did almost immediately, Mr. Fitzgerald found himself completely *cut* by all "his dear friends." The gentlemen now formed themselves into groups at the several whist-tables; and no one chose to reply to his observations, nor to return even a nod to the toasts and healths which he drank, whilst discussing three bottles of the sparkling liquor which the terrified waiter placed before him in succession. At length, finding that no one would *communicate* with him in *either kind*, either for drinking or for fighting; he arose, and making a low bow, took his leave as follows: "Gentlemen, I bid you all good night; I am very glad to find ye so *sociable*:—I'll take care to come earlier next night, and we'll have a little more of it, *plase G—d*."

The departure of this bully was a great relief to every one present, for the restraint caused by his vapouring and insolent behaviour was most intolerable. The conversation immediately became general, and it was unanimously agreed that half-a-dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to lay him by the heels and bear him off to the watch-house, if he attempted again to intrude. Of some such measure Fitzgerald seemed to be aware; for he never showed himself at Brookes's again, though he boasted every where that he had been unanimously chosen a member of the club!

The writer trusts that none of his readers are impressed with the idea, that want of personal courage on the part of any member contributed, in the smallest degree, to prevent Fitzgerald from being kicked out of a society into which he had so unwarrantably thrust himself; more particularly when he considers, that the whole affair was so eccentric as to create mirth, rather than a desire to inflict chastisement; and

that many (particularly the junior members) had no small curiosity to witness the termination of an adventure so impudently and so ludicrously carried on. But, these considerations apart, it is not to be supposed that men whose courage on ordinary occasions might easily be "screwed up to the sticking point," should be very ready, as Admiral Stewart expressed it, "to risk their lives against that of a madman."—Moreover, in addition to the well-founded and rational dislike which many have to duelling, family considerations, and a natural love of life, were sufficient to deter any man of sense from encountering the *Fighting Fitzgerald*, either with sword or pistol; for, being a really good swordsman and marksman, and being accounted almost *invulnerable* in his own person, the result of a combat with him ceased to be an affair of chance, but amounted to a *dead* certainty. Is it surprising then that no gentleman should have had the hardihood to espouse the cause of *all*, by throwing away his own life on the desperate chance of overcoming a professed bully?

BLUE HANGER.—Lord Coleraine, formerly known by the familiar appellation of *Blue Hanger*, from the colour of his clothes, was perhaps the best-dressed man of his age; and he was no less remarkable for his politeness and good-humour. Heavy losses at play, when he was a young man, compelled him to retire to France in order to avoid his creditors; and there he remained upwards of twelve years, until the death of his elder brother, when he came to the title, and returned to this country—a complete *Frenchman*.

On his Lordship's first visit to Drury Lane Theatre, his natural turn for pleasantry brought him into a *rencontre* that gave him some uneasiness. Seeing a gentleman *in boots* enter the box where he was sitting (in the dress circle), and place himself on the seat just before him rather abruptly, his ideas of etiquette could not well brook what in France would have been considered a breach of decorum; accordingly he addressed him in the following words:—"I beg, sir, you will make no apology!"—"Apology, sir!" replied the stranger; "Apology for what?"—"Why," returned his Lordship, pointing down towards the boots, "that you did not bring your horse with you into the box."—"Perhaps it is lucky for you, sir," retorted the stranger, "that I did not bring my *horsewhip*; but I have a remedy at hand, for I can *pull your nose* for your impertinence." Some other gentlemen in the box now interfered, an exchange of cards took place, and both parties left the Theatre.

Blue went immediately to his brother George at Brookes's, and having stated the particulars, begged his assistance to get him out of the scrape, "which," said he, "may end in bloodshed.—I acknowledge," he continued, "that I was the first aggressor; but it was too bad to threaten to pull my nose. What had I better do?"—"Soap it well," replied George, "and then it will easily slip through his fingers."* George, however, accommodated the affair to the satisfaction of all parties, by explaining to the stranger that his brother had resided so long in France as almost to forget the customs of his countrymen.

* This method of avoiding a hearty tweak of the *proboscis* appears to have been a favourite of Colonel Hanger's; for he recommends it even in the *Memoirs of his Life*. He says, that whenever any person is inclined to calumniate a gentleman behind his back, he ought to take the precaution of *soaping his nose first*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TURKEY.—NO. II.

WE must now return again to Mr. Adair's audience of the Sultan. At half-past four, every thing being in readiness, Mr. Adair, dressed in the cavalry-uniform of a volunteer corps, descended the grand staircase, followed by a crowd of gentlemen dressed in all kinds of uniforms, and many in plain clothes; every one mounted the horse which had been provided for him, and we soon made a formidable cavalcade, attended by a much more numerous body of infantry and pedestrians. The order of the procession ran thus:—

Three companies of Janissaries (three hundred in number), two by two.

Eight superior officers of the Porte on horseback, two by two.

Twenty-four Janissaries permanently attached to the palace, very splendidly dressed.

Twenty-four marines, with bayonets unfixed, followed by their lieutenant on horseback.

The equerry of the embassy and his deputy, with twelve grooms richly dressed, all mounted on the ambassador's horses.

Eight lacqueys on foot, in the ambassador's private livery.

Twenty-four footmen of the embassy, dressed in blue frock coats, trimmed with broad gold lace, and wearing laced cocked hats lined with ostrich feathers. In the midst of them walked the chief butler with a bag and sword.

The five interpreters of the embassy, riding singly according to seniority, that is, the lowest in rank going at the head, and the highest going last. They were dressed according to the Oriental costume, although of Frank descent, the etiquette or rather the arrogance of the Porte forbidding interpreters serving foreign embassies to appear before the Turkish authorities in their national dress. They wore, however, on their heads, as a mark of independence and privilege, a high cap made of black sable, similar to the one which is worn by hussars, the top being, as in theirs, of scarlet cloth.—Next came

The ambassador.

The secretary of the embassy.

The consul-general.

A secretary, supporting with both hands a small crimson satin cushion, on which were placed the ambassador's credentials and letters of recall, contained in a satin bag embroidered with gold.

Captain Bathurst of the *Salcette*.—After him no regular order was observed, except going two by two, and every one rode as chance had placed him. These gentlemen were followed by their own servants, also on horseback, who, with a crowd of other persons attracted by mere curiosity, closed the *cortège*.

We proceeded down to the quay of Top-Hanné, where we dismounted, leaving our horses to the care of our own servants. The ambassador embarked with the first interpreter in the state barge of the embassy, a fine large boat, painted scarlet, and rowed by twelve Turks dressed in white, each plying a pair of oars. A great number of other boats of all sizes had, of course, been provided for us, which were soon filled, and we followed the ambassador.

The *Salcette* was anchored in the middle of the harbour, and we had

to pass close to her; all her holiday flags were hoisted, and on our approach the yards were manned, and she fired a salute of nineteen guns. On reaching the opposite shore, the ambassador and suite were invited to the house of an officer of the Porte, situated near the spot where we landed; and pipes, coffee, and sherbet were there served by turns, until every thing had been put in readiness to enable us to proceed. No great care had been taken in the choice of several horses which were said to be sent from the seraglio to take us up at this place; and with the exception of the one destined for the ambassador, which really appeared to come from the sultan's stables, there was every probability that the wretched worn-out hacks which were presented to us, with their ragged and filthy Turkish saddles, had been hired from the nearest and cheapest *Menzil hanna* jobbing-houses. Besides, the number provided did not prove sufficient, and a sort of scramble took place for them. Many of our companions were left to find their way on foot through the crooked and intricate streets which led from this to the seraglio. Little regularity was observed in this part of our procession; the order of it was conducted by another master of ceremonies, who had come so far to meet us, and our progress was by no means expeditious.

The imperial residence, called the seraglio, consists of a great number of small and low detached buildings, the highest of which have not more than two stories. They are scattered over an immense extent of ground, intermixed with trees and gardens, and occupying the whole and identical space on which Byzantium once stood. The walls by which the seraglio is surrounded, have been supposed to be those of that ancient city; but the more reasonable opinion is, that they were raised in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, whose numerous architectural improvements in and about Constantinople many monuments attest to the present day. The outer principal entrance to the seraglio, on the street side, is a lofty and long gateway, bordered with broad fixed benches, on which numerous porters spread their carpets in the hot summer-days, and enjoy, smoking their pipes, the constant refreshing drsft. This entrance leads immediately to a wide open square, on the left of which is situated the Mint. Facing is a high wall, through which a second gate, as high but not as deep as the first, leads to an inner court, thickly shaded by a number of tall trees very symmetrically laid out. This court is surrounded with buildings of various shapes and sizes, most of which are used as household offices, and lodgings for such of the seraglio attendants as are not allowed to penetrate into the inner apartments. Among them, to the left, is the great divan-room, or council-chamber, which in appearance and shape may be compared to the Guildhall of London in miniature.

When our procession had come up to the first gate, we were all desired to dismount, and the ambassador was requested to sit on one of the side benches, and wait a short time. To this his Excellency consented without hesitation, and we all ranged ourselves in a row beside and opposite to him. Here we were made to witness the respective arrivals of all the ministers of the Porte and dignitaries of the Empire, from the grand vizier down to the Greek *dragoman*, or state interpreter, *pro tempore*, all of whom passed us on horseback, and dismounted only at the second gate. However humiliated we might have been disposed

to feel at being thus exposed to the contemptuous gaze of every passing officer of the Porte, from none of whom, excepting the Greek, we were even honoured with a salute, this introductory form prepared us, in some measure, to go through many others of a still more degrading character, which awaited us. It was at last notified to us that we might proceed, and we were conducted on foot through the outer court to the inner one, and taken to a wide viranda used as a sort of antichamber to the divan-room. Here a chair was offered to the ambassador, and he was informed that the distribution of the Janissaries' pay had been ordered by the Sultan to be made in his Excellency's presence, and would immediately take place in the open space before him. The days on which this quarterly business is to be gone through, are always chosen for public audiences to foreign ambassadors. This is done with the view of giving foreigners an exalted idea of the Sultan's wealth, by an ostentatious and pompous display of the gold laid out on the occasion. We consequently expected to see immense heaps of the precious metal; but in this we were a little disappointed; for nothing more than thirty or forty coarse canvass bags were brought from the Mint; and from their apparent weight, and the sound issuing from them when thrown on the ground, the contents were evidently nothing more than common piasters. The bags were laid out in a circular manner, after which the paymasters of some of the regiments, who had been waiting at a distance seated on the bare ground, were called, and each took away a bag. It was afterwards ascertained that the amount of the sum thus paid in our presence did not exceed thirty thousand piasters, which at that time were equal to no more than 1500*l*.!

The moment that the distribution of the pay commenced, the head chamberlain was called in by the Vizier, and desired to go to the Sultan and announce the arrival of the English ambassador in these words:—“Some infidels have come from the King of England with presents,* and beg to be fed and clothed at your court, and admitted to be dazzled by the splendour of your sublime presence.” The chamberlain returned half an hour after, and approached us in solemn and dignified pace. He held in his left hand a long staff richly ornamented with gold; and in his right, which was raised to his forehead, a paper or parchment, contained in a bag made of embroidered crimson satin, on which were written these imperial words, addressed to the Vizier, “Let the English infidels be fed, clothed, and admitted to approach my sublime presence.” Upon the reading of this mandate, the ambassador was welcomed by the Vizier, and invited to walk into the divan-room to partake of an entertainment which was here called a dinner, but to which we might have given the appellation of a *déjeuné à la fourchette*, if such things as knives and forks were to be seen on Turkish tables. The divan-room we found to be, as it were, thoroughly lined with dark walnut-wood: floor, ceiling, wainscots, tables, benches, and stools, being all of that material. The Vizier was seated on a kind of arm-chair in the middle of the bench facing the entrance, with his legs hanging down and resting on a stool—the first instance I had seen of a Turk's

* They had been forwarded the day before to the Sultan, and consisted of daggers, snuff-boxes, watches and rings, all richly mounted with diamonds, and valued about 10,000*l*. At every audience new presents are made reciprocally.

quitting the usual posture of sitting cross-legged: this, however, was accounted for by the absence of sofas, which are an indispensable article of furniture in every room of a Turkish house. Before the Vizier stood a very small table. On the right-hand bench were seated all the ministers of the Porte, and on the left the Mooftee and all the dignitaries of law and religion. There were also before them tables of some length. With the exception of these, the room was occupied precisely in the manner it is seen when a council of state is held therein for some extraordinary purpose. About four or five feet above the Vizier, we perceived a latticed window, behind which the Sultan sits on those occasions as a silent president, seeing without being seen, and making known his will in writing to the Vizier through private secretaries, who are constantly going backwards and forwards between the sovereign and his viceroy.

On the outer side of the long tables no benches or other seats had been placed, the honour of sitting in so distinguished a presence being apparently reserved for the ambassador alone, for whom a chair had been provided, and placed at the Vizier's table opposite to him. Mr. Adair went up to his place; and as many of the gentlemen of his suite as there was room for at the other tables, ranged themselves along them in a standing posture. Several dishes were then brought and laid before us. We found them to contain precisely the same sort of viands. Our opposite neighbours did the honours by first putting their fingers into them, and taking out each a morsel. The example was immediately followed by us, and then the dishes were hastily taken away by the attendants, and others put in their stead. In this manner we went on through between thirty and forty dishes; some of which were of pastry, and many of different-coloured *blanc-mange* and jellies. To these we were helped with spoons. The poultry, of which there was great abundance, both boiled and stewed, was all done to rags, so as to dispense with the necessity of carving. They were torn up either by one person, or two, pulling them by the two legs or wings. The drink, consisting of various kinds of iced sherbett, and milk sweetened, was served in profusion in small silver bowls. The last dish was brought in by the head cooks with a sort of pomp: it was the renowned Turkish Pilau, made of rice stewed with lamb. Although, as an amateur of it, I had eaten it repeatedly elsewhere, I found it here in unrivalled perfection.

Silver basins and ewers full of water, with embroidered muslin towels, now went round the room, and nothing could have come more *à propos*, after the oriental use we had just made of our fingers.

During the time we were at table, the Turks observed the most perfect silence. Nothing was heard on their part but the rustling of the attendants' thick damask or satin gowns; and as they were very numerous and very active, the kind of buzz raised by their walking about the room produced a curious effect, and was for some time uninterrupted. At the Vizier's table the strictest Turkish etiquette prevailed. The ambassador was observed to make an attempt to enter into conversation by remarking that the fish of Constantinople was the finest in the world, and that the turbot before them was truly excellent. His first dragoman, standing all this while close to the table in the event of his services being required, explained his Excellency's meaning with all

due gravity; and the Vizier replied that the turbot was very good indeed. Here the subject dropped, and no more words passed between the two high dignitaries. But the silence which prevailed between them was not perhaps owing so much to custom as to the inability of the poor Vizier to say any thing which he was not bound to utter; and even in this he proved himself deficient, as will be seen by the sequel.

The undeviating gravity observed by our own opposite neighbours, the Moostee, &c. and the measured and unsparing manner with which they helped themselves out of every succeeding dish, formed a contrast with the manners of some of our youthful companions who stood at the lower end of the table, and who not only appeared disposed to be merry at every thing around, but also assailed almost every dish that was placed before them in a manner which might be called a scramble. Particular notice seemed to be taken of this manifest deviation from the rules of Ottoman decorum by the Turks, who no doubt took it as a fresh instance of the superior refinement of their own manners.

Curiosity often directed our eyes towards the latticed window over the Vizier, and we distinctly saw the outlines of a turban, such as is usually worn by the Sultan. We were given to understand he was there in person watching our proceedings.

The table business took up about half an hour, and when it was finished, the ambassador was shown out of the room, and conducted to a sort of shed at the upper end of the square, where an arm-chair was brought for him, and where he was desired to wait until the Sultan's further pleasure was made known to him. One of the chamberlains soon after came to us, followed by several attendants bringing with them large bags, which they carelessly threw before us. Out of one of them was taken an enormous pelisse of orange-coloured cloth, lined with costly black sable, with broad borders of the same material, but of a deeper black and finer quality. This clothing is the outer garment of the Turkish costume, and in shape and size is similar to a Spanish cloak, with sleeves attached to it. The one with which Mr. Adair was presented might have been worth about five hundred pounds. He was desired to put it over his own dress, conformably to that part of the Sultan's message which directed that the infidels should be clothed, and in compliance with a national prejudice of the Turks, who look upon our tight dress as a sort of unbecoming nakedness. The persons who were to accompany Mr. Adair into the audience-room were now fixed upon, and pelisses of much inferior value were presented to them; the greater number of these were lined with a cheap and light sort of ermine, very common in that country, and usually worn by the natives as a summer-dress. This robing ceremony was preceded by the unbuckling of our swords, with which we were not permitted to appear before the Sultan.*

* Prince Cantimir, in his history of the Ottoman Empire, relates some interesting particulars of what took place at the audience of a French ambassador, at which he acted as state interpreter. The Frenchman, he says, treated the proposal of surrendering his sword as a great indignity, and haughtily refused to give it up. This unexpected incident threw his Turkish conductors into considerable alarm and confusion, as they durst not interrupt his progress to the audience-chamber, but on the other hand might have had to answer to the Sultan with their own heads for suffering him to appear armed in the Imperial presence. Several vain attempts having been made to dispossess him of the weapon by stratagem, it was at length deter-

All this took place in the open air, and in the presence of an immense crowd of idlers, who followed us wherever we went, and gazed upon us with vacant curiosity. Near this spot was the inner entrance to the Sultan's apartments and to the audience-chamber. We waited about half an hour with anxiety and in silent expectation, at the end of which time we had the satisfaction of seeing the gate thrown open for our admission. We walked on singly and slowly, and, when we came up to it, a novel and picturesque sight presented itself to our view. From the gate, up to a building about five hundred yards off in a straight line, an avenue had been formed of pages dressed in white, and all in the same manner. Behind them, on each side, stood a row of men also dressed in white, but wearing green Roman helmets on their heads, and holding each a hatchet in his hand. From these military attributes we judged them to be the Sultan's body-guards, and so they proved afterwards to be.

The instant the ambassador had crossed the threshold of this gate, the two pages standing next to it gently placed their hands on his shoulders, and went on with him without taking them off. Those who followed met with the same reception; and thus, unarmed and well guarded, we were conducted to the small building at the extremity of the avenue, which had all the appearance of being a fire-proof warehouse, such as they generally build in this country, the windows being secured with coarse iron gratings, and its small door being made of the same metal, painted green. On entering it we found it so dark, after the brightness of the sun to which our eyes had been exposed all the morning, that we were unable to distinguish at first the objects within. They became gradually visible, and then we ascertained that we were in the Sultan's presence. The size of this room might have been about twenty-four feet by eighteen. The floor was covered with a carpet which felt unusually rough when trod on, and which we found, on close examination, to be a cloth so thickly embroidered with gold and silver that the primary material was completely hidden. On the left corner of the room farthest from the principal entrance, was fixed the throne. In shape, size, and height, it might be compared to a large English four-post bed. The pillars were of silver-gilt, and supported a canopy of crimson velvet, embroidered with pearls, from which hung a fringe composed of thick clusters of fine pearls, each cluster being about a foot in length. A mattress was extended over the whole surface of this bed, covered over with crimson velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls, and bordered on three sides with large cushions, covered with the same kind of velvet, but decorated with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones of various colours. In the centre of the border,

mined to use force. Accordingly when he came to the place where, conformably to long established custom, two cunuchs appear to lay hold of the ambassador's arms, they did this effectually, and with all their might, so that three or four others broke the belt, carried away the sword out of sight, and he was impelled forwards and hurried into the Sultan's presence. The sword was, of course, returned to him on coming out.

General Sebastiani, when he was Bonaparte's ambassador at Constantinople, also refused to quit his sword on a similar occasion. The point was not insisted upon, and he gained it. But the Sultan Selim who reigned at that time was a different man from his predecessors.

which had no cushions, the Sultan sat, with his legs hanging from it, and his feet resting upon a high stool, also covered with velvet and ornamented with embroidery. The style of his dress was only distinguished from that worn by all the Turks of the higher order, by a greater *recherche* in the shape of his turban, and the imperial glass feather fastened in the front of it with a large clasp set in the largest diamonds I had yet seen in Turkey. He had on a very capacious pelisse of scarlet cloth, with pearl ornaments sewn on each side in the manner of a hussar's outer jacket; it was lined and broadly bordered with the most costly black sable; and this garment, which completely covered his whole person, excepting about the waist, was worth, we afterwards understood, twenty thousand pounds. From his waist projected through the black sable the handle of his *hangiar*, or dagger, mounted in beautiful brilliants; and across his thighs had been placed a Damascus sabre, the blade of which, half drawn, seemed to be of a value not far inferior to that of its handle and scabbard, which were of gold enamelled, and thickly set with diamonds. At his right, lying close to him on the throne, was an inkstand of gold richly ornamented with diamonds; and on his left lay a blue satin bag, which we afterwards understood to contain the presents destined for the ambassador; but what they consisted of, it was not possible to ascertain.

I had frequently had opportunities of seeing the Sultan in the streets,* but it was always *en passant*: this was the first time that I came so near him, and was allowed to examine him at leisure. Although I had come in one of the last, and found the room completely filled by our party and the pages who conducted us, excepting the respectful distance which divided the Sultan from his guests, one of my conductors, seeing my anxiety to have a full view of him, very obligingly exerted himself to gratify my curiosity, and succeeded in placing me exactly opposite to him, about five yards from the throne.

In appearance, Sultan Mahmood was at this time about twenty-six or seven years of age; his countenance was strikingly handsome, though his features were not all perfectly well-shaped. His eyes were large, of a deep black, and his look had something of an imposing kind, not unmixed with an expression of ferocity. His jet eyebrows and bushy beard formed so peculiar a contrast with the excessive

* On a fine afternoon in the month of May, I went in company, with one of the secretaries attached to the Austrian embassy, to smoke a pipe at the delightful spot called Dolma-Bachtché, in the neighbourhood of the Sultan's summer residence. We were seated on low stools enjoying our chibooks and coffee, when we perceived the Sultan on horseback coming towards us *incognito*, being only attended by four *tshohadars* or footmen. We stood up on his approach, and taking off our hats, held them in our hands until he passed us. The Sultan not being used to such demonstrations of respect on the part of Franks, was, it seems, in a humour to be pleased with the testimony we gave him of ours, and he determined upon rewarding it on the spot in a more substantial manner than by the mere return of our salute. After he had ridden about a hundred yards past us, he sent to us one of his *tshohadars*, who came up running, and, putting into my hands a purse full of gold, told us that the Sultan sent it as a present which we were to divide equally between us. Our astonishment may be easily imagined; especially when, on opening the purse, we found it to contain one thousand roobies, a gold coin then worth each about half-a-crown. The purse itself was a large double silk one, which we also divided by cutting in two. I have to this very day preserved my share of it.

paleness of his face and forehead, that one might have supposed paint had been used, though on close examination it was found to be his natural complexion. His hands were also very white and delicate, and on one of his fingers he wore a diamond of an uncommon size, which he often presented to our view by bringing the hand which had it on into contact with his beard. I had previously heard of this gem, which had cost the Turkish treasury about thirty-five thousand pounds some twenty or thirty years before.

On the right hand of the Sultan, and close to the throne, stood alone the personage whom I have hitherto styled Vizier, but whose real title was Caimacam-Pasha, or Vizier's substitute, the actual Grand Vizier being at the head of the Turkish army at Shoomla, conducting the military operations against the Russians. No other Turkish minister came into the audience-chamber, nor was there any person present besides him and the Greek state interpreter when we entered. When the ambassador had made the customary salute, which consists of a low bow on entering the room, and another when near the throne, he placed himself a little to the left of the Sultan, and immediately opposite the Vizier. When every one had taken his station in a line with him and behind him, his Excellency addressed the Sultan in a complimentary speech delivered in English. It was translated into Turkish by the first interpreter of the embassy to the dragoman of the Porte, who repeated it to the Vizier, through whom it finally reached the Sultan. The poor Vizier, who was a venerable-looking old man, had never officiated on an occasion of this solemnity, and was at that time of life when a man may be expected shortly to take leave of the good things of this world. Either through weakness of memory or embarrassment, arising from the novelty of his situation, he went through his task with the utmost difficulty, stammering at almost every word, and repeating the last of every phrase two or three times. It was really painful to hear him; and the Sultan's impatience became evident by the looks of anger he darted on the old man, whose confusion was thereby increased, and his articulation rendered still more laborious. Indeed appearances almost threatened at one time that we might be made witnesses to some violent act of that authority of which the Sultan bore the symbol on his lap. The Vizier, of course, skipped over several passages of the speech, but this was of little consequence, as a written translation had been previously forwarded to the Sultan, who had prepared his answer upon it. This his Highness* delivered in a clear, unhesitating, and emphatic manner, looking the ambassador, whilst he spoke, full in the face—an honour which, we were informed, was not bestowed on ordinary occasions, and on the present one was meant as a personal distinction to Mr. Adair, on account of his having negotiated and signed the late treaty of peace at the Dardanelles. Etiquette, however, could not dispense with the Vizier's repeating the imperial answer; but the Sultan very wisely spared himself and every one present the pain of listening to the old man again, by casting his eyes in a significant manner on the state Dragoman, who, instantly catching his meaning, interrupted the Vizier

* The literal translation of the title by which the Sultan is addressed, but better rendered in French by the word *Hautesse* instead of *Altesse*.

at the conclusion of the first phrase, and, after making a low bow to him, resumed the speech in French, which thus came back in the same circuitous way to the ambassador.*

During all this time, the gravity maintained by the Sultan partook more of a natural sternness than of that vacant and unmeaning expression of countenance artificially acquired by the Turks in general, who are regularly trained to it from their infancy. A certain impetuosity of disposition was evinced in all his motions; it was difficult to bear his look without experiencing a feeling of restraint, and every stranger present was made to pass through this trial.

When the speeches were concluded, the letters of recall were delivered to the Sultan through the same roundabout way, and the presents were given in return. The whole ceremony in the audience-room occupied about half an hour, at the conclusion of which we made low bows again, and retired under the escort of our vigilant attendants, who conducted us in the same manner back to the gate where they had first met us, and where other officers had remained waiting for our return. These accompanied us to the outer square, where we met our former attendants and horses; but, as if the ambassador was the person least concerned in the morning's business, every one seemed attentive to and officiously concerned in the departure of the Vizier and the other "great men" of the Empire, and we were left to bear, in this unshaded place, the burning rays of the sun, with the additional weight to some of us of large fur pelisses on our backs, until none but our party remained. Then only our principal conductor desired us to mount, and we returned to the British palace in the same order, and through the same way that we had come, with the additional clothing on us, which most of our companions seemed to consider more as a badge of honour than a mark of degradation. On the same day Mr. Adair gave a grand dinner at the palace, which would have been followed by a ball if a sufficient number of ladies could have been invited to attend. The majority of families who form the society of Pera, belonged to nations who were at that time at war with England; and they shunned the society of the English as if the national contest could have been affected by any intercourse with them. This may appear strange in a remote place where the common interest of a few private and obscure individuals, most of whom were indeed born and brought up in the country, required that they should mix together without scruple, since the manners and customs of the subjects of the country were too widely different to render any association with them except on matters of business possible. But such was the petty tyranny exercised by M. Maubourg, the French minister, over the Pera residents who were subjects of France, or of states under Bonaparte's influence, that either of these classes would as soon have ventured into the sick-room of a man attacked with the plague, as into the house of an Englishman†.

* On the following day we learnt that the Vizier *pro tempore* was changed.

† This same M. Maubourg, who had shown himself on many occasions the zealous agent of many odious and oppressive measures under Bonaparte's government, was, after the peace, chosen to fill the post of ambassador extraordinary from the Bourbon king to the Porte. After eight months' residence at Constantinople, he solicited his recall from the French government, and gave us a

If the particulars into which I have entered, relative to a public audience at the Ottoman Court, be attentively considered, the intention and tendency of all the formalities through which a foreign ambassador is regularly and undeviatingly made to go, will appear obvious. Ignorance and fanaticism incline the Turks to look upon all people, who do not profess pure Mahometanism, as a degenerate and corrupt species of mankind; and their delusion in this respect goes so far that they deny the possibility of a soul being possessed by those who do not believe in their Prophet. Hence the assumption of that national superiority which they have long boasted of maintaining over every other people, and that manifestation of arrogance and contempt with which their intercourse with Christians is invariably conducted. At the period when Turkey was respected as a powerful State, some Christian nations courted its alliance, and sought the advantages of its commercial resources. The vanity of the Turks was flattered by overtures from which they inferred a decided acknowledgment of their supremacy, and they mistook the presents brought to the Sultan as a tribute; on the other hand, they had begun to appreciate the benefits arising from foreign trade, and all these things considered, they consented to enter into treaties, in which many important commercial advantages and personal privileges were ceded and insured to the proposing parties, and their subjects who chose to reside in Turkey. In negotiating these treaties at a time when the arts of diplomacy were less understood among the Turks than at present, they were tenacious only in certain points, which, in their view, went to assert the Ottoman superiority within their own dominions; and as the ceremonies attending the reception of an ambassador at the Porte were the principal occasion on which the observance of the forms intended for that purpose were required, the stipulation was consented to without much difficulty, the humiliations to which foreigners were to be thereby subject being likely to occur but seldom, and promising to be more than amply compensated for by the important advantages ceded to them.

Things, however, have undergone a vast change since those times; and the progressive debility of the Ottoman empire has reduced its government to a state of impotence and insignificance by no means calculated to justify its claims of equality with any European power. But although the Turks, who have not for centuries made one step towards civilization, and whose political existence may well be considered as an insult to it—although, I say, they have been taught by the conflicting interests of Europe, to build upon their very insignificance that importance which, in remoter times, was acquired and supported by real strength, and to assert with redoubled insolence their claims to the respect of the world,—is it not, under present circumstances, a disgrace that the representatives of the most powerful kings in Europe should be suffered to submit with the best possible grace to

reason for it to the persons around him, that he had been accustomed to deal with the Turks in a manner so different from that which he was now obliged to adopt, that his *amour-propre* would not suffer him to submit to the change: which in plain words meant, that it was no longer in his power to bully the Turks with his insolence, and his pride would not suffer him to alter his tone.

every degrading and humiliating ceremony which their barbarous caprice formerly chose to dictate?

Whether the advantage of upholding Turkey be likely to become so much more beneficial to the interests of England than the opening of new political relations with China, as to render the sacrifice of national dignity necessary at the one court, but not advisable at the other, is a question which I will not undertake here to determine. But I leave it to the English reader to judge whether the degradation of submitting to the *Ko-tou* be more incompatible with the honour of Great Britain, than the forms which her ambassadors are made to go through at the Ottoman Court.

Some days after Mr. Adair had had his audience of leave, he sailed for England in the *Salcette* frigate, and Mr. Stratford Canning (the same who is now ambassador-extraordinary at Constantinople) succeeded to the direction of our affairs at the Porte. Being invested with the character of Minister Plenipotentiary, he was, as such, to appear again before the Sultan for the purpose of delivering his credentials. The forms observed at his audience were precisely similar to those which are here related, but less pompous, and his suite was not equally numerous with that which attended Mr. Adair. Lord Byron was on this occasion allowed the privilege to which he had attached so much importance on the former one, and therefore accompanied Mr. Canning. His youthful and striking appearance, and the splendour of his dress, visible as it was by the looseness of the pelisse over it, attracted greatly the Sultan's attention, and seemed to have excited his curiosity. I have recently been assured at Constantinople, that when the Sultan was informed of an English Vizier* having joined the Greeks for the purpose of assisting them in their struggles against his authority, and was given to understand that this Vizier was the same individual who made a conspicuous figure at Mr. Canning's audience, the Sultan would not believe in the identity, insisting that the person who had appeared before him on that occasion was a woman dressed in man's clothes.

During the three or four months which Lord Byron spent at Constantinople, I had almost daily opportunities of cultivating his acquaintance, and noticing a variety of particulars which might have added considerable interest to these "Recollections." But at that time it was impossible to foresee that every action of his life, and every trivial incident respecting him, would, at a future period, acquire that share of importance which they have received. He appeared undetermined whether he should publish again, and nothing in him announced the fame to which he has since risen; although by no means unconscious of superior genius, I do not believe that either he or his acquaintance believed that it would ever develope itself with any *éclat*. The eccentricities of his manners and mode of living already distinguished him from other men. The kind of unconcern with which he seemed to view mankind in general, and the little intercourse he held even with his most intimate acquaintances, were calculated to impede his knowledge of men, or at least confine it within a very narrow space. His principal studies were of an abstract kind, or such as to divert his

* The title by which the Turks designate an English peer.

attention from the common occurrences in life. The profound knowledge of the human heart which he has exhibited in all his writings, divesting it of the gloomy colouring he has thrown over it, appears, therefore, to have been the result of a remarkable quickness of perception, assisted by much theoretical information. He soon became a theme of conversation among the narrow-minded and short-sighted race, who, under the appellation of Europeans*, inhabit the dark and filthy suburb of Pera. Lord Byron was, in a short time, pronounced by these "learned Thebans" to be insane, though it is doubtful whether any one of them had ever an opportunity of conversing with him. A very pardonable mistake into which his Lordship fell one day strengthened this opinion among the Perotes, at the same time that it became a subject of merriment at their expense among the English residents.

The ladies of Pera have not only adopted the fashion of showing themselves often at their windows, but have so far improved on it as to spend the whole day there. As they belong to the privileged class of *Franks*, they are not, like the Turkish women, obliged to conceal themselves behind lattices. Opposite to the house in which Lord Byron occupied apartments, lived a Venetian ex-dragoman, whose family consisted of several grown-up and good-looking daughters. These young ladies' assiduity at their *sahnishces* was proverbial even among the other inhabitants of Pera themselves; and as the distance which separated them from Lord Byron's windows was only a few yards across, they had the facility, and made it a practice, to watch his motions and pry into all his private occupations. Lord Byron was thus led to believe that these ladies took a more than common interest in his concerns; and being yet too apt to judge of the manners of foreign countries by those of his own, he construed this attention on their part into advances for closer acquaintance. Accordingly one evening he called at their house, and was shown into the room where they were sitting. He was received with a civility which was perfectly unrestrained, though strictly in accordance with local custom; and this confirming the conjectures he had been induced to form, his demeanour soon became such as to convince them that he was labouring under some strange delusion. They all, therefore, quitted the room with precipitation, leaving his lordship in amazement. The father of the girls shortly made his appearance, and, instead of having him turned out of the

* A great number of families descended from natives of different European States, especially Italy, established at Constantinople for more than a century, look upon the Turks as an Asiatic race, and appropriate to themselves the title of Europeans. Although few of their members have ever ventured beyond fifteen miles of Constantinople, these people have preserved the manners of their respective nations, mixed up with those of the country, and they pride themselves on the idea of belonging to the former. Nevertheless, the career to which they think proper to confine their professional labours, being that of subaltern employments, principally in the interpreting line, to foreign embassies, it follows from the great number of candidates, and from a total absence of all national feeling in them, that they are at all times eager to enter the service of any embassy who would choose to employ them. The Turks look upon them with contempt; but their *amour propre* is by no means alive to the species of consideration in which they are held; and whilst they make it a glory to be the subjects of foreign states, they feel indignant at any attempt to turn into merited ridicule their pretension of constituting the "nobility of Pera."

house, as might have been expected, very civilly told him that he had mistaken its character.

His lordship has often related this adventure in a very amusing manner, and I am surprised not to find it recorded in any of the "Conversations" with him, which have been published since his death.

When Lord Byron had fixed the time of his departure from Constantinople, he requested me, before it took place, to assist him in collecting information on the subject of the two revolutions which broke out in that capital during the years 1807 and 1808. I applied for this purpose to my Armenian friends, the brothers *Dooz-Ogloo*, who, as masters of the mint, jewellers of the seraglio, and confidential agents to a long succession of ministers at the Porte, were likely to possess the best information relative to the causes and particulars of those interesting events. It was, however, some days after Lord Byron had left Constantinople that I obtained the required notes, a copy of which I forwarded to him in Greece. But I have since had reason to believe that the letter which contained it never reached its destination; and as the subject is mentioned in none of the modern accounts of travels in Turkey which have since that time been published in this country, I shall proceed to give here a brief sketch of such occurrences during those revolutions as may appear most interesting.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ———,
ON RECEIVING THE PRESENT OF A SILVER SNUFF-BOX
INLAID WITH GOLD.

I HAVE styled it the Gift of the Fair,
As I gazed on its beauty the while;
But can silver or gold spread a snare
Like the witchcraft that dwells in her smile?

It was once with ecstatic delight
That I bask'd in the beam of her eye;
And though now far removed from my sight,
To my dream still her image is nigh.

Long, long may thy loveliness reign
O'er each heart as the cheerer of woe,
And thy bosom each rapture retain
Which Friendship and Love can bestow!

To the South shouldst thou deign to retire
Like the sun in the dead of the year,
And bid other nations admire
That beauty to Britain so dear—

When by thee our sad shores are forsook,
And thy bark dances light on the wave,
O throw back a languishing look
On the land of the free and the brave!

But, loved Fair, should my freedom offend,—
On this earth while far distant we live,
Be it mine to repent and amend,
And thine to forget and forgive.

H.P.

A VISIT TO THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

In Letters addressed to a Friend, by Captain Markham Sherwill.

LETTER III.

August 27, 1825.

“ By the inquisitive and half-suspicious looks
 With which ye eye each other, ye do wish
 To disbelieve all ye have heard, and yet
 Ye dare not.”

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have no doubt that you remember the following passage of our regretted bard Byron, in his “ Childe Harold.” No language of mine can equal the accuracy of his glowing lines:—

“ What palaces of Nature! whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The Avalanche, the thunderbolt of Snow!
 All that expands the spirits, yet appals,
 Gathers around these summits, as to show

How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below !”

I told you in my former letter that, on our arrival at Les Grands Mulets on the evening of the second day, we immediately threw ourselves on our blanket, and were soon asleep; but our watchful guides would not permit us long to enjoy this delight, fearing, as they said, that the cold winds might attack our limbs after so much exercise, and render them stiff, and, perhaps, for ever useless. We were, therefore, soon roused to partake of the supper which the guides had prepared. Some few slices of mutton were toasted before the fire, and these I now found very agreeable, as the quarter of an hour's rest and sleep had removed many of the unpleasant sensations I had felt all day in walking: my regular breathing was restored; the nausea had left me; and we began to recover ourselves, except our faces, which were very much swollen and inflamed. I found my wrists also very much enlarged and extremely painful: this was owing to the constant use of the pole in sustaining the body. There was a smile of complacency on the countenances of the guides as they sat in a circle round the blazing fire; nor could the merry Falstaff, had he been there, have more enjoyed his cup of sack than we did our saucepan of negus.

The sun's last beams were long gone from our “ airy hall,” but they still illumined Mont Blanc.

“ It stood before us

A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles.”

Our slender tent was again pitched, and every preparation made to inclose ourselves as well as we could for the night. Dr. Clark kindly ordered all the guides, if possible, to come within its covering; for after so fatiguing and long walk, it would have been injudicious in them to have remained exposed to the cold air. They lay over and across each other in every direction: arms and legs seemed disputing for the most snug and comfortable corner; but we all soon fell asleep, and were only occasionally awakened by the continued thunder of the avalanches. The moon was at her full: we had no wind: the same awful silence reigned as during the first night, but our sleep was more profound. In the morning of Saturday, 27th August, 1825, we arose at five o'clock, but were in no great hurry to leave our abode, as seven or eight hours would be sufficient to take us back to Chamouni.

With a small part of the ladder which had been saved, a fire was soon made, and we breakfasted. After this we crept about some parts of Les Grands Mulets, in search of various specimens of lichens, minerals, &c. The guides were too happy to fill their now almost empty knapsacks with

minerals and other specimens, which are sold in their respective cabinets "d'histoire naturelle" at Chamouni, of which Coutet's is the best, being very rich in all that relates to the highest Alps. These specimens are sold at a very moderate price, when we consider the personal danger and risk which these hardy men undergo. I was surprised to see with what apparent carelessness they would step from stone to stone, round this rock, utterly regardless of the enormous depth below.—The guides have occasionally seen some mice on this elevated rock. I was exceedingly anxious to secure a specimen, but our search was unavailing. A mouse from so unfrequented a spot would have been as interesting as the spiders of De Luc.

It was seven o'clock when we bade adieu, probably for ever, to the hospitality of Les Grands Mulets; and descending by a rugged passage, we immediately launched forth on the Glacier des Bossons. I will not inflict upon you a repetition of our slides, and tumbles on the ice. We did not, however, pursue the same track as heretofore, but kept nearer the base of the Aiguille du Midi, as the glacier was there less fissured and creviced than in our former route. We met with several blocks of ice riding on the surface of this glacier. Some of them must have been at least twenty feet high, and doubtless, like the masses of granite I have mentioned before, have been for years descending from the higher steeps of Mont Blanc. It is the falling of these pieces of rock, as well as the avalanches of snow, that cause the noises in the higher regions, which we heard continually by night and by day.

We now felt the wind more troublesome, and the guides said that it blew so hard on the summit of Mont Blanc, as to render it impossible to venture up to-day. We could perceive light clouds passing over it with great rapidity. Nothing could be more propitious than the weather we had experienced: no fogs, no winds, nor one unlucky change in the heavens, had thwarted our plans. About noon we found ourselves once again on terra firma. During four or five hours we had been on foot, wandering amidst the frozen sea of the Glacier de Bossons, and examining all its beauties at leisure. We quitted the Glacier, at least I speak for myself, with a mixed feeling of pleasure and regret. In approaching La Pierre de l'Echelle, we passed over the debris of a very considerable avalanche which had fallen across our former path, at the exact spot where our guides on Thursday had strictly enjoined us to pass silently and quickly. To avoid these heavy falls of ice, or indeed the avalanches on the higher mountains, would be almost impossible, owing to their rapidity, and the difficulty of running out of their line, where it is impossible even to walk quick.

When arrived at La Pierre de l'Echelle we ate our last morsel, and drank our last bottle of wine, each with his hat raised on the top of his pole waving in the air; and a hearty congratulation passed from lip to lip, that we had overcome all difficulties and dangers, and were safely returned from the monarch of the Alps.

We stayed here nearly an hour, and chatted over many of our hairbreadth escapes. The heat was exceedingly oppressive, now that we had left the cooler atmosphere of the glaciers.

—— "This temple
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven,"

was indeed to us a resting-place of joy! We could, for the first time, hear indistinctly the rushing of the wild Arve in the valley: the shining spire of Chamouni church was glittering in the sun's mid-day rays, and something like a habitable world lay at our feet. As we turned round a point of the rock which led to the Pierre Pointue, I was very much struck by the appearance of a single goat browsing above our heads, which seemed to salute us with its plaintive cry: the fact is of no consequence in itself, but, unaccustomed as we were to any fresh sound, the incident to me was in-

teresting. We soon passed the Pierre Pointue, and descended very rapidly towards the Chalet de la Part, where we hoped to have found our hostess, who had so kindly wished us a safe return when we parted from her on Thursday; but she was absent. Many a lovely flower was still on the mountain-side. I gathered a great number, which I have carefully preserved as relics.

The rhododendron was very abundant, and we brought down many sprigs of it in commemoration of our journey. The long descent we had still to accomplish we found very fatiguing. The quantities of loose stones which lay in the path made the footing unsafe, as the declivity was very rapid, and the sun intensely hot.

We continued on during another hour, and towards one o'clock suddenly espied, in the shade of a large fir, two or three persons apparently with a cloth spread before them on the grass, as if enjoying a cold repast. The elevation at which we still were above the valley seemed to preclude a visit from the strangers of Chamouni, and we conjectured some time in vain what the preparation could mean. On a nearer approach, our guides told us it was Maria de Mont Blanc come to welcome us. And who, said I, is Maria de Mont Blanc? Before he could reply, she advanced to meet us, and invited us to partake of her cheer. She had spread on the ground upon a clean white napkin, a can of milk, a large jug of cream, and some delicious brown bread. We seated ourselves on the green turf around this unexpected and welcome feast, and begged Maria to relate her history, of which the following is the only part which seems to connect itself with our excursion. Maria is known throughout the whole valley by the somewhat lofty title of Maria de Mont Blanc, and for the following reason. When she was twenty years of age, her youthful ardour, and love of mountain scenes, led her to join a party of guides who were going for their own amusement to explore the unfrequented, and then almost unknown, passage to the top of Mont Blanc. Maria set out in good heart with her companions, and bore her share of the fatigue with a prowess seldom equalled by a female. They continued their march until they had passed the plain of the Grand Plateau, when, in her ascent towards the Rocher Rouge, her strength failed her, and for some time she could advance no farther. Her spirits were still good. Her friends and companions had too much kind feeling to abandon her, and enjoy the selfish pleasure of accomplishing their task alone. They admired the fortitude which she had hitherto evinced, and determined, one and all, that Maria should be the first female who had ever visited the summit of Mont Blanc; and by incessant exertion they accomplished their purpose, and succeeded in placing her on the summit of Europe. She descended in safety, and has ever since borne the title of Maria de Mont Blanc. The fact of her ascent to the summit is not doubted by any of her neighbours; and is more satisfactorily stated than that of Monsieur Meyer, of Aarau, to the summit of the Jungfrau.* We listened attentively to her tale, and partook of her welcome repast, which she told us she had not spread on a similar occasion during the last three years. Mr. Clissold made his successful ascent with Coutet as his principal guide. It is to be understood, that Mr. Jackson has since ascended in 1823, but Maria de Mont Blanc did not happen to meet him.

* The Jungfrau acquired this name, because no one had ever surmounted its difficulties, or gained possession of its summit. Various are the reports respecting the ascent of Monsieur Meyer of Aarau: it has been affirmed, and as often contradicted. It is said that the guide who attended him, has, since the death of that gentleman, denied the fact of their having reached the top. Dr. Ebel, of Zurich, told me, that he was persuaded of the truth of Monsieur Meyer's statement. The undertaking is perhaps more difficult than the ascent of Mont Blanc, owing to the almost insurmountable walls of ice, which defy the approach of the best chamois hunter. They meet you after having passed the glacier, which is seen between the Shreckhorn and the Eiger. These two latter mountains, as well

Having slept during two nights in an atmosphere below the freezing point, we felt the heat of the valley, as we approached it, most oppressive. My face was considerably swollen, and much inflamed, and I apprehended some violent attack of inflammation. We continued to descend about one hour more, walking at a gentle pace, under the shade of the noble firs which skirt the mountain, attended by one or two friends of the guides, who had advanced to meet them, and assisted in carrying their knapsacks.

Coutet, the chief guide, had very considerably sent two mules to the foot of the mountain, which we mounted with great satisfaction. We proceeded to Coutet's house at Les Pelerins, amidst the congratulations and smiles of the inmates of this hamlet, who had assembled to welcome us. The thermometer at Les Pelerins marked fourteen degrees of Reaumur. We halted a short time at Coutet's, and had now about half an hour more to the Union Inn, passing by several cottages, the windows of which were filled with ruddy smiling countenances.

We were joined by groups of young and old, who accompanied us to Chamouni, where we arrived between two and three o'clock, and soon sought the quiet of our own chambers. I cannot quit this part of my letter without expressing my gratitude to Captain Boyce, of the Royal Navy, who was, at the moment of my arrival, a stranger to me, but who acted the part of an old and kind friend. He bathed my head with cold water during some time, and performed many little kind offices for me, from which, oftentimes, pretended friendship will shrink. I mention this to you, that you may thank him again and again for me.

We appeared at dinner at the *table-d'hôte*, although our faces were not in very decent trim; and ~~were~~ were busily occupied in answering the numerous inquiries of those who were interested in the "high-ways and by-ways" of Mont Blanc.

To the prudence, foresight, and knowledge of our guides we entirely owe our success in the expedition. They were persevering in difficulty, and prudent in danger. They were cheerful and obliging throughout the three days, and in every respect merit the good-will of the stranger who visits the valley of Chamouni.

To Dr. Clark I owe all the pleasurable part of my excursion. On our arrival at Chamouni he seemed to forget the care necessary for his own health, in his attentions to the wants of the guides, and to my necessities at the moment. We had both suffered from heat, cold, and fatigue: I could render him no service; but he kindly relieved me from every unpleasant result.

I beg to repeat the observation, I would not myself advise any friend to undertake a journey to the summit of Mont Blanc. It is in itself a dangerous effort. The risk of losing one's own life, or that of the guides, is too great to be incurred without a very important object. In case of loss of life on the part of any one or more of the guides, his or their wives and children would naturally look for a maintenance from him in whose service that life had been forfeited. On the other hand, I would strongly urge any one who is a good walker, to go to the Grands Mulets, sleep there one night, under the canopy of Heaven, and return to Chamouni the second day. There is not a great deal more danger in this expedition, with experienced guides, than there is in traversing the *Mër de Glace* to visit Le Jardin; but the beauties of Nature are infinitely greater during the journey to the Grands Mulets, and better repay the tourist, who is fond of this description of scenery, than any thing he can see in going to Le Jardin.

We had a long conversation with the father of our guide Coutet, who is eighty years of age, very stout and hearty. It does not appear that he was

as the Wetterhorn and the Mönck, have never been attempted by the most persevering guides or mountaineers of the Oberland. They are about twelve hundred toises high.

of the party with Dr. Picard in 1786, who was the first person that ever reached the summit of Mont Blanc. But old Coutet ascended the same year with two of his companions, and afterwards with Monsieur de Saussure. The guides were only paid by him six francs *per diem*.

Napoleon ordered a cross to be erected on the top of Mont Blanc, I forget in which year, as well as one on the Monte Rosa, and on the Buet. Old Coutet had the superintendence of the one in his own neighbourhood; and although it was fixed with every care, and in a workmanlike manner, Coutet told me, that in four hours the cross was very much out of a perpendicular, and in a few days was entirely carried away by the winds. Such must be the fate of any thing exposed to the fury of the elements in such a situation, where contending winds very commonly meet, as indeed we saw in our passage up, and carry the snow into the air in the form of a column to a surprising height. If I might be permitted to add a few hints in the shape of advice to those who intend to visit Mont Blanc, with respect to dress, &c. I should say it is essential that a person should walk rather lightly clad about the body, that is, with one waistcoat and a coat or jacket, for the difficulty of proceeding with more would be very great. No one should undertake this journey without strong worsted stockings and shoes moderately thick, such as have been worn several times, and have acquired the form and shape of the foot. Two pair of each will be sufficient. The gaiters should be two pair, of coarse, warm materials, but not of leather, and well tied down and secured all round the foot to prevent the snow from getting in, which freezes into small lumps as large as peas, and becomes very painful to the instep. Cloth pantaloons are necessary, and a second pair is required; for on descending the slides, they are liable to be torn and get wet. Let all the above articles be changed, on arriving at the halting-place for the night. A great coat should be carried by one of the guides, so that it may be ready to throw over the shoulders during the unavoidable stoppages. A flannel waistcoat to put on at night is also recommended, but by no means to walk with on. A large nightcap to pull over the ears, and a neckcloth to cover the chin and mouth, when on the summit, or lying down to sleep, are essential:—a hat is a bad thing in every respect, a cap is better.

Avoid drinking brandy; it may warm the body for the moment and give a temporary activity, but an artificial stimulus of this nature is almost always followed by faintness and lassitude, which in the end has no remedy. If the feet become numbed, in case of being obliged to stand still a quarter of an hour, do not attempt to take off the shoes to rub them, but strike them forcibly against each other, however painful the operation may be. Use no greasy substance on your face during your ascent or descent, but apply the *Pommade de Concombre*, well rubbed into your face on going to bed the first night of your arrival in the valley: in the morning take a hot bath with eight or ten pounds of bran in it, and the act of shaving immediately in the bath-room will be a luxury. If, on descending, there should be a great disposition in the blood to rise to the face and head, apply towels of cold water as soon as possible, which will be of service. If these few and simple hints shall prove of any benefit to future adventurers over the snowy plains, my object will be fully answered, and I wish them all as pleasant a ramble, and successful a return, as we had.

Table of the principal heights in the neighbourhood of Chamouni.

	French Toises, above the level of the Mediterranean.
Mont Blanc	2460
Géant (Aiguille du)	2174
Verte (Aiguille)	2094
Aiguille d'Argentière	2015
Midi (Aiguille du)	2009
Grand plateau du Mont Blanc	1995
Buet	1575

Jardin (le)	1414
Cramont (le)	1401
Joli (Mont)	1368
La Pied de l'Aiguille du Midi	1368
Breven	1306
Prairion	1000
Montanvert	954
Flégère (Croix de)	954
Forclaz (sur Prairion)	765
Conrmayeur	630
Chamouni, village	524
Gervais, village de St.	408

I subjoin a Copy of a Certificate, regularly sealed, signed, and witnessed, which was brought to each of us unasked by the Chief Guide and the Syndic at Chamouni.

Copy of the Certificate.

Nous Simon Coutet guide chéf presidant la compagnie des Guides établie à Chamouni, province de l'ancigny, division de Savoie, Royanme de Sardaigne, certifions, et attestons à qui il appartiendra, avoir vu nous-mêmes dès notre Bureau siégeant au chéf lieu de Chamouni, au moyen de Lunettes de longue vue, le vingt six Aout courant à trois heures dix minutes de l'après midi, arriver à la première sommité du Mont Blanc, Messieurs le Docteur Edmund J. Clark de Londres, et le Capitaine Markham Sherwill de Fontainebleau, accompagnés de sept guides, dont le rétour très heureux a eu lieu le lendemain dans l'après midi, au désir de la multitude qui les a vus arriver. En foi de quoi Chamouni le 29 Aout, 1825.

Signed,

Le Guide Chéf

SIMON COUTET.

Syndic

W. DARVIER.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.—NO. X.

*Pauline.**

————— One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only ;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

WORDSWORTH.

ALONG the star-lit Seine went music swelling,
'Till the air thrill'd with its exulting mirth;
Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth;
And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
A happy chime of many-dancing feet.
For in a palace of the land that night
Lamps and fresh roses and green leaves were hung,
And from the painted walls a stream of light
On flying forms beneath soft splendor flung:
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
Was one, the lady from the Danube-side.

* For the affecting story of the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, see *Madam de Stael's L'Allemagne*, vol. iii. p. 336.

Pauline, the meekly bright!—though now no more
 Her clear eye flash'd with youth's all tameless glee,
 Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,
 There in soft rest lay beautiful to see;
 A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness fraught—
 'The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,
 And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky,
 Sate on her brow, beneath its graceful hair,
 As her young daughter in the dance went by,
 With the fleet step of one that yet hath known
 Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurk'd there no secret boding in her breast?
 Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh?
 —Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest
 'Midst the light laughter of festivity:
 Whence come those tones?—alas! enough we know,
 To mingle fear with all triumphal show!

Who spoke of Evil, when young feet were flying
 In fairy rings around the echoing hall,
 Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,
 Glad pulses beating unto music's call?
 —Silence! the minstrels pause—and hark! a sound;
 A strange quick rustling which their notes had drown'd!

And lo! a light upon the dancers breaking—
 Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed!
 From the gay dream of revelry awaking,
 One moment holds them still in breathless dread;—
 The wild fierce lustre grows—then bursts a cry—
 Fire! through the hall and round it gathering—fly!

And forth they rush—as chased by sword and spear—
 'To the green coverts of the garden-bowers;
 A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,
 Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers:
 While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven
 Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight Heaven.

And where is she, Pauline?—the hurrying throng
 Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
 Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along,—
 —'Till now the threshold of that Death is past,
 And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
 Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

“Bertha! where art thou?—speak, oh! speak, my own!”—
 —Alas! unconscious of her pangs the while,
 The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,
 Powerless hath sunk amidst the blazing pile;
 A young bright form, deck'd gloriously for Death,
 With flowers all shrinking at the flame's fierce breath!

But oh! thy strength, deep Love!—there is no power
 To stay the mother from that rolling grave,
 Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
 And forth, like banners, from each lattice wave.
 Back, back she rushes through a host combined—
 Mighty is anguish, with affection twined!

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise?
None!—Courage there stood still—and never more
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes!
Was one brief meeting theirs, one wild farewell,
And died they heart to heart?—oh! who can tell?
Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
On that sad palace, midst its pleasure-shades;
Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke
And lonely stood its marble colonnades:
But yester-eve their shafts with wreaths were bound—
Now lay the scene one shrivell'd scroll around!
And bore the ruins no recording trace
Of all that woman's heart had dared and done?
—Yes! there were gems to mark its mortal place,
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone!
'Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.*
And they were all!—the tender and the true
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,
To deep, lone, chasten'd thoughts of grief and love!
—Oh! we have need of patient Faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such woe!

F. II.

BOSWELL REDIVIVUS.—NO. V.

N—— mentioned the death of poor F——, who had been with him a few days before, laughing and in great spirits; and the next thing he heard was that he had shot himself. I asked if there was any particular reason? He said “No: that he had left a note upon the table, saying that his friends had forsaken him, that he knew no cause, and that he was tired of life. His patron, Croker of the Admiralty, had, it seems, set him to paint a picture of Louis the Eighteenth receiving the Order of the Garter. He had probably been teased about that. These insipid court-subjects were destined to be fatal to artists. Poor Bird had been employed to paint a picture of Louis the Eighteenth landing at Calais, and had died of chagrin and disappointment at his failure. Who could make any thing of such a figure and such a subject? There was nothing to be done; and yet if the artist added any thing of his own, he was called to order by his would-be patrons, as falsifying what appeared to them an important event in history. It was only a person like Rubens who could succeed in such subjects by taking what licences he thought proper, and having authority enough to dictate to his advisers.” A gentleman came in, who asked if F—— was likely to have succeeded in his art? N—— answered, “There were several things against it. He was good-looking, good-natured, and a wit. He was accordingly asked out to dine, and caressed by those who knew him; and a young man after receiving these flattering marks of attention, and enjoying the height of luxury and splendour, was not

* “L'on n'a pu reconnoître ce qui restoit d'elle sur la terre, qu'au chiffre de ses enfans, qui marquoit encore la place où cet ange avoit péri.”

inclined to return to his painting-room, to brood over a design that would cost him infinite trouble, and the success of which was at last doubtful. Few young men of agreeable persons or conversation turned out great artists. It was easier to look in the glass than to make a dull canvass shine like a lucid mirror ; and, as to talking, Sir Joshua used to say, a painter should sew up his mouth. It was only the love of distinction that produced eminence ; and if a man was admired for one thing, that was enough. We only work out our way to excellence by being imprisoned in defects. It requires a long apprenticeship, great pains, and prodigious self-denial, which no man will submit to, except from necessity, or as the only chance he has of escaping from obscurity. I remember when Mr. Locke (of Norbury Park) first came over from Italy ; and old Dr. Moore, who had a high opinion of him, was crying up his drawings, and asked me, if I did not think he would make a great painter ? I said, ‘ No, never ! ’—‘ Why not ? ’—‘ Because he has six thousand a year.’ No one would throw away all the advantages and indulgences this ensured him, to shut himself up in a garret to pore over that which after all may expose him to contempt and ridicule. Artists, to be sure, have gone on painting after they have got rich, such as Rubens and Titian, and indeed Sir Joshua ; but then it had by this time become a habit and a source of pleasure instead of a toil to them, and the honours and distinction they had acquired by it counterbalanced every other consideration. Their love of the art had become greater than their love of riches or of idleness : but at first this is not the case, and the repugnance to labour is only mastered by the absolute necessity for it. People apply to study only when they cannot help it. No one was ever known to succeed without this stimulus.” I ventured to say that no one, I believed, ever succeeded without great application ; but that where there was a strong turn for any thing, a man in this sense could not help himself, and the application followed of course, and was, in fact, comparatively easy. N—— turned short round upon me, and said,—“ Then you admit original genius ? I cannot agree with you there.” I said,—“ Waving that, and not inquiring how the inclination comes, but early in life a fondness, a passion for a certain pursuit is imbibed ; the mind is haunted by this object, it cannot rest without it (any more than the body without food), it becomes the strongest feeling it has, and then, I think the most intense application follows naturally, just as in the case of a passion for money, or any other passion—the most unremitting application without this is forced and of no use ; and where this original bias exists, no other motive is required.”—“ Oh ! but,” said N——, “ if you had to labour on by yourself without competitors or admirers, you would soon lay down your pencil or your pen in disgust. It is the hope of shining, or the fear of being eclipsed, that urges you on. Do you think if nobody took any notice of what you did, this would not damp your ardour ? ”—“ Yes ; after I had done any thing that I thought worth notice, it might considerably : but how many minds (almost all the great ones) were formed in secrecy and solitude, without knowing whether they should ever make a figure or not ! All they knew was, that they liked what they were about, and gave their whole souls to it. There was Hogarth, there was Correggio : what enabled these artists to gain the perfection in their several ways, which afterwards gained them the

attention of the world? Not the premature applause of the bystanders, but the vivid tingling delight with which the one seized upon a grotesque incident or expression—the wrapt soul sitting in the eyes of the other, as he drew a saint or angel from the skies. If they had been brought forward very early, before they had served this thorough apprenticeship to their art, (the opinion of the world apart,) it might have damped or made coxcombs of them. It was the love and perception of excellence (or the favouring smile of the Muse) that in my view produced excellence and formed the man of genius. Some, like Milton, had gone on with a great work all their lives with little encouragement but the hope of posthumous fame.”—“It is not that,” said N——; “you cannot see so far. It is not those who have gone before you, or those who are to come after you, as Sir Joshua used to say, but those who are by your side, running the same race, that make you look about you. What made Titian jealous of Tintoret? Because he stood immediately in his way, and their works were compared together. If there had been a hundred Tintorets a thousand miles off, he would not have cared about them. That is what takes off the edge and stimulus of exertion in old age; those who were our competitors in early life, whom we wished to excel, or whose good opinion we were most anxious about, are gone, and have left us in a manner by ourselves, in a sort of new world, where we know and are as little known as on entering a strange country. Our ambition is cold, with the ashes of those whom we feared or loved. I remember old Alderman Boydell using an expression which explained this. Once when I was in the coach with him, and in reply to some compliment of mine on his success in life, he said,—‘Ah! there was one who would have been pleased at it; but *her* I have lost!’ The fine coach and all the city-trappings were nothing to him without his wife, who remembered what he was, and the gradations and anxious cares by which he rose to his present affluence, and was a kind of monitor to remind him of his former self and of the different vicissitudes of his fortune.”

N—— then spoke of old Alderman Boydell with great regret, and said,—“He was a man of sense and liberality, and a true patron of the art. His son, who came after him, had not the same capacity, and wanted to dictate to the artists what they were to do. He mentioned some instance of his wanting him to paint a picture on a subject for which he was totally unfit, and of a size which he had never been accustomed to, and he had told him ‘he must get somebody else to do it.’” I said,—“Booksellers and editors had the same infirmity, and always wanted you to express their ideas, not your own. Sir R. P—— had once gone up to Coleridge, after hearing him talk in a large party, and offered him ‘nine guineas a sheet for his conversation!’ He calculated that the ‘nine guineas a sheet’ would be at least as strong a stimulus to his imagination as the wasting his words in a room full of company.” N——. “Ay, he came to me once, and wished me to do a work which was to contain a history of art in all countries, and from the beginning of the world. I said it would be an invaluable work if it could be done; but that there was no one alive who could do it.”

N—— afterwards, by some transition, spoke of the characters of women, and asked my opinion. I said, “All my metaphysics leaned

to the vulgar side of these questions: I thought there was a difference of original genius, a difference in the character of the sexes, &c. Women appeared to me to do some things better than men; and therefore I concluded they must do other things worse." N—— mentioned Annibal Caracci, and said, "How odd it was, that in looking at any work of his, you could swear it was done by a man! Ludovico Caracci had a finer and more thoughtful expression, but not the same bold and workmanlike character. There was Michael Angelo again—what woman would ever have thought of painting the figures in the Sistine chapel? There was Dryden too, what a thorough manly character there was in his style! And Pope"—[I interrupted, "seemed to me between a man and a woman!"]—"It was not," he continued, "that women were not often very clever (cleverer than many men), but there was a point of excellence which they never reached. Yet the greatest pains had been taken with several. Angelica Kauffman had been brought up from a child to the art, and had been taken by her father (in boy's clothes) to the Academy to learn to draw; but there was an effeminate and feeble look in all her works, though not without merit. There was not the man's hand, or what Fuseli used to call a "fist" in them, that is, something coarse and clumsy enough, perhaps, but still with strength and muscle. Even in common things, you would see a carpenter drive a nail in a way that a woman never would; or if you had a suit of clothes made by a woman, they would hang quite loose about you, and seem ready to fall off. Yet it is extraordinary too, said N——, that in what has sometimes been thought the peculiar province of men, courage and heroism, there have been women fully upon a par with any men, such as Joan of Arc, and many others, who have never been surpassed as leaders in battle." I observed that of all the women I had ever seen or known any thing of, Mrs. Siddons struck me as the grandest. He said,—“Oh! that's her outward form, which stamps her so completely for tragedy, not the mental part, I assure you. Both she and her brother were cut out by Nature for a tragedy king and queen. It is what Mrs. Hannah More has said of her, '*Her's is the afflicted!*'" I replied, that she seemed to me equally great in anger or in contempt, or in any stately part, as she was in grief, as in her Lady Macbeth. "Yes," he said, "that, to be sure, was a masterpiece." I asked what he thought of Mrs. Inchbald? He said, "Oh! very highly: there was no affectation in her. I once took up her *Simple Story*, (which my sister had borrowed from the circulating library,) and looking into it, I said, 'My God! what have you got here?' and I never moved from the chair till I had finished it. Her *Nature and Art* is equally fine—the very marrow of genius. She seems to me, I said, like Venus writing books. Yes, women have certainly been successful in writing novels; and in plays too. I think Mrs. Centlivre's are better than Congreve's. Their letters, too, are admirable: it is only when they put on the breeches and try to write like men, that they become pedantic and tiresome. In giving advice, too, I have often found that they excelled; and when I have been irritated by any circumstance, and have laid more stress upon any thing than it was worth, they have seen the thing in a right point of view, and tamed down my asperities." On this I remarked, that I thought, in general, it might be said that the

faculties of women were of a passive character. They judged by the simple effect upon their feelings, without inquiring into reasons. Men had to act; women had the coolness and the advantages of by-standers, and were neither implicated in the theories nor the passions of men. While we were proving a thing to be wrong, they would feel it to be ridiculous. I said I thought they had more of common sense, though less of acquired capacity than men. They were freer from the absurdities of creeds and dogmas, from the virulence of party in religion and politics (by which we showed our sense and superiority), nor were their heads so much filled with the lumber of learned folios. I mentioned as an illustration, that when old Baxter (the celebrated casuist and non-conformist divine) first went to Kidderminster to preach, he was almost pelted by the women for maintaining from the pulpit the then fashionable and orthodox doctrine, that 'Hell was paved with infants' skulls.' The theory, which the learned divine had piled up on arguments and authorities, is now exploded: the common-sense feeling on the subject, which the women of that day took up in opposition to it as a dictate of humanity, would be now thought the philosophical one. "Yes," said N——, "but this exploded doctrine was knocked down by some man, as it had been set up by one: the women would let things remain as they are, without making any progress in error or wisdom. We do best together: our strength and our weakness mutually correct each other." N—— then read me from a volume lying by him, a character written of his deceased wife by a Dissenting Minister, (a Mr. Fox, of Plymouth,) which is so beautiful that I shall transcribe it here.

"Written by Mr. John Fox, on the death of his wife, who was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Isaac Gelling.

"My dear wife died to my unspeakable grief, Dec. 19th, 1762. With the loss of my dear companion died all the pleasure of my life; and no wonder: I had lived with her forty years, in which time nothing happened to abate the strictness of our Friendship, or to create a coolness or indifference so common and even unregarded by many in the world. I thank God I enjoyed my full liberty, my health, such pleasures and diversions as I liked, perfect peace and competence during the time; which were all seasoned and heightened every day more or less by constant marks of friendship, most inviolable affection, and a most cheerful endeavour to make my life agreeable. Nothing disturbed me but her many and constant disorders; under all which I could see how her faithful heart was strongly attached to me. And who could stand the shock of seeing the attacks of Death upon and then her final dissolution? The consequences to me were fatal. Old Age rushed upon me, like an armed man: my appetite failed, my strength was gone, every amusement became flat and dull; my countenance fell, and I have nothing to do but to drag on a heavy chain for the rest of my life; which I hope a good God will enable me to do without murmuring, and in conclusion, to say with all my soul—

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

"This was written on a paper blotted by tears, and stuck with wafers into the first page of the family Bible.

"Mr. John Fox died 22d of October, 1763. He was born May 10th, 1693."

A CANADIAN CAMPAIGN, BY A BRITISH OFFICER.—NO. II.

IN consequence of the foregoing intelligence, all idea of continuing the expedition against Fort Wayne was abandoned, and the boats were ordered the same evening to descend the river. Major Muir having, however, resolved to await the approach of the enemy, a position was taken up early on the following morning on the heights overlooking the ford at which the enemy was expected to cross. Having passed nearly the whole of the day in the vain expectation of his appearance, it was at length decided on, that the Americans, apprised of our vicinity by the view of the bodies of their scouts slain the evening before, had taken a different direction, and instead of traversing the river at the usual ford, had forced their march by a less frequented route on the opposite bank. Such a manœuvre on the part of the American general would necessarily have cut off our retreat, and we must have combated an enemy infinitely superior in numbers, under every disadvantage, in the heart of his own country, and, in the event of our boats falling into his hands, destitute of every resource. The detachment was consequently ordered to retire with all possible expedition on Defiance, a fortress situated about half way between the Miami village and the point from whence we commenced our retreat, formerly garrisoned by the American troops, but then in a state of utter ruin and dilapidation. Having crossed the river at this place, a position was again taken up at a point beyond which the enemy could not effect his passage unperceived. Here, however, we did not long remain. Early on the morning after our arrival, a party of Indians appeared along our line conducting a prisoner they had found straying in the woods at a short distance from the enemy's camp. From his account it appeared that the information given by the American officer was perfectly correct. The force of the enemy consisted of two thousand five hundred men under the command of General Winchester; they were destined for the Miami, where it was intended to construct a fortification. On arriving at the spot where their slaughtered scouts lay unburied along the road, an alarm was spread throughout their column, and deeming a numerous enemy to be in their front, it was thought prudent to intrench themselves where they were. For this purpose trees were immediately felled, and in the course of a few hours, with that expedition for which the Western Americans, with whom the axe is almost as indispensable a weapon as the rifle, are remarkable, an inclosure with interstices for musquetry, and sufficiently large to contain their whole force, together with their baggage and waggons, was completed. It being evident from this intelligence that the object of our enterprise was entirely frustrated, and that an attack on the enemy's intrenchments with our feeble force, if unsuccessful, must necessarily compromise the safety of our own posts, Major Muir decided on returning to Amherstburg, which fortress the detachment at length reached after a fruitless absence of three weeks.

In the course of our return, and shortly subsequent to his capture, we fell in with the prisoner from whom the above report had been obtained. He was already adopted in that tribe of Indians, to which his captors belonged, and was habited after their manner. His head was partly shaved, and covered with a handkerchief, rolled in the form of a turban, after the manner of the natives. His face was painted several colours, and so complete was the metamorphosis, that but for the whiteness of skin visible through several parts of his dress, it would have been difficult to distinguish him from those by whom he was surrounded. At the moment we saw him, he was seated in a tent, sharing the evening-meal of his new countrymen, with much appetite and unconcern. He expressed himself as being quite reconciled to his new condition, and spoke with warmth of the kind treatment he had received; nor did he seem to attach much consequence to the assurance given him that every exertion would be made on our return to obtain his liberation. We saw him some weeks later at Amherstburg; and strange as it may appear, he assured us that he preferred the idle life he had led among the Indians to a repetition of active service in the American army.

* About this period Mr. Robert Dickson, a gentleman to whom a long intercourse with the more remote savages of the West had rendered their language and customs as familiar as his influence among them was unbounded, arrived at Amherstburg with a number of canoes, filled with warriors of the fiercest character and appearance. Among the most remarkable of these tribes were the Sawkies, a race of men whose towering height, athletic forms, and nobleness of feature, might recal the idea of the Romans in the earlier stages of their barbarity; and another tribe, whose Indian name I do not recollect, but who were known among ourselves by their assumed appellation of *devoted men*. The costume of the latter was a dress of white leather, extremely pliant, and curiously embroidered with the stained quills of the porcupine, in the preparation of which the natives evince much taste and ingenuity. They were few in number, and, professing to hold death in derision, were looked upon by the other warriors much in the same light that we regard our forlorn hope, the post of danger being reserved for them. One of their chiefs having been invited to breakfast with several officers of the garrison, was at much pains, in the course of the meal, to impress upon the minds of his hosts the particular virtues of his tribe; and in order to demonstrate more fully the extent to which they carried their disregard of pain or death, drew a sharp knife from its sheath, and, having cut a piece of flesh out of one of his thighs, threw it contemptuously away, exclaiming that 'he gave it to the dogs.' A tribe even fiercer than these, although evincing no disposition to prove their hardihood and courage by the self-infliction of pain, were the Minouminies, a race of men whose limbs formed in the finest mould of symmetry, and full expansive chests, sufficiently attested their vigour and activity. Of these, however, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. It was a picturesque sight to behold the light bark canoes of the different warriors skinning along the surface of the broad and tranquil river of Detroit, their streamers floating in air, and the paddlers keeping time with their oars, while the salute fired from the fort, and answered from the little fleet by discharges of fire-arros, mingled with the shrill war-cry echoing over the bosom of the deep and dying away in the adjacent forests. The arrival of this reinforcement increased our Indian strength to three thousand warriors. The 41st regiment, about six hundred strong, and two companies of the Newfoundland Fencibles, composed the whole of our regular force. The latter were, however, employed as marines on board the different vessels of war, so that the defence of the two fortresses of Detroit and Amherstburg was intrusted to the 41st alone.

The month of October was marked by an event of the most melancholy nature—the death of General Brock, who fell a victim to the intrepidity and daring of his character. The Americans being in force along the Niagara frontier, a landing was effected early on the morning of the 13th by a considerable body under General Wadsworth, who immediately possessed himself of the heights of Queenston. The little army of General Brock consisted of the 1st battalions 8th and 49th regiments, a few companies of the Glengary Fencibles, some militia, and a small body of Indians. On the first alarm, the gallant commander, leaving General Sheaffe to bring up the main body, dashed forward at the head of the flank companies of the 8th and 49th regiments, who advanced up the heights in double-quick time, and under a heavy fire from the enemy. Conspicuous from his dress, his height, and the enthusiasm with which he animated his little band, General Brock was soon recognized and singled out by their riflemen, whose celebrity for unerring aim was never more cruelly justified. Mortally wounded, he fell from his horse, and his body lay extended near that of Colonel Macdonnell, his principal aide-de-camp, a fine promising young officer, killed nearly at the same instant at his side. Filled with grief, and burning to revenge the death of their favourite commander, the men redoubled their exertions in the ascent, and the main body coming up at this moment the action became general. The enemy was soon driven from his position at the point of the bayonet. Those who attempted to escape in the woods were driven back by the Indians and militia, and falling on such of their own lines as yet sustained the

shock, threw them into confusion. Little quarter was given in the onset. Driven near the edge of the precipices, with which the heights of Queenston abound, the enemy fought for a moment with all the obstinacy of despair, but, compelled at length to yield to their exasperated foe, their remaining line was entirely broken. Many threw down their arms, and implored the clemency of their victors. Others cast themselves wildly over the precipices, and were dashed in their fall against the rocks, or hung suspended from the bushes which had caught them in their descent, and in parts where no human hand could tender them assistance. Never was victory more complete. Few of the enemy returned to tell the tale of their disaster, and the American general was among the number of the captives. The loss of their leader, however, cast a gloom over every English brow, and an advantage thus purchased was deemed at too high a price. General Brock was beloved by the soldiery, particularly the 49th, of which he had long been colonel; and the indignation of their grief for his loss cost the Americans many a life on that day, that had otherwise been spared. At Amherstburg the account of his death was received with heartfelt concern; and not a man was there of those he had lately led to victory, who failed to pay that tribute of regret to his memory, which the gallantry and magnanimity of this glorious chief was so every way calculated to awaken in the breast of the soldier.

Towards the close of the autumn, General Winchester having advanced to the Miami, and thrown up a strong fortification on the right bank of that river, a detachment consisting of one hundred militia, a six-pounder, and a body of Indians, under Major Reynolds of the militia, were ordered to occupy Frenchtown, a small village on the opposite shore, situated on the river Raisin, and distant about eighteen miles from Amherstburg. Here this little corps of observation continued to remain until the 17th of January, 1813, when the advanced guard of the enemy, closely followed by their main body, suddenly appearing in sight, Major Reynolds withdrew to a small wood skirting the plain. At this point, the Americans were kept in check by an animated fire from the militia and Indians, supported by the well-directed service of Bombardier Kitson. After a spirited affair, which continued upwards of an hour, the fire from the enemy's line began to slacken, and they retired across the plain, suffering Major Reynolds to effect his retreat unmolested.

The account of this affair reaching Amherstburg on the evening of the 18th, the whole of our disposable force was ordered to be in readiness to march on the following morning. Accordingly, early on the 19th, Colonel Procter, then commanding, leaving a handful of men to garrison the posts, crossed the river Detroit with a body of one thousand troops and militia, eight hundred Indians, two howitzers, and several four and six-pounders. The different vessels being laid up for the season, parts of their crews were ordered to serve with the artillery, and the two companies of the Newfoundland Fencibles attached to the brigade. No sight could be more beautiful than the departure of this little army from Amherstburg. It was the depth of winter; and the river at the point we crossed being four miles in breadth, the deep rumbling noise of the guns prolonging their reverberations like the roar of distant thunder, as they moved along the ice, mingled with the wild cries of the Indians, seemed to threaten some convulsion of nature; while the appearance of the troops winding along the road, now lost behind some cliff of rugged ice, now emerging into view, their polished arms glittering in the sunbeams, gave an air of romantic grandeur to the scene, which the European unaccustomed to the sight of those stupendous seasons, can with difficulty conceive.

On the 22d, before daybreak, we came within sight of the enemy, occupying the position lately held by Major Reynolds. Such was their security and negligence, that our line was formed within musquet-shot of their defences, and yet not an individual was aware of our approach. Several shells thrown into their camp, however, soon aroused them from their slumber, and the action became general. The Americans, resting their rifles on

the breastwork by which they were covered, fought under every advantage, the dark line of troops before them serving as a point of direction, which could not fail to be perceived along the tract of snow by which they were surrounded. Much execution was done among the artillery and seamen. Placed in front of the line, and singled out by their marksmen, the officers and men of those departments were particularly exposed, and many of the guns were abandoned from want hands to work them. The fire of the enemy was not less galling to the troops, yet, although falling at every step, they continued to advance with the utmost resolution and gallantry. The action had continued about an hour, when the American right being entirely broken by the militia and Indians, a movement was made to occupy the ground they had abandoned, and take the enemy in flank. This manoeuvre succeeding, a corps of Americans, to the number of six hundred, threw themselves into the strong block-houses they had already constructed since their arrival, where they continued to make an obstinate defence. Meanwhile, their right and part of the centre, closely followed across the ice by the Indians, fell almost unresisting victims to the wrath of their pursuers; and for nearly two miles along the road by which they passed, the snow was covered with the blood and bodies of the slain. Among the fugitives was General Winchester himself, who, falling into the hands of several of the Wyandot Indians, was conducted, together with his son, a youth of sixteen, to our rear. Here, being informed of the state of the action, he immediately penned an order to the officer commanding the block-houses, desiring him to surrender the troops under him as prisoners of war. This being conveyed to Colonel Procter the fire from our line was discontinued, and an officer despatched with a flag and the document in question, the result of which was the capitulation of men, who, dreading to fall into the hands of the Indians, had resolved to sell their lives at the dearest rate, and could with difficulty have been expelled from the buildings into which they had thrown themselves. In this manner was the whole of the American force destroyed, one hundred and fifty men only effecting their escape into Fort Meigs, the fortification which had been erected on the banks of the Miami. So complete was the surprise of the enemy when attacked, that General Winchester at his capture had no other covering than the dress in which he slept, and his head was ornamented with a white cotton nightcap, which gave him a very unsoldierlike appearance indeed. It may be inquired by the military reader why, since our columns had advanced so near an enemy unconscious of their approach, they were not suffered to enter their encampment bayonet in hand, instead of being exposed unnecessarily to the destructive fire of the riflemen. That question must be resolved by those who planned the attack. Let it suffice, that the good conduct and firmness of the troops employed overcame every obstacle, and that the defeat of the enemy was of the most decisive character.

In this affair we lost twenty-five men killed, and from fifty to sixty wounded of the line. The militia and Indians, having been covered by a wood and some detached fences, suffered less. Colonel St. George, particularly distinguished by his valour and exertions on this occasion, received five wounds—several of them severe, and had a horse shot under him. No officer was killed; but among the wounded were Lieutenants Carr, of the Newfoundland regiment, dangerously, (since dead), Clemow, of the 41st, and Rolette and Irvine of the Navy, the latter in the heel, and immediately under the enemy's breastwork, while endeavouring singly to withdraw a four-pounder, which had been advanced and abandoned by his men. Another individual who deserves honourable mention here, was a midshipman, son of Doctor Richardson of Amherstburg, one of the magistrates for that district. This youth, then only fourteen years of age, had long been anxious to find himself engaged in an affair with the enemy, but no opportunity having presented itself on the lake, he had resolved to seize the first favourable occasion on land. Disobeying the positive order given him to remain behind, he joined the division a few hours before we reached Frenchtown, and, attaching himself

to his department, was among the number of those singled out by the enemy's marksmen, and, while in the act of applying a match to one of the guns, was struck by a ball which shattered his right leg and felled him to the earth. Doctor Richardson had been called on in his medical capacity to attend the expedition, and was then with the staff in the rear. The first care of this gallant and excellent boy was to conceal his wound from his father; and he begged those by whom he was borne from the field, to convey him to a position remote from that occupied by the staff, and request another surgeon to attend him, which was accordingly done. After having suffered intensely, but with manly courage, for six months, he was at length enabled to remove to Lower Canada, where his conduct being generally known, he was taken into favour by the commander in chief, who gave him the commission of a lieutenant in one of the provincial corps. Colonel Harvey, adjutant-general, and Colonel Murray, quarter-master-general, were also forward in affording the most flattering testimonials of their esteem; and this generous youth had the satisfaction to perceive, that although afflicted with a wound which eventually cost him his life, the noble spirit developed at so early a stage of his existence was not without its reward in the estimation of men whose military rank and character lent additional weight to their individual approbation.

The appearance of the American prisoners captured at Frenchtown was miserable to the last degree. They had the air of men to whom cleanliness was a virtue unknown, and their squalid bodies were covered by habiliments that had evidently undergone every change of season, and were arrived at the last stage of repair. It has already been remarked that it was the depth of winter; but scarcely an individual was in possession of a great coat or cloak, and few of them wore garments of wool of any description. They still retained their summer dress, consisting of cotton stuff of various colours, shaped into frocks, and descending to the knee: their trowsers were of the same material. They were covered with slouched hats, worn bare by constant use, beneath which their long hair fell matted and uncombed over their cheeks; and these together with the dirty blankets wrapped around their loins to protect them against the inclemency of the season, and fastened by broad leather belts, into which were thrust axes and knives of an enormous length, gave them an air of wildness and savageness, which in Italy would have caused them to pass for brigands of the Apennines. The only distinction between the garb of the officer and that of the soldier was, that the one, in addition to his sword, carried a short rifle instead of a long one, while a dagger, often curiously worked and of some value, supplied the place of the knife. This description may be considered as applicable to the various hordes of irregular troops sent forth throughout the war from the States of Ohio and Kentucky. The equipment was ever the same, and differing only inasmuch as their opportunities of preserving or renewing it were more or less frequent.

Far from being discouraged by the discomfiture of their armies under Generals Hull and Winchester, the Americans despatched a third and more formidable under one of their most experienced commanders, General Harrison, who, reaching Fort Meigs shortly subsequent to the affair at Frenchtown, directed his attention to the construction of works which rendered his position in some measure impregnable. Determined if possible to thwart the views of the enemy, and give a finishing stroke to his movements in that quarter, General Procter (lately promoted) ordered an expedition to be in readiness to move for the Miami. Accordingly, towards the close of April, a detachment of the 41st, some militia, and 1500 Indians, accompanied by a train of battering artillery, and attended by two gun-boats, proceeded up that river, and established themselves on the left bank at the distance of a mile from the site selected for our batteries. The season was unusually wet, yet, in defiance of every obstacle, they were erected the same night in front of the American fortress, and the guns transported along a road in which the axle-trees of the carriages were frequently buried

in mud. Among other battering pieces were two 24-pounders, in the transportation of which 200 men with several oxen were employed from nine o'clock at night until daybreak in the morning. At length every preparation having been made, a gun fired from one of the boats as the signal for their opening, and early on the morning of the 1st of May, a heavy fire was commenced, and continued for four days without intermission, during which period every one of the enemy's batteries within our range were silenced and dismantled. The fire of the 24-pounder battery was principally directed against the powder magazine, which the besieged were busily occupied in covering and protecting from our hot shot. It was impossible to have artillery better served: every shot that was fired sank into the roof of the magazine, scattering the earth to a considerable distance, and burying many of the workmen in its bed, from whence we could distinctly perceive the survivors dragging forth the bodies of their slaughtered comrades. Meanwhile the flank companies of the 41st, with a few Indians, had been detached to the opposite shore within a few hundred yards of the enemy's works, and had constructed a battery, from which a galling cross-fire was maintained. Dismayed at the success of our operations, General Harrison, already apprised before our arrival of the approach of a reinforcement of 1500 men, then descending the Miami under General Clay, contrived to despatch a courier on the evening of the 4th, with an order for that officer to land immediately and possess himself of our batteries on the left bank, while he (General Harrison) sallied forth to carry those on the right. Accordingly, at eight o'clock on the morning of the 5th, General Clay pushed forward the whole of his force, and meeting with no opposition at the batteries, which were entirely unsupported, proceeded to spike the guns in conformity with his instructions; but elated with his success, and disobeying the positive order of his chief, which was to retire the instant his object was effected, continued to occupy the position. In the mean time the flying artillerymen had given the alarm, and three companies of the 41st, several of militia, and a body of Indians, the latter under their celebrated chieftain Tecumseh, were ordered to move on the instant, and repossess themselves of the works. The rain, which had commenced early in the morning, continued to fall with violence, and the road, as has already been described, was knee-deep with mud, yet the men advanced to the assault with the utmost alacrity and determination. The enemy on our approach had sheltered themselves behind the batteries, affording them every facility of defence, yet they were driven at the point of the bayonet from each in succession, until eventually not a man was left in the plain. Flying to the woods, the murderous fire of the Indians drove them back upon their pursuers, so that they had no possibility of escape. A vast number were killed, and independently of the prisoners taken by the Indians, 450, with their second in command, fell into our hands. Every man of the detachment acquitted himself on this occasion to the entire satisfaction of his superiors. Among the most conspicuous for gallantry was Major Chambers of the 41st, acting deputy quarter-master-general to the division. Supported merely by four or five followers, this meritorious officer advanced under a shower of balls from the enemy, and carried one of the batteries sword in hand. A private of the same regiment being opposed in an isolated situation to three Americans, contrived to disarm and render them his prisoners. On joining his company towards the close of the affair, he excited much mirth among his comrades, in consequence of the singular manner in which he appeared, sweating beneath the weight of arms he had secured as trophies of his victory, and driving his captives before him with an air of indifference and carelessness which contrasted admirably with the occasion. Of the whole of the division under General Clay, scarcely two hundred men effected their escape. Among the fugitives was that officer himself. The sortie made by General Harrison at the head of the principal part of the garrison had a different result. The detachment supporting the battery already described, were driven from their position, and two officers,

Lieutenants Mac Intyre and Hailes, and thirty men, were made prisoners. Meanwhile it having been discovered that the guns on the left bank, owing to some error on the part of the enemy, had been spiked with the ramrods of their muskets, instead of the usual instruments, they were speedily rendered serviceable, and the fire from the batteries was renewed. At this moment a white flag was observed waving on the ramparts of the fort, and the courage and perseverance of the troops appeared at length as if about to be crowned by the surrender of a fortress, the siege of which had cost them so much toil and privation. Such, however, was far from being the intention of General Harrison. Availing himself of the cessation of hostilities which necessarily ensued, he caused the officers and men just captured to be sent across the river for the purpose of being exchanged; but this was only a feint for the accomplishment of a more important object. Drawing up his whole force both of cavalry and infantry in the plain beneath the fortress, he caused such of the boats of General Clay's division as were laden with ammunition, of which the garrison stood much in need, to be dropped under the works, and the stores to be immediately disembarked. All this took place during the period occupied in the exchange of prisoners. The remaining boats, containing the baggage and private stores of the division, fell into the hands of the Indians still engaged in the pursuit of the fugitives, and the plunder they acquired was immense. General Harrison having secured his stores and received the officers and men exchanged for his captives, withdrew into the garrison, and the bombardment was recommenced.

The victory obtained at the Miami was such as to reflect credit on every branch of the service; but the satisfaction arising from the conviction was deeply embittered by an act of cruelty, which, as the writer of an impartial memoir, it becomes my painful duty to record. In the heat of the action a strong corps of the enemy which had thrown down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war, were immediately despatched, under an escort of fifty men, for the purpose of being embarked in the gun-boats, where it was presumed they would be safe from the attacks of the Indians. This measure, however, although dictated by the purest humanity, and apparently offering the most probable means of security, proved one of fatal import to several of the prisoners. On reaching our encampment, they were entirely deserted by the troops, they were met by a band of cowardly and treacherous Indians, who had borne no share in the action, yet who now, guided by the savage instinct of their nature, approached the column, and, selecting their victims, commenced the work of blood. In vain did the harassed and indignant escort attempt to save them from the fury of their destroyers; the phrenzy of these wretches knew no bounds, and an old and excellent soldier of the name of Russell, of the 41st, was shot through the heart while endeavouring to wrest a victim from the grasp of his murderer. Forty of these unhappy men had already fallen beneath the steel of the infuriated party, when Tecumseh, apprised of what was doing, rode up at full speed, and raising his tomahawk threatened to destroy the first man who resisted his injunction to desist. Even on those lawless people, to whom the language of coercion had hitherto been unknown, the threats and tone of the exasperated chieftain produced an instantaneous effect, and they retired at once humiliated and confounded. Never did Tecumseh shine more truly himself than on this occasion; and nought of the savage could be distinguished save the colour and the garb. Ever merciful and magnanimous as he was ardent and courageous, the voice of the suppliant seldom reached him in vain; and although war was his idol, the element in which he lived, his heart was formed to glow with all the nobler and more generous impulses of the warrior; and his character was not less esteemed by ourselves than revered by the various tribes over which, in his quality of brother to the prophet, he invariably presided. In any other country, and governing any other men, Tecumseh would have been a hero; at the head of this uncivilized and untractable people he was a savage; but a savage such as Civilization herself

might not blush to acknowledge for her child. Constantly opposed to the encroachments of the Americans for a series of years previous to their rupture with England, he had combated their armies on the banks of the Wabash with success, and given their leaders proofs of a skill and judgment in defence of his native soil, which would not have disgraced the earlier stages of military science in Europe. General Harrison himself, a commander with whom he had often disputed the palm of victory, with the generous candour of the soldier subsequently ascribed to him virtues as a man and abilities as a warrior, commanding at once the attention and admiration of his enemies.

The survivors of this melancholy catastrophe were immediately conveyed on board the gun-boats moored in the river; and every precaution having been taken to prevent a renewal of the scene, the escorting party proceeded to the internment of the victims, to whom the rites of sepulture were afforded even before those of our own men who had fallen in the action. Colonel Dudley, second in command of General Clay's division, was among the number of the slain.

On the evening of the second day after this event, I accompanied Major Muir of the 11st, in a ramble throughout the encampment of the Indians, distant a few hundred yards from our own. The spectacle there offered to our view was at once of the most ludicrous and revolting nature. In various directions were lying the trunks and boxes taken in the boats of the American division, and the plunderers were busily occupied in displaying their riches, carefully examining each article, and attempting to divine its use. Several were decked out in the uniforms of the officers; and although embarrassed to the last degree in their movements, and dragging with difficulty the heavy military boots with which their legs were for the first time covered, strutted forth much to the admiration of their less fortunate comrades. Some were habited in plain clothes; others had their bodies clad in clean white shirts, contrasting in no ordinary manner with the swarthiness of their skins; all wore some article of decoration, and their tents were ornamented with saddles, bridles, rifles, daggers, swords, and pistols, many of which were handsomely mounted and of curious workmanship. Such was the ridiculous part of the picture; but mingled with these, and in various directions, were to be seen the scalps of the slain drying in the sun, stained on the fleshy side with vermilion dyes, and dangling in air as they hung suspended from the poles to which they were attached, together with hoops of various sizes, on which were stretched portions of human skin taken from various parts of the body, principally the hand and foot, and yet covered with the tails of those parts, while scattered along the ground were visible the members from which they had been separated, and serving as nutriment to the wolf-dogs by which the savages were accompanied. As we continued to advance into the heart of the encampment, a scene of a more disgusting nature arrested our attention. Stopping at the entrance of a tent occupied by a part of the Minoumini tribe, already spoken of, we observed them seated round a large fire, over which was suspended a kettle containing their meal. Each warrior had a piece of string hanging over the edge of the vessel, and to this was suspended a food, which, it will be presumed we heard not without loathing, consisted of part of an American. Any expression of our feelings, as we declined the invitation they gave us to join in their repast, would have been resented by the Indians without much ceremony. We had, therefore, the prudence to excuse ourselves under the plea that we had already taken our food, and we hastened to remove from the contemplation of a sight so revolting to humanity. This was the only instance in which the natives ever appeared to us in the character of Anthropophagi, and the obloquy must in justice fall on this tribe alone. They were the most barbarous of the whole Indian race; and no example can be adduced of a similar disposition being manifested by any one other tribe during the course of our struggle with America.

Since the affair of the 5th the enemy continued to keep themselves shut up within their works, and the bombardment, although followed up with

vigour, had effected no practicable breach. From the account given by the officers captured during the sortie, it appeared that, with a perseverance and toil peculiar to themselves, the Americans had constructed subterranean passages to protect them from the annoyance of our shells, which, sinking into beds of clay softened by the incessant rains that had fallen, instead of exploding, were speedily extinguished. Impatient of longer privation, and anxious to return to their families and occupations, numbers of the militia withdrew themselves in small bodies, and under cover of the night: while the majority of the Indians, enriched by plunder, and languishing under the tediousness of a mode of warfare so different from their own, with less ceremony and caution left us to prosecute the siege as we could. Tecumseh at the head of his own tribe (the Shawanees) and a few others, in all amounting to about four hundred warriors, continued to remain. The troops also were worn down by constant fatigue; for here, as in every other expedition against the enemy, few even of the officers had tents to shield them from the weather. A few pieces of bark torn from the trees, and covering the skeleton of a hut, was their only habitation, and they were merely separated from the damp earth on which they lay by a few scattered leaves, on which was generally spread a blanket by the men, and a cloak by the officers. Hence frequently arose dysentery, ague, and the various ills to which an army, encamped on a wet and unhealthy ground, is inevitably subject; and fortunate was he who possessed the skin of the bear or buffalo, on which he could repose his wearied limbs after a period of suffering and privation, which those who have never served in the wilds of America can with difficulty comprehend. Such was the position of the contending parties towards the middle of May, when General Procter, despairing to effect the reduction of the fort, caused preparations to be made for raising the siege. Accordingly the gun-boats ascended the river, and anchored under the batteries, the guns of which were conveyed on board under a heavy fire from the enemy. The whole being secured, the expedition returned to Amherstburg, the Americans remaining tranquil within their works, and suffering us to depart unmolested.

STANZAS.

Like the young spring-buds sweet and bright,
 And like the lark, and like the light,
 And like the wind, and like the wave,
 E'en such is Hope: Buds find a grave,
 The lark gives place unto the owl,
 The light is quench'd in darkness foul,
 The winds are fickle, waves betray,
 And Hope is falser far than they.

And like the dew upon the thorn,
 And like the blushful break of morn,
 And like a vessel harbour'd well,
 And like a song, and like a spell,
 E'en such is Man: the dew exhales,
 The morning's past, the vessel sails,
 The song is sweet but swiftly flies,
 The spell is burst, and Man he dies.

And like the azure skies of June,
 And like the sun, and like the moon,
 And like a bowl, and like a smile,
 And like a taper's burning pile,
 E'en such is Life: the changed sky rains,
 The sun goes down, the pale moon wanes,
 The bowl is drain'd, *that* smile's the last,
 The taper's spent, and Life is past.

J. C. N.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—At the present time, when the propriety of erecting the New College, or London University, is so much discussed, and the sufficiency of the old schools and establishments so violently insisted on; it may be instructive to give a picture of *one* of those old establishments, at least, for the guidance of people who are in doubt upon the subject. I am, Sir, &c.

A COUNTRY READER.

The *Excellence* of Public Schools has for a long time been a fruitful theme for panegyric. Upon this point, every doting old gentleman and beneficed parson have fatigued their hearers times out of mind, and interrupted the course of the bottle. Upon this point every raw youth still wastes his small stock of tawdry rhetoric; thus showing a preposterous sense of gratitude, which his *own* gains do any thing in the world but justify. In honest truth, the common-places which are trumpeted forth about public schools, are little else than dull, old, impudent delusions. The sages of Oxford and Cambridge (and the sages of public schools themselves,) hammer them into the thick craniums of the young fry beneath them, with as much sincerity and perseverance as they would maintain any exploded nuisance in philosophy, which the wiser intellects of the present age are employed in abating. So it is that errors arise, and so are they perpetuated. Boys put on their opinions with their freshmen's gowns. Unfortunately they do not discard them together.

But I might, in this way, expend a fortune of valuable words upon the unwilling reader in vain. So easy is it not to take the trouble of investigating a position, or to deny *in toto* its stability. "I do not understand you," or "I do not agree with you," is as easy as lying. This being the case, it seems to me better, instead of railing at abuses generally, or worrying the unrepentant sinner with invective, to place my own experience upon record for the benefit of the unwary. An argument may be combated in general terms; but a plain fact must be plainly refuted. And now to come to the point:—

I was brought up (I will not say educated) at a public school. What tempted my father, otherwise a sensible man, to commit this unhappy absurdity, I know not. Whether it was some unlucky promise which betrayed itself in me, or some vague ambition in himself, must now remain a mystery. Until that period I had been happily disciplined, with cane and birch, at a small "academy" near London. I had remained there, in a state of gradual improvement, from six until I was thirteen years old; when some demon whispered to my father,—“Send your boy to a public school.” Accordingly I *was* sent thither. My old master's moderate charges (some five and twenty or thirty pounds per annum) were paid; my ragged school-books collected; my wardrobe replenished; and I was dispatched (with a guinea in my pocket) to a public school.

—It was on a fine morning in February that my father, my mother, and I set off for B—— School. We travelled in a post-chaise (a too ex-

peditious conveyance then), and reached our resting-place safely on the same day. As our chaise entered the town, we observed groups of impudent-looking boys, of all sizes, who examined, with something of a supercilious air, our humble vehicle; but no offence beyond a grin or a word of muttered scorn was offered. We had been already recommended to a *Dame* at B——; and accordingly drove strait up to her house, where we found her occupied with some book from a circulating library. She was a fat, stately personage, and in her appearance bore sufficient evidence of tolerable company and substantial living. We explained our visit, (in fact, we had already communicated with her by letter,) when she told us that we ought, in the first instance, to pay our respects to Mr. ——, the “head master.” We of course assented to this; and she sent her servant to that gentleman, to announce the approach of a new comer. Mr. ——, a tall, grave, gentlemanlike man, with something of severity in his countenance, which, however, his conduct did not answer to, received us civilly, and dismissed us after an interview of five minutes (in the course of which he inquired what I had learned, &c.), and *I never spoke to him again* but on two or three occasions during the four years that I remained at B——! Quitting this gentleman’s presence, we returned to our dame, and finally to the inn, where, after an indifferent dinner, a great quantity of good counsel, and a little more money, we parted,—I and my mother shedding plenty of tears.

It was now that I felt myself alone,—felt myself a stranger—ignorant—abashed—without a friend; and saw that I had to fight my way among hundreds. My dame, indeed, encouraged me by some of the ordinary civilities, putting before me some little eatable, and giving me some slight account of the school—how many masters there were, and how many scholars, and when we had half-holidays, and so forth. But, after all, the evening passed melancholily enough. The curiosity, which I might have felt under other circumstances, was absorbed in the grief of parting with my friends, and my dread of the future, which lay before me. I had heard terrible accounts of these large schools;

“The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders”—

were scarcely less formidable to my imagination than this mob of audacious and tyrannical boys. Matters were not, however, quite so bad, in fact, as I had apprehended; and yet they were bad enough.

At night, I was conducted to a bedroom, in which were three or four other beds occupied by boys of my own age. They were all asleep before I arrived, and accordingly I saw nothing of them till the next morning. I awoke with the sun, and soon after observed my companions arise; hurry on their clothes; go out of the room; and return speedily with coats, trowsers, &c. of much larger dimensions than their own. These they began to brush and clean as carefully as possible, dispersing, as they proceeded, clouds of dust on all sides. At first, I imagined that I had been put among servants; but I soon found that I was mistaken, for that they were even worse—they were fags! One of them endeavoured, in the intervals of his toil, to get by heart some passages out of a dog’s-eared book which lay upon his washstand; but an imperious voice from the next room soon interrupted

him, calling out,—“You—Stanton!—why the devil don’t you bring my clothes? If you go on mumbling your d—d lesson, I’ll give you something to mumble for,” &c. This gracious intimation was received in silence, and the great man’s orders alertly attended to. At eight o’clock I got up; breakfasted; and at nine or ten was escorted by a young boy to the gentleman who was appointed to act as my tutor. He was a sanguine-complexioned person, and somewhat choleric; but upon the whole sufficiently reasonable, and got through his drudgery well.

The office of tutor was to construe *every* lesson to his pupils, who were scattered about indiscriminately in the different classes of the school, and to hear in school-hours some one particular class himself. [The play-hours, it may here be observed, were intended partly for the purpose of learning the lessons; and the school-hours for reciting or explaining them when learned.] I cannot remember that I profited any thing by my tutor; and, in truth, there was little opportunity for doing so. The number of his *common* pupils, of whom I was one, necessarily prevented his bestowing much time on each; the more especially as his *private* pupils (or those who paid double) required an extraordinary portion of his time. Had my father understood that in order to learn properly, it was necessary to pay double the regular sum, I should probably have become a private pupil; but I did not think it well (I was only thirteen) to communicate a piece of information which would have added to my labours. Besides, the duties of the day were, as I soon found, enough for the day; and the duties of *fagging* would have altogether prevented my deriving much advantage from additional instructions. And so—owing to an ignorance of Greek, and partly to my not being a private pupil, (they being generally *crammed* so as to take the highest stand possible, consistent with their pretensions) I sank into that most unhappy of all animals,—a *Fag* at a public school! In this capacity, I had to do what the Testament says no man *can* do,—namely, to “serve two masters.” I was a pupil of Mr. —, and fag (i. e. slave) to a boy whom I shall call Travis. In order to tempt the inexperienced as much as possible, I beg to offer the following picture of my comforts and course of study at B——. This, it is to be observed, cost my father little less than one hundred and thirty pounds per annum!

In the morning, about half-past six, in winter, I rose; and after a hasty toilette, lighted my wax taper (which I paid for), got for Travis clean water, his shoes, and brushed his clothes, &c.—(a good half-hour’s labour, during the foot-ball and other dirty seasons.) At seven, the morning school opened, before which time I had to get by heart my lesson, for which I had had no opportunity the evening before. This was sometimes accomplished, but as often not so; for it was necessary to neglect either Travis or my lesson; and I naturally preferred the latter course, where there was only a chance of punishment, to the former where the matter was certain. At seven, as I have said, the school commenced, and I had then to ask Travis’s leave to go there! This was usually accorded, of course, but it was not unfrequently refused for a time, and the consequence was a flogging or a task. It was useless to extenuate—“I have been fagging, Sir:”—That excuse was seldom if ever allowed; and never but on giving up the fagger’s

name. If I had given up Travis's name, misery would have been my portion. So I took my tasks or my floggings quietly.—At eight, or half-past eight o'clock, school was over, and we returned to the boarding-house, where breakfast was ready. This consisted of a penny roll (or small cake,) and a little warm water with less milk. It was necessary to dispatch this before nine o'clock, (about which time our tutor was accustomed to construe our Latin or Greek lessons for the day,) and this, in fact, could easily have been managed (and more too): but, unfortunately, it is the fag's province to disregard his own breakfast as well as his lesson. He must attend upon him for whom he fags. So is disinterestedness taught. And so it was with me. I had to boil Travis's kettle (for the greater boys purchased tea and sugar); toast his roll; go into the town and purchase butter and an additional roll; be ready at his call; and, in a word, wait upon him during breakfast in the character of a footboy—for which I was paid in blows. My own little roll was devoured as I could—sometimes thrust into my pocket, half eaten; sometimes “bolted,” leaving my appetite nearly as fresh as ever; and sometimes hoarded for an hour or so till I arrived at my tutor's, and waited his leisure for construing my lesson. At nine, it was necessary to start for our tutor's house, (as he lived some way from my lodging,) and there we heard *all* our lessons for the day construed; duly wrote the English interpretations over *every* difficult word, and thought no more about the matter! We never consulted a dictionary; for every lesson, without an exception, was fully interpreted to us. No industry was necessary on our parts, and accordingly we were idle! About ten o'clock the tutor's labour ceased, and his pupils were, class by class, dismissed. After this, we might, perhaps, have studied the lesson still further, (with a view to parsing it, &c. in school,) except that the intermediate time was generally well occupied in fagging. And, indeed, had it been otherwise, it was scarcely worth while to study a lesson for the mere chance (as will be seen hereafter) of being called up to say it. The consequence was, that we were either busy on behalf of some of the higher boys, or else idle on our own account!

[I wish that I could condense this statement, which I fear will prove tedious to the reader; but it is scarcely possible to do so. The hardships and evils were all single, and occurring in different shapes and at different periods, and it is only by a detail that I can do them justice. Could I explain and extinguish them by a curse, it should be done; but as it is—we must have patience.]—At eleven o'clock, the second school began, and lasted till twelve; during which the master could examine only about ten boys. If we were “called up,” we blundered through our lessons upon the strength of our tutor's construing: if not,—we were, as the soldiers say, “*as we were*.” At twelve, we emerged into the open air; when play on the part of the big, and fagging on the part of the little boy re-commenced. At one o'clock the dinner-bell rang, and every one scrambled for his share of mutton and potatoes, beefsteak pie, (an inexpressible medley), beef and carrots, or some such refectation. To this was added “swipes”—a detestable compound, which, it is no exaggeration to say, a London beggar would scoff at: and on Sundays, and, in the fruit season, when gooseberries were red, and plums and damsons very cheap,—a pudding. After dinner (the time set apart for preparing ourselves for the afternoon school) fagging re-

burned its way :—From two till five o'clock, we were in school,—waiting during the first hour for the master, and subject to the chance only of being called up during the two last :—After school we had our tea—a repetition of breakfast (except that a thin round of bread and butter took the place of the penny roll, and swipes succeeded to milk and water) and interrupted in like manner by the necessity of waiting upon our boy-master ; and when his tea was over, we had to clear his table, and hold ourselves in readiness for *any* of the higher boys who chose to call out “a fag.” And now the lesson for the next morning *ought* to have been learned ; but, with a single playroom, and a *single* candle for thirty or forty boys, it will easily be imagined how much of either ever came to the share of the little fag. In fact he *never* could calculate upon either light or warmth during the whole of the winter season. For my own part, I scarcely ever was able to learn a lesson so long as I remained a fag ; and I sincerely believe that I never was thoroughly warm, in winter, except while I was in bed. At eight o'clock, weary, sad, and frequently hungry, we were sent to our pillows, to dream of home, and prepare ourselves for the next day's toil. The next day came, when we rose as usual ; and the same scene of toil and misery and neglect was repeated.

Sometimes, it is true, one day passed off less sadly than another. Sometimes I *did* learn a lesson. Sometimes I got scraps from Travis's table (such as I should give to my dog.) Sometimes he did not beat me. Sometimes he did not even threaten me ;—but this was seldom. In general he was insolent, overbearing, capricious, and brutal. He had no care for me—no compassion—no generosity. I was threatened, and beaten, and bruised, to a degree that is scarcely credible. I was forced from my lessons, times out of number. I was subject to every insult, every sort of tyranny—to kicks, to curses, reproaches, abuse of the foulest kind and the cruelest blows. I was pulled out of my bed in winter nights : I was (always) obliged to rise long before my master ; and, instead of going to the *one* fire which was allotted us in winter, to brush his clothes, get his shoes, procure water, &c. to attend him while he dressed, to wait on him during breakfast and tea, to hurry on all his errands, and to do fifty services, which cannot be enumerated ; and my reward was *never* any thing—but blows ! Such is a fag's history, *for one day*, at a public school ; and they are all nearly alike. If there have been others who have suffered less, it argues nothing but that their *chance* has been more fortunate than mine. They have all been *liable* to the same tyranny ; and that is sufficient to stamp the system detestable.

Had I made great progress in learning during my stay at B——, I might have considered, perhaps, that some compensation had been allotted me. But I made *none*. I was undoubtedly *more* ignorant when I came away than when I went. At thirteen I was a tolerable Latin scholar. I read Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Cicero, &c. pretty well : in arithmetic I was in decimals : I wrote a good hand : I knew something of French ; and was conversant with Antient and with English history. At B—— I learned *nothing*—neither writing, nor arithmetic, nor English composition. On the contrary, after a stay of about four years at a public school, I came away knowing decidedly *less* of Latin than when I went. My ignorance of the rudiments of Greek, which

might have been remedied in three months (the rules of grammar, and a modicum of the Greek Testament, are no such insuperable things, as every body knows) threw me back among babes and sucklings. I consequently did nothing during my stay at B——, but wade slowly through the books which I had traversed before. Had I been a private pupil, things might have been better, perhaps; but I was *not*; and I repeat that I learned—NOTHING!

It will naturally enough occur to the reader to ask,—how all this could have happened? Might not the fault lie with *me*? Might I not have been so obstinate or so obtuse as to render it impossible to teach me? In reply to this I can only say that I think the fault is in the school system. I came off, notwithstanding more than enough of idleness, with a moderate share of stripes and prizes; and I kept my post at the examination; all of which argue in my favour. No—the fault is certainly in the system. In the first place, the *masters* (properly so called) of a public school are not competent to teach any thing beyond Greek and Latin; and they are so overburthened, generally speaking, with numbers, that, were they ever so competent, they must teach even those languages imperfectly. No one man can instruct much more than a dozen boys of *different* ages well. Some require weak, and some strong nourishment. Some hammer at the rudiments, some dole out the rules of prosody, some discuss the niceties of language. The genius of this asks for coercion; the temperament of another demands the tenderest care. If a tutor have fifty, sixty, or eighty pupils, therefore, under him, the consequence is evident enough. In the second place, I ordinarily learned *no* lesson whatever, for every lesson was construed to me regularly. And, in the third place, had I learned it, the chance was six, eight, perhaps ten to one, that I was not called up to say it! I omit altogether the circumstance of fagging, because (although that, whilst it lasts, is an utter bar to improvement, as well as comfort, of all sorts) it has its termination; after which the talents of the boy have fair play; except where they are opposed or rendered nugatory by the preposterous customs of a public school.

Why is it that parents will consult neither their own interest (their purse) nor the true interests of their children in these matters? They hire a tutor—a *preparatory* tutor!—to superintend their young fry for three or four years; or they dispose of them, if troublesome, at some small establishment near London, till they can wash their hands, eat without cutting their fingers, and are able to gabble over half-a-dozen of Mrs. Barbauld's hymns, or the *poetry* of the Rev. Mr. Isaac Watts:—and then, with these accomplishments upon their heads, they send their urchins to become perfect at a public school! They send them at an abominable expense, too (which is a serious evil); when they might be birched by a competent private demagogue for one-third of the money.

At a *private* school I had been comfortable enough. I was a scholar among twenty or thirty others, all much of the same age. We were well treated, well fed, and *belonged*, as it were, to the master who superintended us. He was not a scholastic phantom (like Justice) before whom we enacted our little parts, and were then dismissed to the neglect of a dame. But we were *about* him, and *with* him, always. He sat at our dinner-table; walked amidst us; saw us at our play-

hours, our school-hours, and in our beds; and knew that we were clean, healthy, comfortable, and industrious. At B——, I never interchanged ten words in my life with the head master, and attended my tutor only during lessons. At other, and *more material* times, so far as regards little boys, I was subject to the tyranny of a brute, and the neglect of a dame who saw me only once a day (at dinner) for ten minutes! And then the expense, sirs,—the expense! At a private school I was boarded and educated for little more than five and twenty or thirty pounds per annum. At B—— I cost my father little less than one hundred and thirty! and for this I had less comfort and no learning! Surely something or other must be wrong. Either the master at the one place must lose money, or the charge at the other is enormous. How the latter excess arises is not very easy to show; for *prima facie* the charges do not appear so very exorbitant. It is the number of different payments which make the aggregate so unreasonably great. First, there is for board and lodging at the dame's, perhaps forty pounds,—then your single bed so much, your washing so much, servants so much, your study (when you have it) so much. Then comes the head-master (whom you never interchange three words with for years) so much, your tutor so much (and double if you are a private pupil), writing so much (if you learn it), and arithmetic, and French, and God knows what else! Then there is a charge for broken windows, for torn clothes, for extras, and for every thing which can be imagined to be done by or for a mischievous boy. And for these things the riotous urchin and the quiet child pay equally. Then you must find and pay for half your breakfast and half your supper (or tea); because what is allowed is not enough! And although dinner is (if not a very luxurious) generally an ample meal, you must, if you be too late—a circumstance likely enough in the life of a fag—purchase your dinner also.

But, setting aside for a moment the objections to the method of teaching adopted in public schools, *fagging* itself is an insuperable objection to them. It is without doubt the most barbarous and senseless tyranny that ever was exercised by fools of a larger size over poor creatures of a less. I have never seen an argument in its favour that is worth twopence. What is the object of vesting a power in large boys which may be (and generally is) used tyrannically? Boys of all sizes go to school to obey, and not to command; and smaller ones, in particular, go to obey the master who is appointed to superintend them, not the boy who chances to be bigger. So long as the one boy is subject to the dominion of the other, it follows that the one who is subject performs too much of obedience (for he obeys both master and boy), or else that the government of the master is insufficient. Boys of any age are not competent to govern; or if so, they are misplaced when at school, and ought to be removed. Their incompetency is an argument why they should not command at all; and their commanding in *any* case is a sufficient proof either that the government of the master is imperfect, or that too much is exacted from the younger boys. But the system is unquestionably an evil one. There is not the shadow of an excuse for it. And why, in defiance of common sense and humanity, in defiance of the instances perpetually occurring, of cruelty on the one hand, and abject, pining submission on the other—it has

been preserved, is beyond my capacity of guessing. It has never done, and never can do, any good; for the slave who rises to be master, will always compensate himself by tyranny for his past sufferings, until he has learned to shut his eyes to example, and to strive to make the condition of others better than what his own has formerly been. At present, the mode of reasoning is not so amiable. The little tyrant thinks that slavery is the natural road to power, and that as *he* himself has endured and risen, so is it but becoming for others to do so also. "They will have their day," he says to himself, "and after all, they are only doing as *I* did." This is the reflection that sears his conscience, and enables him to domineer without remorse.

—I have spoken little but of one period at school, viz. that during which I was a fag. During the others, life was of course less unpleasant; but my progress was much as formerly. The same system of teaching prevailed. All the difference was that the time which was once devoted to slavery was now appropriated to idleness. I was already pretty well acquainted with the Latin authors, and the Greek ones I studied very sparingly. There was, indeed, a *chance* that I might be called up to show my proficiency,—but nothing more. So I gave up my soul to skating, to football, to hockey, to cricket, to swimming, and various other small accomplishments, in which I made considerable progress, to the utter neglect of Horace and the rest. In regard to our holidays (which should not be altogether passed over) they were as follows:—All Thursdays and all Saturdays in the year were half-holidays. All Sundays were holidays, of course. *Every* saint's day throughout the year was an entire holiday! and when one did not occur in the week a whole holiday was given, for what reason the Pope only knoweth! It is true that on these *saint* holidays we went to church in the morning, and heard a low distant rumbling noise, like thunder afar off, which we were told duly repeated the morning prayers; but we were little edified by this, inasmuch as they who were not talking or asleep, were fully occupied in hammering out their hexameters for the next day. For my own part, I scorned to waste my time, and therefore diligently employed myself in manufacturing Latin verses with false quantities to the clerical accompaniment already referred to. My verses were often enough wrong, and I suppose that I may have been sometimes in error; yet I cannot help thinking that some blame must also have attached to the music. It was a heavy, dull, snuffling tone, sufficient to have set a dragon to sleep; and not one single distinct word of which was ever heard by me during my residence at B——. In regard to the latter portions of these *holy* days, they were passed profanely enough—eating, drinking, games of all sorts, fagging, fighting, and a snug bottle of cider or ale, relieved us after the tedium produced by the Reverend Mr. ———, and concluded the afternoons of Saint Thomas and Saint Paul!

EDW. R.

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.—NO. V. PART II.*

We knocked at the door, and after some delay we heard a harsh voice : the painter opened to us himself. He glanced with a mingled expression of anger and suspicion at my companion, who immediately left me. He asked our names ; mine recommended me as a stranger, and I was soon admitted. He was still engaged with some visitors in the principal chamber or rather hall of his establishment. I silently joined the group. Before us was a gigantic painting, his *chef-d'œuvre*—the Resurrection of the Widow's Son. It had gone to London and returned from London, unadmired, unpurchased, and uncopied ; the proceeds of its exhibition had scarcely paid for its journey. On my entry he resumed his task : he was playing the reflector and Cicerone to its beauties. The painting and the explanation attracted some attention and more conversation, and gave me ample opportunity of analysing his features and manner. It is difficult to imagine a portrait every way more characteristic. The red rheumy eye, the prematurely wrinkled forehead, the leer of the shrunk lip, the cheeks blotched with scattered stains of red and yellow, were scarcely more revolting than the hypocrisy of his awkward bow and the lisping humility with which he sometimes rejected and sometimes excited the lagging encomiums of his auditors. His diminutive person and crippled and uncouth gestures would have detracted even from the strongest prepossessions ; but here they had nothing to draw on—they were in harmony with the whole of the interior man. He ran on from testimony to testimony, from Pope to King, and King to Pope, and translated the essence of his inscription twice over. The panegyric continued, and the ladies listened : there were two blooming heads, in the first bud and blossom of existence, rising from the antique ruffs and simple costume of England, near me ; and I could not help dwelling on the singular contrast which their innocent curiosity and unsophisticated admiration formed to the spectacle of vice and age beside them. I now turned my eyes from the man to his works. "The painting," he observed, "is large, and the painter weak and little. I worked at it," he added with a smile of self-glory, "without any assistance, and four years of unabated labour were scarcely sufficient to complete it." The painter both in words and reality mistook greatness for grandeur. The subject, after the admirable Caracci, possesses little novelty ; but the management is good, and distinguished by most of the excellencies of his school ; the merits of the boy, of the assistants, and particularly of the apostles, are considerable, and would be more admired were it not for the cartoons near. The character of the design is large rather than facile, and noble rather than expressive ; the composition is well linked, well poised, correct, and impresses the spectator with a higher opinion of the science than the taste or genius of its author. The drawing is close and studied, but true ; the anatomy perfect ; neither the neglect of Gerard, nor the fastidious pretension of Girodet ; the details in the severest erudition ; and an air of "style" and historic elevation throughout. But with all this the chiaroscuro is defective, (though, it must be observed, the action passes in the open air,) and the colouring raw, French and flashy, vices which are as much as possible opposed to his ordinary manner,† and

* Continued from page 60.

† W—— was employed for nearly ten years in copying the gallery of paintings in the Museum of Florence, and much the greater portion of the gems. It is singular how a painter of his eminence could stoop to this mere mechanical exercise of his talents ; but the payment was considerable, and this motive was sufficient to outweigh every other. He is not known to have exercised his pictorial powers in any work of merit during this period, and the drudgery of chalk-drawing from all description of models, Caravaggio, Teniers, and Raphael, must have gone far to injure his eye, hand, and taste. David thought him, at a much earlier period, capable of little else ; and to his dying day asserted "that W—— was no painter."

are in some degree, perhaps, attributable to the unmanageable size of the picture itself. He observed, that on finishing one portion of the ~~painting~~ he often found it necessary to retouch almost every other, and particularly those parts which had been finished in the outset of the work. The Christ, which is the principal figure, concentrates all these excellencies and defects, and the eye immediately singles it out as an exemplification of the whole. It is a vigorous effort, and evinces, no doubt, much laudable attempt (frequently successful) at majesty, severity, and style; but that perpetual sacrifice to convention, the crying sin of French art, has intruded even here. There is all that pomp of repose, which characterized the reformers of the modern school, when they took refuge from the distortion and grimace of Boucher and Vanloo, in the exaggeration of the pure and sober of the antique. But the ancients painted in a style often different from their sculpture, and cast something more breathing and living into what was intended to be more near life. Sculpture is the slumber of painting—the idealism of the art—an unreal state of celestialized existence, which the poet created for the artist, which a tacit accord between both has sanctioned, and custom and tradition since consecrated amongst mankind. But the French school forgot these distinctions, and took things as they found them—compiled from all sorts of styles, and epochs, and languages, a sort of *Gradus ad Parnassum*—a rhyming dictionary for their compositions; and whether from indolence or sterility, they have since drawn upon the cento with much the same sort of unrestrained prodigality as boys who are set down to their first Latin theme. Attitudes were to be composed, not subjects; and as the Italian poets, and often their prose writers, sacrifice the thought to the melody and march of their sentences, the swell and cadence of each member representing the accord or discord of musical bars; so also it was an ordinary occupation in David's ateliers, (and I heard the anecdote from a pupil) to run over the Greek gems and the Etruscan vases, and to select from the boutique a group or two, which, with a slight variation, would nearly express their subject. But this "nearly" or "*à peu près*," entailed upon them the curse of unvaried coldness: they were always *à côté*, before or behind

But it may be doubted whether there was not as much of the spirit of retaliation as justice in this remark. The élève was not more complimentary in speaking of his master. His portraits of the Pope Pius VII. and of the Prince Lucien in the Republican costume of the President of the Five Hundred, with some qualification for the whites and flesh, which are laboured and leaden, have a fine depth of chiaroscuro, and a massive vigour of colouring not to be met with in the majority of French paintings. The portrait (full-length) of the Princess Gabrielle, is distinguished by a singular richness and suavity combined, which nearly covers the defects by which, in common with the portraits just named, it is more or less stained. His likenesses are admirable, and have a nature, force, and matter-of-fact about them, (which he can idealize too when he thinks proper,) and that I have never seen equalled by any Continental artist, David only excepted. I need only quote, with the preceding paintings, the portraits of the remainder of the same family, Madame Mère, the Comte St. Len, &c. &c. He labours with an assiduity and perseverance strongly contrasted to the precipitation of our own artists, and often oblitrates three or four times before he can fully satisfy his fastidiousness or taste. Though he sometimes affects the Rembranesque gloom, his manner is totally the reverse of that great painter: he prepares with great care, paints with still greater, glazes repeatedly, and comes out with his effect by repeated polish, rather than by a *coup-de-main*. His original compositions are poor, and their very manner slovenly. Study and downright work make and have made him what he is. There is not a drapery in his painting which is not copied *ipso facto* from Nature or the antique; but like many others of his countrymen, he has been over-faithful, or selected his models injudiciously. The Apostles have the appearance of having been just dressed out in gala suits for the occasion. Every thing is fresh cut, fresh shaven, glistening, and unstained, like the wardrobe of a new play. But these errors, like his perspective, are venial sins—with many more to answer for, he might still rank the second, if not the first painter, here.

their thought; the spectator felt the intention, but demanded more. The spirit of copyism soon infected even the details—most of the eyes, and folds of their draperies, are directly traceable to some orthodox lines of the same description in an ancient statue. Imitation from Nature occasionally, indeed, operated as a corrective; but it is much more easy at all times to work on the materials of others than on one's own. The Widow's Son is not altogether exempt from these strictures; but it is as much exempt as most other French paintings I have seen. With all this, it remains in the painter's hands, and is likely to remain there till his death. He has been more fortunate in his smaller pieces. In the same room is a painting ordered by the Marchese Sommariva,—Virgil reading the *Æneid* to Augustus. It is better coloured than the Widow's Son; but the same defects are obvious. It has all the primness and preciseness of the school; the general impression is formal and phlegmatic in the extreme. The subject, I believe, was chosen by the patron and not by the artist—it is comparatively uninteresting, and slides of itself into the stiffness of a bas-relief. The perspective is neglected—a fault equally conspicuous in the painting just under our observation; neither our Saviour nor Augustus appear to direct their gestures to the object with which they are supposed to be engaged. The colouring is richer, more subdued, and more harmonious; but a Flemish partiality for the microscopic and delicate has run into a great excess of detail. This vice, equally conspicuous in most French paintings, and pardonable only in a cabinet-painting, originates from an inattention to the metaphysics of the art. It is quite true that each object in a painting is in nature *equally* finished, and equally precise and defined both in form and colour; but the business of the art is not with things as they *are*, but with things as they *appear* to be. Now, there is no modern painting at least which affects to embrace more than one instant of any action, and objects must consequently be described on canvass, as they appear to be in that one instant, and not as they are found to be after the series of observations and judgments which succeed. The eye embraces distinctly but a certain number, and every other, for the *moment* at least, is indistinct and vague. Painting, to be true, should give truly this precise effect, that is, should make a most judicious use of all the gradations of chiaroscuro, and treat the principal as a principal, and the accessories as accessories, under pain of committing a direct *contresens*, and glaringly violating one of the first and clearest principles of the art. The ancients erred, in this instance, from ignorance and poverty in their means—the French from misconception; and the Germans perhaps from both. The chairs, tables, footstools of Girodet are quite as highly finished as his heads; and a German artist boasted at Rome that he had expressed on the trees in his distance and middle ground almost every branch and leaf. The imperial couch and footstool of Augustus would do honour to Girodet or the German; they are in the most exquisite upholstery of modern Parisian art. Camuccini has painted for the Duchess of Devonshire's Virgil a small painting on the same subject. Camuccini's sketches are worth his pictures; but beside this, W—— is really good. W—— has scarcely any thing else in his atelier. He showed us indeed a Madonna—mere copy, and a mere order. He had also on the easel a legendary subject for a church on the Hadriatic; it bore the impress of a common mind, and was got up like a decoration. To see such a man sit down to such subjects is amongst the contrasts of this singular country: but what country is without them—from Constantinople to England? We also have our pretenders, and their pretensions and success are scarcely less frequent or less strange. We could not see his collection of original drawings*;—they have since been

* No man could be more cautious, or with more reason (if reports be true), in admitting strangers to his "Capharnaum." So he called a small cabinet, where he had heaped together several of the most valuable *debris* of the Revolution. His connexion with the commissioners employed to plunder the Vatican, and the Churches, was, it is said, by no means unprofitable. His collection of original drawings of Raphael and M. Angelo were supposed to be the finest in Italy,

disposed of to an Englishman ; but our disappointment was in some degree alleviated by the magnificent "abozzo" which lay in his vestibule. It is a Virgin and Child by Michael Angelo, which would have done honour to Raphael and Corregio. It is still in the block, and just peeping into existence from the chisel of the mighty master, illustrating gloriously the sublime thought of his first sonnet, and already casting before it gleams of that transcendent intelligence to which it owed its birth. The spectator still sees it as through a veil ; but the graceful facility with which maternity and childhood are twined together, and the innumerable delicacies which he has scattered about every line of this beautiful work, are evidences of that pliancy of genius which he shared in common with Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. The opposite excellencies conspicuous in the *Cena*, the force and vigour of the *Isaiahs* and *Sibyls* of Raphael, are not more singular than the gentleness and sweetness of this inimitable production. Michael hewed away his material till he came to the idea, and seemed to play with the marble as other artists with their clay. It is almost unique : in no other instance has the hand stopped where it should : his Virgin in Florence is harshly painted ; his Eves are masculine ; but the Madonna before us fills the imagination with the highest promise ; and we see realized in the promise much more, perhaps, than could have ever been attained by the reality.—I was now at the door ; and the artist opened it for me himself. After a few cold compliments I took leave, and rejoined my companion in the street.

There is no other atelier of any note to be met with in this part of the town, except, perhaps, Lante's ; and he is indebted more to the lubricity of his subjects, and the singularity of his sudden conversion from jurisprudence to the arts, at a late period of life, than to any peculiar merit in the conception or execution of his numerous works. The *Venus Terrestris*, I had almost said *Pandemos*, guides too frequently his pencil, and the voluptuous slides with the slightest touch into the sensual. Nymphs and nakedness are for the young and purchasers ; but Posterity is little better than an austere old man. His studio seems altogether sacred from the lynx eyes of the Index, and the most publicly frequented galleries of Rome are not without some of his productions. My companion passed him by ; and I did not find any great reason, from what I afterwards saw, to regret it. It is a corruption of the great purposes of the art to degrade it thus to the trade of a Mezzana ; and the verse of Dante may be very well transferred from a book to a painting. The artist himself I saw subsequently ; and applied to him the line quoted by Ausonius, hoping that he deserved it somewhat better. He is an academician, and has considerable practice in "the holy" city. But

unless indeed the seventy Raphaels of the Marchese Antaldi be excepted. How they were acquired is, fortunately perhaps, still kept a mystery. Suspicion says, and perhaps envy, that the fragments even of private collections, are recognisable amongst some of the portfolios ; but larcenies of this kind are slight offences at Rome, and the Cardinal Albani himself was not exempt from the failing. Love of the arts covers a multitude of sins. I heard the verse of the Scripture—"Much shall be pardoned," &c. set up as a good defence. It is singular enough to trace the travels of some of the more celebrated gems : the history of the arts is full of anecdotes of the kind, and to this day at Rome no one will expose a gem in public without every possible precaution. I remember being one evening at the ——— Ambassador's, where a few new acquisitions were submitted to the opinion of a circle of antiquarians. One only was let out at a time, and not replaced or followed until safely relodged in its cabinet. Whether W—— shares this propensity with the Romans, or has contracted it from the French Republicans, it would be unjust to decide. Denon acquired the surname of the Comte l'Emballé from a similar disposition. Love of money in his latter years has altogether overcome his love of the arts. He sold in mass the collection of drawings ; and "the abozzo" of Michael Angelo fell, I understand, to a person as capable of appreciating its merits, and much more deserving of their possession, than Monsieur W——. Even here he has not been spared by the breath of scandal ; and there are those who say that he still possesses "the originals." But this I should hope, for all parties, is a mere calumny.

Titian's Danaë is exposed in the Capitol, and on the gates of St. Peter are the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

On leaving, therefore, the ex-Chiesa di S. Apollinare, we found ourselves compelled to continue our walk to the really pictorial and sculptural region of Rome, which, time out of mind, has been in the vicinity of the Corso, the Piazza di Spagna, and the Piazza Barberini. We took our way through a number of by-streets, avoiding as much as possible all public buildings, lest we should be seduced into them from our immediate purpose; and after having crossed the Corso near the Piazza Sciarra, and a little after the Piazza di Trevi and Barberini, I found myself at last near a cluster of studios, which the first peasant I met with informed me belonged to the father of Roman sculpture,—il Cavalier Thorwaltzen.

A FAMILY GROUP.

It was in full-blown June, (when Phœbus glides
Down on his golden path to 'Thetis' bowers,)
That, in an antique room whose massy sides
Were oak, all overgrown with knots of flowers,
Broad leaves, and bunches of the swollen grape,
And many a dream carved out in florid shape,
A stately couple sate :—the dame was fair,
Though Time with silver hands had touch'd her hair :
Her husband, bald enough for Cæsar's crown,
Wore, like some triumph past, his soldier's frown
Wherewith he daunted once the mailed foe :—
Near them, (and as a snow-drop aye will blow
More beautiful in ice than summer's shade,)
All passion-pale, there sate a down-eyed maid
Their daughter, whose small fingers plied some toil
Till flowers came blushing from the barren soil ;
Some white, some star-eyed, some all youth like May,
And some lit up with love like crimsoning day :
They had no light, and yet all sprang and flourish'd
By her intense and passionate glances nourish'd
To life as love is, which uncherish'd dies,—
The pensée turning *back* its golden eyes ;
Blue violets, the spring's treasure, ever found
In that sweet tempest which first wakes the ground ;
And jacinths here, and there the rose was born,
Surrounded by its unforgotten thorn !
Silent they sate in that old gothic room,
Where Darkness watch'd the Day. Showers of perfume
Came blown in through the clouds of jasmine green,
Which laced the windows ; while, within, scarce-seen
Rose pictured pannels all hung round with thought,
Which Holbein or the knightly Vandyke wrought ;
And cushion'd seats, high, deep, and shaped for ease ;
And carpets from beyond the Persian seas ;
And sculptured tables ; and a mighty range
Of books, those true friends who do never change,
But haunt us with the odorous wisdom ever,
And endless music, like a running river :—
There stood *Philosophy*, a patient guest,
Which old men worship in their letter'd rest ;
There *Truth*, the Science, perfect made and plain ;
Romance, which is the truth of joy and pain ;
There blood-red *History*, mad with angry wars ;
There gallant *Memoirs*, flush'd with gentler scars ;
And many a volume old which will not die,
And the soul-guiding dreams of *Poesy* !

SONG FOR THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY,

By a General Lover.

“ Mille gravem telis exhaustâ pene pharetrâ.”

APOLLO has peep'd through the shutter,
And waken'd the witty and fair ;
The boarding-school belle 's in a flutter,
The twopenny-post 's in despair :
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom, on spray ;
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In choras on Valentine's Day.

Away with ye, dreams of disaster,
Away with ye, visions of law,
Of cases I never shall master,
Of pleadings I never shall draw :
Away with ye, parchments and papers,
Red tapes, unread volumes, away ;
It gives a fond lover the vapours
To see you on Valentine's Day.

I'll sit in my nightcap, like Hayley,
I'll sit with my arms crost, like Spain,
Till joys, which are vanishing daily,
Come back in their lustre again :
Oh shall I look over the waters,
Or shall I look over the way,
For the brightest and best of Earth's daughters,
To rhyme to on Valentine's Day ?

Shall I crown with my worship, for fame's sake,
Some goddess whom Fashion has starr'd,
Make puns on Miss Love and her namesake,
Or pray for a *pus* with Brocard ?
Shall I flirt, in romantic idea,
With Chester's adorable clay,
Or whisper in transport, “ Si mea”
Cum Vestris——” on Valentine's Day ?

Shall I kneel to a Sylvia or Celia,
Whom no one e'er saw or may see,
A fancy-drawn Laura Amelia,
An *ad libit.* Anna Marie ?
Shall I court an initial with stars to it,
Go mad for a G. or a J.
Get Bishop to put a few bars to it,
And print it on Valentine's Day ?

Alas ! ere I'm properly frantic
With some such pure figment as this,
Some visions, not quite so romantic,
Start up to demolish the bliss ;
Some Will o' the Wisp in a bonnet
Still leads my lost wit quite astray,
Till up to my ears in a sonnet
I sink upon Valentine's Day.

The Dian I half bought a ring for,
On seeing her thrown in the ring;—
The Naiad I took such a spring for,
From Waterloo Bridge, in the spring;—
The trembler I saved from a robber, on
My walk to the Champs Elysée!—
The warbler that fainted at Oberon,
Three months before Valentine's day.

The gipsy I once had a spill with,
Bad luck to the Paddington team!—
The countess I chanced to be ill with
From Dover to Calais by steam;—
The lass that makes tea for Sir Stephen,
The lassie that brings in the tray;—
It's odd,—but the betting is even
Between them on Valentine's day.

The white hands I help'd in their nutting :
The fair neck I cloak'd in the rain ;
The bright eyes that thank'd me for cutting
My friend in Emmanuel lane ;
The Blue that admires Mr. Barrow ;
The Saint that adores Lewis Way ;
The Nameless that dated from Harrow
Three couplets last Valentine's day.

I think not of Laura the witty,
For, oh ! she is married at York !—
I sigh not for Rose of the City,
For, ah ! she is buried at Cork !—
Adèle has a braver and better
To say what I never could say ;
Louise cannot construe a letter
Of English, on Valentine's day.

So perish the leaves in the arbour,
The tree is all bare in the blast !
Like a wreck that is drifting to harbour,
I come to thee, Lady, at last :
Where art thou so lovely and lonely ?
Though idle the lute and the lay,
The lute and the lay are thine only,
My fairest, on Valentine's day.

For thee I have open'd my Blackstone,
For thee I have shut up myself ;
Exchanged my long curls for a Caxton,
And laid my short whist on the shelf ;
For thee I have sold my old Sherry,
For thee I have burn'd my new play ;
And I grow philosophical,—very !—
Except upon Valentine's day.

DICTIONARY OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.—NO. VI.

Air and Exercise.—The Gipsies.—Eating and Drinking, and Early Rising.

"AIR! air!" cry a room full of company, when a lady faints. The window is thrown open, and the glad breath of the universe enters and restores her.

It is astonishing that we should recognize thus instinctively the vital principle by which "we live and move and have our being;" and on almost every other occasion of life, neglect, as if we could do without it. After the fainting, for instance, the window is shut again, and the spirit of existence sent about its business, like a village apothecary. We get up without air; we breakfast, dine, and sup, without air; we write, read, and perform every avocation possible without it; and then beauties lament their roses, and the manliest wonder that they become "nervous."

Neither beauty nor manliness can do without the help of nature. The reason why the richer classes are handsomer than the others, is not that they have nothing to do, or that "gentle blood" is a bit better, or gentler, than other blood. Their having nothing to do is bad for them; and their "gentle blood," if left to itself, would soon get ferocious with high living. The reason is, that they take more exercise, spend a great deal more time in the country, and are gifted by their education with a superior turn for grace and enjoyment. We doubt whether they have fewer cares than the middle classes, though their cares may be of a different sort; but they carry them off better by dint of their horseback and country air, and their opinions partake of the liberality of their movements. They do not turn domesticity into a vice or a mere habit, and then take their carking impotence for a virtue. Ladies on horseback are apt to be thought masculine by women on foot. It is a pity, in our opinion, that all women cannot afford to ride on horseback; we are sorry that some are so rich as to possess more horses than they want, and others too poor to have any. But there are few women so poor as not to be able to take more air and exercise than they do: and if they did this, they would get wiser, and criticise one another with a good temper more becoming their sex. A female jockey is a nuisance, and no woman. The best thing we can hope of her is, that her father was an ostler. But Sophia Western on horseback is another matter. A ride before dinner about the Regent's Park, or towards the western breeze of Harrow, is only a dance that becomes the loveliest. It sends bloom into their cheeks and brightness into their eyes; and being natural and healthy, serves to retain them there. The famous Diana de Poitiers, who at an advanced age excited the astonishment of Brantome, and preserved the love of a king many years younger than herself, used to ride out for two hours every morning; after which she lay down, and read. Her books perhaps taught her this wisdom; and her exercise enabled her to enjoy them.

There is a notion, that air spoils the complexion. It is possible, that an exposure to all weathers might do so; though if a gipsy beauty is to be said to have a bad complexion, it is one we are very much inclined to be in love with. A russeton apple has its beauty as well as a peach. At all events, a spoilt complexion of this sort is accompanied with none of the melancholy attending the bad complexions that arise

from late hours, and spleen, and plodding, and indolence, and indigestion. Fresh air puts a wine in the blood that lasts from morning to night, and not merely for an hour or two after dinner. If ladies would not carry buttered toast in their cheeks, instead of roses, they must shake the blood in their veins, till it spins clear. Cheerfulness itself helps to make good blood; and air and exercise make cheerfulness. When it is said, that air spoils the complexion, it is not meant that breathing it does so, but exposure to it. We are convinced it is altogether a fallacy, and that nothing but a constant exposure to the extremes of heat and cold has any such effect. The not breathing the fresh air is confessedly injurious; and this might be done much oftener than is supposed. People might oftener throw up their windows, or admit the air partially, and with an effect sensible only to the general feelings. We find, by repeated experiments, that we can write better and longer with the admission of air into our study. We have learnt also, by the same experience, to prefer a large study to a small one; and here the rich, it must be confessed, have another advantage over us. They pass their days in large airy rooms,—in apartments that are field and champain, compared to the closets that we dignify with the name of parlours and drawing-rooms. A gipsy and they are in this respect, and in many others, more on a footing; and the gipsy beauty and the park beauty enjoy themselves accordingly. Can we look at that extraordinary race of persons,—we mean the gipsies,—and not recognize the wonderful physical perfection to which they are brought, solely by their exemption from some of our most inveterate notions, and by dint of living constantly in the fresh air? Read any of the accounts that are given of them, even by writers the most opposed to their way of life, and you will find these very writers refuting themselves and their proposed ameliorations by confessing that no human beings can be better formed, or healthier, or happier than the gipsies, so long as they are kept out of the way of towns and their sophistications. A suicide is not known among them. They are as merry as the larks with which they rise; have the use of their limbs to a degree unknown among us, except by our new friends the gymnasts; and are as sharp in their faculties as the perfection of their frames can render them. A glass of brandy puts them into a state of unbearable transport. It is a superfluous bliss; wine added to wine: and the old learn to do themselves mischief with it, and level their condition with stockbrokers and politicians. Yet these are the people whom some wiseacres are for turning into bigots and manufacturers. They had much better take them for what they are, and for what Providence seems to have intended them,—a memorandum to keep alive among us the belief in nature, and a proof to what a physical state of perfection the human being can be brought, solely by inhaling her glorious breath, and being exempt from our laborious mistakes. If the intelligent and the gipsy life could ever be brought more together, by any rational compromise (and we do not despair of it, when we see that calculators begin to philosophize), men might attain the greatest perfection of which they are capable. Meanwhile, the gipsies have the advantage of it, if faces are any index of health and comfort. A gipsy with an eye fit for a genius, it is not difficult to meet with; but where shall we find a genius, or even a fund-holder, with the cheek and health of a gipsy?

There is a fact well known to physicians, which settles at once the importance of fresh air to beauty, as well as health. It is, that in proportion as people stay at home, and do not set their lungs playing as they ought, the blood becomes dark, and lags in its current; whereas the habit of inhaling the air out of doors reddens it like a ruby, and makes it clear and brisk. Now the darker the blood, the more melancholy the sensations, and the worse the complexion.

It is common with persons who inherit a good stock of health from their ancestors, to argue that they take no particular pains to preserve it, and yet are well. This may be true; and it is also true, that there is a painstaking to that effect, which is superfluous and morbid, and helps to do more harm than good. But it does not follow from either of these truths, that a neglect of the rational means of retaining health will ultimately be good for any body. Healthy people may live a good while upon their stock. Children are in the habit of doing it. But healthy children, especially those who are foolishly treated upon an assumption that health consists in being highly fed and having great beef-eating checks, very often turn out sickly at last; and grown-up people, for the most part, at least in great towns, have as little really good health, as children in general are given credit for the reverse. Nature does indeed provide liberally for abuses: but the abuse will be felt at last. It is generally felt a long while before it is acknowledged. Then comes age with all its train of regrets and superstitions; and the beauty and the man, besides a world perhaps of idle remorse, which they would not feel but for their perverted blood, could eat their hearts out for having been such fools as not to secure a continuance of good looks and manly feelings, for want of a little handsome energy.

The ill taste of existence that is so apt to come upon people in middle life, is too often attributed to moral causes. Moral they are, but very often not in the sense imagined. Whatever causes be mixed up with them, the greatest of all is, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, no better or grander than a non-performance of the common duties of health. Many a fine lady takes a surfeit for a tender distress; and many a real sufferer, who is haunted by a regret, or takes himself for the most ill-used of bilious old gentlemen, might trace the loftiest of his woes to no better origin than a series of ham-pies, or a want of proper use of his boots and umbrella.

Flowers die without air. They fade without light; and, it is well known, will yearn after it, and bend themselves towards the window, if put in a dark corner. Do we suppose, that in our internal organization,—that in all that wonderful system of nerves and fibres, by means of which we have sensation, and are enabled to think,—do we suppose that in all this we are less delicately constructed than flowers, or can better dispense with what is to keep us bright and happy? An oak is strong; but do we fancy that we could plant it with impunity in an unnatural soil, or deny it air and light, or drench it with poisonous waters? Above all, commend us to a corpulent lily! or to a bird made to lie all day on a sofa. While we have the principle of motion within us, we must use it, or take the consequences. While the ladies give the flowers nothing but what is fit for them, are there any who fancy that they can put into themselves loads of preposterous meat and drink, and yet retain the graces and the hues, which impel poets and lovers to bestow upon them their flowery appellations? Let them stuff a lily

first, and see how it looks. Let them swell out a tube-rose, or plant a sweet-briar in a parcel of kitchen-stuff. "Disgusting images!" they will cry. Disgusting indeed; but how then can they consent to do, what they dare not in common nature or propriety think of? We will answer for them. They do not think of it; or if they do, it is with regret, with dislike, with resolutions of amendment; and then they indulge themselves again in order to get rid of their sorrow. This is human nature, and it is to be pardoned. All that we say is, it is not human nature as it should be and might be; nor is it love; nor is it beauty. Love renders us lovely. What beauty a woman has is degraded, and rendered not beautiful, if she contradicts the sentiment of beauty. It is transferred to the next woman who appreciates it better, and who possesses at heart the loveliness which the other has missed. It is for this reason we see so many faces that are delightful in spite of common features, and so many, called beautiful, that we come to think poorly of, and even to dislike. It is in vain that a woman carries a smooth cheek, if the effect of her intercourse be harsh and grating. We shall feel the misery of that, twenty times to what we reap in good from the other; and what a poor good it becomes! We soon learn to care as little for it, as we care for a Japan tea-board. At length, we recoil from the smooth impostor that gives us a taste of sweetness only to make our lives the bitterer. But a cheek, sprinkled even with the small pox, that has a charming lip to it, or an eye that promises tenderness and joy, how we love, and are grateful to it, and take on it delicious pity, and look to it for pity ourselves! Set us one of these *soul-beauties* on horseback, and give her a tinge of the fresh air in her cheeks, and let her shape be seen in its natural grace and activity, and your lazy, languid, eating and drinking, corpulent, sleek-faced beauties become a parcel of beef-eaters in the comparison; *yeo-women* of the mouth. They ought to stand on each side Exeter Change, and ask us to walk in and see the animals fed.

Lady.—Good God, Sir! this is very shocking. I did not think that a writer of your gallantry could speak in this way of any women. I took up the New Monthly to relish my luncheon with; and I vow I cannot eat a bit more.

Writer.—I never had the pleasure, Madam, of seeing you before; but on looking into your face, you do yourself an injustice to suppose you are one of those to whom my remarks ought to be displeasing.

Lady.—Excuse me, Sir. I am not so ignorant of myself as to pretend that my shape is what it was; or that the alteration of it is not owing, in some measure, to a little too much indulgence. But you are unkind, Sir. I could shed tears for vexation.

Writer.—Then, Madam, I assure you I could be very sorry for them, and very much mortified. By your countenance, you are not one of those whose tears of vexation are shed in order to vex others; and before I could vex one like you, I could find it in my heart to call a dozen of the others a parcel of jolly fellows. You dine considerably, no doubt. I can see it by your luncheon. But, Madam, there is a difference in these matters, as in others. "The same is not the same." Others, (pardon me an ugly word that does not apply to you) others, Madam, are gormandizing; but you are festive.

Lady.—I am accustomed to take you at your word; otherwise I should think you were mocking me.

Writer.—Pray, Madam, think well enough of me to believe me incapable of bantering a woman. My phrase may be on the side of pleasantries, but so are many that are very serious at heart. In you, the tendency to enjoy yourself a little too much at table is only the general tendency to pleasure a little unregulated. I undertake to say, that you do it most, and least, when you have your friends about you; most, when you have something new or pleasant to recommend to their palates, and an example to set them; least, when the pleasure of meeting one another and chatting and laughing makes you forget the other, and you have found the true excitement belonging to your nature. See, Madam; you take a book, when you have not another friend by you: the chicken does not absorb your attention: Tom Jones and the merry-thought have it between them.

Lady.—I wish, indeed, to think that I am not so fond of devouring, as my—what shall I say,—my—fondness for eating would imply.

Writer.—And it is very charmingly said. You do not like the phrase, but are too sincere not to use it. Ah, Madam, you are fonder of much better things than eating, and your fondness for those should enable you to discover how alien, in reality, you are from that.

Lady.—Those are odious phrases,—fond of chicken, fond of asparagus, fond of—no, come; nothing shall induce me to say, fond of pig.

Writer.—If I had authority with you, I believe I should allow you to be fond of any thing, seeing that you unite sincerity and good humour in this charming manner.

Lady.—Alas, Sir, I blush while I am sincere. But how am I to get over this sorry habit of indulgence? For I do not pretend that I can do it at once.

Writer.—You are a very delightful person that is certain; and must forgive me for saying it so abruptly, for I cannot help it. But you are reformed, Madam, already; for you have taste, and truth, and a heart. Any body who has these may reform an ill habit, especially if they do not set about it in mere volatile hurry; and particularly, if they have friends and admirers to help them with their regard. Now, Madam, you have a right to be complimented with a painful effort; but you shall have a pleasurable one, for you must begin with enjoying your breakfast doubly to what you have done.

Lady.—Indeed! how must I do that?

Writer.—You must begin with early rising.

Lady.—Early rising! What! And this weather too!

Writer.—Yes, Madam, like Aurora, or Venus, who was unquestionably an early riser. See the first book of Virgil, where she meets Æneas at day-break. Besides, was she not Venus? I grant you, she went to bed early; but so could other beauties, if they did not lie late. I know what you are going to say,—the pain—the difficulty—the astonishment of the servants—the delicious wilful nap—the warm sun to get up by (if any)—the warm fire, at all events—the leisure—the snugness—the satisfaction—perhaps the coffee in bed, and sometimes the novel. Madam, I have gone through all this myself; and perhaps should never have got out of it, if it had not been for the ill effect which I am sure to feel if I lie late, and which render early rising in me less meritorious than in any body I know. You, for instance, who experience no ill effects at present from lying too late, (though unquestionably it adds every day something to what

you would regret by and by) would have great merit in getting up. Also, Madam, you would soon be a little less plump; for nothing has such an effect in that matter as early rising. It tends both to diminish what is superfluous, and to add to what is desirable, in point of size; because nothing tends so much to put the frame into its healthiest condition. As to what I meant by the additional pleasure at breakfast, it is this: that although eating too much is to be deprecated in every one, eating heartily and with an appetite becomes every body in good health, man or woman; and I have invariably observed, that the healthiest appetites, though hearty and proper ones, and by far the most enjoying, are by no means the most craving or continued. Hunger of that inveterate sort is as sickly in its way as want of appetite. In good health the frame is contented with a sufficiency. The blood has its natural current, and does not require to be pushed on even to uneasiness, as is sometimes the case in states of inanition, or when one state of fever can only be replaced by another. But, Madam, the grace of the matter is the thing; Beauty is our subject; and early rising contributes as surely to beauty, as the dawn does to the beauty of the world. Shape—complexion—expression—the dignity arising from the sense of having performed a duty—the pleasure arising from cheerful blood, and from being prepared to give pleasure to others,—all contribute to make the charmer more charming. If I would paint to myself a perfect beauty going to bed, or what is better, a perfect charmer, as beautiful as she need be in the usual sense, and twenty times more beautiful than other beauties in the unusual one, I should paint her with all the sweetness upon her of a good-tempered day, and all the freshness of early rising.

Lady.—But what do you call early rising?

Writer.—Madam, you are a woman of honour, and I leave that to your conscience. You will not reckon too much in your own favour.

Lady.—I will think upon it.

Writer.—When you say you will think upon it, the thing is done, if it be a handsome one to do. I would only advise, if you will permit me, that, in case you resolve to be an early riser, you will make common cause with a few friends, of as much taste and sincerity, if possible, as yourself. It is wonderful how much more can be done in this way, than alone; and it is right and happy that it should be so. Comparing notes, you will please and be pleased with one another, and exalted in eyes that you love; and what noble heart could not do any thing for this?

To you, Madam, no more need be said, except that, if you have any thing to instruct me in yourself, I shall be very proud to learn. Perhaps you can refute what I have said. If so, I shall endeavour to copy the politeness and good humour with which you have listened to me. To some, however, I would say, and even to yourself, that no persons ever outgrew their natural size in any considerable degree, and, remaining so, attained to longevity. There is a size and an age, at which it is even perilous to alter the system. You are far from both. Indeed, I know not whether any body could desire to diminish those fair shoulders, if they could remain as they are. I am sure I could not, for one, seeing the eyes that look over them. But there it is, Madam: they will not remain so, unless you take to your heels and your early rising. Pray oblige us, and be charming at eighty. Lively, good-humoured

old women are what raisins are to fresh grapes. They are withered, but they are also preserved; and appear to advantage in the freshest company.

A word to the other sex, now that our fair friend is gone. Ninon de l'Enclos told women to beware of the corpulent and the coarse-handed. Perhaps had she lived in a naval and commercial country, she would have sunk the latter objection; but Love and Obesity, as the poet says of another personage, certainly do not sit well on the same bench.

“Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,
Majestas et Amor.”

Hume sitting on a sofa between the ladies at Paris, was a spectacle more unbecoming his philosophy than he himself thought. A philosopher has no more business with so much fat, than a lover. It is said of Gibbon, that when he made love to Mademoiselle Curchod, and went down on his knees, she was obliged to ring the bell for the footman to help him up again. It was certainly a chivalrous step for him to take. He could not well do more for her, or get into a worse scrape. It was his *knee plus ultra*. The lady and he were the Decline and Fall. It is a pity that so many good fellows have consented to get fat, and made verses and proverbs in favour of it. There may be said, in this country, to be a fat superstition; though it has been going out of late years, since bad nerves came up, and the French are no longer to be laughed at for the meagreness they enjoyed under the old regime. The meagre Frenchman was deplorable enough; but the corpulent Englishman was not much better. In old age he had by far the worst of it. Observe a corpulent old gallant, who has been a handsome fellow in his younger days: how hard he tries to brace himself in, and retain his elegance! And it is by no means the worst thing he does. He has a turn for an elegance still, though he has not been graceful enough to preserve it. His brother elders are not so much his superiors as they think, in carrying their obesity with indifference. They are enormous, and not ashamed. In a proper state of society, in which right and wrong were better understood than they are now, and greater stress laid on the duties of health and cheerfulness, corpulence would be reckoned disgraceful.

LORD PORCHESTER'S SPANISH TALE.*

THERE is, perhaps, no country in Europe around which so many interesting associations cling, as Spain. Its early submission to the yoke of the Moors—its struggles for many centuries with its swarthy oppressors—the romantic and fiery nature of the warfare—the mixture of Castilian and Moorish (and therefore of European and African) manners—the relics which, to the present day, it contains of the magnificence of its luxurious Moslem rulers—its former pride, pomp, chivalry, and intellect, and its present unhappiness and degradation, form altogether a history of the most striking and poetical kind. It is therefore no wonder that it should have been so often chosen by poets and novelists as the scene of their fictions; but, unluckily, as not one in a hundred of these writers had enjoyed the advantage of seeing the

* The Moor, by Lord Porchester. 8vo.

country, or even of reading much about it, (for the published accounts of Spain are very few,) it followed, that their Spanish tales were full of the most preposterous inconsistencies,—blunders in costume, in character, in manner, in topography, and even in natural productions. Collins, the poet, speaking of his own *Oriental Eclogues*, which, after he had published them, he discovered were not faithful in their Eastern allusions, said that it would have been better to have called them “Irish Eclogues;” and the greater part of the so called “Spanish Tales” might, with equal propriety, have been denominated Irish, Welsh, or even Chinese, either of which countries they would have represented as faithfully as Spain. Of this, any one may be readily convinced by comparing the late works of a Spanish gentleman, now residing in this country, (“Don Esteban” and “Sandoval,”) with the *Spanish* novels of English growth. These remarks do not, however, apply to the present author, who, as far as familiarity with the Spanish national characteristics of every kind can qualify him, is abundantly fitted to write a tale of Spain. Lord Porchester resided for a long time in the country. He perfected himself in the language; examined the towns; studied the nature of the institutions, political and otherwise; and wandered about the countries and among the dangerous passes of the mountains, (at a time, too, when the most fatal domestic feuds were raging everywhere,) with a spirit of inquiry which set at nought all considerations of personal hazard, to which, indeed, he was in many instances very dangerously exposed, as we learn in the copious, and, we must be permitted to add, highly valuable notes to his present poem.

It is chiefly on account of these notes and of the preface, that we are induced to review the volume. Had we been aware of the nature of these parts of the work at the time it was published, we should certainly have paid immediate attention to it; but Lord Porchester, with an unlucky ingenuity, has contrived to hide some of his light under a bushel, and, while the title-page sets forth nothing more than “The Moor, by Lord Porchester,” no one imagines that, besides the tale in verse, the volume before him contains, in manly prose, a succinct and masterly view of Spanish history, particularly of the rise and fall, in power, of the courtly, gallant, and splendid Moors; of the present state of affairs in the Peninsula; of the late revolutions; of the *Guerrillas*; and of the fatal errors of the Cortes, to which, more than to the cunning intrigues of the Royalists, the present ruin of the cause of Liberty is to be ascribed. Besides these topics of more weighty interest, Lord Porchester's work includes, in the notes, a narrative of his residence and adventures in the Peninsula, which is as curious and entertaining as any book of travels in Europe which we have read. The concealment of these qualities of solid value, under the shadow of a poem in six cantos, is, we repeat, an extraordinary instance of literary mismanagement. Had his Lordship embodied his preface and notes, and published them as “Travels in Spain,” we can safely declare, that the work would have been extensively read and admired; and then, he might, upon the strength of his reputation as a tourist, have ventured to put forth his poem, with the full chance of that success which its merits deserve. The scene of the tale is laid in the south of Spain during the last years of the Mahometan government, and in the reign of Abdallah, last king of the Moors. “This

people," says Lord Porchester, "united the pride of the Spanish character with all the fire of their Eastern origin; they were good soldiers, but devoted to luxury and magnificence at home. Their women mixed freely with the men, presided at the bull-feasts, distributed rewards at the tournaments, gave the colour to opinions, and became idols of those turbulent chiefs. This intermixture of the two sexes in general society is peculiar to the Spanish Moors, and to this particular period of their history: it was not derived from Asia or from Africa, and has been utterly unknown to any Mahometan country either before or since that time." With some of the great historical events of that epoch, the noble author has interwoven the fictitious fortunes of a young Moor of high extraction. The tale is tragical, and by no means deficient, either in general interest or in poetical treatment, though we cannot help thinking it somewhat too long. It includes, nevertheless, many passages of singular felicity, which we would gladly extract for the pleasure of our readers, were our pages sufficiently numerous to admit them. We must content ourselves with the following picture of the quiet slumbers of a beautiful woman.

Say, hast thou mark'd along the quiet deep
 In one rich line a gleam of moonlight sleep?
 So still, so pale, and beautiful she lay,
 While regularly low her bosom's play
 Was faint as ocean's heave in stillest day.—
 Through its thin shroud hast traced the mountain head
 When morning mists their spangled gauze have spread?
 So the light veil descending to the knee
 Robed her fair form, but show'd its symmetry.—
 Say too, 'mid foaming torrent hast thou seen
 Some islet rock whose mossy knoll of green
 Beacons the breaking waves, that circling stray
 And round its base in thousand eddies play?
 Oh yet more beautiful to gazer's view
 O'er her young brow the turban's verdant hue
 Rose gaily crested, while in sport unbound
 In reckless tides her ringlets stream'd around,
 With raven curls on neck of ivory fell,
 Veil'd her light lids still seal'd in slumber's spell,
 And floating wildly, strove in vain to hide
 The glistening bosom, and the pure blue tide
 That on its couch of marble seem'd to glow,
 Like violets scatter'd o'er a bed of snow.

This, it must be admitted, is very sweet, and pure, and delightfully illustrated.

We now turn with great pleasure to the notes, under the full confidence that our readers will thank us for laying before them the following picturesque and admirably written description of the state of the town of Lorca during the revolutionary troubles:

When we arrived at a Posada bordering upon Lorca in Andalusia, we heard that the town was in a state of high revolutionary excitement; a conflict of parties had taken place on the preceding evening, which had terminated in the ascendancy of the revolutionists; the Governor had been driven from the town, his house burnt, and himself with difficulty rescued from the fury of the people. Four or five of the leading royalists had been massacred in the public square, and several had been severely injured. Feeling anxious to know the real nature of the events that had occurred, I ventured into the

town: in the whole length of the principal street I only met two individuals; they appeared to shun observation, and were passing quietly but rapidly to their destination. I delayed them, requesting to know the nearest way to the Plaza; and, under the pretext of inquiring whether I could proceed farther with safety, introduced the subject upon which I was desirous to obtain information. The first man to whom I addressed myself appeared much annoyed at my questions, and replied in a tone of exultation, that I suspect, from the extreme discrepancy of his manners, was by no means in unison with his real feelings; however, he urged me to return to the Posada, saying it was a very unfit time for a stranger to venture in the town. The second only answered, "for God's sake ask no questions, speak to no man, but return home without delay." Both seemed alarmed at the interruption, looked anxiously round to ascertain whether the few words that had passed between us had been overheard, and then hurried on more rapidly than before. I perceived that the doors were closed and the windows barred, as I advanced into the heart of the town; and though I saw everywhere traces of the industry of man, I heard not a sound that recalled his existence to my mind. I confess, I felt awed by the unnatural contrast that existed between the magnitude and flourishing appearance of the town, and the horrible stillness and desolation that reigned around me, and was only disturbed by the echo of my own footsteps. At length I heard a heavier tread, and saw four or five men coming slowly and steadily down the street; they wore the black cap, and carried muskets under the black mantle, which is the distinctive dress of Lorca, but the points of their fire-arms projected beyond their capotes, and were clearly shown. Perhaps this gloomy costume, combined with the awful circumstances of the time, may have produced an exaggerated impression on my mind, but I still think that I have seldom seen an expression of villainy so sullen and dispassionate as was stamped upon the features of these men. They looked earnestly at me, but allowed me to pass without molestation. When I reached the Plaza, I saw some stalls shivered and overthrown, others had fallen uninjured, but had not yet been raised; some bars lying on the ground, that appeared to have been violently wrenched from the wall, and other symptoms, equally unequivocal, of the recent outrage, presented themselves: a lad who had shown me part of the way, but from whom I had been unable to extract the slightest information, now became most fearful lest farther observation should excite jealousy in the apprehensive state of the public mind, and urged me to lose no time in returning. I was also myself convinced that farther delay would be useless and dangerous, and retraced my steps to the Posada. On leaving the town I perceived a group collected round a man who was haranguing them on the disturbance of the preceding day. I mingled with his hearers, and perceiving that I was a stranger and a gentleman, in spite of his republican antipathies to the last-mentioned species of animal, he soon addressed his observations to me, and gave me a detailed statement of the events which had occurred; that, strange to say, I had been unable to learn either at the Posada, or in the town, although I had been for some hours almost in the scenes where they had taken place. I afterwards saw the same paralysing effects produced by terror in Catalonia, where men would frequently withhold information necessary to the traveller, from the dread of compromising themselves by any allusion to the most notorious facts. As we left the Posada, the national guard were pouring into Lorca; they were dressed in the costume of the country, and appeared wild, undisciplined, and more likely to create fresh disturbances than to restore order.

The narrative of the noble author's adventures and dangers among the Guerillas in the mountain of Montserrat, is more interesting even than the above; but it would be impossible to abridge it, and we cannot give it entire. Altogether we think Lord Porchester is one of the best informed, most talented, and most accomplished of all the prose writers (not to mention his poetical faculties) who have lately appeared in the upper circles.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

Paris, January 18, 1827.

THE following story has excited a great deal of merriment in Paris, and though it may not be found equally diverting in London, it will at least serve to show the state of feeling which prevails in the south of France. That vast tract of country, extending from Tours to Bayonne, and from Toulon to Bourdeaux, is the prey of the most absurd fanaticism. The retrograde party is working hard to render it a second La Vendée.

M. Ingres is one of the best painters of David's school. He has spent several years in Florence; and is a successful imitator of the style of the Florentine masters. He lately finished a large picture, representing the Virgin on a throne, surrounded by a group of saints and angels. This picture resembles, in its composition, the works of the fifteenth century, and for that reason it was less admired in Paris than it deserved. M. Ingres went to Agen, in the South of France, his native place. He had sold his picture to the municipality of Agen, and he was received with marked attention on his arrival there. But no sooner was his picture exhibited, than all the devotees in the place were scandalized by two undraped figures of angels. The artist was prevailed on to clothe these figures: but, counting on one of those moral re-actions which have been so frequent in the history of French manners, he painted in distemper, and not in oil-colours, the drapery which the modest eyes of the Mayor of Agen required. The water-colours could, of course, be easily washed off at any future time. It is curious that the picture, which, in Paris, was thought to be too flattering to superstition, was considered absolutely indecent at Agen.

Baron Dupin, the well-known author of the excellent work on the commercial power of Great Britain, lately commenced his course of lectures on mechanics and geometry, in their connexion with the arts. These lectures, which are very annoying to the Jesuitical party, are attended by great numbers of young mechanics. You have some lectures of the same kind in London, which also meet with furious opposition, because they tend to diffuse information among the lower classes. You may therefore form some idea of the animosity which Baron Dupin encounters here. But every true friend of France cherishes the wish to see M. Dupin one day Minister of the Interior. He may have the same prejudices as MM. Corbière and Vaublanc, but he has at least the advantage of being well acquainted with the present state of France. At his first lecture, M. Dupin presented to his audience a geographical map, which has been much spoken of, and to which, it is probable, allusion will be made in the French Chambers. Some of the English newspapers may possibly give a description of Baron Dupin's lecture, and, if so, my letter will arrive too late to be interesting to many of your readers. The fear of being anticipated in this way, frequently deters me from mentioning matters which appear important, and which, after all, remain unnoticed by your newspapers, generally so ill-informed on all that relates to France.

M. Dupin divided the map of France by a line extending from Geneva to Saint Malo; and he drew a comparison between the different degrees of civilization and information existing in the two portions of France situated on the north and south of this imaginary line. He exhibited a map of France, the curious appearance of which powerfully excited the attention of his numerous auditors. It was shaded light and dark, according to the degree of ignorance prevailing in each of the eighty-six departments. The departments in which there is least information, were of so dark a colour as to be almost black; as, for example, the department of which Tours is the capital, and in which so many English families have taken up their residence, to acquire, as they say, the pure pronunciation of the French language. The departments which send most pupils to the public schools, &c. were left nearly as white as the paper. Unfortunately, these light tints were few in number, and the map altogether presents a very sombre aspect.

M. Dupin intends this map to form part of a work which is now in the press, and is to be entitled "Essai sur les Forces Productives et Commerciales de la France."

The lecturer demonstrated in every possible way, the proportionate degrees of information and wealth in different parts of France. He first stated the number of children sent by each department to the primary schools. Following the simple and ingenious idea of painting to the eye the degree of intellectual information spread over each department, M. Dupin gave the dark tint, No. 10, to those departments in which the schools contain one-tenth of the population; and the dark tint, No. 229, was given to those departments whose schools contain no more than the two hundred and twenty-ninth portion of the population. This explanation will enable you to understand the different degrees of light and shade, presented by each department on the map.

It is a curious fact, that the department in which only the two hundred and twenty-ninth part of the population attends the schools, is situated in Touraine, on the banks of the Loire, a country distinguished, even among foreigners, by the name of the Garden of France. Bearn, on the contrary, which lies in the centre of the Pyrenees, contains in its schools one-fiftieth part of its population. Thus fertility of soil and mildness of climate have no relation with the degree of information and civilization which the inhabitants seek to acquire. On looking at a map of France, intersected, as above described, by a line extending from Geneva to Saint Malo, you will find that on the north of the line there are thirty-two, and on the south fifty-four departments. The departments on the north of the line contain altogether thirteen millions of inhabitants, and the fifty-four south of the line contain eighteen millions.

The thirteen millions of inhabitants in the northern departments, send seven hundred and forty thousand children to school, while the eighteen millions of inhabitants of the south have only three hundred and seventy-five thousand pupils in their schools. In the north of France, therefore, each million of inhabitants sends sixty thousand children to school, while in the south each million sends only twenty thousand. Primary instruction is, consequently, three times more extensive in the north than in the south.

The following facts sufficiently prove the advantage of information among the people; an advantage, which is nevertheless disputed by all who are connected, however remotely, with the clergy and the nobility. In the northern departments of France the climate does not permit the cultivation of the olive, the orange, or the caper-tree; mulberries and maize thrive but indifferently in those parts. In Picardy, Artois, Flanders, and the Ardennes, the vine cannot be cultivated. Yet, in spite of these great disadvantages, and the unavoidable expenses which the rigour of the climate occasions to the inhabitants, the northern departments pay one hundred and twenty-seven millions of land-tax upon a superficies of eighteen millions of hectares. The thirty-four millions of hectares lying to the south of the line above described from Geneva to Saint-Malo, which are so highly favoured by nature, pay only one hundred and twenty-five millions of land-tax. Thus when the Emperor of Austria, echoing the sentiments of most of the sovereigns and all the ministers of the continent, said, about six years ago, to the professors of the University of Laybach, "I want no scholars in my dominions," he expressed a proposition identical with this,—“I do not wish my people to be happy.” The public treasury obtains taxes of every kind much more easily from the well-informed and philosophic inhabitants of the north, than from the ignorant and too frequently fanatical population of the south.

In France, every individual engaged in trade pays for a licence, called a *patente*. This tax produces, in the thirty-two northern departments, fifteen millions of francs, while in the fifty-four southern departments it produces no more than nine millions.

The following will show the sums paid to the public treasury, in direct

contributions, upon a million of hectares, in the northern and southern departments:—

	In the north.	In the south.
Land tax	6,820,000 francs.	3,579,700 francs.
Patentes	817,000 do.	276,216 do.
	<hr/> 7,637,000	<hr/> 3,855,916

On examining the list of patents for inventions, granted from the 1st of July 1791, to the 1st of July 1825, it appears that sixteen hundred and eighty-nine have been obtained by individuals in the thirty-two northern departments of France, while only four hundred and thirteen have been obtained in the fifty-four departments coloured in dark tints on M. Dupin's map.

M. Dupin stated to his auditors the result of his investigations, relative to the colleges of Paris. The University annually distributes, among the colleges of Paris and Versailles, a great number of first and second probationary prizes. M. Dupin did not include in his calculation the students born in Paris, as by so doing he would have given too great an advantage to the north of France; for in the capital good sense and information are pretty generally diffused by means of the journals, and the Catholic priests have comparatively but little influence on the habits of families. The students from the thirty-one northern departments (the department of the Seine excepted) were first counted, and afterwards those from the fifty-four southern departments.

Students from the thirty-one northern departments, who have obtained premiums in Paris	107
Students from the fifty-four southern departments, who have obtained premiums in Paris	36

The University distributes in Paris thirty-seven great prizes among youths born in the departments. Thirty-three of these prizes have been obtained by students from the northern departments, and only four by those from the south.

That admirable institution, the Polytechnic school, has been honoured successively by the displeasure of Napoleon and the Bourbons. Its system of management is corrupted. The most ignorant professors are favoured, to the prejudice of those who have devoted their lives to the acquisition of knowledge. Yet even in its present state of degradation, which tends to the exclusion of all students whose families are not of the devout party,* out of one thousand nine hundred and thirty-three youths admitted to the Polytechnic school, during thirteen successive years, one thousand two hundred and thirty-three have been from the departments of the north, and only seven hundred from the south.

The Academy of Sciences does not choose its members like the French Academy. Loyalty is, of course, a powerful recommendation, but hitherto no very shameful selections have been made. Of the sixty-five members of which the Academy of Sciences consists, forty-eight are from the north of France, and only seventeen from the south.

At the exhibition of the productions of national industry, in 1819, piety and *good sentiments* (that is, attachment to the Bourbons,) operated powerfully in favour of the exhibitors. As these *good sentiments* are most prevalent in the south, the distributors of medals were naturally inclined to show a preference for the productions sent from that part of France. Yet, in spite of this, the exhibitors in the thirty-two northern departments obtained one hundred and ninety-three medals, while those in the fifty-four southern departments obtained only one hundred and seven.

The municipal councils appointed at Grenoble and Nancy through the

* The case of young Mont-Olivier, the son of Napoleon's minister, which occurred a year or two ago, is a proof of this.

influence of the Jesuits, lately rejected the proposal of two learned professors, who offered to give gratuitous lectures on mathematics to the lower class of people, like those given by M. Dupin in Paris.—But this notice of M. Dupin's lecture is leading me farther than I intended; and perhaps I have already dwelt too long on the great elementary truths so obnoxious to the aristocratic portion of society in all parts of the world. I shall therefore close the subject with a few remarks connected with literature.

The number of members of the Academy of Sciences now living, whether natives of the south or the north of France, is not proportionate to the number of men of superior talent and merit produced in the north and south during the last forty years.

Napoleon and Lucien Bonaparte, Massena, Desaix, Mirabeau, Cardinal Maury, Cazalès, Barnave, Mounier, Verguiand, Gaudet, Gensonné, and all the Gironde party guillotined by Robespierre, were natives of the south. I could extend to a much greater length the list of eminent individuals furnished by the south, but that I do not wish to quote names unknown in England. Our present ministers are certainly very mediocre sort of men; but the celebrated La Rochefoucauld, in his Maxims, says that no man ever attains to great fortune without possessing some degree of merit. MM. de Villele, Frayssinous, Peyronnet, Martignac, and Rauz, are natives of the south.

If from the living, or those who, like Napoleon and Massena, have recently quitted the scene of life, we turn to the illustrious men who have flourished since the revival of literature in the reign of Louis XII., we shall find that all the great French poets have been natives of the north. Moliere, Corneille, Racine, Lafontaine, Voltaire, and Boileau, were born in the north. The south, on the other hand, has produced all our great philosophers; for example, Bayle, the first dialectician of France, Montesquieu, Montaigne, and Condillac. On examining a list of several hundreds of celebrated men, published a year or two ago, one is tempted to believe that the preponderance of talent belongs to the south of France; and in spite of the disadvantage arising from the want of education, and the influence of furious prejudice, like that which occasioned the massacre of so many Protestants in 1815, we find that numbers of men who rise to distinction in Paris, are natives of the south of France.

The Revolution, by dividing the Church lands, and selling them in small portions,* has greatly augmented the number of landed proprietors. In consequence of this division of property, there is in almost every family in the country, a retired military man, from the general down to the private. These circumstances combined, have diffused a feeling of self-respect and probity among the lower classes of the people. This laudable feeling, which is doubtless the first moral benefit of the revolution, is much more general in the north than in the south of France. This is obvious from the returns of trials for robbery made to the Minister of Justice.

The French Academy, which formerly furnished so many subjects of conversation in the higher classes of society, and which, on that account, occupies so important a place in Grimm's correspondence, now leads me to a transition from political economy to literature. The influence of the ministers is felt almost as much in the French Academy as in the Chamber of Peers. M. de Semonville, under the title of Grand Referendary, directs the Chamber of Peers, as M. de Raynouard lately directed the Academy in quality of Perpetual Secretary. M. Raynouard, alarmed at the disapprobation he excited, declined being *perpetual*, and tendered his resignation, as I mentioned on a former occasion. MM. Auger and Roger, two academicians, who are so much accustomed to disapprobation that it never gives them any annoyance, became rival candidates for the post vacated by M.

* Montesquieu observes, that such was the piety of the kings and nobles of France during the middle ages, that the whole of the French territory has been given three times over to the Church. If pressed by necessity, a sovereign would not scruple to take back the domains which his predecessor had granted to the church.

Raynouard. Both are clever men, and the most humble servants of the minister. M. Roger has a place which brings him in thirty thousand francs a year: M. Auger has *eleven* different places, which, it is said, do not altogether produce more than nineteen thousand francs per annum. But though not so well paid as his rival, M. Auger is nevertheless the devoted admirer of all the little caprices of M. Corbière, the Minister of the Interior, and the persecutor of literature. M. Corbière granted the academicians free permission to choose between MM. Roger and Auger.

The choice devolved on M. Auger, because he is less active than M. Roger, and equally devoted to the ministry. His colleagues thought his indolence a recommendation, as it diminishes the chance of his doing any thing objectionable. M. Auger is chiefly known as the author of a commentary on Molière, which gave occasion to a very humorous letter from a Russian Prince. Perhaps this piece of pleasantry may not be known in England, but, as it is now a year old, I will not venture to repeat it.*

M. Auger has considerable merit as a grammarian; and he is preparing the definitions for the Dictionary of the Academy, which is to appear in 1827. Whenever it is absolutely impossible to flatter the Bourbons or the priests, M. Auger gives with considerable accuracy the different acceptations of the words of the French language. But he is far from possessing the merit of M. de Laveaux, formerly Director of the College of Sainte Barbe. M. de Laveaux has published successively a French Dictionary, and a Dictionary of the Difficulties of the French language. The latter work may be confidently recommended to all Englishmen who wish to read our best authors, and to understand the delicacies of such works as La Bruyère's *Caractères*, Voltaire's Novels, and Courier's Pamphlets.

The French Academy lost, perhaps, its cleverest member in M. Lemontey, who died some months ago. He was eminently distinguished for that *esprit* which shines in the works of Montesquieu, Voltaire, &c. With all due deference to you, I believe French *esprit* is rarely understood out of France. It consists of a multitude of delicate shades, and when foreigners attempt to translate Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes," or Voltaire's "Facéties," being incapable of seizing these shades, they omit them altogether. Nothing certainly is more convenient, or better calculated to abridge the labour of translation. German, Italian, and English translators all treat French *esprit* in this way. Only those who read French can therefore form any idea of the merit of M. Lemontey's principal work—"Raison, Folie, chacun son Mot," 2 vols. 8vo. It was published, I believe, about the year 1800, while the recollection of the Reign of Terror was still fresh in the public mind. It was at first extremely popular, but it did not keep up its popularity. It would be better if reduced to one volume. M. Lemontey was in the pay of Bonaparte, who, differing from his successors in this as in every respect, showed judgment in the selection of the writers whom he retained in his service. Lemontey wrote for the Emperor the novel of the "Famille du Jura." In this little work five persons are described, proceeding to Paris to be present at the coronation of Napoleon. They are supposed to come from the mountains of the Jura, near Besançon, and each represents by his conversation the sentiments of the five political parties which divided France in 1802. By thus bringing his characters from a remote part of the country, the author is enabled to describe very naturally, the surprise experienced by the mountaineers of the Jura at every thing they see in Paris. The work is free from all extravagance of style, and it betrays considerable taste and talent. This Bonapartist pamphlet is quite the reverse of the Bourbon pamphlets, to which M. de Chateaubriand is indebted for the *cordons-bleus*, and the peerage. The extravagance of M. de Chateaubriand has produced more effect than the talent of M. Lemontey. But the public are growing weary of extravagance.

* The Russian Prince pretends to believe that Molière is still living, and he writes to the great dramatist, complaining of the dulness of his commentator.

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS IN MESOPOTAMIA.*

MESOPOTAMIA, or "the country between the rivers," embraces, in its more strict definition, only the region which spreads itself between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates; streams which have their common origin in different parts of the mountains of Armenia; a common course from north-west to south-east; and, after their union, above Bussorah, a common outlet in the Persian Gulf. This is the same country, too, of which, as comprehensive of Irak Arabia, Il Jeseerah, Chaldea, and Babylonia, we had occasion, in reference to the Travels of Captain Keppel, to speak in the preceding number of the New Monthly Magazine,† as embracing all the sites which are rendered so interesting to Christian research through their relation with the history of the Jews; and with classical learning, through their connexion with that of the Greeks and Romans.

Of the attraction caused by the biblical interest in the various sites of the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, we spoke in the pages just above referred to; at the same time we also adverted to the increased and increasing familiarity with the part of the globe in question, which is now daily growing upon us, incidentally to our commerce and commercial dominion in India, and to the political positions in which we are placed upon account of our Indian empire.

Mr. Buckingham's overland route to India (pursued, not like that of Captain Keppel's return from the same country, through Russia and Persia, but by way of the Mediterranean and of the Turkish provinces in Asia Minor,) has already furnished to that active observer and investigator, the materials for two volumes, which have been some time in the hands of the public, namely, "Travels in Palestine," and "Travels among the Arab Tribes;" and the third work, just published, and now lying before us, conducts us from Aleppo to the banks of the Euphrates, and thence, from plain to plain, and from city to city, till the author enters Bagdad, and explores the ruins in the vicinity of Hilleh, which ruins are commonly, and apparently with the best reason, considered to be those of the ancient city of Babel or Babylon.

At Aleppo, Mr. Buckingham made an arrangement for travelling to Mardin and Mousul, on the Tigris, with a small caravan, formed by a merchant of the latter city; and, in order to enable him to avoid the exactions imposed upon Frank or European travellers, by the governors at the different stations on the road, it was agreed that he should assume the appearance and language of an Arab, and conform in all things to the directions of Hadjee-Abd-el-Rackman, the master of the caravan. The route, at the first setting out from Aleppo, lay nearly north, along the eastern bank of the little inland river upon which Aleppo is built. The country, at the slight distance from the river, is barren. At one of the sources of the river, which the caravan reached about sunset, several winding streams, all rising from the same spring, watered a small hollow plain, upon which was encamped a horde of Turcomans, the tents of which people are readily distinguished from those of the Arabs. At a short remove, one of the villages of Oktereen presented specimens (as we presume) of that description of architecture which has been called Cyclopian; and the extract which we shall make, besides this and several other curious particulars, comprises one of the many testimonials, which are now daily springing up, in vindication of the calumniated narratives of Bruce. It is an easy, and now common-place criticism, to talk of travellers' lies; for nothing

* Travels in Mesopotamia; including a Journey from Aleppo, across the Euphrates, to Orfah (the Ur of the Chaldees), through the plains of the Turcomans, &c., and by the Tigris to Mousul and Bagdad; with Researches on the Ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia. By J. S. Buckingham, author of Travels in Palestine, &c. 4to.

† See above, page 121.

is more within the reach of those who see nothing, and know nothing, than to dispute the veracity of all whose experience is wider than their own!

"Our course had been nearly north, throughout the whole of the preceding day, but it now bent towards the north-east, in pursuing which direction we reached, in an hour after setting out, a village called Oktereen. There was a smaller one, about a mile to the north of it, which bore the same name, and both were at this moment inhabited by peasants who cultivated rich corn lands on a fine red soil, and of great extent. The style of building in both of these villages, like that of the ruined ones we had already passed, was remarkable, each separate dwelling having a high pointed dome of unburnt bricks, raised on a square fabric of stone; so that, at a little distance, they resembled a cluster of bee-hives on square pedestals.

"In the village through which we passed, was a khan or caravanserai of Mohammedan construction, and good masonry, though now seldom resorted to by travellers. Near it was a high round eminence, enclosed by a circular wall, formed of very large masses of unhewn stone, rudely put together without cement. This is called the Castle, but over all the hill there appear no other vestiges of building than this, which I should consider to be a work of the very earliest ages of antiquity. The stones are, in general, much too large to be moved by mere manual labour, estimating the strength of man at its present standard; and yet one would conceive, that if the people, by whom they were placed here, used the aid of any instruments for that purpose, they would also have hewn them into regular forms, for additional strength. But, like most other works of ancient labour, the very simplicity of their construction excites problems the most difficult of solution.

"Near the foot of the hill, but without its wall of enclosure, are deep wells, containing excellent water, of which we drank, as we passed, from the pitchers of some women of the neighbourhood. The vessels used by them are broad at the bottom, narrow at the top, and about two feet high, with a thick handle on each side. They are all of copper, tinned within and without; nor did we see a single vessel of earthenware among them. The dress of the females was mostly of blue cotton cloth; some of the younger girls were pretty, and all had fairer and more ruddy complexions than we had lately been accustomed to see.

"From hence, the high range of Mount Taurus was visible on our left, to the north-west, and seemed to be nearly in a line with our route, or to run in a north-east and south-west direction. Many of its rugged summits were covered with snow; and from their appearance, as they intercepted our horizon but slightly in that quarter, it was evident that our own level was also a very elevated one.

"While halting at the well of Oktereen, there came to drink a poor ass of our own caravan, who had lost from the thickest part of his thighs behind, between the knee and the tail, at least an English pound of flesh from each, and yet still walked freely, without any apparent suffering. The blood remained clotted in streams below the wounds; and, on inquiry, it appeared that he had been torn in this manner, only two nights before, by a hyæna, while the caravan was encamped at Hailan, a few hours' distance from Aleppo. Bruce's account of the Abyssinians cutting steaks from a live ox, sewing up the wound, and driving the beast on his journey, had always, until now, appeared to me difficult of belief; not from the cruelty of the act, for that would weigh but little with people of their character, but from my conceiving that no animal could, after being so treated, pursue its march. Here, however, I saw before me a similar fact, one which I confess surprised me, but to which I could not refuse credence, as it was confirmed by the evidence of my senses.

"In an hour from Oktereen, we came to another village of the same name, each of these being called by that of the district in which they stand. The pointed domes to the dwellings were now no longer seen, all the houses being flat-roofed, with terraces."

The subjoined remarkable love-story illustrates a portion of the manners of the Turcomans:

"Their women, who are in general fair, ruddy, and handsome, neither disfigure themselves by blue stains, nor veil themselves, after the manner of the Arabs. The jealousy of the men, regarding their honour, is, however, still stronger. Mr. Maseyk, who, it should be added, is a Dutch merchant of the highest respectability, and has resided at Aleppo for forty years, and made journeys through every part of the surrounding country, told me an instance in proof of this, which I should scarcely have believed, if I had not heard it from his own mouth.

"Two young persons of the same tribe loved each other, and were betrothed in

marriage : their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period for its celebration. It happened, one evening, that they met, accidentally, alone, but in sight of all the tents : they stopped a moment to speak to each other ; and were on the point of passing on, when the brothers of the girl perceiving it, rushed out, with arms in their hands, to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musket-wound ; but the poor girl received five balls in her body, besides being mangled by the daggers of her own brothers, who had aimed to plunge them in her heart ; and, when she fell, they abandoned her carcase to the dogs !

“ The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe, encamped near them, and told his story ; begging that he would assist him with a troop of horse, to enable him to rescue the body of his love from its present degradation. He went, accompanied by some of his own people, and found life still remaining. He then repaired to the tent of her enraged brothers, and asked them why they had done this ? They replied, that they could not suffer their sister to survive the loss of her honour, which had been stained by her stopping to talk with her intended husband, on the public road, before her marriage. The lover demanded her body for burial ; when her brothers, suspecting the motive, exclaimed, “ What, is she not yet lifeless ?—then we will finish this work of death ;” and were rushing out to execute their purpose, when the youth caused the troop of horsemen, sent to aid his purpose, to appear, and threatened instant death to him who should first stir to interrupt his design. The young girl was conveyed to his tent, and, after a series of kind attentions, slowly recovered.

“ During her illness, the distracted lover, now expelled from his own tribe, came, under cover of the night, to see her ; and, weeping over her wounds, continually regretted that he had been so base as to seek his safety in flight, and not to have died in defending her. She as heroically replied, ‘ No ! No ! It is my highest happiness that I have suffered, and that you have escaped ; we shall both live, and Heaven will yet bless us with many pledges of our lasting love.’ This really happened ; the girl recovered, was married to her impassioned swain, and they are still both alive, with a numerous family of children.

“ So romantic a tale of love, jealousy, revenge, fidelity, and heroism, would have been incredible, were it not that all the parties were known to Mr. Maseyk, who related it ; that he did so in the presence of many other persons born in Aleppo, and acquainted, by report, with the fact ; and that the veracity of the narrator may be regarded as unquestionable.”

The short paragraph which follows is a further contribution to the picture of Turcoman manners, and to the illustration of biblical history ; and at the same time is so pretty in its particulars, that, even on the latter account alone, it is a gratification to transcribe it :

“ In pursuing our way across this plain, we passed a party of husbandmen gathering in the harvest, the greater portion of the grain being now fully ripe. They plucked up the corn by the roots, instead of reaping it, a practice often spoken of in the Scriptures, though reaping seems to be made the earliest and most frequent mention of. On seeing the caravan, one of the labourers ran from his companions, and, approaching us, danced, stood on his hands, with his feet aloft in the air, and gave other demonstrations of joy, when he presented us with an ear of corn and a flower, as an offering of the first-fruits of the year ; another remnant also of a very ancient usage in the “ wave offering” of the sheaf and the ear of corn, commanded to the Israelites by Moses. We returned for it a handful of paras, or small tin coin, and answered the shout of joy which echoed from the field, by acclamations from the caravan.”

Journeying now to the eastward, though a little to the north, Mr. Buckingham soon reached and crossed the river Euphrates, at Beer, a small town within the pashalic of Orfah. The river, even at this great distance from the sea, appeared to Mr. Buckingham as broad as the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge. The inhabitants of its banks think it a river of greater magnitude than the Nile ; but Mr. Buckingham regards the two rivers as more upon an equal footing, natural as well as historical, with each other. Beer, Bir, or BIRTHA, was anciently, as well as at present, a frequented pass between Syria, or Canaan, on the west side of the Euphrates, and Mesopotamia, or Chaldea, upon the east. It has the remains of several fortifications ; and, among others,

of a castle of imposing appearance, at the summit of the hill upon which the town is built.

From Beer the track to be pursued by the caravan was still continued over the plains of the Turcomans; plains, of which the natural features, according to Mr. Buckingham, have been accurately described by Xenophon; and men who, from the description of their features here before us, belong decidedly to the Tartar, and not to the Arabian family. We collect from the various and interesting statements of Mr. Buckingham, that the manners of the two races are and have been equally distinct; while the ascendancy of the religion of the Arabian prophet has had the local effect of blending the one with the other. It seems, at the same time, equally clear to us, that the Jews are of this Turcoman or Tartar descent.

Leaving, here, the Euphrates, the caravan proceeded eastward to Orfah, the capital of a country of the same name. This city is spoken of as the "Ur of the Chaldees," and the birth-place of the patriarch Abraham. "It was the birth-place of Abraham and his wife," says Mr. Buckingham, "as well as several of his family, who went out together from this city, Ur of the Chaldees."—Upon this point, however, we venture to differ slightly from our author. Adverting to the pastoral, and even wandering life of the patriarch, as described to us in Scripture, we should have been disposed to look for the birth-place of himself and his family, not in the "city" of Ur, but in the land or country of which it was the capital, and which then, as now, might be believed to have borne a similar name;—we say, that we should have been disposed to look for the birth and original dwelling-place of Abraham, not in the "city," but in the "land" of Ur, even if the text itself had not, to all appearance, been very conclusive upon this particular: "And Terah lived seventy years, and begat Abraham, Nahor, and Haran." "And Haran died before his father Terah, in the land of his nativity, in Ur of the Chaldees." Gen. xi. 26, 28. Our notion, then, differs from that adopted by Mr. Buckingham, to this extent, that we imagine Terah and his children to have been natives of the "land" generally, rather than of the "city" in particular, of Ur, or Orfah.

But, be this as it may, the tradition of Abraham is strong in the city of Orfah. The mosque stands on the edge of a lake:

"This lake, which is called 'Birket el Ibrahim el Khaleel,' from being in the native city of that patriarch, 'Abraham the Beloved, or the Friend of God,' is filled from a clear spring which rises in the south-west quarter of the town. It then forms a canal, which is two hundred and twenty-five paces long, by twenty-five paces broad; and generally from five to six feet deep. At the west end, where it commences, a room is built to hang over the stream; and at the east, where a small bridge terminates the greater canal, the waters run into a lesser one, which divides itself into many branches, and is dispersed in streams throughout the town, for the convenience of manufactories, private dwellings, and public khans. On the south side of the canal is a long causeway, the brink of which is nearly level with the water's edge; and behind it are gardens full of large white mulberry-trees, as tall and full in foliage as the largest of our English elms. On the opposite side, the eastern half of the northern bank is occupied by the grand façade of the Mosque of the Patriarch whose name it bears; and its foundations are washed by the waters of the lake, which are also considered to be sacred to him.

"The centre of this façade is a square pile of building, from which rise three large domes, of equal size, and a lofty minaret, springing up from amid a cluster of tall and solemn cypress-trees. At each end of this central pile, towards the stream, are flights of steps descending to the water's edge, for the ablutions of the pious, each flight occupying the centre of two corresponding open arcades, composed of several arches each. The wings are terminated by two solid masses of building, perfectly uniform in design, and completing one of the most regular edifices of this kind, to be found, perhaps, in Turkey. Beyond this, and extending to the room at the west end of the lake, is a large garden, filled with mulberry and fig-trees, and having smaller bushes overhanging the water's surface.

"The Birket or Lake, from being considered as consecrated by devotion to the Patriarch, is visited as well from motives of piety as of pleasure, and seldom fails to

have several parties on its banks. Like the one of El Bedhwee at Tripoly, on the coast of Syria, this is filled with an incredible number of fine carp, some of which are two feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness. As the water in which they float is beautifully transparent, they are seen to great advantage; and it is an act of charity, as well as of diversion, for the visitors there to purchase vegetable leaves and scatter them on the surface, by which the fish are collected literally in heaps. As they are forbidden to be caught or molested, they multiply exceedingly; and I certainly do not exaggerate in estimating their present number throughout the whole of the canal, and smaller stream, at twenty thousand at least; and their numbers are constantly on the increase, it being regarded as a sacrilege of the most unpardonable kind, for any one to use them as food."

Mr. Buckingham, in a note, collects some of the observations that have been made upon the ancient fish-worship of the country; and, for ourselves, we suspect that it was the lake and its carp which had already consecrated the site of Ur, or Orfah, to religion, before the days of Abraham. We may add, too, in reference to the remark of Mr. Buckingham, that "it was somewhere in Mesopotamia that Venus, flying from the violence of Typhon, was metamorphosed into a fish," the seeming coincidence, that one of the avatars, or incarnations, of the Hindoo Vishnoo, was in the form of a fish. "Dag," in the language of the country, is the word signifying "a fish;" and "Dagon," in the mythology of the Chaldeans, was the fish-formed Venus. When we say, also, that the lake was the original source of sanctity at Orfah, we would rather be understood as referring to the spring of water which fills the lake, and which spring has doubtless been always sacred. Pliny informs us that Orfah, at different periods also called Edessa and Antioch, was called Callirrhoe, from its spring, or fountain; and in this word appears to be included the etymon of Orfah and Ur: "In later times," says Mr. Buckingham, it was called Roha, or, with the article of the Arabs, Or-rhoa, and, by abbreviation, Orha"—The dialectical transition to Orfah is easy. The "land," or country, and not the "city," (as Mr. Buckingham would lead us to suppose,) is the Paradise of Milton, and of other poets; though Babylonish tradition places Paradise near the very mouth of the Euphrates. The city of Orfah was the Edessa of the Greeks and of the Crusaders. It is from the city of Orfah, then called Edessa, that Agbarus, its latest independent prince; is said to have written a letter to Jesus Christ. The whole history of the place (concerning which Mr. Buckingham has accumulated numerous details) is full of a very lively interest. Orfah is the capital of all this part of the country between the Euphrates and the Tigris.

From Orfah Mr. Buckingham travelled to El Mazar, and thence to Mardin, Diarbekr, and thence to Mardin again; and finally from Mardin to Dara, Nisibis, and across the plain of Sinjar, by Romoila to Mousul, on the western bank of the Tigris. Here are many Christian churches, and many relics of the Crusades. Mousul is the capital of Il Jezeerah, or El Jesirah.

While at Mousul, Musul, or Muntsul, Mr. Buckingham made an excursion to the neighbouring ruins of a city which is held to have been that of ancient Nineveh:

"We went from hence towards the north-east, and passing over a stone bridge of Mohammedan work, thrown across a small stream, which discharges itself into the Tigris, came in about an hour to the principal mounds which are thought to mark the site of the ancient Nineveh.

"There are four of these mounds, disposed in the form of a square; and these, as they show neither bricks, stones, nor other materials of building, but are in many places overgrown with grass, resemble the mounds left by entrenchments and fortifications of ancient Roman camps.

"The longest of these mounds runs nearly north and south, and consists of several ridges of unequal height, the whole appearing to extend for four or five miles in length. There are three other distinct mounds, which are all near to the river, and lie in the direction of east and west. The first of these, counting from the southward, is the one called "Nebbé Yunus," having a tomb on it, which is thought to contain the ashes of the prophet Jonas, and a small village collected round it; the next to the northward is called Tal Hermoosh, which is not marked by any striking

peculiarity; and the third is the one we first ascended, and which, by way of distinction, from its regularity and height, is called *Tal Ninoz*, or the Hill of Nineveh."

"There are appearances of mounds and ruins extending for several miles to the southward, and still more distinctly seen to the northward of this, though both are less marked than the mounds of the centre. The space between these is a level plain, over every part of the face of which, broken pottery, and the other usual *debris* of ruined cities, are seen scattered about.

"If it were true, as asserted by Strabo, and other early writers, that Nineveh was larger than Babylon, it might be considered to have been the largest city that ever existed in the world, and one might even credit the assertion, that "Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey," not in circumference, as it has been assumed, but in length, since Jonah did not begin to proclaim the denunciations of God against it, until he had entered the city a day's journey, which would then have been its further extreme, if three days only had been the extent of its circuit.

"But we are furnished with its actual dimensions in stadia, which enables us to compare how far its comparative magnitude was greater than that of Babylon, or not. Herodotus assigns to this last a square of four hundred and eighty stadia, or a circumference of sixty miles, counting fifteen miles for each of its sides, reckoning the stadium at its highest standard of eight to a mile. Diodorus Siculus gives the dimensions of Nineveh as one hundred and fifty stadia in length, and ninety stadia in breadth, or about nineteen miles in front along the river, and eleven and a quarter in breadth from the river to the mountains, estimating the stadium at the same standard of value.

"There was, it is true, a greater length in the city of Nineveh; but, from its more confined breadth, the space actually included within the limits given was somewhat less than that of Babylon. It may, however, be admitted to claim for itself a higher antiquity, since the second great capital of the Assyrian empire did not begin to flourish until this, its first metropolis, whose origin mounts up to the period just succeeding the Deluge, was abandoned to decay."

In this place, Mr. Buckingham professes to support his concluding proposition, by referring his readers to Gen. x. 11; but our own reading of the text by no means permits us to conclude that Nineveh can "claim a higher antiquity than Babylon;"—that Babylon was no more than the "second great capital of the Assyrian empire;"—that Babylon "did not begin to flourish" until Nineveh, "its (the Assyrian) first metropolis, whose origin mounts up to the period just succeeding the Deluge, was abandoned to decay." p. 303.

In our view, the text of the book of Genesis states this whole matter in the directly opposite form. 'The localities which belong to the history of mankind before the epoch of the Deluge are nowhere described, except that the "garden," in which God placed the ancestors of the human race, was in Eden, an eastern country; and that at the expulsion from "the garden of Eden," our first parents were driven still further to the eastward; for the "cherubims," and the "flaming sword," were "placed at the east of the garden."—See Gen. ii. 8, 10; iii. 24. Cain, too, it may be added, went to dwell in "the land of Nod," still "on the east" of eastern Eden.

The dwelling-place of Noah is nowhere named; but, at the subsiding of the Deluge, the ark rested upon "the mountains of Ararat," on which mountains it was that "Noah builded an altar unto the Lord."

But these "mountains of Ararat" were to the eastward of the plain, in the land of Shinar, the acknowledged Babylonia, and site of Babylon, or Babel. It was in and about these eastern "mountains of Ararat" that Noah and his posterity—"the whole earth" of the scriptural text, long abided. It was from these eastern "mountains of Ararat," that "the whole earth" journeyed westward into Mesopotamia; that, upon so entering Mesopotamia, they descended first upon the "plain in the land of Shinar," and "dwelt there," and there built "a city," and a tower, whose "top," they designed, should "reach to heaven;" and this city—this first-built city after the Deluge—was "called Babel," and not "Nineveh."—See Gen. viii. 4, xi. 1, 2, 4, 9.

Nineveh, on the other hand, so far from having a "claim to higher antiquity" than Babylon, grew out of the greatness of the latter: "And Cush

begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth."—"And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Ereen, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh, &c." This, then, was the order of events, and this the higher antiquity of Babylon to that of Nineveh; and it deserves to be remarked, as connected with the building of Nineveh by Asshur, a leader, and perhaps a rebellious, or at least rival leader (as we conclude), who "went out" of Shinar after the building of the city of Babel, that Mousul, which was thought by Gibbon to have been the western suburb of Ninus, the city which succeeded Nineveh, was anciently, according to Benjamin of Tudela, denominated "the Great Assar;" which, as justly remarked by Mr. Buckingham, was no doubt the tradition prevalent among the people there. If, indeed, it were simply asserted, that Nineveh was the most ancient capital of Assyria, the question, in our minds, might take somewhat of a more different shape; for, as to the political ruin of Babylon, we entertain certain doubts. When Nineveh was taken and spoiled, it fell before the united arms of the Medes and Babylonians. For the rest, we have to acknowledge that the opposite argument to that which we are maintaining may be thought to receive some colour, both from the order of the text of Genesis, and from the declaration (ch. xi. v. 8,) that after the confusion of their language, "the whole earth left off to build the city, and was scattered abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth." But we cite again, in reply, the ninth and tenth verses of the preceding chapter; and we beg it also to be observed, by readers of the book of Genesis, that the uniform plan of its composition is, first to relate things generally, and afterward to go back to particular incidents. Nineveh, then, was of lower antiquity than Babylon, and not of higher, as supposed by Mr. Buckingham. The first progress of population, and of civilization, according to the book of Genesis, after the Deluge, was north-westward, up the Euphrates and the Tigris; and not south-eastward, down the courses of those rivers. We subjoin the concluding paragraph of Mr. Buckingham's description of the ruins of Nineveh:

"From among the ruins of Nineveh, many antique gems, intaglios, and hieroglyphic devices on stone, have been dug up; of some of which, drawings and descriptions are given in the '*Mines de l'Orient*,' by Mr. Rich, of Bagdad; and not long since, a large stone was found here, inscribed all over with sculptures and unknown characters, which, falling into the hands of the Turks, was by them broken to pieces and destroyed.

"On descending from the mound of Tal Ninoa, we walked across the level space, included between it and the other principal mounds near the river, and found the whole extent of it covered with broken pottery, of a very coarse quality, and in general but slightly ribbed, though evidently of the ancient kind."

After describing the ruins of Nineveh, Mr. Buckingham offers reasons for his present concurrence with the opinion of Bruce, that the city of "No," the earliest destruction of which is referred to by the prophet Nahum, was the ancient Thebes.

Popular tradition in Mesopotamia (the ancient Chaldea) connects every remain of ancient architecture, throughout the country, from Beer, or Bir, on the upper Euphrates, to the Birs Nimrod, on the lower, with the name, either of Alexander the Great, or of that older prince and conqueror, Nimrod, "the beginning of whose kingdom"—that is, the earliest seat of whose dominion—"was Babel, &c. &c."

When Genesis was written, the renown and greatness of Nimrod (c. x. v. 9) were proverbial in Chaldea and its neighbourhood; and they continue thus (as appears from travellers) to this day. After leaving Nineveh and Mousul, and passing through Arbeel, or Arweel, the ancient Arbela, Mr. Buckingham, arriving in Bagdad, made an excursion to the site of "a shapeless mass of brickwork," "called Akkerkoof, and more generally Kasr Nimrod, or Nimrod's Palace," which stands on the west side of the Tigris. This ruin, "rising from a broad base, now so worn away, as to be a mere

heap of rubbish," has been estimated, by the late Mr. Rich, to be of the height of one hundred and twenty-six English feet. It is a solid mass of brickwork, with layers of reeds, after the Babylonian fashion, containing, according to Mr. Rich, one hundred thousand cubic feet of brick. This ruin, thus standing on the banks of the Tigris, was mistaken by some of the earlier travellers for that of the Tower of Babel; though the place of the latter should necessarily be upon those of the Euphrates; but the passion of the time was to trace, in every considerable ruin in the country, the remains of the celebrated Tower. Mr. Buckingham is inclined to regard this mass of brickwork (which stands amid mounds that mark the remains of a city, though not one of extensive size,) as having belonged to a "pyramid;" but our own general opinion is, that "pyramids," in the Egyptian sense of the word, were in no age erected in Chaldea. If "Akkerkoof," more strictly used, is only the name of the city, the remains of which are still discoverable around it, and "Kasr Nimrood," that of this specific pile, we are left the more at liberty to draw an inference in unison with what we may take some other occasion to advance, namely, that in every considerable place in Chaldea, or, at least, in "Shinar," there was a religious edifice, more or less resembling in magnitude, and especially in structure, the "tower" at "Babel" itself. Mr. Buckingham suggests, though without in any degree relying upon, the partial resemblance of the word "Akkerkoof" to that of "Accad," which is said, in Genesis, to have been part of the "beginning" of the kingdom of Nimrod.

From Bagdad, too, Mr. Buckingham made an excursion to the supposed remains of Babel, or Babylon, in the neighbourhood of the modern town or city of Hilleh. To the general consideration of those remains, the readers of the New Monthly Magazine have been recently invited, in our review, already referred to, of the "Personal Narrative" of Captain Keppel; and we have now to add, that such as possess the inclination to inform themselves with more minuteness concerning the present appearance, and ancient and modern descriptions of the great city—"the praise of the whole earth,"—may consult with the highest advantage the volume of Mr. Buckingham. Mr. Buckingham was more elaborate than Captain Keppel, in his personal examination; and he has also laid the authors who precede him under more liberal contribution.

But the distinguishing result and pride of Mr. Buckingham's research appears to consist in his discovery of a remaining portion of the celebrated walls of the city. It is in this particular that Mr. Buckingham stands quite alone. Mr. Rich had not explored the mound which appears to have thus rewarded the perseverance and research of Mr. Buckingham; and Captain Keppel had distinctly renounced the claim to any good fortune of the kind:—"After stating," says the latter gentleman, "upon what grounds I rest my belief in the identity of these ruins, it is fair to add, that our party, in common with other travellers, have totally failed in discovering any traces of the city walls."—Mr. Buckingham's narrative of his "search after the walls of Babylon," and the very full, and to us, very satisfactory disquisition into which he enters, as to the evidence upon which he establishes his belief that the mound called "Al Hheimar" is a real remain of the city-wall, will be read, by every lover of classical antiquity, with singular eagerness; though the author, in using the phrase "search after the walls," misrepresents his own transactions, and, by the same inadvertence, even invites suspicion as to the impartiality of his judgments. It is not true that Mr. Buckingham made his "more easterly excursion" in "search after the walls." He went, as he himself informs us, only to see the mound Al Hheimar, "tempted by the sight of the high mounds in that direction, as well as by the report of there being one of particular interest there, called Al Hheimar, and by the persuasion that vestiges of ruins must exist beyond the boundary-line which we conceived to mark only the enclosure, of sixty stadia, that encompassed the castellated palace and its gardens." Thus Mr. Buckingham went to see the mound Al Hheimar, and

in "search after" other supposed "vestiges;" but (as far as appears) he had no preconceived theory of the "city-walls" to support; he did not go in "search after the walls;" but it was his careful and discriminating survey of the mound Al Hheimar—his acute application of the minute description of the peculiar architecture of the city-walls, as found in Herodotus—and his intelligent observation of the distinguishing characteristics of the brickwork of Al Hheimar, as compared with that of all the other ruins, which gave birth to his persuasion of his having unexpectedly discovered a portion of the city-wall; and which, at the same time, appears to bear so honourable a testimony to the minute accuracy of an ancient historian whom modern ignorance has been very free to charge with credulity and error:—"Dr. Hine," says Mr. Buckingham, "the physician to the Residency at Bagdad, and Captain Lockett, of the Army, who first visited this ruin, were particularly struck with the singularity of this cement, and both of them, as I had already learned from the former gentleman, thought it to have contained originally small pieces of straw; though this does not appear to have suggested to them an idea of its being the composition described by Herodotus, nor consequently of the ruin being a portion of the city-wall." Mr. Rich knew Al Hheimar only by report, and never suspected its relationship to the "city-wall." From this very striking part of Mr. Buckingham's work, it is the limitation of our space alone which prevents us from making more than one extract.

Mr. Buckingham's account and elucidations concerning the Birs Nimrod, situate upon the opposite, or western side of the Euphrates, are not so much to our satisfaction as those which he has given us of Al Hheimar. That latter relic, which Captain Keppel has inadvertently placed "fourteen miles to the north-north-east" "of the ruins of the once mighty Babylon," is unquestionably to the south, or south-south-west of those ruins; and Mr. Buckingham makes its distance from the Mujillebe no more than ten miles. It is locally called El Birs, or, else, Birs Nimrod. Captain Keppel thought its distant appearance that of a castle; Mr. Buckingham, at the same distant view, says it resembles a pyramid.

For Mr. Buckingham's description of this ruin we must again refer the reader to the author himself; but, with respect to his attempted elucidations, we shall offer a few critical remarks.

Mr. Buckingham, along with Mr. Rich, is at a loss for the etymology of the word "birs." Mr. Rich has wished to derive it from "Belus," and thus to understand by "Birs Nimrod," the phrase, "Belus Nimrod;" and Mr. Buckingham assures us that the meaning of the word is unknown to the present inhabitants of the country. For ourselves, the idea that the popular name of a ruined edifice should be "Belus Nimrod," appears to us superficial in the extreme; and we have little doubt, upon the other hand, that at least in one radical language of mankind (though, possibly, not that to which the modern inhabitants of Hilleh are accustomed) it would be easy for us to show, that the word "birs" implies "a castle." On the Birs Nimrod, Mr. Buckingham "inquired particularly after the ruined site called Brousa, or Boursa, by the natives, and supposed to mark the place of the ancient Borasippa of Strabo, the Barsita of Ptolemy, and the Byrsia of Justin." "Near as this place was to us, however, and commonly as it was thought to be known among the people of the country, there was," subjoins Mr. Buckingham, "but one of all our party who did not absolutely deny its existence, contending that Boursa, or Birs, were but different ways of pronouncing the same word, which was no other than the name of the place on which we stood." That the Byrsia of Justin, the Borasippa of Strabo, &c. is really the same place with the El Birs now under review, is what we are prepared neither to contend for nor to impugn; but our full persuasion is, that El Birs, Byrsia, &c. and even the name (Beer or Bir) of the town, with its conspicuous castle, seen by Mr. Buckingham at his first entrance into Mesopotamia, are names which, in all instances, imply "a castle," or fortress, or strong place; and we conclude this part of our remarks by submitting the proposition, that the name, Birs Nimrod, is to be interpreted

no otherwise than as "Nimrod's Castle." At Akkerkoof, Mr. Buckingham saw the ruin which is locally called Kasr, or Ksar Nimrod, or "Nimrod's Palace;" and, here, in the neighbourhood of Hilleh, he saw that which is equally denominated Birs Nimrod, or "Nimrod's Castle." It has appeared already, that nearly all the ancient works of architecture, of which any remains continue, are locally attributed to the age and grandeur of Nimrod.

But is this ruin, thus locally held as the ruin of a castle, and of which the first impression, lately made, by its distant appearance, upon the mind of Captain Keppel, was that of its resemblance to a "castle;"—is this ruin, thus called, and thus, to Captain Keppel at least, appearing—is this ruin the ruin of a castle in reality? Toward the solution of that question, some preliminary observations are needful.

Ancient writers have left us two accounts of a lofty building as part of the edifices of Babylon or Babel. According to the book of Genesis, "the whole earth," the whole and single people of mankind, after journeying from the east into the land of Shinar, there proposed to themselves (Gen. xi. 4) to build them "a city and a tower;" and it is this "tower" which, in the language of bible history, is intended by the name of the "Tower of Babel." On the other hand, Herodotus, Strabo, Arrian, and others, in their accounts of Babylon and its fortunes, have left us descriptions, not of what they call a "tower," but of a lofty edifice, which some of them speak of as a pyramid, and which they variously denominate the "sepulchre" and the "temple" of Belus, and which "temple" or "sepulchre" subsisted in the time of Xerxes, and was by that conqueror overthrown. Now, the first question which, it might be thought, should have presented itself, is this: Have modern writers any real authority for identifying the "Tower of Babel" of the book of Genesis, with the "temple" or "sepulchre," or "pyramid" of Belus, in the city of Babylon?

Looking to the eleventh chapter of the book of Genesis, it may seem a violence to the text if we even imagine, that either the "tower" or the "city" of Babel have any thing in common with any edifice, or even with the "city" itself, of Babylon. The result of the confusion of tongues was that (v. 8) "they left off to build the city;" and that the builders, (v. 9) so far from even continuing to dwell in the land of Shinar, and much less to build any Babel, or other "city" or "tower," upon its soil, were scattered "abroad upon the face of all the earth." But, overcoming this objection, and admitting, in the teeth of this text, that (Gen. x. 10) the beginning of the kingdom of Nimrod "was Babel;" that the "city" which "the whole earth" "left off to build," was really built; and that the "tower," which must have been equally left off to be built, was built and completed, as the "temple," "sepulchre," or "pyramid" of Belus is said to have been completed;—admitting the whole of this, was the "Tower of Babel" of the book of Genesis a "temple," a "sepulchre," a "pyramid," or "a castle?" If we refer ourselves once more to the text of Genesis, that authority will give us strong reason for concluding, that the "tower" of which it speaks was a castle, a place of strength; that is, that the very purpose of its proposed altitude, the very feature which provoked the displeasure of God, was no other than military greatness and defence: "And they said, Go to; let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven: and let us make us a name, (that is, give ourselves a national union, consistence, and defence) lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." (Gen. xi. 4.) But the objection asserted by God (v. 6) is this, That if the city and tower were suffered to be built, "nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do;" that is, that they would become too powerful a people; that they would possess too strong a military hold. The coincidence of the thought, in the fifty-first chapter of Jeremiah, is, here, a strong corroboration of the view thus presented: "Though Babylon," says the prophet, "should mount up to heaven, and though she should fortify the height of her strength, yet from me shall spoilers come unto her, saith the Lord." In

both texts, therefore, the idea of military defence is that which accompanies the allusion to the elevated buildings of Babylon: in Genesis, by means of the ordinary punctuation of the English Bible, both the "tower" and the "city" are made to aim at reaching "unto heaven;" in Jeremiah, Babylon itself is told, that though it "should mount up to heaven," it shall be spoiled; and, indeed, if we take the accounts of Herodotus and Strabo, and if we identify the "Tower of Babel" with the "temple," "sepulchre," or "pyramid" of Belus, we shall not find, (at least according to some of our translators) the considerable difference between the height of the "tower," and the height of the walls and their towers, which we might have imagined; for while the "temple," &c. is described as no more than five hundred feet high, the height of the walls only is described as three hundred! But, further, though, by Jeremiah, God is made to say, that he will "punish Bel in Babylon;" yet, in Genesis, no imputation of a false worship is offered as the motive for the prevention of the building, either of the city or of the "tower." Thus far, then, as to the "Tower of Babel" at least, a castle appears to be presented to us; and it remains to be seen what real character conjecture may assign to that "tower," especially if it is to be regarded as identical with the "temple," "sepulchre," or "pyramid" of profane authors.

We assume, that according to all legitimate authority, there was but one edifice in Babylon pre-eminently distinguished by its lofty architecture; and that, therefore, nothing is left to us but to choose, whether we will recognize that single edifice as a "temple, &c." or as a castle, or as both. But Mr. Buckingham appears to have taken up a different view. He talks both of "tower" and a "temple;" a duplication of the actual structure for which we believe Mr. Buckingham to have no written precedent, unless in a single and careless phrase of Niebuhr; and, as to the mass of ruin which Mr. Buckingham, on inspection, wishes to separate from the "tower," and ascribe to the "temple"—of that we shall presently speak.

The edifice which is mentioned by Herodotus and others as one of the "temples" of Babylon; which is the only edifice of which those writers speak as eminently lofty; and which they denominate either the "temple" or the "sepulchre" of Jupiter Belus; that edifice we believe to be identical with the "Tower of Babel," and both with the Birs, or Castle of Nimrod; and it remains, upon this head, only to submit the notion which we entertain, of the reason why that edifice, both now and of old, has been regarded as a "castle," or place of defence. In the first place, as a ruin, it has struck native observers in general, as it struck the stranger, Captain Keppel, as resembling a castle upon a hill—the hill composed of its fallen portions; and, in the second, we doubt not but the lofty religious edifice was anciently enclosed within a real fortification; that the whole was a place of strength; a depository of treasure, and at once a sanctuary and a citadel. This arrangement was usual with antiquity.

Satisfied, then, that the Birs Nimrod is the remains of the "temple" or the "sepulchre" of Jupiter Belus of profane authors, and of the "Tower of Babel" of Scripture; of the edifice which Xerxes overthrew, and which Alexander once proposed to rebuild;—we have still to call to the minds of our learned readers the doubt (unnoticed either by Mr. Buckingham or Mr. Rich) as to whether we have really any data subsisting as to the true height of the "Temple," so called, of Jupiter Belus; and we could go on to impeach some of the other statements before us, as to the remaining admeasurements; to dispute the application of either the term "temple," or "sepulchre," or "pyramid," to the ancient "tower" in question; and to enter into the required explanations as to our view of the religious faith and worship to which that edifice belonged, and in conformity to the dogmas and necessities of which it was fashioned. But those inquiries would make a serious addition to the pages already filled, and for that reason we are compelled to desist. We must not omit, however, the suggestion we have promised, as to the ruin which, as we apprehend, Mr. Buckingham mistakes for

that of the "temple," by the side of that of the "tower." We suppose this latter ruin to be that of the college and seminaries of the priests; of those priests whom Xerxes slew, at the same time that he destroyed the "tower."

Specially attracted by those parts of Mr. Buckingham's book which tend to solve the mysteries of antique, and particularly of biblical lore, we have passed over, for the most part, that succession of paintings of scenery, incidents, and manners, with which every chapter presents us; and even the accounts given by our author of Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia. The whole volume will gratify its readers; and the few and occasional examples of defective diction, and sometimes of style, which must be admitted to betray themselves, are but small and trivial detractions from the general merit. Mr. Buckingham uniformly misemploys the term "masonry" for "brickwork;" and, in a few other instances also, obscures the sense of what he writes, by the use of erroneous phraseology. We repeat, however, that these blemishes are but of rare occurrence.

In a short Appendix, Mr. Buckingham has given a condensed account of his proceedings at law with Messrs. Bankes and Murray; and has also adverted to his disputes with the Indian Government. Upon all these points, the impression upon our mind is, that Mr. Buckingham has really received very ill treatment from the parties whom he impugns. Upon the subject of a free press in India, we are decidedly hostile to Lord Amherst, and friendly to the statesman-like and open policy of Lord Hastings.

The volume is adorned with twenty-seven beautiful wood-engraved vignettes, illustrative of scenery, architecture, costume, and manners, from drawings by Mr. W. H. Brooke; and illustrated by a map of Mesopotamia, and copies of the views of the ruins of ancient Babylon, from the pencil of the late Mr. Rich, and originally accompanying that gentleman's Memoirs.

THE SONGSTRESS.

I HEARD her breathe her lays of love
Within her native bowers,
And gaily round her lute she wove
A wreath of woodland flowers.

She shone in loveliness and song,
Yet reck'd not of her claim,
Nor sigh'd to join the glittering throng,
Who sought for love or fame.

Ah! happier far in that lone vale,
'Than if by torchlight blaze
Her beauty won the lover's tale,
Her song the flatterer's praise.

The warbling birds, the gushing streams,
Soft peace to her impart;
Their voice the breath of Nature seems,
The music of the heart.

And vast and matchless is the scene
That hails her song at even—
The silver moon, the skies serene,
The beaming stars of Heaven!

M. A.

OPERA SENTIMENTALITY.

Where Dowagers in curtain'd boxes sit,
 And ogle bald heads in the pit;
 And Damsels feel a Maiden's heart
 Beat to Rossini or Mozart;
 As screen'd behind a friendly fan,
 They flirt upon a quiet plan.

Opera Epics.

Who would not have a little bit of sentiment in his composition? It is an ingredient that gives a piquancy, which nothing else can impart to most of the affairs of life. It is as essential in a song or a quadrille as it is in the rather more serious affairs of love and friendship. It is the seasoning that makes the every-day occurrences of the world passable—the sauce which can exalt the humblest meal into the feast of an epicure. In short, it is the very cayenne pepper of our existence.

If it does not dignify, it disguises our animal propensities, and can give the temporary semblance of virtue to that which, without it, might be taken for glaring barefaced vice. It forms the excuse for more than half the peccadilloes in the world, which are committed for no other reason, but that the sinners have been blessed or cursed with what the French call “*beaucoup d'ame*.” By-the-by, the French are a people who have the prettiest expressions for every kind of feeling, with less of the reality than any other nation under the sun.

But to return to sentiment. It is as useful with the maid as with the mistress: with the one, a sigh will often go farther than a sovereign—and with the other, a sonnet, an appeal to the moon, or an allusion to the “blue skies of Italy,” has made more way than rank, fortune, or even notoriety—which, by the best judges, is considered the grand desideratum of attraction to that sex who are doomed by the laws to form the “better halves” of mankind.

While so many evidences of its power are in existence, I have often been astonished at many of my brother “men of the town” discarding sentiment from their vocabulary and their practice; and that they should so often affect the want of feeling, instead of affecting its existence. By its abandonment they know not how much of the relish of their pleasures they lose, nor how many more they might attain, if they would but take the trouble to cultivate a few of those feelings, which, by novel-writers and ladies, have been designated sentimental. For my own part, it is to me what Kitchener calls his Test; I mix it up with every thing—and being what is called a remarkable plain person, I attribute the whole of my “Bonnes fortunes” to the little dash of romance which the affectation of sentiment has given me, and to the power of throwing in a “sigh and a tear” *à-propos*.

Of all the places in London, the Opera is certainly the best field for sentiment. The effect of the music is heightened by the excitement of the lights and the company; and the retirement of the boxes is most amazingly adapted to sentimental flirtation—and who would give an atom for a flirtation without sentiment?

The Opera is the origin, and in many instances the scene, of half the adventures which enable a man of the town to exist through the season without dying of ennui. It is the great mart in which one is sure to see every body worth seeing. It is the Royal Exchange for

sighs, smiles, glances, billets-doux, and visiting tickets—the emporium of rank, fashion, and foppery—the resort and the delight of all, from the connoisseur of music to the *amateur of any thing*—from the prim old dowager, who graced the circle of Queen Charlotte, and is cursed with the remembrance of Mara and Billington when they were in the brilliancy of their career, to the languishing young lady who is to come out at the next drawing-room, and who sighs over the pathos of Pasta and the charms of Caradori, and the pirouettes of a Vestris or a Paul. In short, there is no place which possesses such strong claims to the grateful remembrance of a man of the town, as the Opera; and as such, it should be the first place he flies to on his arrival in town, for that

* “English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August—”

as Lord Byron calls it; and the last at which he should take a parting glance, when quadrilles are getting flat and quadrillers getting tired—when mammas bottle up their hopes with a sigh till next winter, and misses begin to think they may stand a better chance of going off in a chip bonnet at a watering-place, than in pastoring it in their “Boucles d’Angoulême,” (Anglicè, sausage curls,) among the remanets in town.

It was with these feelings of gratitude, that, at the end of the last season, I still lingered in the deserted streets of London, nearly as long as Mr. Ebers’ red letters proclaimed the Opera House still to be open. But who can ever quit town without one farewell visit to the Opera?

When romantic young gentlemen and ladies quit the rural scenes of their infant years, where, perhaps, their young hearts have first learned to feel, there is generally some spot sacred to memory, and which requires the tribute of a farewell soliloquy, from the associations connected with it—some tree under the branches of which, perhaps, they first listened to, or told the tale of youthful affection—some seat rendered holy, by the remembrance of parental kindness and instruction—some “velvet lawn,” endared by the gambols their infancy has enjoyed upon its smooth greensward; or some prospect which they have looked upon with other eyes, when other eyes were near to partake of the delight which it created. Perhaps, if they have already drank of those deeper feelings of life, the sources of which are in death, there may be some grave upon which they have to drop another tear, or which they may wish to decorate with another flower—some

Storied urn or animated bust,

the inscription or marble features of which they may wish to reperuse, before plunging into that world, a collision with which soon brushes off all those emanations of a youthful heart and fancy, and leaves us nothing to regret in life, but the disappointment of a new opera or a new dress; or any thing more to lament at death, than the temporary absence it occasions from routs and quadrilles, and the “customary suit of solemn black,” which it compels us to wear, and, sometimes, to pay for.

But the opera at the end of a season is the scene of the tender reminiscence of a sentimental man of the town. Though there may

be no groves rendered dear to him by the nightingale, which seduces country gentlemen and ladies from their pillows; yet is there a certain quantity of square yards of canvass painted by Zara, to which the notes of a Pasta, and the pas-senl of a Vestris, have imparted a temporary interest. Though the bower in which he told his first tale of love may not be there; yet there is many a box in which he has told many succeeding, or rather subsequent ones; and who would not prefer making love in a warm opera box by gas-light to an accompaniment of Rossini or Mozart, with the certainty of a cast in a carriage to one's quadrille party afterwards, to "sighing like furnace" in a cold grove by moonlight; with nothing to fill up the intervals of sentimental speeches, which take time to compose, but a nightingale solo, and with no other *perspective* than a rainy walk home afterwards? There may be no loved spot at the Opera that reminds us of the commencement of feeling, but there are many which call to our remembrance the beginning of a flirtation; and who is there possessed of the slightest degree of proper sensibility, that can saunter down Fop's-Alley, and pass unremarked and unfeelingly, those spots from which he has directed the artillery of his eyes to the various boxes, which had by turns contained the various objects to whom his heart and his opera-glass had been at once devoted? who can stand insensible upon the spot where he first strained his neck to judge of the "Pirouette à plomb," of Ronzi Vestris or Noblet, or where he caught his last parting glimpse of the ancle of the fascinating Mercandotti?

I have no doubt but in this strange world there may be found men with so little of sentiment, and so much of common sense, as to admire the feeling of the youthful country gentry I have just mentioned, more than the cultivated sentimentality of the Opera man; and these natural persons would say, that the feelings, or sensations, (a more fashionable word) of the one, have about as much affinity with the other, as the soft sestette in "Mathilde e Coradino" has with the vigorous air of "The Flaxen-headed Ploughboy that whistled o'er the Lea," or the capering of Anatole with the unsophisticated jig of a buxom maiden at a country fair; or they might be severe enough to say that the feelings of the Opera Sentimentalist bear the same resemblance to those early emanations from a fresh and youthful heart, that the mock scenery of the "Donna del Lago" does to the real sublimity of Loch Catrine—the one possessing all the magnificence and beauty of nature; the other presenting a bad specimen of the art by which nature is professed to be represented.

But to quit sense for sentiment; let imagination picture an Opera loungee at his last visit for the season—his last visit to the only place he regrets.

He goes early, the time for giving dinners being over; he passes the tall man at the door, who exclaims, unheeded by the abstracted Opera man, "Box Roman Twenty-one." He drops his ivory ticket into his Genoa velvet waistcoat pocket, passes his well-pruned fingers through his hair, if he have any, as he skips up the steps into the pit, and resigns himself to his sensibility. Most of the boxes are still empty, so that his reflections are not much interrupted by nods of recognition.

As his memory rapidly traces all the scenes, and all the associations

connected with the place, we may imagine him thus soliloquizing his *Reminiscences*:—

“It was in that box I first saw Miss V——, and on this spot that I first attracted her opera-glass. Mem. compared it to a burning-glass, and her eye to the sun. It was the first night of *Tancredi* that I whispered the beating of my heart in the ear of Lady M——, to the air of ‘*Di tanti palpiti*,’ and ventured to declare the violence of a passion which lasted till the next new opera. Here it was that my Lord C—— first greeted me with a cordial shake of the hand. And it was out of that box that the Duke of S—— honoured me with a friendly nod of recognition. Mem. the only duke who ever bowed to me first. It was on this brass plate that I first caught a glimpse of that leg which the spectators were applauding to the skies—and which almost seemed destined to reach them, while it gave me a glow warmer than that which was imparted from the furnace beneath; and it was from that station that I had the perseverance to watch Lady B—— for two Tuesdays and a Saturday, till she asked who I was, and sent me a ticket for her fancy ball. It was behind that drapery that I declared my penchant for Mrs. W——, to the air of ‘*La ci darem*,’ and had my heart stolen by the chattering Miss C——, during ‘*La Gazza Ladra*;’ while just above it, I made love to Miss D——, through all the airs of *Giovanni*.”

Our loungeer quits the theatre, and mounts to the empty crush-room. This brings to his memory the first time he ventured to press Mrs. A——’s hand, with a feeling warmer than that of friendship. He recollects, on this occasion, being troubled with a temporary qualm, because, at the very moment, her open-hearted husband gave him a cordial invitation to —— Hall for the next sporting season—and what a sporting season it was! The crowd of recollections produced by all the circumstances connected with this confiding husband and affectionate wife overpower him—for he is a man of sentiment; and he rushes to pay his last visit to the “Foyer,” and to say “addio” to the dancer, with whom he has had an arrangement for the season. From the foyer he mounts to the gallery, where poke bonnets rise one above another pyramidically; covering heads as prolific and as politic in matters of sentiment and intrigue, as those which are ranged below them. Here no nod of recognition takes place—a glance is sufficient to speak the acknowledgment of acquaintance. “The eye discourses,” but the tongue is silent; and poke bonnets keep their places, unless the magic of some secret sign draws them into a sentimental flirtation in the slips.

From the gallery, he proceeds to some empty box, to indulge in the luxury of silent contemplation; counts the bald heads in the pit, catches the last glimpse of the last angle, which the curtain, more envious than the petticoat, hides from his view; takes a parting squeeze in the crush-room, mounts his cabriolet, and takes his leave of the scene of all his sentimental pleasures of the last season, with a melancholy, brightened only by his anticipations of the next.

Y. Y.

THE CLUBS OF ST. JAMES'S:
AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE OLD SCHOOL OF FASHION.
BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.*

FIGHTING FITZGERALD—LORD CAMELFORD. After the scene at Brookes's between *Fighting Fitzgerald* and the members of the club already detailed, it may not be amiss to follow the duellist to the last of his exploits and his final exit. Those readers who are not aware of other particulars in Mr. Fitzgerald's history, will wonder at his *extraordinary success* as a duellist; and that too, not so much from his prowess, as that he should so constantly have *escaped, almost without a hurt!*—Could this enigma have been explained in the early part of his career, his name would not have conveyed so much terror to the hearts of those who had the misfortune to fall into his company. Arthur Fitzgerald has been compared to Lord Camelford; but there is no possible resemblance, for, though the latter fought several duels, it is well known that he generally had sufficient provocation, and that he received many insults which he never thought worthy of public notice; in short, his general deportment was mild, and he never *sought* a quarrel, for which Fitzgerald was on the constant look-out. Camelford, likewise, had a most generous heart; for, whilst the attention of the fashionable world was taken up with his eccentricities, he was in the habit of performing many private charitable acts among those of the poor who were *ashamed to beg*. His charities were invariably administered under an assumed name; and he never failed to threaten those whose *curiosity* he suspected, with a suspension of their salary, if they dared to follow him, or tried to find out who their benefactor was. He usually went on such expeditions at night: and he has often left a crowded and brilliant assembly, to dress himself in an old brown coat and slouched hat, in order to visit some poor family in the crowded courts between Drury-lane and Charing-cross. In such deeds as these, and at an expense of several thousands a year, did this *unaffected* philanthropist pass the hours which he stole from the dissipation of high life; and his protégées were not aware of the name or quality of their benefactor, until his untimely fate put a period to his munificent donations. That Mr. Fitzgerald (unlike his countrymen generally) was totally devoid of generosity, no one who ever knew him will doubt; therefore there is *no* point of resemblance between him and the nobleman above mentioned, not even in the *manner of meeting* his antagonist. Camelford came into the field with all parts of his person *equally exposed*, and really braved death. Indeed it is an insult to his memory to mention them together. Arthur Fitzgerald, on all such occasions, had his chest, &c. *cased in a steel cuirass*, as the following circumstance will prove, and it will at the same time sufficiently account for his extraordinary success.

Being at Newmarket, he provoked a gentleman (an old friend of the writer's) to fight him. The weapon agreed on was the small sword; and both parties, for some time, appeared to be well matched: at length, a judiciously aimed thrust at Fitzgerald's right breast would have laid him dead upon the turf, had not the gentleman's sword bent round and snapped in two, near the middle, owing to the point striking

* Continued from page 136.

forcibly against a *polished hard surface*. Enraged at such a dishonourable and cowardly resource, the gentleman pulled off his hat, and flinging it with all his might in Fitzgerald's face, exclaimed, "You infernal rascal!—so, this is the way in which you have been enabled to overcome so many brave men; but I shall take care that you fight no more duels,—Cowardly dog!"—As he uttered the last words, he rushed desperately towards him in order to despatch him with the remaining part of the sword which he still held in his hand; but Fitzgerald, turning round, took to his heels with all his might, and running across several fields, took shelter in a farm-house. His opponent eagerly pursued him, followed by the amazed seconds, who could by no means comprehend the cause of this mysterious chase. When they arrived at the cottage, the gentleman mounted the stairs and searched all around for several minutes; but the redoubted hero was nowhere to be found;—he had escaped by jumping out of a back window, at the very instant his antagonist had entered the house.

Thus terminated Fitzgerald's *fighting career* in England, where he never again showed himself in public. He embarked some months after for his native country, where he soon fell a victim to his ferocious disposition, perishing by the hands of a common hangman; and, in his wardrobe, after his death, were found several *cuirasses*, constructed of iron or steel plates, and lined with pasteboard and flannel!—Thus the whole conduct of his life confirms the opinion of a celebrated philosopher, that "Whatever may be the physical strength of a bully, he has no moral courage; for, however fierce his demeanour, he is surely a coward at heart."

SHERIDAN. Mr. Moore is mistaken in stating that Sheridan was in the habit of *manufacturing* puns and other witty sayings before he went into company; and that he generally remained *silent* until a proper opportunity offered *for letting off* a good thing. That he and other celebrated wits may have *occasionally* done so, is not at all improbable; but that such was Sheridan's practice, no one who knew him intimately can for a moment allow. Had the learned biographer in question, given the least consideration to his *practical jokes* upon those tradesmen and others who were in the habit of *dunning* him, he would perceive that Mr. Sheridan's invention was *never at a stand*; for, on such occasions, instead of paying, he generally contrived to obtain longer time and to run more deeply into their debt:—those who came to *shear* went home *shorn*. But there are a thousand proofs on record that, like the light produced by fire-boxes now in vogue, Sheridan's wit was instantaneous and vivid. A few of these brilliant flashes, as they occur to the writer's mind, shall here be displayed, the reader bearing in mind that such only shall be set down as are not mentioned by other authors, or which, having appeared, have not been *attributed to him* by them.

Mr. Whitbread one evening at Brookes's talked loudly and largely against the ministers for laying what was called the *war-tax* upon malt: every one present of course concurred with him in opinion; but Sheridan could not resist the gratification of a hit against the *brewer* himself. He took out his pencil and wrote upon the back of a letter the following lines, which he handed to Mr. Whitbread across the table:—

" They've raised the price of table drink.
What is the reason, do you think?
The tax on *malt's* the cause, I hear;—
But what has *malt* to do with *beer*?"

One day, meeting two royal dukes walking up St. James's-street, the youngest thus flippantly addressed him: "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater *fool* or *rogue*: what is your own opinion, my boy?" Mr. Sheridan having bowed and smiled at the compliment, took each of them by the arm, and instantly replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between *both*."

Being on a parliamentary committee, he one day entered the room as all the members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed; and, looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman *move*, that I may take the chair?"

Looking over a Number of the Quarterly Review one day at Brookes's, soon after its first appearance, he said, in reply to a gentleman who observed that the editor, Mr. Gifford, had boasted of his power of conferring and *distributing literary reputation*; "Very likely: and in the present instance I think he has done it so profusely as to have left none for himself."

Soon after the Irish members were admitted into the British House of Commons, at the Union in 1801, one of them, in the midst of his maiden harangue, and in the national warmth of his heart, thus addressed the chair: "And now, *my dear Mr. Speaker*," &c., which created a loud laugh from all parts of the house. As soon as their mirth had subsided, Mr. Sheridan gave it another fillip, by observing, "that the Honourable Member was perfectly in order; for thanks to the ministers, now-a-days, *every thing is dear*."

The Hon. Mr. S—— having finished a tragedy, sent it to Sheridan with a note, requesting an early opinion, and offering it for performance at Drury-lane. The manager looked over the manuscript; but seeing nothing fit for representation, laid it on the table before the noble author, who called two days after, without saying a word. "Well, now, my dear Sheridan," said the dramatist, "what do you think of it? My friend Cumberland has promised me a prologue; and I dare say, for the interest of the theatre, you will have no objection to supply me with an *epilogue*?"—"Trust me, my dear Sir," replied Sheridan drily and shaking his head, "it will never come to *that*, depend on't."

A friend having pointed out to Mr. Sheridan that Lord Kenyon had fallen asleep at the first representation of Pizarro, and that, too, in the midst of Rolla's fine speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the dramatist felt rather mortified; but instantly recovering his usual good-humour, he said, "Ah! poor man! let him sleep; he thinks he is on the *Bench*."

A rich member of the Lower House, but exceedingly penurious, having one day descanted for half an hour, at the Cocoa Tree, on the excellent quality and cheapness of a *waistcoat*, which, after much *bating*, he had just bought at a tailor's shop in the Strand, and which he was exhibiting in triumph to the gentlemen present, concluded by praising the high perfection of the Manchester manufactures, and saying, "Can any thing be more reasonable? Can any one conceive how they let me have it so cheap?"—"Very easily," replied Sheridan, rais-

ing his head from a newspaper, and heartily tired of being bored by such a subject: "they took you for one of the *trade*, and sold it to you *wholesale*."

The Prince of Wales, one day, at Brookes's, expatiating on that beautiful but far-fetched idea of Dr. Darwin's, that *the reason of the bosom of a beautiful woman being the object of such exquisite delight for man to look upon, arises from the first pleasurable sensations of warmth, sustenance, and repose, which he derives therefrom in his infancy*. Sheridan replied: "Truly hath it been said, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. All children who are brought up *by hand* must derive their *pleasurable sensations* from a very different source; yet I believe no one ever heard of any such, when arrived at manhood, evincing any very *rapturous* or *amatory emotions* at the sight of a wooden spoon!" This very clever exposure of an ingenious absurdity was received by his Royal Highness, Mr. Fox, and every other gentleman present, with great *éclat*. It was a fine elucidation of the folly of taking for granted *every* opinion which may be broached under the sanction of a great name.

Mr. Sheridan, one day, meeting the celebrated Beau Brummel at Charing Cross, and perceiving that he appeared desirous of avoiding him, thus accosted him: "Ah, Brummel, my fine fellow, where have you been at this time of day?" The prince of dandies was at first rather nonplussed, but at length drawled out: "Sherry, my dear boy, don't mention that you saw me in this filthy part of the town:—but, perhaps, I am rather *severe*, for his Grace of Northumberland resides some-where about this spot, if I don't mis-take.—The fact is, my dear boy, I have been in the d-a-mn'-d c-it-y;—to the Bank—I wish they would remove it to the West End, for re-al-ly it is quite a bore to go to such a *place*; more par-ti-cu-lar-ly as one can-not be seen in one's own e-qui-page beyond Somerset House, and the hackney-coaches are not fit for a chimney-sweeper to ride in.—Yes, my dear Sherry, you may note the cir-cum-stance down in your me-mor-and-um book, as a very re-mark-able one, that on the twen-ti-eth day of March, in the year of our Lord eight-*cen* hund-red and three, you des-cried me tra-vell-ing from the East, like a common ci-ti-zen, who has left his count-ing house for the day, in order to dine with his up-start wife and daughters at their vul-gar re-si-dence in Bruns-wick Square." *—When Brummel had concluded this affected rhapsody, Sheridan said, "Nay, my good fellow!—tra-velling from the *East*!—after all, that must be impossible—you must be joking."—"Why, my dear boy; why?" demanded Brummel. "Because the *Wise* men came from the *East*," replied Sheridan. "So than, S-a-r," exclaimed the fop, "you think *me* a fool, do you?"—

* Since Brummel's speech, Russell, Tavistock, and Bedford-squares, have been placed in the *terra incognita*. In 1826 no square east of Tottenham-court Road is acknowledged by a man of fashion to exist, except upon a hearsay, that in such unexplored places certain sugar-bakers, attorneys, brokers, barristers, retired undertakers, and a centenarian judge or two are domiciled. Lord Eldon, the last man of note or rank exiled in these parts, has long since fled from Bedford-square to Hamilton-place, and if he could have "made up his mind," would have done it years before—so says Fashion!

"By no means," answered Mr. Sheridan, turning away, "but I know you to be one; and so, good morning!"—Brummel, like the equestrian statue just opposite to him, was struck dumb and motionless for a few seconds; at length, he vociferated, "I tell you what, my friend Sher-ry, I shall cut you for this im-per-ti-nence, de-pend on't—I mean to-night, at the Opera, to send the Prince to Co-ven-try for the next twelve months, and you shall ac-com-pany him."—Sheridan laughed heartily at the idea of being put under Brummel's *imperial ban*, and to the great amusement of the fellow victim of his excommunication, announced to him the *woeful tidings* the same evening!

The conversation at Brookes's one day turning on Lord Henry Petty's projected tax upon iron, one gentleman said that as there was so much opposition to it, it would be better to raise the proposed sum upon coals. "Hold! my dear fellow," said Sheridan, "that would be out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*, with a vengeance!"

But, that Sheridan was from his very infancy, a person of great wit, the two following anecdotes will prove beyond doubt. Being at a boarding-school, where were also two brothers, the sons of a physician, the conversation in the play-ground, as is often the case with boys, frequently turned on the rank, riches and professions of their parents. The brothers were one day bragging largely of their father, saying "that he was a *gentleman*, and that he professionally attended several of the nobility." "And so is my father a *gentleman*; and as good as *your father*, any day," replied little Sheridan. "Ah! but," said the elder boy, "your father is an *actor*, Dick,—a player on the public stage; consequently, it is impossible that he can be a gentleman."—"You may think so," replied Sheridan, "but I don't; for your father *kills* people; and mine only *amuses* them."

A gentleman having a remarkably long visage, was one day riding by the school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life."—Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation, the man turned his horse's head, and requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I meant no offence in the world, but I have read in the Bible at school, that a man's life is but a *span*, and I am sure your *face* is double that length." The gentleman could not help laughing, and he threw the lad sixpence for his wit.

Mr. Sheridan met with a few *hard rubs* himself, however; one or two of which may not be unentertaining to mention.

He was endeavouring to compliment (vulgo, to *gammon*) a city tailor out of a new suit of clothes, and promising him half a dozen similar orders every year. "You are an excellent *cut*, my friend," said Sheridan, "and you beat our snips of the West end, hollow. Why don't you push your thimble amongst us? I'll recommend you every where: Upon my honour, your work gives you infinite credit."—"Yes," replied Twist, "I always take care that my *work* gives *long credit*; but the *wearers ready money*."

The following retort was exceedingly severe; indeed, so much so that Mr. Sheridan never forgot nor forgave its author, Horne Tooke. It is best to relate the anecdote in the latter gentleman's own words;—"Shortly after I had published my two pairs of portraits of two fathers and two sons,—those of Earl Chatham and Mr. Pitt, of Lord Holland

and Mr. Fox,—I met Sheridan, who said, with a saucy satirical air, ‘So, Sir! you are the reverend gentleman, I am told, who sometimes amuses himself in drawing portraits.’—‘Yes, Sir,’ I replied, ‘I am that gentleman; and if you will do me the favour of sitting to me, for yours, I promise you, I will take it so faithfully, that even you, yourself, shall shudder at it!’”

Mr. Sheridan was frequently in the habit of telling comical stories and satirical anecdotes; a few of which may be worth mentioning.

Pugilism being the subject of conversation one evening, two gentlemen, one from Liverpool and the other from Bristol, insisted that in the county of Stafford the art of boxing was more generally cultivated than anywhere else; and they adduced several instances of the brutality and barbarism of the people employed in the potteries, &c. Sheridan felt that his honour was concerned, and that he was called on to defend *his own constituents*, at least, from such injurious aspersions; accordingly he drew out his forces, and like other argumentators and generals of the *new school*, he overcame his opponents by recrimination; or rather by carrying the war within the enemy's own territories.

“I am not exactly aware, gentlemen, of the manner of fighting in the county of Stafford; having generally had some other business on hand when I travelled in that part of the world; but I will relate to you the observations which I made when I resided in the *West*. The *men* of Somerset and Gloucester, particularly the colliers and other gentry of Bristol and the Forest of Dean, not only quarrel about the fair sex as civilized nations generally do, but they actually love the game itself for its own sake. They knock up a fight for exercise or for ‘*a bit of fun*,’ just as it may happen; and I remember a farmer, whose five sons were famous for fighting, every market-day, on their return from Bristol or Gloucester, by way of adjusting their several accounts. When their reverend and respected sire was on his death-bed, he left his farm, which was a very good one, to his youngest son, saying:—“Ben can lather all vour of his brothers, an’ zo let he ha’t.”

“What a brute!” exclaimed the Liverpool gentleman.—“Pardon me,” continued Sheridan, “they are much worse as you travel northward. I remember seeing a ‘*kick-buttock and bite*’ contest between two Lancashire blades, in which one actually bit off the other's nose. When some of the bystanders condoled with the maimed combatant on his misfortune, he exclaimed, “Never moaind; I boitend off a piece of his ———;” saying which, he spat the amputated portion out of his mouth.

An attorney one day meeting Mr. Sheridan walking with another gentleman in Piccadilly, told him that he had just been apprenticing his second daughter, a very beautiful girl, to a fashionable dress-maker in Bond-street; at the same time asking his opinion of this family arrangement. “Depend upon it, Sir,” said Sheridan, “that she is in as fair a way of being ruined, as a boy is to become a rogue, when he is first put clerk to a lawyer!”

Sheridan's failure at the Stafford election in 1812, was the cause of his total ruin; more particularly as he had previously lost all interest in the theatre in Drury-lane. An ill-natured report prevailed at the time, that the Prince of Wales, considering his old friend and companion to be plunged irretrievably in misfortune, turned his back upon

him like the rest of the world, and left him to his fate :—nay, one of the scurrilous prints of the day went so far as to assert, that His Royal Highness, in reply to a request for assistance, thus addressed him, “Sherry, my old boy, your day is gone by: there are no boroughs now to be had, and I cannot possibly interfere. I always prophesied that you would end your days in a gaol!” Whatever influence these gross calumnies might have had with the mob, they had no weight with, and were altogether discredited by those who had the least knowledge of the parties. But that His Royal Highness was incapable of such conduct, is proved by the notorious fact, that, on this very occasion, he presented his unfortunate friend with four thousand pounds; giving him the choice of putting that sum to his private uses, or of enabling him to be returned for Wootton Bassett.

Although Mr. Sheridan had a great desire to resume his seat in Parliament, he could not well stomach the idea of exchanging the representation of a populous and respectable town like Stafford, for that of a rotten borough. After some hesitation, therefore, he declined it; and no doubt was considerably influenced in his decision, by the actual possession of so much *ready money*, which would enable him to *carry on the war*, until something else should start up; for, whilst the *existing* ministry remained in power, and there appeared little likelihood of a change, Mr. Sheridan had no prospect of coming in for a share of the *loaves and fishes*, and he consequently saw little utility in wearing away his lungs, and perhaps losing his popularity, on a stage where he had already enacted his part with so much *eclat*. The disappointment, however, preyed heavily on his spirits; more particularly as his fertile and comprehensive mind was now without any active employment. He did not fail, therefore, on every suitable occasion, to bestow his hearty *blessing* on the *worthy* electors of Stafford, and that generally in the following terms:—“A pack of rotten *leather-heads*, and he d——d to them!”—alluding to the staple manufacture of the town in question, which is that of *shoes*.

But Mr. Sheridan's rejection was rendered still more galling by the lampoons and general abuse with which the newspapers and other prints most ungenerously assailed him at this period. Among other things of the same kind, he confessed that he felt considerable annoyance from the following squibs.

On a certain Gentleman's discomfiture at Stafford.

SHERRY to Stafford lately hied;—
 Stafford, the great St. Crispin's pride:
 He smooth'd his face,—he went *unshod*;—
 He swore, no shoes like their's, by G—d!
 He had the Regent's dread commands,
 Shoes should be worn *on feet and hands*!
 The Court had thought the fashion meet,
 That men should walk *on hands and feet*!
 “Give me your votes;—I'll do such things,
 I'll make you great as little kings!”

Crispin, who erst did Britons shield
 On Agincourt's most glorious field,
 Look'd from a cloud in fierce disdain,
 And sent him back to Court again.

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" Since Drury's corps disown my sway,
 And Stafford's cobblers hoot away,
 Betwixt *St. Stephen's* and the *Bench*
 I must retire, or must retrench."
 ' Dear Sherry, by that ruby nose,
 That like my darling beverage glows,
 ' The Regent cries, ' dismiss your fears,
 ' Cheer up, my lad, and dry your tears;
 Play what you will, you can't be beat;
 In either case, *you'll have a seat.*' "

A Hint to Mr. Whitbread's Entire Committee.

*By a Quondam Manager.**

" Since none with a pen will *trust* me, but a *goose*,
 And *paper of all kinds*, I've little now to use ;—
 To the verses writ by me, you may swear if you will,
 If inscribed on the back of a *wine-merchant's bill* :—
 But, observe, should there be a *receipt at the end on't*,
 Try again ;—*they're not Sherry's poetry, depend on't.*"

The latter of these pasquinades, Mr. Sheridan declared to the writer, at Brookes's, to be the "*unkindest cut of all*;" for that three-fourths of the stories which were told of him, were utterly devoid of truth. "However," continued he, "I suppose I must bear with these things like a philosopher:—give a dog an ill name, and hang him out of the way at once!—Heigho!—fill, my dear friend, and let us drown care in a bumper. The rascal, now, who wrote that, I dare say, fancies himself a poet; why, the scribbler doesn't keep within proper time or measure: he halts and hobbles like a man with a wooden leg in a meadow, picking cowslips. Still, the lines are clever for their *point*; although I don't see how they can apply to me. These unlettered assassins of the press season their bubble-and-squeak messes according to the taste of the swinish multitude; and when they have hashed up the victim of their ruffianism, they throw in a little *saucz piquante*, in order to tickle their palates and make the *maw-wallop* go down comfortably. Thus, they please the pigs. But, *presto!*—the pigs and butchers be d——d! here comes a fresh bottle, my dear friend; so, let us change the scene and subject." In this manner would poor Sheridan, when stretched on the rack of a newspaper paragraph, alternately vituperate and philosophise; and then fly, for the consolation of his wounded spirit, to his never-failing source of comfort,—the bottle. Sometimes, however, his feelings were so agonized by neglect, insult, and the dreariness of his future prospects, that he has shed tears like a

* It is to be observed, that the Committee of Management of the newly built theatre in Drury-lane had offered a premium of one hundred guineas for the best Prologue to be spoken at the opening of the house. The poets immediately set to work, among whom, it was said, Mr. Sheridan contributed a very spirited effusion: but his, like those of all the others, was declined by the management, on the score of inefficiency; and application was made to Lord Byron, who produced at a short notice, a very able prologue; but certainly not better written than several of those which had been refused. It was this contest among the literati of the day, which gave the hint to the *Smiths* for the production of that most clever work, "*The Rejected Addresses.*"

child whilst unbosoming himself to the writer of this. They were tears of bitterness and regret. But, at the period above mentioned, he may be said to have been in a tolerable state of equanimity and comfort; for he had a considerable portion of the Prince's gift still *in banco*; and he was never at a loss for some clever *ruse de guerre* to escape the annoyance of his old friends the *duns*. Indeed, his whole life seems to have been one of expedients and shifts.

It is now time to return to the more immediate subjects of this article; viz. the *worthy and independent* electors of Stafford. Mr. Sheridan was a man who scorned to confer favour by halves; therefore, whilst he advocated the rights and liberties of these gentry in the senate, he was desirous of *patronizing* the trade of their town, by dipping into the books of all such as would give him credit. On all occasions, however, when he neither required their votes, a loan, or the renewal of a bill, he looked upon his constituents with as thorough contempt, as any Member that ever sat for an English borough.

On one occasion, he received a pretty hard hit from one of the electors, as he was on a canvassing visit at Stafford. He was met in the streets by one of his old voters, a simple, but substantial burgess, with whom he had formerly had some dealings of a pecuniary nature. This man accosted him as follows:—"Well, Maister Sheridan, I be main glad to see you. How be ye, eh?"—"Why, thank you, my friend, very well. I hope you and your family are well," replied the Candidate. "Ay, ay," answered the Elector, "they are pretty nobbling;—but they tell me, Maister Sheridan, as how you are trying to get a Palumentary Reform. Do ye think ye shall get it?"—"Why, yes," said Sheridan, "I hope so."—"And so do I," replied his constituent, "for then you'll be able to pay off the old clection scores, shan't ye?"

He never forgave the Stafford people for throwing him out in 1812; and whenever they happened to be made the subject of conversation, he seldom failed to retaliate by some whimsical story of his electioneering adventures, wherein he took special care not to conceal their ignorance or avarice. He related the following characteristic anecdote one evening at Brookes's to several gentlemen who were bantering him on the subject of his defeat. When he was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, under the Whig Administration, his constituents deputed two of their *enlightened* body, one of whom was an alderman, to wait upon him for the purpose of refreshing his memory respecting certain promises which he had made of making all their fortunes, on the instant of his getting into office! Accordingly, these two gentlemen,—one of whom no doubt expected to be made an emperor, and the other an archbishop,—waited upon Mr. Sheridan at his residence in Somerset House.

"Preliminary compliments having been disposed of," said Sheridan, "I asked them what was the more immediate purport of their visit?"—"Why," replied the Electors, "we are come to congratulate you upon your getting into such a good place and into such a fine house."—"I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen, upon my word, and hope with your assistance to retain the one, and inhabit the other, for many years to come." "I wish ye may," replied the Alderman, "with all my heart; but you know, Mr. Sheridan, there are some old bills standing"—"And there they must stand for the present," I replied,

‘for I can do nothing for you now in the way of cash, as I have not received a farthing yet from my office.’ ‘True, true, Mr. Sheridan,’ returned the Alderman, ‘we can hardly expect payment yet; but you surely won’t forget your promise to provide your friends with good places, now you have got into a snug birth yourself.’—‘Oh, certainly not,’ I replied; ‘as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed, I mean to put half a hundred of you into the Excise, as many more into the public-offices, as clerks; and the rest, I suppose, may be comfortably provided for as officers either in the army or navy:—I have only to regret that I can do nothing for the *ladies*; but I suppose they will be pretty well pleased when they see their husbands and sons taken care of.’—‘Certainly, certainly, your Right Honourable Worship,’ replied the other man, who was a master shoemaker; ‘and we hope you will show no favour, but treat us all alike.’ I of course assured them that there should be no *partiality* manifested in the distribution of my *favours*; and so, sending my respects to the whole corporation, I bowed my visitors to the drawing-room door, and with a most patronizing smile and a hearty shake of the hand, wished them a pleasant journey back to Stafford. And I assure you, gentlemen, I was glad enough to have got off so easily; for I expected a rumpus with the alderman, to whom, by the by, I happened to owe a small score for wine and beer furnished to my committees.

“I dare say you did, Sherry,” said Sir Thomas Stepney, “I have little doubt but you dived to the bottom of the alderman’s cellar before he had time to look about him. How many pipes did you drink among you?”

“My dear Tom,” returned Sheridan, “if you interrupt me, you will lose the best part of my story.”

“Why, I thought you had packed them off to Stafford,” observed the Earl of Sefton.

“So thought I, my dear Lord,” replied Sheridan, “but, in a few seconds, one of them,—the shoemaker,—without being observed by his companion, returned into the room to get a *frank*, for the purpose of inclosing a letter to his wife, as he did not intend to leave town for a few days. His friend the Alderman had nearly got to the bottom of the stairs, before he missed him; when, turning his head, he instantly suspected foul play, and rushing back, up the stairs, he met his companion at the door, just at the moment that he was putting the *frank* into his pocket. This was enough. The enraged wine-merchant dashed into my apartment, and with clenched fists and eyes sparkling with fury exclaimed, ‘D—n me if I didn’t always think you were a scamp, Sheridan!’

“I was struck with astonishment, as you may well imagine, and hastily inquired what was amiss?—‘Amis!’ roared out my worthy constituent, ‘didn’t you say you would treat us all alike? What have you been giving to him, there?’—‘Giving to him!’ I answered with surprise, ‘why, nothing but a frank for his wife.’—‘Well, then,’ replied the Alderman, ‘if that be really the case, give me one too, and let it be just like his.’ This demand I immediately complied with, and he took his leave perfectly satisfied.”*

* As a *set-off* to the reputation of not fulfilling his promises to his constituents, which Mr. Sheridan gave to himself in the above anecdote, it ought to be men-

This anecdote greatly amused the party to whom it was related; and Mr. Sheridan was several times afterwards requested to repeat it to those gentlemen who had not heard it on the first narration; and this he did with the most inimitable humour.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Tablet of Truth.

Sit down, Mr. Clipstone, and take
 'These hints, while my feelings are fresh;
 My uncle, Sir Lionel Lake,
 Has journey'd the way of all flesh. ●
 His heirs would in marble imprint
 His merits aloft o'er his pew—
 Allow me the outline to hint—
 'To finish, of course, rests with you.
 And first, with a visage of woe,
 Carve two little cherubs of love,
 Lamenting to lose one below
 They never will look on above.
 And next, in smooth porphyry mould,
 (You cannot well cut them too small)
 Two liliput goblets, to hold
 The tears that his widow lets fall.
 Where charity seeks a supply
 He leaves not his equal behind:
 I'm told there is not a dry-eye
 In the School for the Indigent Blind.
 Then chisel (not sunk in repose,
 But in *alto relief*, to endure,)
 An orderly line of round O's
 For the money he gave to the poor.
 I league not in rhyme with the band
 Who elevate sound over sense:
 Where Vanity bellows "expand,"
 Humility whispers "condense."
 Then mark, with your mallet and blade,
 To paint the defunct to the life,
 Four stars for his conduct in trade,
 And a blank for his love of his wife.
 'Tis done,—to complete a design,
 In brevity rivalling Greece,
 Imprint me a black dotted line
 For the friends who lament his decease.
 Thus letter'd with merited praise,
 Ere long shall our travel-fraught youth
 Turn back from the false Pere-La-Chaise
 To gaze on my Tablet of Truth.

tioned to his honour, that on *one* occasion, he actually did keep his word with the *natives* of Stafford. Numbers of those who voted for him, or their friends and relatives, were appointed to offices in Drury-Lane Theatre and the Opera-House. In a short time, however, he found opportunities of obliging new friends; for, alas! more than four-fifths of his first corps of *protégés* were compelled to relinquish their situations, from *receiving no pay*!

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.—NO. VI.

Thorwaltzen the Sculptor.

CICOGNARA has almost excluded Thorwaltzen, with egregious partiality to his rival, from the *Fasti* of his *Storia*, but his works every day becoming more generally known, appeal against the judgment, and his contemporaries are beginning to anticipate the award of posterity. I knew Canova by the engravings of his statues; but the outlines of Thorwaltzen's have scarcely passed beyond Rome, and are but feeble reflectors, after all, of the originals. I felt therefore doubly interested in approaching his Studio; I soon crossed the Piazza Barberini, and was instantly attracted, by some huge blocks of the finest Carrara marble, to the entrance of a narrow lane. The rich Traver-tine masses of the Barberini palace (too large for one of the proudest sovereigns in Europe) towered immediately above it, and the whole vicolo, seemed occupied by a series of large magazines:—one of these was open—the workmen had just returned from their siesta, and we found it full. My guide led me rapidly through it, though crowded with a host of statues, across a little garden adjoining, to a second. The garden was retired and tranquil, the day pensive—a few vines thinned of their fruit, but not of their leaves, and mingling their tendrils with broken relics of busts, columns, and inscriptions, with a few bright varieties of wild shrubs, pushing their way through the walls, and the twinkling of a small fountain near; all this, with the grey sky above, and the perfect stillness of the evening air, preluded most agreeably to the high intellectual treat to which I was about to be introduced, and was the most appropriate preliminary which could be desired to the studio of a classic artist. I thought of London, Winkelman, and the North:—a workman opened the door—and we found ourselves at once in presence of Thorwaltzen. He had just recovered from a rheumatic attack, and it was the first day he had been permitted to return to his occupations. The day was damp,—the magazine large and naked, unfloored and unpainted; but the spirit within him conquered all, he was in the fervour of a magnificent composition, modelling the colossal horse for the monument of the Prince Poniatowski. He descended from his scaffolding, and I was immediately presented to him. His appearance is striking—peculiar—in the South doubly so. In the midst of these Italian faces, the features of the North are strange and jarring. Imagine a tall and massive sort of person, robust, and almost rough in stature and gesture—boldly hewn from the quarry without polish or pretension—in matter and manner, in word and act, emphatically and vigorously, the North. Thorwaltzen is a native of Copenhagen, and his father of Iceland: he bears it about him—his residence of twenty years in Italy has produced no change—years have glided over him without an impression. In the structure or muscles of his countenance, there are none of those nicely defined delicacies which indicate that happy sensitiveness to beauty, or that sagacity almost instinctive, of taste, which is the apanage and glory of the South. But he has perhaps instead, the externals of a higher order of intellect. His forehead is capacious, and trenched with the traces of bold and grand thought; his eyes, though small, and of the light savage blue of the Goth and Hun, have a steady mental lustre about them which is well set off by their enchasement. The softer parts of his character, that good-nature so characteristically and nationally German, lie in honest and ungracious smiles about his mouth. The entire head is crowned with a waste of neglected hair thinly sprinkled with grey, which gives a venerable air to the whole, and frames well the portrait. It is just such a model as I should choose for a Scandinavian Jupiter. Throughout, there is great power and firm will, much genius and more reflection. His own bust, executed by himself, concentrates both. It is a noble work, and bears well a comparison with that of Canova. It is the ideal of the elements which compose him, preserving still the actual and grosser lineaments of the man. I know nothing finer than the profound gaze of thought, the antique solemnity engendered over the whole being by high and noble meditations, which is so pregnantly expressed in every trait. There is, throughout, much

of the "terribil via" of his great predecessor; a muscle of mind, if I may so express it, as well as body; a grasp and strength, singularly opposed to the open mouth, the Virgilian inspiration, the soft devotional enthusiasm of the head of Canova. There is another portrait by a German artist; and a third by Camuccini, executed for him in the meridian of their friendship, and in gratitude for the admirable restoration of his relief of Trajan. Camuccini's is a cold and gloomy performance. When I afterwards saw it, and knew Thorwaltzen well, I neither recognized the man nor his mind. The German portrait is the favourite of the artist himself: the likeness is there, but it is still clay,—the mere prosaic recollection of his character, laboriously and painfully wrought to the matter of fact of colour and shape. He has shorn him of all the higher rays of intellect, and terrestrialized the divine particle, as much as was in his power. His manners are open and affable; a natural simplicity, with more than the warmth of his countrymen, enhances the value of his courtesies; nor is their sincerity a little heightened, by the strongly aspirated German Italian, which he still speaks. He soon sets you at your ease;—is communicative without being talkative—kind without affectation; and you cannot leave him without the impression that his moral character, instead of suffering, receives and communicates additional lustre to his intellectual, by the contact.

After a few words' conversation, he obligingly interrupted his labours, and conducted us himself, without my effort to impress upon us the value of the favour, through the regions, rather than the chambers of his ateliers. They are a most extensive gallery in themselves. His observations turned principally upon his art, and were characterized by the metaphysical predilections of his countrymen. He touched upon the philosophy of sculptural composition, and supported his positions with considerable aptitude of illustration. His manner, perhaps, as much the result of organization and accident as of choice, he defends upon theory, and, without direct censure of the works of his competitors, more than hinted the preference which seemed due to his own. Thorwaltzen expends his whole mind on his first conception; he creates in clay only; the tedious day-by-day operation, the gradual swelling into the ripeness of perfection, tires and appals him; the last touch is generally wanting; there is a harshness in the execution, in what may perhaps be called the distinctive diction of the art, which at first sight separates him from Canova.* But he fully atones for this deficiency, if such

* Much may be said on both sides. Years, in sculpture, as well as painting, do much for the artist: time glazes better than the best pencil. The ancients (unless we are to rely on some dubious expressions of Pliny) do not seem to have much insisted on these tricks of the art; though amongst men and schools who could add painting and gilding to sculpture, thus degrading statuary to a wax-work, affectations of a still less barbarous character might reasonably be expected. The yellow patina, so much affected by Canova and his school, is a mere mechanical process, and not of the most cleanly, and may to a certain degree be admitted, when the mellow quality of the marble itself does not supersede its necessity. But this is to be distinguished from what must precede it—the manner of handling. Few artists spent more time upon the definitive, and completing master-touches than Canova, or intrusted less this stage of his productions to minor or meaner hands. He imagined that a sort of *empâtement*, or fleshiness, which was the object of his idolatry in painting, could be extended with advantage to sculpture. Hence all is flowing, round, and I might almost say blurred and muddy; all that is masculine, sharp, and clear, is wasted and rubbed away. He carried this virtue or vice so far as to finish frequently by night, in order that by working when the shades were most firm, he might more fully attain, when exposed to daylight that, peculiar suavity, Corregesque and Catullan at the same time, which distinguishes his productions, both in conception and execution, from most of the moderns. I know not, however, whether he has not altogether lost by the experiment. It is remarkable that when viewed by torchlight beside the productions of the ancients, his works lose almost all their character, and sink into feeble copies. I found this very singularly the case in the comparison between the Athletes of antiquity and

it should be called, by the much higher powers of composition, which he brings to the work. He is eminently gifted with the creative faculty; and though he can scarcely be called, like Canova, the father of a school, he is not less a poet, and as original as any who may have illustrated, since Michael Angelo, the records of modern sculpture. Groups in this point of view, *cæteris paribus*, may be allowed to rank before isolated statues, and reliefs before groups. Reliefs are to a single statue as historic paintings to a portrait; and though one be the best preparation to the other, it can scarcely be denied that the greatest achievement is that which requires, and effects with power and judgment, the greatest number of combinations. The passions are never better illustrated than in their action and reaction on others; and it is in the nice development and conduct of this play of mind, that the author is most distinguished from the mere mechanist. The bas-reliefs of Canova are inferior to his fame: the vices of his manner are more conspicuous in them than in any other of his works. Thorwaltzen's, on the contrary, are more than usually exempt from his peculiar defects; and, were they to form the only measure of their respective merits, would raise him above his rival many grades in the epic of the art. Almost the first production to which we were conducted, was a glorious illustration of all this. Sommariva, with a liberality which has left at a great distance behind him the royal Mæcenases of Europe, had just ordered the execution in marble of the magnificent frieze of the Triumph of Alexander. The model had been put together for the workmen, and lay against the wall. With all its defects (and they may be numerous) it is the first of modern reliefs. Without insisting on the difficulty of prolonging without monotony to such a length, so insipid a subject as a triumph, a difficulty, which, if not altogether conquered, is at least forgotten, there are intrinsic merits in the work, capable of exciting and justifying the loftiest admiration. The age is caught not only in the costume, and other accessories—an easy achievement with the facilities and examples derivable from modern knowledge—but what is beyond all erudition, in a sort of antiquity of look and attitude, solemnly sculptural, and breathing altogether of an elder and haughtier world. It is just that sort of venerable beauty in art, which in language we so often find clinging we know not how, with an indescribable charm, to the strangely figured phrases and obsolete chronicles of our forefathers—an idiom fitted for the men and things about which it is engaged, and which confers upon them

his Pugilists. His anatomy, indeed, was never much admired. I heard a French artist describe his Hercules as a "matelass, piqué." The ancients were distinguished by a very opposite manner of treating the naked; and though Quatremère's theory seems to imply that the operation was merely mechanical, it is impossible not to admire, even in the simplest of their works, the greatest science and precision in the details. Every one eulogizes the Belvidere Torso; but the Apollino, which is the very smoothness of a youthful and celestial nature, is not less remarkable for the minuteness and knowledge of all its parts. David was in the habit of selecting it as an example, and often exhibited, by means of torchlight from below, as an interminable complication of line and muscle expressed with the nicest art, what appeared during the day to his pupils an almost uniform surface. Nor was their judgment less conspicuous in the apparent rudeness with which some of their monuments have been executed—the Muses, the Panathenaic procession, and other reliefs of a similar description, for instance. As they have never been excelled, perhaps, in the skiagraphy of their architecture, so also nothing could be more nicely calculated for the point of view, or in truer optical relation with the object or purpose for which they were intended, than every class of their public and private sculpture. I am not aware that it is on such principles that Thorwaltzen justifies the coarseness which characterizes the majority of his works; but I am quite sure that it proceeds from any other cause than incapacity. Witness his Venus, which may stand in point of execution beside any statue of Canova. I attribute it rather to the mental organization of the man, and the habits which he has subsequently contracted. He dislikes it; and dislike generates neglect, and neglect contempt.

that hue of age and mystery, which would altogether evaporate in the more positive phraseology of the present. About his personages, there is an Etruscan repose seldom to be found in Canova. Alexander alone is an exception: with all our knowledge of this Charles XII. of antiquity, we cannot help wishing that his attitude were a little calmer, or less operatic. He has conquered, but he feels too much his triumph. He ought to have been more proud, and less vain. The groups of shepherds (though their flocks are too numerous, and lengthen out the state something like a collection of expletives) are a judicious set-off against the barbaric pearls and gold of the other portions of the relief, and bring the country pleasingly into the gorgeousness of the great capital. The Seers are an invention in the highest range of poetry. There is nothing more closely moulded in the mind of the times than these prophets and promisers of still enlarging empires to the young Sesostrius of the age. They have their globes, and their wands, and their traditions, and their mysteries, and seem to unlock worlds and centuries by their words and glances. Nothing borders more nearly on that cast of Scripture grandeur, which was at all times the inheritance of the East: it recalls the five hundred prophets prophesying before Isaiah. The offerings are richly Babylonish: the architecture is worthy of the offerings. I have already said it was for the Marchese Sommariva, the Albani of modern times; but many years must pass before the workmen will have completed it. In the first atelier, to which we now returned, is the Jason. He has just won the fleece—a fine type of the Greek in all the nakedness of its heroism, and a contemporary rather than a copy or descendant of the Achilles, and Meleager. It is as near antiquity, without being an *ad verbum* translation, as can be borne or attained. Near is Poniatowsky—a hero, without the absurdity of armour—a modern, without the degradation of modern costume. The Graces, who follow, attract, from their contrast to the rival work of Canova: they are more virginal, but less seductive than the Euterpe, &c. of the Italian, though the persuasiveness of the latter is rather too much of a lesson, and, in the hands and faces particularly, broadens into a sort of open coquetry. Thorwaltzen values them highly, perhaps too highly; and feels beyond its value every compliment which is paid them by a stranger. I was not a little amused by the emphasis and naïveté with which he pointed out their excellencies. The superiority which they are supposed to possess over the production of his competitor, was a fertile though dangerous theme. They are finished with the same care all round—Canova's are better calculated for a niche. In the same chamber I observed the four oval bas-reliefs, of Strength, Wisdom, Health, and Justice: they are highly original personifications, of very common-place abstractions. That of Justice has a tinge of Æschylus: Nemesis reading the scroll of guilt before Jupiter, and Jupiter, as she reads, gradually grasping the thunderbolts, is worthy of the old theogony: there cannot be a nobler realization of the fears of the wicked. They are designed for the chief tribunal at Copenhagen; but have been also ordered by a private individual. The Venus, a copy, or a rival which reminds you of a copy, of the great Medicean original, is in the adjoining chamber; but the copyism is judiciously departed from in the superior part of the figure. The head is more occupied; the apple* which she holds in her hand explains and concentrates her attention and that of the spectators; the body is beautifully fuller, and rounded into a more luxurious undulation than the ancient. All the traits are delicately amplified. The moderns have a propensity to the contrary practice, and seem more habituated to the corsette than the zone. Nothing can be more gently smoothed of all harshness, or mellowed with a nicer touch into the softness of flesh, than this admirable statue. The execution and form are equally

* Venus Victrix, or Genitrix. The Romans gave the same symbol to both. But the Venus Genitrix is generally clothed (so indeed are the Graces), to approach her, I presume, to "the Ourania," or Venus the Celestial. The Celestial Cupid is always naked.

perfect. It was a trial of strength; and Thorwaltzen, in speaking of it, triumphs. There is a pendant to this in the Adonis: the subject is stale, nor will the promise of an Achilles budding through its feminine beauty reconcile the spectator to mere repetition of originals, which are little better than repetitions themselves. The next atelier, which contains the equestrian statue of Poniatowski, or rather its model, is crowded like this with busts, through which the artist's own colossal head towers pre-eminently: the *statue sur son cheval*, is not forgotten even by the side of Lord Byron. There is all the pride of the chief of principedoms and dominations in his chin and mouth (and they seem to have been got to their most stubborn bearing for the occasion*); but the nose, eyes, and especially the neck and shoulders, which should form a noble pedestal for the head, are a fatal failure. Viewed in profile, both structure and expression are unaccountably common: the Bard is a mere English lord, who can bear nothing above or below him. The equestrian statue of Poniatowski borders on conceit,—the only instance, perhaps, of such a fault amongst the productions of Thorwaltzen: it would have honoured Bernini; and an enemy would say it was borrowed from the Curtius of the Villa Borghese. Thorwaltzen says, he borrowed it from the Fountain on which it is to stand, or rather the Fountain forced it upon him.† The model, where you see the first ferment of an author's conception, is burning with spirit without grimace. The man and mind triumph over the animal:—the horse shudders from the stream; its rider has already plunged in before him. My favourite, however, is the Hope. The seed of this beautiful imagination is in that sort of demi-Ægyptian nondescript statue, which surmounted the apex of the tympanum in the Temple of the Panhellenic Jupiter at Aegina, and was brought with the remainder of that unique collection from thence to Malta, and subsequently to Rome. But ~~the~~ the stone has been polished into the gem, and the seed expanded into the full-blown flower. There is here truth—poetry—creation; the analogies are perfect and intelligible. I know of no embodying of moral or metaphysical existences less liable to objection. I like it better than Raphael's, though excellent, and West's. West's Hope on the window of Christ Church is more Christian, but too mystic; the explanation makes it very beautiful, but it is nothing without the explanation. Mystery will not do, with all due deference to Mons. D'Hancarville, either in sculpture or painting: the allegory must not be a story, nor an epigram, nor a riddle. The Hope of Thorwaltzen holds a pomegranate about to burst into maturity in one hand; the other gently raises her robe, which half impedes her step; a cheerful solemnity breathes about her features—it is the link between fear and assurance: she is advancing with the gravity and the confidence of the Prayers in Homer. The pomegranate Thorwaltzen intended to exchange for the lotus: it would have been an improvement, and completed, with more consistency, the original thought. The lotus was the type of the Nile, and the Nile the expression of all that the imagination could frame to men

* When Lord B——— came for Thorwaltzen, some circumstances which may justify this idea occurred. He appeared the first day in his atelier without any previous notice, wrapped up in his mantle, and with a look which was intended to impress upon the artist a powerful sentiment of his character. It was the first introduction; and Thorwaltzen, from whom I heard the fact, admitted that the effect was commensurate with his wishes. I regret to find few traces of it in his work. See the Portraits of Westall and Philipps, and Dallas's Commentary on them.

† Poniatowski, it may be remembered, was drowned in passing the river after the battle of Leipsic. His statue, with the consent of the Grand Duke Constantine, was destined for the chief square at Warsaw, and intended to surmount the Fountain. The river was to be expressed by the Fountain, or the Fountain was ingeniously converted into the river. The horse was represented starting back upon the bank, Poniatowski as urging him on. Undulatory lines half way up the pedestal express the same idea. This mixture between the representation and the reality is not judicious, but an artist would do wrong "d'avoir toujours raison."

of the certainty and profusion of promised blessings. The gradual spreading of the bud into the flower would in itself collect the essence of a small poem. The style varies a little from the usual manner of the artist. He has judiciously adopted a character immediately between the schools of Phidias and Hegesias, but leaning in grace, at least, to the former. This throws an air of traditional sanctity over the work, and gives you a Divinity for a mere allegory in stone. The hint, however, was in the ancient; but he has had the judgment to seize it, and the taste to seize it well. The folds of the drapery, the attitude, the look, are all in this keeping: but the dress is an illustration in another way of extremely felicitous adaptation. The costume, in some degree resembling that of the original statue, is modified from the Turkish *Giubeh* of Constantinople. The Hebe stands near. She is the Hebe of the ancients,—a sort of luxurious indolence, not carried too far, which by reflection expresses all the quietude of Olympus, weighs gently and gracefully upon her. The moment has been well chosen. Canova's Hebe is younger, and more lightsome, and more giddy; her forward and fleet step already preludes to her disaster. Thorwaltzen's is her eldest sister, perhaps a little too serious; but this is one of the moments in which she has just ceased to be gay. She has already poured out the nectar, and seems to hang with a sort of amorous pleasure on the termination of the feast. The drapery is distinguished for its extreme purity, and excels as much in the arrangement of the folds, as Canova's may be said to sin. Allowances must be made, however, for the relative difficulty of the tasks. Thorwaltzen contented himself with the suggestions of his predecessors: Canova attempted a feat. Here also are the exquisite reliefs of the Day and Night. The Day is trite, and tritely expressed—the Night belongs to Thorwaltzen, and is almost a gem of the Anthology. I observed also a Baptismal Font:—the illustration of that verse so full of tenderness and beauty, "Suffer little children to come unto me," &c. &c. had been felicitously chosen—justice has been done to the choice. Thorwaltzen could have gained nothing from Beato Angelo or Chantrey. The relief of Priam demanding the body of his Son, requires only to have been dug up in the Villa Adriana to entitle it to a high rank amongst the purest relics of ancient art. I cannot say so much for the Separation of Briseis. Flaxman's design, though coarse and careless enough, is superior to it. In the adjoining atelier, is the Shepherd, an inimitable pastoral, with all the elegance and Doricism of antiquity. There are few statues of the pastoral age, and none which unites with so much nature, so much of its delicacy and grace. I saw copying beside it the celebrated Mercury:—the god has almost subdued and "incumbered" into a brief trance the hundred eyes of the monster. The music is gradually waning away, his hand seeks in secret his sword, whilst his head is still intently fixed upon Argus and his movements,—the next moment is to decide the value and fate of his experiment. The artist has handled the forms of antiquity with the command of a master, and cast the character, with a singular truth and facility, into a new mould. The head, in particular, is deserving of attention. It recalls that complication of contrasted feelings attributed to the Demos of the ancient master, the vigilance and artfulness of the god of Thieves with the persuasiveness of the god of Eloquence. Near is a Ganymede, transferred from a bas-relief to a group; and next the Copernicus. Thorwaltzen was selected with peculiar propriety for the execution of this colossal statue. He has transferred into the astronomer all the naïveté and simplicity of his own character and country. It is placed on a large square unornamented pedestal, sedent, and in profound contemplation of the sphere, which he holds in his right hand. The peculiarities of German costume are drowned, and not discarded; and the attention of the spectator is judiciously thrown and kept upon the face. It is destined for Germany and is to be cast in bronze. The accuracy of the portrait may be disputed; the artist had no other assistance than a miserable engraving which he showed me, pasted upon the wall. In the same magazine is a model, in small, of the celebrated Swiss Lion,—celebrated beyond its merits in its day, but not unworthy of a place beside the Poniatowski and the Triumph of Alex-

ander.* It is an early work, meagre in manner, feeble, and deficient in truth and style, in comparison to his after-productions, and saved from the glaring incongruity with which the design is embarrassed, by no other circumstance than the originality of the execution and its gigantic size. But the master-exploit of this extraordinary man is perhaps the collection which he is still employed in executing for the new Cathedral of Copenhagen. The old Teutonic building being destroyed in the fire occasioned by a bomb during our attack on the Copenhagen fleet, an edifice on the Greek and Roman model has been raised by order of government, and from the public fund, assisted by private subscriptions, to replace it. The first sculptor of the North was judiciously chosen to embellish it with statuary; for, less rigid than their Anglican co-religionists, they have not thought true piety endangered by the assistance, or sisterhood, of the arts. He chose for the tympanum or frontispiece of the portico, which is on the plan of the Pantheon, St. John preaching in the Desert: for the niches of the Vestibule, the four greater Prophets, for the frieze, Christ bearing his cross, followed by his Disciples: for the interior of the Temple, the Twelve Apostles, and for the High Altar, the Redeemer himself. A large portion of this magnificent series has been already executed, at least in model.† The relief first mentioned, which partakes more of bas than alt relief, is admirably imagined, and adapted to its place without even a suspicion of effort. St. John occupies an eminence in the centre: his auditors are grouped with great judgment and facility around him in various attitudes: the figures nearest to the Precursor are naturally standing; at the extremities recumbent. The management of the tympanum of the Parthenon, conducted on the same principles, is more laboured and artificial. The artist here, instead of appearing to contend against a difficulty, seems to have filled up the plan of his choice. The Apostles cannot be more highly praised than by saying that in every particular they are opposed to those of Bernini in St. John Lateran. Here is no contortion, no flutter: no Fuseli exaggeration of muscle or proportion substituted for the ease and dignity of natural gran-

* There is a false metaphor in the conception. The Swiss guard may have resembled a lion, but a lion will scarcely interest himself about the preservation of any flag, either white or red. The expression of pain and death is perhaps as true as it is strong, but there is a great deal of guess-work throughout. Thorwaltzen smiled and shook his head as he passed it, and pointed with a natural pride to a model of the same animal which he had just terminated from nature. An extensive menagerie had arrived at Rome, and he had profited by the occasion. There is, no doubt, much difference between "the word on the spot," and "the cart-load of reflections afterwards," and every young artist would do well who thinks otherwise, to compare the two works immediately before us. Thorwaltzen in this instance is the best commentator on himself. But the precision of the French school, and their good faith in *details*, is every day gaining ground. Canova executed his Minotaur from some of the finest living, or as some say dying horses, he could find at Rome. His lions, if not altogether from Nature, are glorious approaches, and sometimes, as in that which is sleeping, perhaps beyond. The female charms of Italy were at his disposal, and for once he almost realized the stories of ancient art. Thorwaltzen himself never executes a statue without the deepest and most extensive research. His Venus cost him thirty models, Bartolini's Baccante still more. I heard them regret, in stating these particulars, the necessity and expense of these studies. Early marriages, and earlier dissipation, had thinned the capitals of a great portion of their ancient beauty.

† It is much to be regretted that these immortal conceptions should be destined to remain embodied in so fragile a material as plaster of Paris; but so it is—the Cathedral is of stone, the pillars of wood, the decorations, including the sculpture, to be for the present, and probably for the future, of stucco. Thus, without any event like the last, the slow tooth of Time will of itself gradually pare and nibble down these glorious works, and finally annihilate them. Folio, one of the first Roman or Italian artists in his line, will preserve them in his engravings. His Christ is unfortunately taken with a front light; but he has seized the pith of his subject, and is on the whole an excellent translator.

deur ; no stately draperies, no cumbersome allegories, or extravagant strides or rushes from one expression to another. There is a full developement in all, of their age and calling ; a gravity, essential to the high duties of the highest of all human missions ; a lofty sedateness which becomes the monumental records of the great dead ; a scriptural elevation distinct from the grandeur either of the Temple of Jupiter or the Iliad. But with this also is combined with unparalleled skill a sort of individuality, the fashion of the peculiar man, the essential distinctive of the moral and physical being, distinctions and peculiarities personal without the aid of emblems, and sustained unbroken to the very folds of their drapery. I know not in what author or artist we can find a more complete and precise personification of the ardour of youth in the traits of old age, the austere and stern devotedness of St. Peter, or the staid and graceful virginity of St. John, or the unction of the converted St. Matthew, or the solemnity of the teachers St. Jude and St. James, or the firm and deep, though late conviction, of St. Thomas, or the aspiring after all sort of suffering for justice sake, in the remainder of the other apostles. The traditional emblems are happily arranged, but the building stands without them ; they are compelled to add, and not detract from its beauty. But the climax of all this is, as it ought to be, the truly sublime statue of the Saviour himself. Nothing can be more admirable. It is to Christianity what the Phidian Jupiter was to Paganism, the embodying the whole system by its visible characteristics. The attitude is simplicity itself. Both arms are extended graciously, the head is gently bowed, the eyes are cast compassionately upon the sufferings of mankind at his feet ; and the words inscribed on the base, "Come to me, all ye who labour and are burthened, and I will refresh you," is the beautiful epitome of the whole. It breathes from all its parts : it is the expression of the head, attitude, and costume. The very uniformity, which some censure as a negligence, is an artful heightening of the general effect. The parallel lines of the drapery, the parallel extension of the arms, the parallelism, and perfect assimilation of one side of the statue to the other, are only modifications of the great inspiring idea. Like a return to the same note in music, or a reduplication of the same words in poetry, there is something inexpressibly persuasive and overpowering in this insisting exclusively and passionately on the single thought. There is nothing Etruscan or Greek about it—it is not even *traditionally* scriptural ;* it resembles no Christ I have ever seen—it is not Raphael, nor Michael Angelo, nor any of their schools, nor scarcely resembles the most scriptural of them all, Poussin. The very

* The type of our Saviour (*αυτοκρατωρ*), the Madonna (*θεοτοκη*), the Apostles, &c. &c. has been preserved the same for many centuries amongst the Greeks, with singularly religious fidelity. Every one remembers the anecdote of the Greek Papas and Titian—As statues are prohibited, this is comparatively easy. The attitude is retained with equal scrupulosity : it is to the Greeks what their Liturgy is to the Latins. The best examples of these orthodox portraits are to be found in the mosaics, which generally encrust the absis of the ancient Basilicæ, such as St. Paul's, St. John's at Rome, the Cathedral at Monteleone near Palermo, &c. &c. It is probable that it was from one of these early designs, which may be traced as high at least as Constantine (see the mosaics at Bethlehem), that Nicephorus drew his description. Nicephorus, in his turn, suggested many hints to the early Italians and Germans. I saw at Stutgard a portrait professedly painted after him. It is engraved, with others of the same admirable collection, in the new lithographic publication (the finest specimen by far which exists of that discovery) ; but to judge it properly it must be seen. In the same gallery is a Christ of the third school of German art, which struck me. It resembles much the *chef-d'œuvre* of Thorwaltzen. I was told that it had attracted his attention not a little, when at Stutgard. I thought I could see the hint of his Christ, the drapery, attitude, &c. ;—but the expression—the expression who could give it but Thorwaltzen ? At Orvieto, at the entrance of the Cathedral, ~~there~~ is also a small sedent statue, exquisitely modelled and finished ; but I imagine, as it has

mass and colossal cumbrousness by which the proportions are said to be injured, is for me a charm. It is a style *per se*—and which seems to be inspired by the first German schools, aided by a sense of the sublime in the artist himself, which might be envied by Michael Angelo. The Pietà of that great master, (the finest he ever executed,) now for the first time rescued from the obscurity where it lay in St. Peter's, and exposed to the wonder of artists by means of a cast executed for Camuccini, is no doubt a production which seems to distance all modern rivalry: its perfect science, its inimitable anatomy, the commanding manner in which the marble has been taught to follow all the endless peculiarities of dead Nature, this without the slightest violation of the sacred proprieties and decencies of the subject, are beyond all praise. The Christ of the Minerva, though of a clumsier and more terrestrial nature, is deserving of the suffrages which hitherto have ranked it in the first scale of *mere* art. But the Christ of Thorwaltzen, with less erudition, or at least less of its display, exceeds, both in the qualities which ought to stand the first in our estimate of intellectual excellence. He is indebted for his merits to *mind*, and to the perfect attainment of the objects for which the art ought at all to exist. His Redeemer is not a great mechanical difficulty wonderfully overcome, but a great moral phenomenon illustrated with a beauty, which, whilst it is the perfection of physical excellence, never distracts us from the end to the means. The head is radiant with the tender philosophy, the lofty morality of the Gospel. There is a meekness about its power, which intentionally clouds the lustre of the Divinity, and bows down "the Son of Man" to the infirmities of the nature which he was pleased to share, as a Father to his child, that he may more easily raise the sufferer up to his embraces. When we join to this the size, the place, the crowd which religion must call about it—when we contemplate its beauty, through the eyes and hearts of assembled thousands; and in the elevation produced by prayer and music, and public solemnities and private devotion, begin to reason on the work, as such a work must some future day be reasoned upon, with all its accessories and aids around it, then indeed we must say, that there can scarcely be imagined a higher triumph for the art or the man, or a more noble exemplification of the Divine nature, which the elder philosophers, in the consciousness and exultation of great powers, have proudly placed within us. Every spectator on first seeing it cries out, "The problem is solved, my imaginings are made actual—the Son of Man is indeed the God of the Centurion;" and Thorwaltzen himself, still fresh from the inspiration, could not help turning round as we left the room, and in a moment which repays man for many hours and many labours, exclaimed, "It is there; I believe I have at last found it."

The latest works of Thorwaltzen are, his Monument of Pius VII. a bust of Gonsalvi, and some bas reliefs, which in their way are only to be equalled by the Asiatic delicacy of Moschus. His monument of his late protector, (if indeed he deserve the name), to be valued as it should be, must be seen after Bernini. The Charities and Wisdoms and Strengths of St. Peter's—that army of allegories which usually attend popes and cardinals, as the caudatarii of their grave—Canova found great difficulty in suppressing, or reducing even to more legitimate dimensions. He was compelled to take a middle course, and put them on a sort of peace-establishment. His Ganganelli first, and Rezzonico afterwards, are innovations and improvements. Thorwaltzen has gone farther, and altogether dismissed the incumbrance. His pope sits on his tomb (an ancient Seros on the model of that of the Scipios) with his tiara placed beside him—not only a fine composition, but a fine moral. The "*sibi viventi posuit*" is frequent on the mausolea both

not been engraved, it has altogether escaped his notice. The character of the head, however, closely coincides; and had he seen it, it could scarcely have failed of making an impression. There have been numerous copies of the Thorwaltzen Christ already. At Stutgard I saw one which purported to be an original; but like the Pietà of Michael Angelo, nothing has yet trenched upon its supremacy.

of Modern and Ancient Rome ; and the practice of the monk of La Trappe, who daily digs his own grave, a sufficient justification of the attitude. The character of the Pope himself also authorizes the application. He was the meekest and was *said* to be the humblest of men. Had he left it so, for once a pope might have reposed like an apostle. The purity and severity which is Christian and Northern, is worth all the magnificence of gaily antique draperies and alabaster furniture which have been profanely lavished on his predecessors. A man, who all his life preaches "*Memento homo quia pulvis es*," &c. ought to appear to be convinced of it (or his relations for him) at least on his tomb. But the million, amongst whom I include cardinals and princes, as often as plebeians, willed it otherwise ; and he talked of introducing a sort of Christian Hercules, and some other converted demigod, besides, according to etiquette (which is inviolable even amongst the dead), replacing upon the head of the Pope the discarded tiara. A beautiful monument will thus become a mere mutilated plagiarism, made up of garbled extracts, and belonging to every one rather than to its author. The likeness is good, but so are all I have ever seen of Pius : it would be difficult to make a bad one, the peculiarity of his structure forbade it. There is near the Pope a bust of his minister Consalvi ; it is also designed for his sepulchre, and incomparably the finest which exists. Thorwaltzen put out his soul and hand here. Every thing is real, and rendered, and the spirit kept gloriously over all. The thick-set eyebrow, heavy with years and thought, the steady and retiring eye, the indented mouth, the sunk cheek of the statesman, are well retained, and all that was little, common-place, and courtier, boldly and powerfully brushed away. It is a noble work, and shows the felicity of his touch in little as well as great. These things still lay in his own house in model, and we left for it the ateliers near the Barberini. It is perhaps as great a curiosity as any other. Whilst Gerard is known for the *ton* and aristocracy of his salon, and Girodet carried his fastidiousness and value for Parisian luxuries into the very confusion of his atelier, an example improved on in the largest scale by Camuccini, it is singular that Thorwaltzen, with an unfeigned contempt for all these indulgences, continues to inhabit in the Via Sistina the residence which he first occupied at Rome. He showed the greatest courtesy in conducting us from room to room. The admirer of his genius will not leave it without great gratification. The first chambers are occupied with a few bas-reliefs. Etruscan vases, for which he has an enthusiasm only equalled by David, and a few paintings decorate his sitting-room or salon, from which every other decoration or luxury is excluded. The majority of these paintings are purchases from young German artists, whom Thorwaltzen with a laudable spirit of nationality has encouraged. No artist applies to him in vain : and kind words and substantial aid are liberally offered to the stranger. The choicest are in his bed-room—two subjects from Dante (I think by Kock) seem to have deserved his partiality. They have the sombre and naïf of German fancy grafted on the melancholy voluptuousness of the Italian. His house was almost destitute of furniture—carpets were discarded, and the brick-floor, every where apparent, gave it the appearance of an atelier—to the purposes of which it was not unfrequently applied. His bed was such as an élève would have despised ; his wardrobe, that of a philosopher ; his whole treasury, a choice collection of "*pierres gravées*," which he willingly exhibited for our inspection, first tumbling out a variety of decorations and orders conferred upon him by various sovereigns, but which, contented with deserving, he never wears. The simplicity with which, all this was done, as much as the thing itself, pleased me. The *affectation* of rags is still worse than purple and pride. But Thorwaltzen stands equally removed from either extreme—his love of his art, like the religion of the ascetic, absorbs and controls all minor wants, and, I need not add, all vulgar vanities.*

* The "*Cavaliere*" Thorwaltzen, however, was the frequent and intimate companion of the King (then the Prince Royal of Bavaria) and amongst the prin-

Thorwaltzen is rich, and owes his riches to his art. He is less generous, or his generosity is less known than Canova's; but I cannot credit the imputation of avarice with which the Romans would sometimes attempt to stain him. Like Canova, (notwithstanding the advances which have been made him,) he prefers the blessedness of a single life. As such, he is scarcely less distinguished for his morality than his rival Camuccini is the model of a married man—the race of the Razzis and Cellinis is extinct, or to be found only in the lower walks of the art. Thorwaltzen belongs to an earlier epoch—kind, simple, and decided, feeling beauty, but preferring strength, his character, like his genius, is grave, vigorous, and sometimes rough. Canova has left him without a competitor; but his death was a loss even to Thorwaltzen. Little jealousies had crept in between them; but where they began, or how they continued, even for one who knew them both well, it would be very difficult to decide. Thorwaltzen's character is said to have indicated seeds of vanity, which no one ever discovered in Canova; and rivalry acting upon vanity, soon produced distinctions, and at last feud. With Camuccini also a very warm intimacy gradually relaxed, and at last expired; but, in either instance, no positive error has been quoted to justify or condemn any of the parties. Let us rather presume that it is one of those cases common in every life, and attribute to the imperfection of our nature casualties which can scarcely be attributed to the men.

I left Thorwaltzen after a visit of three hours, and I need not add with regret. After many apologies for so much personal inconvenience and forgetfulness of the value of his time, I thanked him, and took my leave. I returned in a few weeks after, to receive new pleasure from his works and conversation; and on my departure from Rome, left few friends behind me whom I so highly valued, and so justly, as Thorwaltzen.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,
O silent House! once fill'd with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet Home of other days!
My children's birth-place!—yet for me
It is too much to look on thee!

cial of the numerous artists whom he distinguished with his society and patronage. His habits, intellectual, and liberal in the extreme, were singularly contrasted to those of most of the imperial and royal princes of Europe, not excepting our own. I remember seeing, in the atelier of Chauvin, a cabinet painting recalling one of those evening parties on the Ripa Grande, when, throwing aside his rank, the prince was only to be distinguished amongst his friends by his affability and taste. The scene was interesting from its extreme truth; every thing was portrait, and the portraits perfect. Thorwaltzen is also member of the Academy of St. Luke, and was, for some time, its Professor of Sculpture. An effort indeed was made, on the plea of his Protestantism, to exclude or induce him to withdraw; but it is honourable to Rome and the Roman artists who compose the majority of the resident members, to hear that it totally and immediately failed.

Too much ! for all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles,—all vanish'd now,
Follow me where thy roses blow ;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me midst thy singing-birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay ;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all which went with "dust to dust !"

What now is left me, but to raise
From thee, lorn spot ! my spirit's gaze,
To lift through tears my straining eye
Up to my Father's House on high ?

Oh ! many are the mansions there,*
But not in one hath grief a share !
No haunting shades from things gone by
May there o'ersweep th' unchanging sky.

And they are there, whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen ;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said ;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain ;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's House above.

Ye are at rest, and *I* in tears,†
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres !
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore,
'The sever'd wreath is bound once more.

Holy ye were, and good, and true !
No change can cloud my thoughts of you.
Guide me like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's House on high !

F. H.

* "In my Father's house are many mansions."—St. John, chap. xiv.

† From an ancient Hebrew dirge—"Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead ; for he is at rest, and we in tears."

PASSAGES MARKED IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS BY
LORD BYRON.*

IN the following extract I have marked the page, as usual ; but the passage that arrested Lord Byron's attention, begins, I have no doubt, with the words "'Tis a sign of crudity and indigestion." It is in favour of a man's exercising his own powers and judgment, unenslaved by authority.

" I walk firmer and more secure up hill than down ; and such as, according to our common way of teaching, undertake, with one and the same lesson and the same measure of direction, to instruct several boys of so differing and unequal capacities, are infinitely mistaken in their method ; and at this rate, it is no wonder, if in a multitude of scholars, there are not found above two or three who bring away any good account of their time and discipline. Let the master not only examine him about the grammatical construction of the bare words of his lesson, but of the sense and meaning of them ; and let him judge of the profit he has made, not by the testimony of his memory, but by that of his understanding. Let him make him put what he hath learned into a hundred several forms, [and accommodate it to so many several subjects, to see if he yet rightly comprehend it, and have made it his own, taking instruction by his progress from the Institutions of Plato. It is a sign of crudity and indigestion to vomit up what we eat in the same condition it was swallowed down, and the stomach has not performed its office, unless it have altered the form and condition of what was committed to it to concoct : so our minds work only upon trust, being bound and compelled to follow the appetite of another's fancy, enslaved and captivated under the authority of another's instruction, we have been so subjected to the trammel, that we have no free nor natural pace of our own, our own vigour and liberty is extinct and gone. *Nunquam tutelæ suæ fiunt* ; they are ever in wardship, and never left to their own tuition. I was privately at Pisa carried to see a very honest man ; but so great an Aristotelian, that his most usual thesis was,—that the touch-stone and square of all solid imagination, and of the truth, was an absolute conformity to Aristotle's doctrine ; and that all besides was nothing but inanity and chimæra ; for that he had seen all, and said all. A position, that, for having been a little too injuriously and maliciously interpreted, brought him first into, and afterwards long kept him in great trouble in the Inquisition at Rome. Let him make him examine, and thoroughly sift every thing he reads, and lodge nothing in his fancy upon simple authority and upon trust. Aristotle's principles will then be no] more principles to him than those of Epicurus and the Stoics : only let this diversity of opinions be propounded to, and laid before him, he will himself choose, if he be able ; if not, he will remain in doubt.

' Che non menche saper dubiar m' aggrada.'

I love sometimes to doubt, as well as know."

The next passage is upon Double-dealing. Montaigne had an especial hatred of this troublesome and *impolitic* vice. It is always delightful to see a great man bear testimony to the utility as well as grace of sincerity : and nobody has done it oftener than he. It is not those who know the world thoroughly, and like masters, but those who know it by halves and like servants, that think otherwise. A celebrated statesman of our own times, Mr. Fox, whom the most self-sufficient of tricksters would hardly venture to pronounce ignorant of the world, said, that the final way to triumph over all crooked and circuitous policy, was at once

the best way and the shortest ; namely, to go avowedly and straight-forward to your object. You arrive at it, said he, while others who think themselves cleverer, are beating about the bushes. Besides, they will never suppose you are taking that road. In proportion to the ideas they have of your talents, they will think you must do as they do ; and you distance them on the very ground which they take to be foolish. I have carried the extract from Montaigne (as the reader will see) further than Lord Byron has marked ; but it is difficult to know when to leave off, or where he himself ceased to be interested ; and all from Montaigne is gold out of the mine.

“ Does not he to whom you betray another, to whom you was as welcome as to himself, know that you will at another time do as much for him ? He holds you for a villain ; and in the mean time hears what you will say, gathers intelligence from you, and works his own ends out of your disloyalty ; for double-dealing men are useful in bringing in, but we must have a care they carry out as little as is possible. I say [nothing to one party, that I may not upon occasion say to the other, with a little alteration of accent, and report nothing but things either indifferent or known, or what is of common consequence. I cannot permit myself for any consideration to tell them a lie. What is entrusted to my secrecy, I religiously conceal ; but I take as few trusts of that nature upon me as I can. The secrets of princes are a troublesome burthen to such as are not interested in them. I very willingly indent that they trust me with little, but confidently rely upon what I tell them : I have ever known more than I desired. One open way of speaking opens another open way of speaking, and draws out discoveries like wine and love. Philpides, in my opinion, answered King Lysimachus very discreetly, who asking him, what of his estate he should bestow upon him ? ‘ What you will,’ said he, ‘ provided it be none of your secrets.’ I see every one mutters, and is displeased, if the bottom of the affair be concealed from him wherein he is employed, or that there be any reservation in the thing ; for my part, I am content to know no more of the business than what they desire I should employ myself in, nor desire that my knowledge should exceed or strain my word : If I must serve for an instrument of deceit, let it be at least with a safe conscience ; I will neither be reputed a servant so affectionate, nor so loyal, as to be fit to betray any one. Who is unfaithful to himself, is excusably so to his master. But they are *princes* who do not accept men by halves, and despise limited and conditional services. I cannot help it, I truly tell them how far I can go ; for a *slave* I should not be, but upon very good reason, and however I could hardly submit to that condition. And they also are to blame to exact from a free man the same subjection and obligation to their service, they do from him they have made, and bought, or whose fortune does particularly and expressly depend upon theirs. The laws have delivered me from a great anxiety, they have chosen a master for me ; all other superiority and obligation ought to be relative to him, and cut off from all other. Yet is not this to say, that if my affection should otherwise sway and incline me, my hand should presently obey it : the will and desire are a law to themselves ; but actions must receive commission from the public appointment. All this proceeding of mine is a little dissonant from the ordinary forms ; it would produce no great effects, nor be of any long duration ; innocence itself could not, in this age of ours, either negotiate without dissimulation, or traffic without lying. And indeed public employments are by no means for my palate : what my profession requires, I perform after the most private manner that I can. Being young, I was engaged up to the ears in business, and it succeeded well, but I disengaged myself in due time. I have often since avoided meddling in it, rarely accepted, and never asked it, keeping my back still turned to ambition : but if not like rowers, who so advance backward, yet so nevertheless, that I am less obliged to my resolution than to my good fortune, that I was not wholly

embarked in it. For there are ways less displeasing to my taste, and more suitable to my ability, by which if she had formerly called me to the public service, and my own advancement towards the world's opinion, I know I should, in spite of all my own arguments to the contrary, have pursued them. Such as commonly say, in opposition to what I profess, that what I call freedom, simplicity, and plainness in my manners, is art and subtilty, and rather prudence than goodness, industry than nature, good sense than good luck, do me more honour than disgrace: but doubtless they make my subtilty too subtle: and whoever has followed me close, and pried narrowly into me, I will give him the victory, if he does not confess that there is no rule in their school that could match this natural motion, and maintain an appearance of liberty and licence so equal and inflexible, through so many various and crooked paths, and that all their wit and endeavour could never have led them through. The way of truth is one, and simple; that of particular profit, and the commodity of affairs a man is intrusted with, is double, unequal, and casual."

The reputation for wisdom usually arrogated by people in advanced life, is in the following passage turned into something very different, by a man himself advanced in life. But he was really a wise man, and not obliged to entrench himself in reserve, and solemnity to be thought one. It was said by some old gentleman to a young one, "You young fellows *think* us old ones fools, but we old ones *know* you to be such." Montaigne would have said, "You young fellows think us old ones fools; and as far as we pretend that we know you to be such, you are in the right. We know no such thing, unless we can prove that we are happier and more good-humoured than you are." Lord Byron had a great horror of growing old; and must have been particularly struck with this passage.

"Methinks our souls in old age are subject to more troublesome maladies and imperfections than in youth. I said the same when young, and that I was reproached with the want of a beard; and I say so now that my grey hairs give me some authority. We call the difficulty of our humours, and the disrelish of present things, wisdom, but in truth we do not so much forsake vices as we change them, and in my opinion for worse. Besides a foolish and feeble pride, and impertinent prating, froward and unsociable humours, superstition, and a ridiculous desire of riches when we have lost the use; I find more envy, injustice, and malice. Age imprints more wrinkles in the mind, than it does in the face, and souls are never, or very rarely seen, that in growing old do not smell sour and musty. Man moves all together, both towards his perfection and decay. In observing the wisdom of Socrates, and many circumstances of his condemnation, I should dare to believe, that he in some sort himself purposely by collusion contributed to it, seeing that at the age of seventy years, he suffered the lofty motions of his wit to be so cramped, and his wonted lustre to be so obscured. What strange metamorphoses do I see age every day make in many of my acquaintance! It is a potent malady, and that naturally and imperceptibly steals into us; and vast provision of study and great precaution are required to evade the imperfections it loads us with, or at least to obstruct their progress. I find, that notwithstanding all my retrenchments, it gets foot by foot upon me. I make the best resistance I can, but I do not know to what at last it will reduce me; but fall out what will, I am content the world may know, when I am fallen, from whence I fell."

I remember Lord Byron's mentioning to me the passage that comes next, and saying how completely he felt, with Montaigne, that the pettiest vexations were the most tormenting. There was something of

the lord in both of them, that rendered petty obstructions of the will the more unbearable. And indeed there are cases of this sort, with which most of us can sympathize. A good handsome adversity is something to endure. There is an insolence in little worries.

"There is always something that goes amiss. The affairs one while of one house and then of another will tear you to pieces. You pry into every thing too near; [your perspicacity does you hurt here as well as in other things. I steal away from occasions of vexing myself, and turn from the knowledge of things that go amiss, and yet I cannot so order it, but that every hour I juggle against something or other that displeases me. And the tricks that they most conceal from me, are those that I the soonest come to know. Some there are that a man himself must help to conceal. Vain vexations, vain sometimes, but always vexations. The smallest and slightest impediments are the most piercing: and as little letters most tire the eyes, so do little affairs the most disturb us. A rout of little ills more offend than one how great soever. By how much domestic thorns are numerous and sharp, by so much they prick deeper, and without warning, easily surprise us, when least we suspect them. I am no philosopher. Evils oppress me according to their importance, and they import as much according to the form as the matter; and very often more. If I have therein more perspicacity than the vulgar, I have also more patience. Finally, they weigh with me, if they do not hurt me. Life is a tender thing, and easily molested. Since my age has made me grow more pensive and morose, 'nemo enim resistit sibi cum ceperit impelli:' 'for no man resists himself, after he once begins to decline;' for the most trivial cause imaginable, I irritate that humour, which afterwards nourishes and exasperates itself of its own accord; attracting, and heaping up matter upon matter whereon to feed.]

'Stillicidii casus Lapidem cavat.'

A falling drop at last will cave a stone.

These continual trickling drops make ulcers in me. Ordinary inconveniences are never light, they are continual and irreparable; when they continually and inseparably spring from the concerns of good husbandry. When I consider my affairs at distance, and in gross, I find, because perhaps my memory is none of the best, that they have gone on hitherto in improving beyond my reason or expectation. Methinks my revenue is greater than it is; their prosperity betrays me: But when I pry more narrowly into the business, and see how all things go—

'Tum vero in curas animum diducimus omnes:'

———— then my breast

Is with innumerable cares oppress'd.

I have a thousand things to desire and to fear. To give them quite over is very easy for me to do: but to look after them without trouble is very hard. It is a miserable thing to be in place where every thing you see employs and concerns you."

And again: [In this passage, it was the confession about "the reins of the bridle," and the "strap," that chiefly struck Lord Byron, as he himself told me; observing, that the case in this identical particular was precisely his own.]

"I have nothing dear but care and trouble, and endeavour nothing so much as to be careless and at ease. I had been much fitter, I believe, could it have been without obligation and servitude, to have lived upon another man's fortune than my own: and also I do not know, when I examine it nearer, whether according to my humour, what I have to suffer for my affairs and servants, have not in it something more abject, troublesome, and tormenting,

than there would be in serving a man better born than myself, that would govern me with a gentle rein, and a little at my own ease. '*Servitus obedientia est fracti animi, et abjecti, arbitrio carentis suo.*' Servitude is the obedience of a subdued and abject mind, wanting its own free will. Crates did worse, who threw himself into the liberty of poverty, only to rid himself of the inconveniences and care of his house. This is what I would not do; I hate poverty equally with grief; but I could be content to change the kind of life I live for another that was meaner, and had fewer affairs. When absent from home, I strip myself of all these thoughts, and should be less concerned for the ruin of a tower, than I am, when present, at the fall of a tile. My mind is easily composed at distance, but suffers as much as that of the meanest peasant when I am in place. The reins of my bridle being wrong put on, or a strap flapping against my leg, will keep me out of humour a day together. I raise my courage well enough against inconveniences, lift up my eyes I cannot.

‘Sensus, o superi, sensus.’

I am at home responsible for whatever goes amiss. Few masters, I speak of those of competent condition, such as mine, (and if there be any such, they are happy) can rely so much upon another, but that the greatest part of the burthen will lie upon their own shoulders. This takes much from my grace in entertaining strangers, so that I have peradventure detained some rather out of expectation of a good dinner, than by my own behaviour; and lose much of the pleasure I ought to reap at my own house from the visitation and assembling of my friends. The most ridiculous carriage of a gentleman in his own house, is to see him bustling about the business of the house, whispering one servant, and looking an angry look at another. It ought insensibly to slide along, and to represent an ordinary current; and I think it equally unhandsome to talk much to their guests of their entertainment, whether by way of bragging or excuse.”

From the next page that the noble poet has marked (apparently with great emphasis) I can extract but little. There are quotations in it, which Cotton himself, who was far from squeamish, has not ventured to put in English.

“It is certainly a misfortune, and a miracle at once, to confess at what a tender age I was first subjected to love: it was indeed by chance; for it was long before the years of choice or discretion: I do not remember myself so long ago.”

Before and after this passage, are some remarks in contempt of physic and regimen; the author affirming, that “nothing hurt him which he eat with appetite and delight,” and that he “never received harm by any action that was very pleasant to him.” But he accompanies these affirmations with a circumstance, which will hold true of few but himself: namely, that to whatever was calculated to hurt him, however pleasant, or however he liked it before, he had an invincible repugnance, his taste altering with his age and health, so that he did not *like* wine during sickness, nor sauces after they disagreed with his stomach. A man may be pretty secure whose very palate has warnings like these. As to the rest, the more according to nature we live, the more safely, no doubt, we may go upon our likings and dislikes. The great question is, what is the general state of our health, and how we are in the intervals. A gipsy may do with impunity what a fine gentleman could not venture upon; and so in proportion. But I forget I am writing a letter. In the following passage, out of the same chapter (on Experience) Montaigne seems to have been more cautious

than we should have guessed, but still with a confidence in nature and her impulses worthy of so natural a genius.

“ From my youth I have used sometimes to be out of the way at supper, either to sharpen my appetite against the next morning, (for as Epicurus fasted and made lean meals, to accustom his pleasure to make shift without abundance, I on the contrary do it to prepare my pleasure to make better and more cheerful use of abundance,) or else I fasted to preserve my vigour for the service of some action of body or mind; for both the one and the other of those are cruelly dulled in me by repletion (and above all things, I hate that foolish coupling of so healthful and sprightly a goddess with that little belching god, bloated with the fume of his liquor); or to cure my sick stomach, and for want of fit company. For I say, as the same Epicurus did, that a man is not so much to regard what he eats, as with whom; and commend Chilo, that he would not engage himself to be at Periander’s feast, till he first was informed who were to be the other guests. No dish was so acceptable to me, nor no sauce so alluring, as that which is extracted from society. I think it to be more wholesome to eat more leisurely and less, and to eat oftener: but I will have the value of appetite and hunger enhanced. I should take no pleasure to be fed with three or four pitiful and stinted repasts a day, after a physical manner. Who will assure me, that if I have a good appetite in the morning, I shall have the same at supper? But especially, let us old fellows take the first opportune time of eating, and leave to almanack-makers the hopes and prognosticks. The utmost fruit of my health is pleasure; let us take hold of the present and known. I avoid constancy in these laws of fasting. Who will that one form shall serve him, let him evade the continuing of it; we harden ourselves in it, our forces are there stupified and laid asleep; six months after you shall find your stomach so inured unto it, that all you have got is only the loss of your liberty of doing otherwise, but to your prejudice. I never keep my legs and thighs warmer in winter than in summer, one single pair of silk stockings is all: I have suffered myself, for the relief of my rheums, to keep my head warmer, and my belly, upon the account of my colick: my diseases in a few days habituated themselves, and disdained my ordinary provisions. I was presently got from a single cap to a napkin, and from a napkin to a quilted cap. The belly-pieces of my doublet serve only for decency; they signify nothing, if I do not add a hare’s skin or a stomacher, and wear a callot upon my head. Follow this gradation, and you will go a very fine way to work. I am resolved to proceed no farther, and would leave off those too, if I durst. If you fall into any new inconvenience, all this is labour lost; you are accustomed to it; seek out some other way: thus do such ruin and destroy themselves, who submit to be pestered with these enforced and superstitious rules; they must add something more, and something more after that; there is no end on’t.”

This is the last passage which the noble poet has marked. How delightful would be many such books marked by persons equally celebrated!

H.



THE ULTRAMARINE CLUB.

"Do, Lady Litmus, set me right,"
Said fair Sapphira Smalt,
"When is our 'intellectual' night?—
My memory's given to halt."

"For I've such secrets to disclose!—
I know who writ 'Tremaine,
And I'm to bring dear Doctor Prose,
The 'talented' subdean."

"Who do you think is Junius now?
The mystery's clear'd at last."
"Why Taylor miss'd the mark, I know,
For Coventry writ last."

"It is—but no, I must not tell
Until we all shall meet—"
"Well then, my dear Sapphira—well—
We will postpone the treat."

"Bless me, the knocker goes again!
We're sure of something new,
I'll hold my life that up comes Ben
To announce Azura Blue."

"Madam, Miss Blue"—"My dear Azura,
I'm glad to see you're come;
What's new, play, opera, tale, bravura?
Your news, pray give us some!"

"My dear, to meet our club I've got
A lion all folks seek,
A Tartary traveller, born a Scot,
Who has lived on saddled steak."

"The Traveller's Club had hook'd him in,
But I have got his word,
He'll visit our Ultramarine,
With what he's seen and heard."

A knock again!—"Miss Indigo,"
'The Lady Litmus cries—
Ben enters with—"Miss Indigo"—
Away the menial hies."

"Dear ladies, have you aught that's new
Of literary matter?—
You know the Duke of York is dead,
And Devonshire has the garter."

"That Bankes, parturient, gives the North
A folio of his travels;
The Djerash five pounds fully worth,
That still his stomach gravels."

Another knock—Miss Bice walks in—
Blue Bice the president.

"Dear Bice, what news?"—"They say that Wynn
Has prosed out parliament."

"He spoke so drouthy, members' slept
Till waken'd for division—
The laureate's pen, I hear, has wept
For York another 'Vision.'"

"Is it hexameter or sapphic?"
The fair club eager cries—
"I've only heard 'tis quite seraphic,"
Their president replies.

"Keppel his tour is publishing,
The thing I long to see—
And then there's 'Natchez,' 'Morns in Spring,'
And Cooper's new 'Prairie.'

"And an 'Old Maid's Confessions,'—heaven!
What may not they disclose!
Snodgrass too has a history given
Of Kou-tou Amherst's foes.

"I've brought an Album for some verse,
Pray look, in names how rich 'tis,
Fitz-Gerald's, the Play-licenser's—
'Irving'—'Sir William Curtis.'

"Enough—let progress be reported,
Though I'm not in the chair."
Just then Miss Verditer was courted
Her budget to declare.

She had come late—had been to hear
A lecture mathematic;
Spoke of projectiles far and near,
Of figures biquadratic.

Of angles, tangents, cones, and spheres,
Of fluxions, demonstrations,
Said ere a million million years
Earth's zones must shift their stations.

She then to meaner things reverted,
Laying proud science by—
How his pure morals were asserted
By Long Pole Wellesley.

How it became them to support,
By act and by address,
In private, public, city, court,
The 'freedom of the press:'

Since judges join'd in creed the hordes
Of Spanish Apostolics—
And some had sworn with holy words
They'd spoil its freedom's frolics.

The Horseguards' clock the morning bawl'd—
Each fair arranged her dress,
And soon in night's dull mantle pall'd,
Her blue wax'd colourless.



A CANADIAN CAMPAIGN, BY A BRITISH OFFICER.—NO. III.

LATE in July another expedition, consisting of a part of the 41st and several hundred Indians, accompanied by a few pieces of light artillery, was undertaken against the enemy's fortress on the Miami. Landing on the right bank of the river, a small battery of 6-pounders was erected on the site of that previously destroyed by General Harrison, and rather with a view of decoying the enemy from his strong hold, than with any idea of making a serious impression on his works. After having waited several days in the vain expectation of being attacked, General Procter, to whom information had been conveyed that a supply of provisions was on its route for, and daily expected by the garrison, availing himself of a rainy misty day when the view could not be extended beyond a few hundred yards, caused a heavy fire of musquetry to be kept up by the troops and Indians, posted along the skirt of the wood adjoining the fort, for the purpose of inducing the enemy to believe their convoy was attacked. This stratagem, however, failed to produce the effect desired; the expedition was reembarked, and its direction changed to Sandusky, a hostile fortress built on the river of that name, emptying itself into Lake Erie at a distance of some leagues, and in a south-western course from the mouth of the Miami.

During the short period that we were employed before Fort Meigs, a young Indian of the Sawkie tribe fell a victim to his utter ignorance of the use or effect of shells. Being out with a reconnoitring party of his countrymen, among whom a few bombs were thrown from the garrison, he perceived one at some little distance with the fuse still burning. Struck by the novelty of the sight, the young warrior ran up to the spot, and was in the act of touching the shell with his fingers when it exploded, tearing out his bowels, and mangling his limbs in a frightful manner. Being a son of one of their chiefs, he was interred by his tribe with all the solemnity peculiar to the Indians on those occasions. The fierce wild air of the warriors, whose countenances spoke the desire they entertained of revenging his death, the originality of their costume, contrasting with that of the officers present at the ceremony, and the sombre silence which reigned throughout the group, heightened in effect by the deep gloom of the forest in which they were assembled, composed a singular and romantic picture, in which melancholy grandeur and imposing savageness shone principally conspicuous.

The expedition having reached the Sandusky river early on the 1st of August, a landing was effected on the same day, and within range of the enemy's guns, several ineffectual discharges from which passed over the troops as they traversed a plain several hundred yards in extent, in order to gain the wood, on the skirt of which it was intended to plant the batteries. These being immediately erected, at day-break on the following morning our fire was opened, and continued until three o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d, when it being evident that no breach could be effected on the stockade work, General Procter resolved to attempt it by assault. Accordingly at four o'clock the troops divided into four columns of 120 men each, were put in motion, and advancing through the plain in double, quick time, were suffered to approach within fifty yards before they were met by the destructive fire of the enemy. The strong line of picketing constituting their defence was surrounded by a ditch flanked by batteries, and beyond the ditch was a deep ravine covered with brushwood, and more or less approximate to the place, according to its windings. Far from being checked by the severe fire of the Americans, the divisions redoubled their exertions, and vying with each other to take the lead, dashed down the ravine, and clambering up the opposite steep, were soon beneath the walls of the fort. Not a fascine, however, had been provided; and although axes had been distributed among a body of men selected for the purpose, they were so blunted by constant use, that it would have been the work of hours to cut through the triple line of pickets,

even if an enemy had not been there to interrupt its progress. In defiance of this difficulty, the axemen leaped without hesitation into the ditch, and attempted to acquit themselves of their duty; but they were speedily swept away by the guns from the batteries, charged with musquet balls and slugs, and directed with fatal precision. The troops had established themselves on the edge of the ditch, but it was impossible to scale without the aid of ladders or fascines; and within a few paces of the enemy only, they saw their comrades fall on every hand with no hope of avenging their deaths. The second division had only two officers attached to it. Brevet Lieutenant-colonel Short, of the 41st, was killed while descending the ravine at the head of his column, when, the command devolving on Lieutenant Gordon of the same regiment, that officer, encouraging his men, and calling on them to follow his example, was one of the first in the ditch, and was in the act of cutting the picketing with his sabre, when a ball, fired from a wall-piece, struck him in the breast. Although dangerously wounded, he refused to abandon his post, and continued to animate his men by his example, until a second ball, fired from the same piece, and lodging in his brain, left the division without an officer. The action had continued nearly two hours without producing the slightest impression on the enemy, when the bugles sounded the "cease firing," and the men were ordered to lie flat on the ground on the edge of the ravine. The first division were so near the enemy, that they could distinctly hear the various orders given in the fort, and the faint voices of the wounded and dying in the ditch, calling out for water, which the enemy had the humanity to lower to them on the instant. After continuing in this position until nine o'clock, the columns received an order to effect their retreat in silence, which was done accordingly, the enemy merely firing a few volleys of musquetry, which produced no material effect. The troops being reembarked the same night, the expedition descended the river, and returned to Amherstburg. Our loss in this affair was severe: that of the 1st division alone, consisting chiefly of the light company of the 41st, which had attacked the enemy at the strongest point, and under his very works, was five and thirty men.

During the assault, no assistance whatever was afforded by the Indians, who, unaccustomed to this mode of warfare, contented themselves with remaining quiet spectators of the scene. The "devoted men" alone, to whom I have before alluded, followed close in the rear of one of the columns, but they had not long witnessed the effect of the enemy's fire on the divisions, when they retreated to the wood with a precipitation, which with any other people would be attributed to cowardice, but with the natives could only be considered as the effect of habit. They expressed much astonishment at the coolness and intrepidity with which the men supported the fire of the enemy, without returning it until arrived at the edge of the ditch; and concluded by saying that they had ever hitherto deemed themselves the bravest nation in the world, but were now willing to concede that distinction to the warriors of their Great Father.

The garrison of Sandusky, when attacked, consisted of a force inferior in numbers to that of the assailing columns, and was commanded by Major Croghan of the line, a promising officer, only nineteen years of age. The gallant defence made by him on this occasion met with the highest encomiums from his countrymen, and he was immediately promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; neither was his conduct without its reward in the approbation of a sex, whose favour and encouragement seldom fail to act as incentives to the acquisition of military fame. The ladies of Ohio (the State in which Colonel Croghan was born) subscribed a considerable sum, with which an elegant sword was purchased and presented by themselves. It is with peculiar satisfaction that I find myself enabled to record an act of courtesy on the part of this gentleman, not unworthy of the days of chivalry. An officer having been despatched to Sandusky with a flag, some days subsequent to the assault, in order to obtain the exchange of the wounded and

prisoners, was received with much politeness by the commandant, who at the moment of departure drew from his secretary a pair of pistols, which had been lost in the brushwood of the ravine during our retreat at night. Presuming, from the workmanship and style, that they might be, what in fact they actually were, old family arms, and naturally imagining that their loss must be regretted by their possessor, he begged the officer in question to take charge of, and present them to the individual to whom they belonged. It is unnecessary to add that they were gratefully received.

The period was now fast approaching when the fruits of so much toil and privation were to be wrested from our grasp, and the extensive line of territory, both original and acquired, so gallantly defended by a single regiment against the repeated invasions of the enemy during a period of fifteen months, was to fall beneath the efforts of numerical strength. Since the capture of Detroit, the Americans had been indefatigable in their exertions to establish a superiority of naval force, on which, they well knew, depended the ultimate success of their arms. Buffalo was the harbour selected for the construction of their flotilla, which, under the hands of numerous workmen, soon presented a formidable appearance, and was deemed more than sufficient to ensure their ascendancy on the lake. Manned by experienced seamen taken from several frigates then blockaded in their sea-ports, and commanded by able and intelligent officers, these vessels put forth towards the close of August, and continued cruising off the harbour of Amherstburg, in which our fleet lay awaiting the completion of the Detroit, a vessel of twenty guns then on the stocks, and the arrival of seamen long promised and vainly expected from Lake Ontario. Captain Barclay had arrived some time previous to take the command, and with him several officers and forty men: but notwithstanding every remonstrance on the subject made by the commanding officer of the division, no farther assistance was afforded. The remaining part of the crews were provincial sailors, willing and anxious, it is true, to do their duty, but without that perfection and experience in their profession, which are so indispensably necessary to the insurance of success in a combat at sea. In defiance of this disadvantage, the enemy had no sooner made his appearance than the Detroit was launched in her rough and unfinished state, and armed, in default of other guns, with long hattering-pieces taken from the ramparts. Every calibre was employed—sixes, nines, twelves, eighteens, and even the two twenty-four pounders which had been so successfully used at the Miami. The early part of September was employed in getting in her masts and rigging, and in a few days the fleet was ready to sail. Our position at this period had become exceedingly critical. The want of provisions began to be seriously felt, and the ultimate possession of our garrisons depended wholly on the result of the naval conflict, for which both parties were preparing. In the event of the enemy being successful, not only we must be open to the incursions of the large forces then collected in several quarters, and ready to overwhelm us at the moment that the command of the lake would afford them facility of movement, but the means of obtaining supplies from Fort Erie must be entirely cut off. The quantity of provisions already consumed had been enormous; for independently of the wanton destruction of cattle by the Indians, who often shot or stabbed them merely to possess themselves of the horns, in which they secured their powder, leaving the carcasses to putrify in the sun, ten thousand rations were daily issued to the warriors and their families: the latter apparently increasing in numbers, as our means of supplying them became more contracted.

Such was the situation of the garrison, reduced in its regular force to a handful of men by the losses sustained in the various engagements herein detailed, when Captain Barclay, who had hoisted his flag on board the Detroit, made the signal, early on the morning of the 10th, to weigh anchor and bear across the lake. The little fleet, consisting of six sail, had not long left the port before they were perceived by the enemy, then lying among a cluster of islands at some leagues distance, who immediately bore up under

a light side-wind, favourable at that moment to the approach of the two squadrons. At one o'clock the engagement commenced. The Detroit leading into action, was opposed to the St. Lawrence, mounting eighteen thirty-two pounders, and commanded by the American Commodore; and such was the effect of the long guns, that the latter vessel was soon compelled to strike her flag, having only eighteen serviceable men left. The Detroit and Queen Charlotte had, however, suffered severely in their sails and rigging from the fire of the enemy's gun-boats; and not only every one of their boats had been so severely wounded as to render it impossible to take possession of the prize; but the united and unceasing exertions of their crews could not prevent them from running foul of each other. Availing himself of this unfortunate accident, Commodore Perry, who had shifted his flag to the Niagara, a vessel of equal force with the St. Lawrence, bore up and discharged his broadside with murderous effect. Waring immediately, a second and equally destructive followed, and in this manner was the action continued, rendering resistance almost hopeless. The other smaller vessels, already warmly engaged, could afford no aid, and the guns of the unfortunate wrecks were at length nearly all unserviceable,—those at least of the only batteries which could be brought to bear upon the enemy. Almost every officer had been compelled to leave the deck, and the helplessness of the crews could only be exceeded by their despair, when, after two hours and a half of incessant cannonading, the British flag was replaced by the Eagles of America.

The anxiety with which the issue of the combat was awaited at Amherstburg, where the firing was distinctly heard, may easily be conceived. From the heights overhanging the lake, and nearly opposite to the islands, the first encounter of the fleets was clearly observed; but the thick columns of smoke in which they were speedily enveloped, precluded all possibility of following the progress of the contest; nor was it until the thunder of the artillery had been some time discontinued, that the clouds of vapour gradually dispelling, presented the melancholy picture of our vessels, several of them crippled and dismasted, following in the track of the American fleet, then directing its course towards the bay of Sandusky.

In this affair, so unfavourable in its result to our already precarious cause, the enemy had the most decided advantage, not only in respect to superiority of seamen, but in number of ships, and in weight of metal. Their fleet consisted of nine sail, of which the two principal, the St. Lawrence and Niagara, mounted eighteen thirty-two pounders. Four others were armed with a long gun of the same calibre, and, keeping aloof during the action, were enabled by the calm state of the lake to do much execution among our principal vessels, which were completely raked by their destructive fire. The vessels composing Captain Barclay's force were—the Detroit, twenty guns; Queen Charlotte, twenty guns; Lady Prevost, twelve guns; General Hunter, six guns; and two small craft, one of which mounted a mortar, the other a long eighteen-pounder; and the whole weight of metal did not amount to 1100 pounds: while that of the enemy, exclusive of the three remaining vessels of their flotilla each mounting several guns, was 1280: and when it is taken into consideration that the accident which occurred early in the engagement to the two principal ships, prevented all possibility of bringing a second broadside to bear, while the enemy, on the contrary, were enabled to avail themselves of their whole metal, the disproportion will appear even more enormous. Notwithstanding the disparity of force, however, a different result might have been expected, had the unceasing applications made for sailors been attended to by the naval commander on Lake Ontario, to whose unwillingness to part with men, who might very well have been spared for the occasion, must be attributed the sacrifice of the gallant Barclay and his fleet, and eventually that of the right division. The necessity of having regular and experienced seamen was never more cruelly exemplified than on the present occasion; since, in all probability, had they been present, the accident which left the Detroit and Queen Charlotte entirely at the mercy of the enemy, would

either have been prevented, or remedied in time. All that courage and perseverance could effect was done : but against the decrees of destiny who may successfully oppose himself? Captain Barclay, who had already lost one limb while fighting the battles of his country, was so severely wounded in his only remaining arm, as to be compelled to leave the deck early in the action. Captain Finnes, commanding the Queen Charlotte, was killed by a round shot soon afterwards ; and the same ball carried off Lieutenant Gardén, a promising young officer of the Newfoundland Regiment, mingling the blood of the one and the brains of the other, on the bulwark, in one melancholy and undistinguishable mass. I had subsequently an opportunity of witnessing the devastation of this sanguinary day. The decks were literally filled with the wounded ; and such was the crippled state of the Detroit, that not a mast was left standing : almost all the guns were dismounted ; and it was impossible to place a hand on that side which had been exposed to the enemy's fire without covering part of a wound either from grape, cannister, or round shot.

With the loss of our fleet vanished every hope of maintaining our positions against the enemy, who, already assembled in the neighbourhood of Forts Sandusky and Meigs, to the number of ten thousand men, only awaited the result of the action to decide on their future movements. A vast number of boats had been collected for the purpose of transporting them across the Lake under cover of their squadron, whose recent success leaving them undisputed masters of that element, necessarily precluded all probability of effectual opposition. A council was accordingly assembled, and the various chieftains summoned to attend. After a brief exposition of the defenceless state of the garrison, the almost utter impossibility of preventing the landing of the enemy, and the alarming destitution into which the magazines of provision had fallen, General Procter proposed that the forts of Detroit and Amherstburg, together with the various public buildings, should be destroyed, and that the troops and Indians should retire on the centre division at Niagara. This proposal was met by the chieftains with divided sentiments ; but Tecumseh, whose gallant and impetuous spirit could ill brook the idea of retiring before his enemies, had no sooner heard the conclusion, than he arose, and, in a speech of much length, and accompanied by powerful energy and gesticulation, protested against the infamy of abandoning the position without first using every exertion for its defence. He addressed the commanding officer in the severest terms ; accused him of cowardice ; and after having compared his conduct with that of Captain Barclay, whose noble defence had inspired him with an enthusiasm surpassed only by the regret he entertained at his failure, concluded by declaring it to be his fixed determination to remain with his warriors and defend the place himself. The effect of his speech was instantaneous. No sooner had the last words died away upon his lips, than the various chieftains started up to a man, and, brandishing their tomahawks in the most menacing manner, vociferated their approbation of his sentiments. The scene altogether was of the most imposing character. The council-room was a large lofty building, the vaulted roof of which echoed back the wild yell of the Indians ; while the threatening attitude and diversified costume of these latter formed a striking contrast with the calm demeanour and military garb of the officers grouped around the walls. The most prominent feature in the picture, however, was Tecumseh. Habited in a close leather dress, his athletic proportions were admirably delineated, while a large plume of white ostrich feathers, by which he was generally distinguished, overshadowing his brow and contrasting with the darkness of his complexion and the brilliancy of his black and piercing eye, gave a singularly wild and terrific expression to his features. It was evident that he could be terrible. Tranquillity being at length restored, General Procter, through the medium of his interpreters, entered into a more detailed account of the motives by which he was influenced, and finally succeeded in prevailing on the warrior to assent to a second proposal, which was to retire to the Moravian village, distant nearly half way between

Amherstburg and the outposts of the centre division, and there await the approach of the enemy.

It having been resolved to move without loss of time, the troops were immediately employed in razing the fortifications, and committing such stores as it was found impossible to remove, to the flames kindled in the various public buildings; and the ports of Detroit and Amherstburg for some days previous to our departure presented a scene of cruel desolation. At length, the baggage-waggons and boats having been sent in advance, the troops of the latter garrison commenced its march early in the last week of September, and being joined by those of Detroit, proceeded up the mouth of the Thames, a river navigable for small craft, and separated from that of Detroit by the Lake Sinclair, into which it empties itself. Our movements were extremely dilatory; and although the bridge near Amherstburg, already described in the early part of this memoir, had been destroyed by our rear-guard, it was speedily repaired by the American general, who, on the third day after our departure from Amherstburg, crossed the lake in boats; and hastening to overtake us with a corps of five thousand men, was within a few leagues at the moment we approached the position where it was originally intended the little army should intrench itself.

The Moravian village, situated in a small plain, offered every facility of defence, being bounded on one flank by a thick wood highly favourable to the operations of the Indians, and on the other, by the river Thames, while immediately in front a deep ravine, covered with brushwood, and commanded by our guns, presented an obstacle peculiarly unfavourable to the passage of cavalry, of which, we were sufficiently informed, a large portion of the advancing columns consisted. Yet, notwithstanding the excellence of the position, from some strange and inexplicable motive, the project was entirely abandoned. On the evening of the 4th, the enemy had captured our boats, and, with them, the guard by which they were accompanied. On the 5th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, we were within two miles of the Moravian village, but in defiance of that repeated experience which should have taught us the hopelessness of combating a concealed enemy, the troops were ordered to defile into the heart of a thick and almost impervious wood, through the interstices of which it was impossible for the view to extend itself beyond a distance of twenty paces, much less to discover objects bearing so close a resemblance to the bark and foliage of the trees and bushes as the costume of the Americans; whereas, on the contrary, the glaring red of the troops formed a point of relief on which the eye could not fail to dwell. In this position, we continued to remain during three hours, our left wing extending to the road, in which a solitary six-pounder was posted, and the right flanked by the Indians to the number of 1500 under Tecumseh, when the bugles of the enemy sounding at length to the attack, the engagement commenced. The result of an affair, against a body of such numerical superiority, and under such circumstances, may easily be anticipated. Closely pressed on every hand, and principally by a corps of 1500 mounted riflemen, the troops were finally compelled to give way, and, completely hemmed in by their assailants, had no other alternative than to lay down their arms—fifty men only with a single officer, Lieutenant Bullock of the 41st, contriving to effect their escape through the wood. General Procter, mounted on an excellent courser, and accompanied by his personal staff, sought safety in flight at the very commencement of the action, and, being pursued for some hours by a detachment of cavalry, was in imminent danger of falling into their hands. Being subsequently tried for his conduct in this affair, on charges preferred by Lieutenant-colonel Warburton, inspecting field-officer, and Brevet Major Chambers, acting deputy quarter-master general, he was suspended from rank and pay for six months.

In this affair, I had an opportunity of particularly witnessing the cruel dexterity and despatch with which the Indians use the tomahawk and scalping-knife. An American rifleman who had been dismounted within a few paces of the spot where I stood, was fired at by three warriors of the Delaware tribe. The unfortunate man received the several balls in his body, yet,

though faint and tottering from loss of blood, he made every exertion to save himself. The foremost of his pursuers was a tall powerful man. When arrived within fifteen paces of his victim, uncovered in his flight, he threw his tomahawk, and with such force and precision, that it immediately opened the skull and extended him motionless on the earth. Laying down his rifle, he drew forth his knife, and after having removed the hatchet from the brain, proceeded to make a circular incision throughout the scalp. This done, he grasped the bloody instrument between his teeth, and placing his knees on the back of his victim, while at the same time he fastened his hands in the hair, the scalp was torn off without much apparent difficulty, and thrust still bleeding into his bosom. The warrior then arose, and after having wiped his knife on the clothes of the unhappy man, returned it to its sheath, grasping at the same time the arms he had abandoned, and hastening to rejoin his comrades. All this was the work of a minute.

The severest loss we sustained was that of the gallant and unfortunate Tecumseh. In the early part of the action, he had been personally opposed to Colonel Johnson, commanding the American riflemen, and having severely wounded that officer with a ball from his rifle, was in the act of springing on him with his tomahawk, when his adversary drew a pistol from his belt, and shot him dead on the spot. No sooner had he fallen, than a party of Americans, seizing his lifeless body, proceeded to strip him of his skin, which they subsequently converted into razor strops!! thus testifying, in their anxiety to obtain this species of trophy, the dread they entertained of the warlike chieftain, while living, and the degree of importance they attached to his death. When the account of his fate was conveyed to the officers of the division, the most lively regret was manifested by each; and for some time, the bitter impressions arising from a sense of captivity, were absorbed in the melancholy inspired by his fall. It is not less an eulogy to the memory of the noble-minded Tecumseh, than a justice due to General Harrison to add, that that officer was the first to deplore his death; and the sentiments he expressed when the circumstance and manner of his fall were made known, were such as to reflect credit on himself, both as a man, a gentleman, a Christian, and a soldier.

The advantage obtained by the enemy was subsequently promulgated in pompous terms, in a general order issued by Governor Selby, under whose immediate command the American riflemen were placed. A copy of this unique production afterwards fell into the hands of Lieutenant Cochrane of the 41st, by whom it is, I believe, still preserved as a specimen of Kentuckian literature and Kentuckian modesty. The style was evidently an attempted imitation of the Bulletins of the Grand Army of Napoleon; and a person unacquainted with the event to which it owed its being, would have been tempted to imagine the achievements of the Army of Ohio and Kentucky little inferior to those of the victors of Austerlitz. Among other comparisons, all of singular and equally appropriate character, was that of an officer of little note, killed in the engagement, with Dessaix at the battle of Marengo! To cite its absurdities, however, would be to cite the despatch; and to give that its due weight the orthography and style are indispensably necessary. Governor Selby was a stout vulgar-looking man, resembling rather, in air and manner, one of the drovers by which the army was accompanied, than the chief magistrate of a province. To the custody of this invincible and his legions (as they were classically termed) were the prisoners delivered over by General Harrison, for the purpose of being conducted into the heart of the American wilderness; and on the morning of the 7th we commenced our march, traversing at length as captives, and for the last time, that territory we had so long struggled to secure from the grasp of the invader.

The detail of our imprisonment, the seclusion of the officers as hostages, and the various indignities we were compelled to endure from a vindictive and infuriated people, to whom the bare idea of any thing British was a source of detestation, will form the second part of this memoir.

THE PARTING SHIP.

" A glittering ship, that bath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain."

WORDSWORTH.

Go in thy glory o'er the ancient Sea,
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell ;
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be—
Fare thee well, Bark, farewell !

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and song ;
Who now of storms hath dream or memory left ?—
And yet the Deep is strong !

But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles
Of Summer tremble on the water's breast !
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand Isles,
In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome, breathing o'er the tide,
The Genii-groves of Araby shall pour ;
Waves that enfold the pearl, shall bathe thy side,
On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie
O'er glassy bays, wherein thy sails are furl'd,
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by,
Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of southern skies,
On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd in sleep,
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,
Between the Heavens and Deep !

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renown'd,
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes way ;
Strange creatures of th' abyss that none may sound,
In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark ;—
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career !
Hail, and farewell, thou Bark !

A long farewell !—Thou wilt not bring us back
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth
Many are thine whose steps no more shall track
Their own sweet native earth !

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain-shade,
Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright ;
Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,
By the cold northern light :

And some far down below the sounding wave—
Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep ;
Never may flower be strown above their grave,
Never may sister weep !

And thou—the billow's queen—e'en *thy* proud form
On our glad sight no more, perchance, may swell ;—
Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—
Fare thee well, Bark ! farewell !

F. H.

ANECDOTICAL RECOLLECTIONS.—NO. II.

I had the honour once in my life, of seeing the celebrated Howard, and am perhaps one of the last who saw him upon English ground. It was at Falmouth in 1790, or the year preceding. He was a spare man, of a very mild aspect, yet exhibiting nothing which impressed the observer with any deficiency of firmness or resolution in his character. He had been attending the worship of a congregation of dissenters, in which he was never again to join on British ground; for in his religious sentiments he was of that class, though his philanthropy knew no distinction of creed—Christian, Jew, or Mahometan; his charity being (as Henry IV. observed his child was) “for all the world.” He walked with a light step, accompanied by my father; all eyes were fixed upon him; and I have often thought since how much more merited was that silent homage of respect, and how much more approved in the eyes of a benevolent Deity, than the yells of the multitude and the shouts of dazzled sycophants at the beels of the butchers of mankind, with their retinues of bayonets and their trophies of crime and desolation. I think it was on the day following that Howard set sail, never to return.

Howard brings to my recollection another celebrated philanthropist and friend of universal man, whose name will co-exist with his own, Dr. Franklin. I once met with an individual who had known the philosopher, and had lately visited the Doctor's daughter in America, Mrs. Bach. This lady had a numerous family, and resided in the house of her father, an interesting residence when the mind that occupied it is considered. The building was in Market-street, Philadelphia, and though close to a public market, cut off from all noise and bustle. It was lofty and commodious, well, but not superfluously furnished. The library was very large; and in it hung, among others, a picture of the late Bishop of St. Asaph and his family. There were the pictures, writing-desk, and books of the great deceased, just as he left them. Mrs. B. spoke with strong filial feeling of the Doctor's tedious illness, his self-possession under the most excruciating agonies, and the serenity amidst all, that constantly dwelt upon his features, sometimes changing into a smile. Two days before his death he observed to her—“My dear, I do not recollect that in the course of thy whole life I was even for a single moment angry with thee.” The entire tenor of his conduct during his last illness was the same. Every thing was right; all that was done for him was done as it should be; nothing ruffled the composure of his mind; and thus he expired. From many circumstances it may be concluded, that Franklin was inclined to deism in his religious opinions; but he never obtruded them on any. It is just to observe, however, that he remarked on the doctrine of the Universalists*, according to his daughter (and his family were among the favourers of that sect), that in his opinion no system in the Christian world was so well calculated to promote the interests of society as the doctrine which showed “a God reconciling a lapsed world to himself.”

Sir W. Chatham Trelawney, who died Governor of Jamaica in 1769, used to observe of Chatham, that it was impossible for the members of

* The Universalists of America assert that Christ died for all men, and that all will be ultimately saved.

the side opposed to him in the House of Commons to look him in the face when he was warmed in debate: he seemed to bid them all a haughty defiance. "For my own part," said Trelawney, "I never dared cast my eyes towards his, for if I did, they nailed me to the floor." I had this from Wolcot, who went out to the West Indies with Trelawney as his physician.

The Bourbons.—It has been repeatedly asserted, that the Allied Powers were willing to leave the settlement of the form of government to the French people themselves, in the year 1814, provided Napoleon and his family were excluded from the throne. Whether this declaration was sincere or not, it is very certain they took no pains to ascertain the sentiments of the nation upon the subject, and that the ancient dynasty was recalled, not by the voice of the people at large, but through the intrigues of the emigrants, and the trickery of a few leading men in Paris, who had been Bonapartists, Bourbonites, Republicans, and had betrayed all in turn. It was asserted, that the citizens of Paris crowded to the Hotel of the Emperor of Russia, and demanded Louis XVIII., and that the determination of the Allied Powers was fixed upon that prince in consequence. It may be worth while to know how this affirmed demand on the part of the people was brought about, especially when at the return of Napoleon from Elba none were found to follow the fortunes of this imbecile family—no struggle was made by the people in its behalf. If no more upon this subject comes to light hereafter, the following may afford a cue to explain this seeming mystery.

It was in the year 1816, that I became acquainted with a French officer, whose name, De F——, as he is, I believe, still alive, I will not give at full length. He commanded the *gens-d'armes* of a northern arrondissement, and had been some years a prisoner in England. He was the man who shot Lieutenant D——, of the *Peterel* Schooner, by which vessel he was captured last war, and for which service he was honoured by Napoleon with the cross of the Legion of Honour. Dining with me one day, and talking of the restoration of the Bourbons, I expressed my surprise, that having served Napoleon so faithfully, he could turn round and become a staunch adherent of the old dynasty. He very frankly said, "I will explain how it was. My relations were several of them emigrants. I had been a long while a prisoner in the north of England, and saw no chance of returning home. Upon the ill success of Napoleon in Russia, hopes were immediately conceived by the emigrants in England, and by the Royal Family there, that it might lead to a restoration of the present king. Several persons had been despatched to Paris, to open a correspondence with their friends there. None that I know of had been successful; several were imprisoned and sentenced to death, having been discovered to be agents in traitorous correspondence. I was sent for from Scotland to London* by my relations, and the question put to me, if I would venture to Paris, as being a prisoner of war and an officer of Napoleon's: I could easily pretend to have made my escape. I took a little time to consider, and then determined to venture. I received three letters,

* Castlereagh must have given him leave to come up, and was perhaps in the plot.

one for Prince T——, another for the Duke de F—— : [I forget for whom he told me he received the third.] I reached Paris in safety; the letters were concealed in the lining of my hat, and were delivered according to their address. I was told by Prince T——, to remain quiet, and when he had any thing to say he would send for me. I remained so a considerable time, until the Allies marched into Paris, and the Emperor of Russia fixed his quarters in the palace of Elysée Bourbon, when one day I was sent for by a relative, and asked if I had any objection to make myself useful. I replied, that having embarked in the Bourbon cause, I was willing to stand by it to the last: I had no hope but that. The orders I received were, to go to the Garden of the Tuileries, and give away money, with which my pockets were purposely fully supplied, and that when they were exhausted I should receive more. 'But the police,' I replied.—'Mind nothing,' was the answer. 'You will see plenty of idlers about there, principally of the lower classes; fling away your silver, and call out, *Vivent les Bourbons! Vive Louis XVIII!* When you have collected a good number around you, it will soon appear what you are to do.' I did so, said De F——; my five-franc pieces soon collected a score or two of persons, and then the mob began to increase rapidly. I had no idea of what all this could be for, and shall never forget how I hesitated before I began the cry '*Vivent les Bourbons!*' and threw away my first five-franc piece. I feared the interposition of the sentinels planted at the gates of the palace, but they remained idle spectators, at which I wondered. None of the police interfered, and I had got together two or three hundred persons in this way, when, just as I had exhausted my money, I saw a crowd pass the grille, or iron gate, on the side of the Rue Rivoli, crying '*Vive Louis XVIII!*' I followed at the head of my party toward the palace: some of the mob hoped to pick up money, and some went out of curiosity. On arriving opposite the Elysée Bourbon, I saw several parties come up from other directions. A cry for the Emperor of Russia arose, mingled with '*Vivent les Bourbons! Vive Louis XVIII!*' I then saw the object of the manœuvre, and my money, of which I had obtained a fresh supply, again flew, and the shouts were redoubled. The next day it was announced that the people of Paris had demanded the Bourbons of the Allies, and that they would be restored. I profited by getting my present appointment soon after, and was promised a more lucrative one speedily. Having taken up the cause of Louis XVIII. I shall sacredly serve him. Napoleon has no chance of escape from St. Helena; and what can I do better than be faithful?—I shall be so." This conversation took place in presence of two other persons, one of whom is still living. There was no desire of keeping it a secret expressed by ———, who spoke English as well as he did French, and told the story in the former language, expressing how fortunately things had turned out in his favour.

I observe, in the Gentleman's Magazine, a biography of Incledon. Incledon was the melodist of nature, not of art. He had the most powerful as well as the sweetest voice of his time. Incledon was a coarse man, never having shaken off the vulgarism of his early life and habits. There is too often a tendency, arising from obliquity

of mind, in those who put together the biography of remarkable men, to conceal humbleness of birth, and to disguise the truth respecting them if they have sprung from low parentage, or were born in humble circumstances : as if being come of wealthy or high-born parents contributed to genius, or that genius gained a ray of lustre from their advantages. This feeling prevails in England more than in any other country. We should, indeed, diminish the roll of immortal names, to which England owes so much, if we deprived it of those who were neither wealthily born, nor ranked in the circumstance of birth beyond the middling class. Away, then, with such pitiful concealings of the truth. Incledon is in some accounts stated to have been the son of a respectable medical man in Cornwall : the truth is, his father was a poor village apothecary, who literally wandered through the country, almost a beggar. I knew those who had known him well : his widow he left in great poverty. She was rather a superior woman in appearance, but addicted in her latter years to drinking. She died somewhere about the year 1808 ; and her son, to his honour, always allowed her a sum of money annually for her maintenance, which was paid her by little and little at a time, to prevent her from squandering it. She was buried at Kenwyn by Chasewater ; in which parish she had lived many years. I think, but am not certain, that Incledon was born at Helston. He went into the west, soon after his mother's decease, on a professional tour, and, journeying into Cornwall, visited with a feeling, which did honour to his heart, her humble grave. Coarse as Incledon was in manners and in general conduct, his heart was kind, and the scene of this visit was related to me as a strange mixture of the pathetic and ludicrous. After standing a few minutes by the grave, to which he had walked as if he were going to play Captain Macheath, telling blustering stories, mingled up with a seasoning of oaths and jests ; he burst into tears, literally blubbering like a great boy about his ' dear mother.' He remained a few minutes silent. Then walking away as if he had been viewing something quite indifferent to him, he recovered his former spirits in an instant ; and he expressed his fears he should be too late for the dinner-hour, to the convivialities of which he was a well-known devotee. I once agreed with a few friends to give Incledon a dinner. Our motive was to get some sea-songs from him, which no one ever sang in so noble and inspiring a style, nor will ever so sing them again. After dosing him with champagne, he began ; and whether it was with excitation of the wine, or real power on his part, or youthful spirits on mine, I know not, but I never felt the effect of any singing so powerfully. His " Storm " still thrills in my ears. He drank a double quantity of wine, and the scene closed, after my asking him to give " Total Eclipse " from Samson Agonistes, by his getting only half through it, becoming *hors de combat*, with the words " total eclipse—ipse-ipse " on his tongue.

I have heard that this vocalist being in Wales, and having to sing before a country audience, was accompanied by a Welsh harper, who, whatever proficiency he might boast in playing the national airs of the sons of St. David, was unequal to the task of keeping time with Incledon. The singer and the instrument started together, but very quickly separated ; it became the race of the hare and tortoise. In

rain Incledon began again, or paused to make matters even. The harper was imperturbably obstinate in his jog-trot time—a very German postilion. At last the singer could bear it no longer, and in a paroxysm of anger, more violent for his preceding attempts to suppress it, he in his coarse language addressed the audience, “Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry—I have endeavoured to do my best,—I cannot go on for this d—— King David’s harp of yours.” This prophane mode of introducing an Old Testament name was nothing to the contempt it implied for the patron saint of Wales and his instrument, which was all Incledon meant to express; unluckily, or perhaps luckily for himself, introducing “king” for “saint.”

Churchill, Pope.—A lady related to my family by marriage, of very clear intellects and wonderful memory for her years, who died in 1816 at an advanced age, told me that she very well remembered Pope, having been taken to a ball at Bath where the poet was present. She was quite a girl, but recollected his little deformed figure very well, though nothing of his features. The attention of all in the room was directed to him, which impressed it on her memory. She had visited also the Allens at Prior Park, Pope’s friends.—She had known Hogarth and Charles Churchill: the latter familiarly. Churchill was the last man in appearance or manners, and according to her even in conversation, from whom celebrity might have been expected,—“he was a perfect waggoner,” she said. All the wits and artists of the time visited her father’s house, and he got ultimately into difficulties by his liberality towards Wilkes, of whom she used to relate many anecdotes. Her doubts about the Chevalier D’Eon, and her stories of the conversations and surmises respecting him, were very remarkable, and with her as it were a matter of the present day. She was the wife of a country clergyman of good fortune and family. I often think I may say what few now living can, “I have talked with one in the nineteenth century who had been in company with Pope.”

Belzoni.—This modest and indefatigable man, it is well known, died in poverty. He had laboured more for fame than profit, and others reaped the reputation that should be his. There is an empiricism, it seems, in antiquity-hunting and *virtù*, as well as in medicine. No just mention of Belzoni occurs in the British Museum, in enumerating the articles that enrich it through his labours. The Patrician may supply a little money, but then the toil or glory must not be divided. Ingenuity, risque and labour, are nothing to your guineas. Rich men are beginning to find they can buy a name, and the goddess of fame (never till now charged with corruption) is, it appears, “*to be had.*” But what sort of notoriety is acquired by such means! Those monuments would not have visited England but for Belzoni. Posterity will do him justice; his toil, his sagacity, his skill and perseverance, obtained them. Mæcenæ never dreamed of buying the authorship of the writings of Horace; he was content to go down to time as the poet’s patron. Poor Belzoni complained to me of the neglect with which he had been treated, and the superciliousness of men who should have been content with the honest fame of aiding his exertions. “I have enemies whenever I attempt any thing,” said he; “I fear I shall be utterly ruined, now I am going to try for myself.” His prophecy was a true one, and he died the victim of its fulfilment, else he

would have proceeded into Africa by a different route. I knew him many years, and a less presuming, kinder, milder creature, uniting moreover true courage and indefatigable perseverance, I never met with. Coming up Bond-street with him one day during the trial of the late Queen, several persons whispered, "There is Bergami:" his gigantic frame and wearing mustachios probably giving the idea of his being the famous chamberlain. "Let us turn into the Square," said Belzoni, meaning into that of Hanover; "we shall meet fewer people. I am well nigh tired of England."

German Phlegm.—Conversing one day with a German field-officer of cavalry upon the apparent phlegm of the national character, from which one might suppose they were the least imaginative people upon earth, did not the German authors prove the contrary, he observed, that rapidity of manœuvring among German troops was the most difficult task to teach them. Every thing that line and rule could do with large bodies of men, giving them moderate time to act, would be executed by them as well as by any other soldiers. Their hussars and partizans acting separately, were not very deficient in expedition, but in moving masses of troops, and accustoming them to rapid evolutions, the national character always appeared. In the field, no soldier was more imperturbable than the German. If it was the order to a man to stand in a heavy fire without returning it, he obeyed as indifferently as if it was any order else free from personal danger. The French had, in their levity of body, and rapidity of motion, always the advantage, and this was one secret of their success. When the German soldier has been a little accustomed to fire, he will move in his slowest or quickest time with the same quantum of stimulus, and the same *sang-froid*—one pace seems as indifferent to him as the other—to be idle as to be acting. "I remember," said he, "in my regiment of cavalry, many men who would sit and smoke their pipes without the least emotion, inactive, and within range of the French shot and shells, scarcely noticing the frequent casualties among themselves—a glance towards the fallen and then an extra puff of the pipe, were the only apparent results from the fate of a comrade. One day a shell fell close in front of my squadron; there it lay, the fuze burning, the explosion expected to deal death in our ranks, for we were stationed by command, and ordered not to move:—we might as well have been three or four hundred yards out of the way until we were wanted to act, but such were our orders. All eyes in front were fixed on the engine of destruction;—it burst, killed one man, and wounded several horses close by me. The dragoon on the right of him who had fallen, had both the fore-legs of his horse taken off by the explosion, and falling, broke the pipe of which he had been making good use up to that moment. He got up, shook himself, eyed his mutilated horse, and then taking up the fragments of his pipe, he went to the rear, exclaimed, 'D—n the shell, it has broken my pipe!'"

The same officer told me, that he was employed in Spain in the French service with the Germans attached to Napoleon's army, and was one who quitted that country to proceed to Russia. The Spanish guerillas he described as not at all formidable to disciplined troops careful of surprise, but it required incessant watchfulness to guard against their attacks. Woe to all stragglers! The cruelty of some of these bands commanded by priests was horribly inhuman. In one

instance, two or three French soldiers had been taken by a party, which, having stripped them naked, tied them to a tree, and on the left side, over the heart, fixed with bodkins in the flesh a dark bit of cloth as a bull's eye, and shot at them for amusement. Two were killed one after another in this way, and the third was saved by a body of French cavalry surprising them.—“I was once,” said he, “the means of saving from a horrible death by the guerillas, a body of the bravest men that ever carried muskets. A detachment of French troops, amounting to two or three hundred, was despatched on a foraging party to a village out of the reach of immediate support from the main body, but where no danger was apprehended. The detachment reached the place unmolested, but were scarcely in it before the noise of a numerous body of guerillas approaching met their ears. The band had received intelligence of the march of the French party through mounted spies employed by the priests. Scarcely had the troops time to get together when fifteen hundred most villainous-looking fellows, armed all sorts of ways, appeared in sight. To retreat before so many, the intervening distance from the main body, was impracticable. In the centre of the village stood an insulated stone church; into this it was but the work of a moment to throw themselves before they were attacked on all sides. They defended themselves from the windows bravely for two burning hot days and nights without a morsel of food or drink of water. The Spaniards contrived to fire the roof, and the blazing rafters fell in; but the walls were thick, and the aisles next the windows arched with stone, which preserved them. Many were dreadfully scorched, but they made good their resistance until the third day; when at the last extremity from fatigue and starvation, I came up with a regiment of cavalry and rescued them, more like spectres than men; but few could articulate so as to be understood. The guerillas disappeared as if by enchantment; a few of them only were overtaken and sabred. The detachment which had defended itself did not lose more than a fourth of its numbers, but they sold their lives dearly. The suffering of the survivors was more distressing than any thing I had ever witnessed.”

—This excellent officer told me there were many situations much more productive of fear in his mind than the hour of conflict. “I was with my regiment employed to escort a vast quantity of ammunition from France for the siege of Saragossa. On a part of the road which was exceedingly mountainous, the sun was setting amid thick clouds, while the immense train of waggons and their escort were visible in a long unbroken zigzag line from the summit of the heights; I saw we should have a storm. Not two hours after dark it came on, and burst upon us with great fury. The rolling of the wheels of the waggons and grating of the loose balls against each other, the cries of the men, the roaring of the thunder, and the incessant lightning, by the flashes of which the escort was visible from front to rear for several miles, was horrible enough; but my terror arose from the extreme vividness of the flashes, which seemed to hang on that lofty ground, around the masses of metal in the waggons. I dreaded the blowing up of the powder caissons, and the ruin that must ensue around. Every flash deepened my fears: I was almost faint from terror mingled with anxiety: all were horribly apprehensive. The darkness, the mountains, the reverberation of sound, and a hissing noise which accompanied the

lightning—no, I shall never forget it! I have been in many battles, and seven times wounded, but I never felt a hundredth part of the fear I felt that terrible night!”

Duke of York.—Nearly twenty years ago General England, now deceased, was commander of the garrison of Plymouth. He was a very tall man, and proportionably broad, with no little abdominal protuberance; in short, one of the largest of the male species. I was told by his Aide-de-Camp, that on his introduction to the Duke of York being over, (on his return from some command abroad,) as soon as he turned his back and was out of hearing, His Royal Highness said in a low tone to an officer near him,—“*England! Great Britain, by G—!*”

Duelling.—Expressing my surprise one day to Wolcot that his satirical disposition had not got him into more scrapes; he told me he never was in but one that seriously alarmed him. It was with the late General M'Cormick. “We had passed the previous forenoon alone together, when something I said more severe than I ought to the general, roused his anger. He retorted. I was more caustic than before. He went away, and sent me a challenge for the next morning. Six o'clock was the hour fixed upon: the ground to be the Green at Truro, which at that time was sufficiently retired. There were no seconds. The window of my room, however, commanded the Green, I had scarcely got out of bed to dress for the appointment, when, pulling aside the curtains, I saw the general walking up and down on the side next the river half an hour before time. The sun was just rising cloudily, the morning bitterly cold, which, with the sight of the general's pistol and his attendance on the ground before the hour appointed, were by no means calculated to strengthen my nerves. I dressed, and, while doing so, made up my mind it was great folly for two old friends to pop away each other's lives. My resolution was speedily taken. I rang for my servant girl: ‘Molly, light the fire instantly, make some good toast, let the breakfast be got in a minute for two.’ ‘Yes, Sir.’ My watch was within a minute of the time. Pistol in hand, I went out the back way from my house, which opened on the Green. I crossed it like a lion, and went up to M'Cormick. He looked firm, but did not speak. I did. ‘Good morning t'ye, general.’ The general bowed. ‘This is too cold a morning for fighting.’ ‘There is but one alternative,’ said the general distantly. ‘It is what you soldiers call an apology, I suppose! My dear fellow, I would rather make twenty when I was so much in the wrong as I was yesterday, but I will only make it on one condition.’ ‘I cannot talk of conditions, Sir,’ said the general. ‘Why then I will consider the condition assented to. It is that you will come in and take a devilish good breakfast with me now ready on the table; I am exceedingly sorry if I hurt your feelings yesterday, for I meant not to do it.’ We shook hands like old friends, and soon forgot our difference over tea and toast; but I did not like the pistols and that cold morning, notwithstanding. I believe many duels might end as harmlessly, could the combatants command the field as I did from my window, and on such a cursed cold morning too!”

Bourbon Superstitions.—I saw an order given by Louis XVIII. to transfer the bones of St. Denis to the abbey church from the church of St. Margaret, and the ridiculous nature of such an ordinance was oc-

cupying my mind when the Abbé C——, whom I knew, came up, and I began rallying him upon its folly. "Surely, Monsieur C——," I observed, "the king is not at the bottom of this; he has plain common sense, and must secretly laugh at it. Then why is he such a hypocrite as to issue this order? It is not to please the people of Paris, they laugh at it." "It is to please the priests," replied Monsieur C——: "we must influence a portion of the community; and this is a favour granted to religion,—nonsensical enough, it is true,—but the king is a Bourbon, and there never was a Bourbon yet who was not a double dealer, except perhaps Louis XVI.; and the contents of the iron chest tell a little against him also." "But are these really the bones of St. Denis, Monsieur C.?" "No one believes they are," was his reply, "but the fanatical party; few or none of the regular clergy believe it, but the emigrant old priests, and the young ones, who are craving for power, pretend to do so. The Abbé de Boulogne delivers a sermon on the occasion. Though Louis XVIII. knows there are no such real relics, he gives three shrines to enclose the remains of somebody else." "And your St. Denis!" said I, "he puts me in mind of Lord Lovat, who, being beheaded in England for treason, was, according to some Scotchmen, seen afterwards walking about the church-yard with his head under his arm, as St. Denis did from the Abbey to Paris." "My dear friend," replied Monsieur C: "it hardly becomes me to say so, nor would I to one of my own countrymen; but while the better part of the French people laugh at it all, many of the vulgar put faith in such ceremonies, and their faith will shortly increase the influence of the priesthood, and draw them to interfere with temporal affairs again.* At the Revolution almost all the relics in our churches were utterly destroyed. Among those at St. Denis there were before that time, rated as the most precious, a crucifix made of the real cross, with the arms of the Duke de Berry upon it! A silver shrine, with relics of Jesus Christ. One of the nails with which Jesus was attached to the cross: there were hundreds among us of these before the Revolution. An image of the Virgin Mary, with some of her hair. A bone of the arm of St. Simon. A bone of the martyr St. Hyppolite. A shrine with the clouts and swaddling-clothes of the infant Saviour. A tooth of St. Pancras. The bones of St. Placide, in rock crystal. A pitcher of marble used at the marriage of Cana. A cross of iron made out of the gridiron on which St. Lawrence was broiled. The hair and clothes of St. Margaret. A finger of St. Bartlemy. A shoulder-bone of St. John the Baptist. A second cross of the wood of the true cross. Some relics of St. Denis. One of the bones of the prophet Isaiah. A hand of St. Thomas. A bone of St. Louis, King of France, and some fragments of his clothes. A thorn from the crown placed on the head of Christ, set in a ruby. The head of St. Peter, and a hundred similar articles, all swept away at the downfall of Louis XVI."

"How, since these relics were placed in the Abbey-church before the Revolution, according to you, can they be carried thither again now from another church, seeing they were destroyed?"

"I can't answer," replied he: "the truth is, that our regular clergy under Napoleon were kept to their spiritual duties. Most of them were

* This has proved to be a true prophecy.

sensible men, and as little inclined to carry on such farces as you or I. On the return of the reigning family the superstitious put themselves forward, swarms of emigrants came home, fanaticism, which had slept, awoke, and the really sincere and religious clergy were little in odour with the Bourbons, who are not a whit wiser for their misfortunes." "You will now run an ill chance, my friend," I replied; "you must turn hypocrite too!" "I am thinking about it, between ourselves!" said the merry Abbé, "*bon jour, Monsieur!*"

ON HEARING THE ROAR OF THE SEA AT NIGHT.

VOICE of the mighty deep,
Piercing the drowsy night,
Thou scarest the gentle sleep,
Whose pinions will not light
Where thou intrudest busy thought,
With depths dark as thy secrets fraught.

Thy mystic sounds I hear,
Peal of unwonted things;
Of wonders far and near
The hollow music rings,
Its notes borne wild around the world,
Where'er thy dark-blue waves are curl'd.

Oh, no, I cannot sleep,
Thou vast and glorious sea!
While thou dost thus the vigil keep
Of thy great majesty,
I think God's image near me is,
In all its awful mysteries.

Thou art a spirit, Ocean, thou!—
Giant of earth and air,
Spanning the universe; and now,
While making music here,
Ten thousand leagues afar thy wave
Rolling upon an empire's grave!

Thy arm that shakes me here
Thunders upon the shore
Of North, and South, and central sphere,
Fuego, Labrador;
From flaming Equinox to frigid Pole,
Belting the earth thy waters roll—

Engulphing mountains at a sweep
Beneath their angry sway,
Or raising islands from the deep
In their triumphant way,
Or murmuring sweet round Scian Rocks,
In cadence soft as beauty's smiles.

'Tis midnight!—earth and air
Are hush'd in lair and nest—
Thy energy from thy long birth
Hath never needed rest:
Thou dost not tire—thou feel'st not toil,—
Thou art not form'd, like me, of soil.

Why dost thou thunder so?

What in thy deeps profound,
Thus as a strong man with his foe,
Gives out that angry sound?

On earth no foe can ever be,
Prince of creation, worthy thee!

Age thou hast never known—

Thou shalt be young and free,
Till God command thee give thine own,
And all is dumb save thee;
And haply when the sun is blood,
Unchanged shall be thy mighty flood.

I will not grudge my sleep
Upon thine own vast shore,
Since though I am too mean, O Deep!

To check thy angry roar,
Proud sea! the wanderings of my mind
May leave thy depths and world behind!

DICTIONARY OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.—NO. VII.

AIRS and GRACES.—*The Countess of Carlisle*.—*Pert young Ladies and Maid-servants*.—*Parnell's Ballad on Beauty*.

AIRS and graces,—a lady in her *airs*,—an *air* of sweetness, of sullenness, &c. “There was an *air* about her, difficult to express.” The word *air*, used in these senses, is intended to express the most delicate and evanescent part of look or manner,—that which invests and breathes around it like an atmosphere; or that gives it its turn and effect, as the air affects the weather-cock; or that may be said to modulate and flow along with it, like an air in music: for in these, as in all synonyms, there is a correspondence and a reference to the family root. There seems a defect in the expression, inasmuch as it implies something acting rather from without than within; whereas it would fain express the turn given to a person's look or manner by the immediate state of the mind. Thus, there is no animal that appears to give itself so many airs as the swan; and yet in none do we recognize a more obvious principle of will and self-movement. It is the same in a pigeon, when it is courted. The very phrase “*give itself airs*,” is extremely internal and *per se*. In short, the word *air*, and *airs*, seems to be the next thing to desperate gesticulation, when we are in want of words, and set about expressing our meaning by sawing the air itself, making a flourish with the finger, &c. and saying “you know,” and “that kind of thing.” The *je ne sçai quoi* of the French is an air. Air is the most incorporeal and fugitive substance we are acquainted with, and we resort to it to express the most incorporeal aspect of bodily movement. Air is also the next thing to body in point of place; and we may imagine it shaped and acted upon. A late poet, speaking of the taste for beauty in a writer whom he regarded, and allegorizing the effect of it by a myrtle, says of that plant of Venus, that it

“—Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds
“A silent space with ever-sprouting green.”

There is exquisite gusto in this. Claude would have put it in his next picture. It paints to us a thing invisible—an effect that we feel without seeing; and invests the object with a sort of ethereal pulp and saturation, equally rich and free. This is what we mean, when we say of a beauty, that there is a charm *about* her. Drayton, speaking of a couple of beautiful girls, says with an agreeable hyperbole and great delicacy of expression, —

“ The air moves not but as you please,
So much, sweet nymphs, it owes you :
The winds do cast them to their ease,
And amorously enclose you.”

The ancients, no doubt, meant to insinuate our modern idea of graces and airs, when they painted the goddess of beauty attended with Cupids on the wing. It was not to express a love ready to fly away; but graces and loves flying round and *to*; mixtures of Cupid and Zephyr “ casting them *to* their ease.” They do not appear to have made use of our word. They have “ quips and cranks” in plenty,

“ Joci, Deliciæque, et Illecebræ ;”

but no *airs*; though doubtless these were included. The *grata protervitas* of Horace seems to imply a beauty in her airs; and was understood in that sense by Congreve, when he translated it, not very well,—

“ And with a grateful sullenness she charms.”

It should rather be called an agreeable waywardness. Anacreon almost hit upon our phrase, when he directed the painter of his mistress to set the Graces flying about her :—

Τρυφερου δ' εσω γενειου
Περι Λυγδινω τραχηλω
Χαριτες πετοινο πασαι.

Upon which passage Mr. Moore has luxuriated :—

“ Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a love within,
Mould her neck, with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While *airy charms*, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.”

The word “ air,” applied to aspect and gesture, is modern, and, we suspect, Provençal. It comes to us from the lands of the romance language, where it is still in use; and is just the word for a beauty in the days of chivalry. The Greek and Roman women, generally speaking, were not allowed to give themselves airs, like the others. The musical term, *air*, most probably originated at the same time. There is no greater analogy than between the forms of sound and gesture; as every body has experienced, who has either played music, or listened to it, with enthusiasm. See an enthusiast at the piano-forte, and mark how he sways about his body, bending and smiling to the sweet shapings of the air.

It was well observed to us the other day, that there is a difference between the two phrases, of *airs and graces*, and *graces and airs*. The

former, now-a-days, is generally used in a bad sense; the latter retains the spirit of the old meaning, but is seldom met with, except in ballads and *jeux-d'esprit*. The reason is, that the abuse of airs and graces gradually got them a bad name; and that the wits and poets, wishing to preserve them (and at the same time to accommodate their rhymes), inverted the appellation, and thus gave them the benefit of an *alias*. The distinction is useful, and ought to be kept up. We will give a few specimens in the former sense, which is the general one; and a lively ballad of Parnell's in honour of the latter. The rest will be discussed better under the head of GRACE.

The very sublimation of *airs and graces* appears to have taken place in the person of the celebrated Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, who was bepraised by the wits and politicians of Charles the First's time, till she could not carry her head high enough. There is a portrait of her by Vandyke, in which you may see her character. She was that alarming personage, a female prig and busy-body; and of the very first water. Sir Toby Mathews, a person as fantastic in his way as herself, as vain and officious, and making a blundering bustle with his Jesuitical refinements, wrote an extraordinary panegyric upon her, which, as Horace Walpole says, might be taken for a satire. However, there is no doubt that he intended it for what he said; and probably when he sent it her, he thought there were no two such persons on earth, for superiority of nature; or so fit to praise and be praised of one another. The following are the most remarkable passages:—

“She was of too high a mind, not only to seek, but almost to wish, the friendship of any creature: they, whom she is pleased to choose, are such as are of the most eminent condition, both for power and employments; not with any design towards her own particular, either of advantage, or curiosity; but her nature values fortunate persons, as virtuous: who if they be not so by this opinion, they have the advantage of them that are so by this choice. * * * They are, even as it were in her very veins, as brothers and sisters she extremely loves: but she values them as they are so to her: she wants not also kindness for their children. But such as are removed from her, she considers no otherwise than as streams which run too far off to have any participation of her excellencies. She has as much sense and gratitude for the actions of friendship, as so extreme a beauty will give her leave to entertain. * * * She hath too great a heart, to have naturally any strong inclination; not allowing them to grow from thence, as finding there no motions of affection, but only upon consideration of the merits of others towards her: so that, naturally, she hath no passion at all, since inclinations are the ground and foundation upon which passion is built. But yet she will observe them whose reputation gives a value to their persons and condition; as if she would not be unwilling to find something of entertainment, whereby to please herself or pass her time. But then her examinations going ~~for~~ by way of compulsion towards herself, they return unsatisfied. * * * Though she be observed not to be very careful in the ~~public~~ exercise of our religion; yet I agree not with their opinion, who hold her likely to abandon and change it; not only for the faith, and trust she hath in the truth and goodness of it, but to avoid the doing that which she believes to be a levity, and declaration of a former ignorance. * * * She is so great a lover of variety, as that when she may not otherwise express it, she will remove her own thoughts, if not change her opinions, even of those persons that are not least considered by her; and when they have given her this entertainment, let them settle again in their former places with her. She hath certain high and elevated thoughts, in which she is pleased most; and they carry her mind above any thing

within her knowledge. She believed nothing to be worthy of her considerations. These gallant fancies keep her in satisfaction, when she is alone, where she will make something worthy of her liking, since, in the world, she cannot find any thing worthy of her loving. * * * * * She is in disposition to be cholerick, which she suppresses; not, perhaps, in consideration of the persons that occasion it, but upon a belief that it is unhandsome towards herself; which yet, being thus covered, doth so kindle and fire her wit, as that in very few words it says somewhat so extracted, as that it hath a sharpness, and strength, and taste, to disrelish, if not to kill, the proudest hopes which you can have of her value of you. She affects extremes, because she cannot suffer any condition but of plenty and glory, in which if she had not an assured and very eminent kind of being, she would fly to the other extreme of retiredness; and so rather obscure herself, than not to be herself; it being natural to her, as her life, to maintain it in magnificence."

The *Lady G.* of Richardson is a specimen of a person who gives herself airs; and, to our taste, a very disagreeable person she is. We hate to see a woman, who thinks it clever and pleasant to be always showing off the inferiority of her husband. In nine cases out of ten, her only superiority, after all, consists in her having a stock of impudence. All the rest of her conduct is at war with good sense. Most of the heroines of comedy are ladies in their airs; and the *Precieuses* of Moliere take themselves for their betters on that account. Lord Byron has well hit off the airs common to spoilt young gentlewomen,

"Half pertness and half pout."

These are the pretty dissatisfied mouths (not unlike his own, by the by, in the picture by Harlowe) in which are so often to be found the phrases of "Nonsense"—"How tiresome"—"How can you be so silly," &c. We do not write them with notes of admiration, because they admire nothing, and mean to express none of the emotion they pretend, but only an elegant discontent, and a scorn of every thing but their own affectations. The more you flatter them, the more right they think they have (and not without reason) to be unpleasant, especially to their lovers. Poor things! Of such (unless they have the good fortune to light upon friends or husbands able to teach them better) are made insulted wives; selfish mothers, when their children cease to love; and the worst class of disappointed old maids, generally a very ill-used race. It is observable, that no young women ever carry these airs to a greater pitch, than maid-servants who pique themselves on their breeding or "education." They learn to regard disdain as a mark of gentility; treat their followers as if they were dogs, till the poor spaniel is tired out; then wonder they are forsaken; and at thirty, throw out lures to no purpose, to the butcher, the baker, or "the gentleman that comes to clean the windows."

When there is good-nature and the wish to please, however mixed with vanity and affectation, the effect of airs and graces borders a little upon that of graces and airs. Colley Cibber (himself a case in point, who would have become an amiable man, had he possessed any faculty of gravity) has given an admirable picture of Mrs. Mountfort, in a character of this kind. The woman she represents is vain to the last degree, and yet, when she quits us to "return in a twinkling," her good-nature and animal spirit render it impossible for us not to wish to see her again. We are glad, on any terms, that a person so infinitely self-satisfied has yet consideration enough for us to wish to include us

in her satisfactions; and her "dainty diving body" makes us think she has some heart and substance in the midst of her finery.

"What found employment," says Mr. Cibber, "for the whole various excellence of Mrs. Mountfort at once, was the part of Melantha, in 'Marriage A-la-mode.'"

"Melantha is as finished an impertinent as ever flourished in a drawing-room, and seems to contain the most complete system of female foppery that could possibly be crowded into the tortured form of a fine lady: her language, dress, motion, manners, soul, and body, are in a continual hurry to be something more than is necessary or commendable. And though I doubt it will be a vain labour to offer a just likeness of Mrs. Mountfort's action, yet the fantastic impression is still so strong in my memory, that I cannot help saying something, though fantastically, about it. The first ridiculous airs that break from her, are upon a gallant never seen before, who delivers her a letter from her father, recommending him to her good graces as an honourable lover. Here, now, one might expect a little of the sex's decent reserve, though never so slightly covered. No, sir, not a tittle of it—modesty is the virtue of a poor-souled country gentlewoman; she is too much of a court lady to be under so vulgar a confusion; she reads the letter over, therefore, with a careless dropping lip, and erected eyebrow, humming it hastily over, as if she was impatient to out-go her father's commands, by making a complete conquest of him at once; and that the letter might not embarrass her attack, crack! she crumbles it at once into her palm, and pours upon him her whole artillery of airs, eyes, and motion; down goes her dainty diving body to the ground, as if she were sinking under the conscious load of her attractions; then launches into a flood of fine language and compliment, still playing her chest forward in fifty falls and risings, like a swan upon waving water, and, to complete her impertinence, she is so rapidly fond of her own, that she won't give her lover time to praise it; silent assenting bows, and vain endeavours to speak, are all the share of conversation he is admitted to, which at last he is relieved from by her engagement to half a score visits, which she swims from him to make, with a promise to return to him in a twinkling."

The ballad by Parnell is copied in a letter addressed to Mrs. Howard by Lord Peterborough, who attributes it to Pope. Pope, however, gave it as Parnell's, in the edition he published of his friend. It looks very like the composition of the "poor lad," as Swift called him, who stared so at Lady Bolingbroke when she came down to dinner, because she resembled his lost wife. The turn at the end has been imitated by Mr. Moore, unless he borrowed it from the French, where it is originally to be found.

When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art
~~Yet~~ kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein,
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

"There's a passion and pride
In our sex," she replied,
"And thus, might I gratify both, I would do,
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you."

There is a good deal of what the French call "movement" in this song, besides more passion and colour than are usually to be found in ballads. The heroine looks as if she came upon us fresh from the bath, with all her silks and tresses about her, and the rosy triumph in her face. In the first verse we see nothing but the triumph; in the second we have leisure to consider the woman, and a charming woman she is; in the third,—but our criticism will be growing too minute.

A MODEST DEFENCE OF PUNNING.

"Omne tulit pun Tom, qui miscuit utile dulci."—SWIFT.

THE man who has not music in his soul, we are told, "is fit for treasons," which is the only cause I could ever discover, why the crowned heads of Europe are so much more liberal with their diamonds to public singers than they are to their most faithful servants; or why money is sometimes squandered upon the Opera, when all the other departments of the state are starved. Bad, however, as treason may be, even the Great Unknown, in his new Avatar of Malachi Malagrowth, has discovered—now that rebellion lies in his way—how "sweet are the uses" of a little wholesome resistance. But what shall be said of him who has not punning in his soul? "The motions of his spirit are (indeed) dull as night, and his affections dark as Erebus: let no such man be trusted." How often, gentle subscriber, (for what care I for the mere reader, who has not taste enough to purchase the New Monthly,) how often must your gorge have risen, as mine has, against the villainous spoil-sport, who, unblessed by any prominent excellence to distinguish him from the herd, seeks to make himself a place in society by professing to dislike a pun. If I were not the mildest-tempered fellow in Europe, I should have been trounced long ago, on account of some of these miserable Smellfunguses; so strongly am I tempted to smite, when they thwart me in the career of my humour. Nine times out of ten, the professed enemy of a pun is a pure hypocrite, "one well studied in the sad ostent to please," not "his grandam," honest woman! but his yoke-fellows in gravity, whose intellects are of even more spanlike dimensions than those of his grandam. In the tenth instance, the pun-hater is one whose imagination is a blank—a true kinsman of Ariosto's Cardinal Ippolito, and as ready to demand of the punster, "*Dove Diavolo avete trovato,*" &c. &c.—"There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof." They may serve, indeed, to make a Master in Chancery, provided the Chancellor can bring his mind to take a fancy to their politics; or they may do for an evening lecturer in a city church; or contribute with two old women and a cat to the foundation of a new sect of Southcotians; nay, they may, by dint of grinding, pass muster in East Pal'Man, and qualify for despatching his Majesty's lieges and breaking Priscian's head with the same blow of an huge B. But what wig-block is of so ligneous a compact as to be unfit for such purposes? A mute at a funeral, an old maid at a love-feast, or a college dean at a commemoration of benefactors, is quicksilver itself, to the lumpish sadness of a genuine pun-hater, sinking "from one sign of dolour to another," as the spirits of all around him rise responsive to the quips and quiddities of a word-catching son of Momus. The awful solemnity with which he advances

his favourite maxim, that "he who would pun would pick a pocket;" the rueful pertinacity with which he screws up his features to a color-*quintida* acerbity, lest by any chance he should stumble on the joke, and against the grain be seduced into a chuckle; and the self-complacency with which he takes credit for superior wisdom, on the score of this enforced gravity—are fit matter for a Hogarth or a Liston. But when did mortal man ever abuse a pun, who possessed the slightest ability to make one himself, or who had fancy enough to comprehend why "darned stockings are like dead men," which is the very *pons asinorum* of incipient jesters. No, no, they are, one and all, of that odious and abominable race, "hated of gods and men," who measure everything by asking—"What good is it?"—who hold Shakspeare for a vagabond, think Milton no logician, and cut short a good story which should set the table in a roar, to ask the narrator—"But is it all true?" "When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too, I hate it."

Pope's aphorism, that "gentle dullness ever loves a joke," is a scandalous libel; for gentle dullness is essentially a grave personage, and if she ever ventures on the humorous, her jokes are no jokes to any body but herself. This lapse, however, of the great poet is more excusable than his aristocratic sophism, so often quoted, that a "little learning is a dangerous thing." I should like to know, is a little money a dangerous thing? or a little interest with the Treasury? or a little health? or a little temper? A great deal of all these good things is certainly better than a little; yet who ever heard "drink deep or taste not," applied in these cases? I think I see a man refusing to accept a hundred pounds, because they won't make him a Rothschild. If a little learning is a dangerous thing, too much, they say, will drive a man mad. What a gunpowder Percy this same learning must be!—No wonder the Emperor of Austria is so afraid of it. But to return: men of genuine talent have never refused to condescend to a pun, in place and season; and from Cicero to Porson,* a series of punsters might be enumerated, embracing some of the brightest names in literature. The dislike of your matter-of-fact men to a pun is the more singular, inasmuch as punning is of great antiquity, and a very conspicuous part of the "wisdom of our ancestors." The system of hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt, for instance, was evidently a digest of puns, as all must own, who have studied that modern imitation of them, which serves to introduce the tenants of the nursery to the mysteries of religion by means of a series of pictured signs, where a triangle figures forth the grand mystery of the church, where an eye stands for the first pronoun singular, and a milk-jug is the constitutional representative of the possessive "your" (*ewd*). Now if there be any weight in this analogy, why may not the inscriptions upon the, so called, tomb of Alexander contain a sort of Egyptian Joe Miller, and the needles of Cleopatra be a jester's Vade Mecum, or a "Laugh and grow fat"?—With respect to the former, what conjecture can be more probable, than that the tomb of a great man should set forth a detail of the jests

* Porson made the pun I allude to, when supping with a friend, at whose house he was to sleep. After sundry tumblers of spirits and water, he was asked, whether he would replenish his glass or have a bed-candle? and he replied by the Greek, οὐ τοῦτε οὐδέ τ' ἄλλα, which, while it sounds, neither toddy nor tallow, signifies—neither the one nor the other.

(*gesta*) of its illustrious tenant. If hieroglyphics were puns, (and even though this should be questioned as far as concerns the curiologic variety, it must be admitted of the tropical, in which "one thing of resembling qualities was put for another;" for of all resemblances, that of sound is perhaps the most obvious :) if hieroglyphics, I say, were indeed merely puns, then let the sticklers for gravity bear in mind how high in honour were placed the hierogrammatists among that wise and pious nation, who (as moralists find "sermons in stones and good in every thing,") found matter for devotion, even in apes and onions. These state punsters, for I can call them no less, were, as an honour, exempted from all civil employments,—a circumstance to which I the rather call the reader's attention, because it traditionally explains the professed idleness of our young men of wit and pleasure about town, who sing for their suppers, and pun for their dinners, and with whom all sorts of civil employments are decidedly in ill repute. At the same time, it accounts no less satisfactorily for the coincidence between the puns and the incivility of the John Bull newspaper, and of similar facetious and pugnacious propagators of ultra Toryism. Furthermore, the hierogrammatists were reputed the first persons in dignity next the king, and they bore a kind of sceptre in their hands. Just so our secretaries, whether of admiralty or of state, are still famous in their generation as the most arrant of jokers; and though they keep as much as possible the "good things" to themselves, they are liberal enough in bestowing their good jokes on their opponents, and in "breaking jests as braggarts do their blades." Oh! "it makes me strange even to the disposition that I owe," to note these things, and to mark the little consequence they draw after them, with the professed traducers of a pun—men with whom authority is for the most part reason, and precedent law, and whose devotion to establishment bears a kindred spirit to that of the ape-and-onion-arians of the remotest ages.

Taking leave of the Egyptians, with this additional remark, that if my theory be good, Tubal Cain, the first brass-founder, must also have been the first punster, or at least the first who applied punning to the purposes of monumental inscription,—I proceed to notice the honour in which punning was held among the Greeks. And here I must crave leave to protest against any unfavourable inference that the partisans of Mitford, or the Quarterly, may draw against the art, in consequence of its finding favour with those ultra liberals of antiquity. Most unfortunately it happens, that there are some usages which liberals and absolutists must hold in common: and if eating, and lying, and sleeping, and peculating, and being politic with a friend, and smooth with an enemy, are not thought the less worthy of practice by the one party, because they are sometimes employed by the other, I think it quite unfair that punning should be excluded from a similar privilege. In point of style, at least, the Greeks must be taken as models; and the best Greek writers have practised punning. Sophocles, with that regard to nature, on which the favourite writers of the modern French academy have so much improved, does not scruple to make Ajax pun upon his own name in the depth of his distress.* Euripides cracks

almost as good a jest upon Polynices; and Æschylus, carrying the joke almost to extravagance, heaps pun upon pun, when he calls Helen *ἑλένας, ἑλανδρος, ἑλέπολις*, which a punster would translate by saying that the wife of Menelaus played Helen (H—ll and) all with the ships, men, and cities of Troy and Greece. Among the Romans punning was likewise successfully practised. Quintilian, it is true, speaks dispraisingly of the art; but this, it should be observed, was intended *à propos* to oratory, an humbug, by far too serious to admit the hazarding a smile, which may be turned against the speaker, as easily as go along with him; so near is the sublime to the ridiculous. But if Quintilian really meant to insinuate that a pun is bad in itself, I boldly reply, that the priggish propounder of rhetorical receipts lived in a debased age of literature, and that Cicero's* practice is worth all his preaching. Ovid, likewise, was a desperate punster;† not to speak of his thousand and one *conceiti*, each of which is, at least, the misprision of a pun. Augustus Cæsar was also an arch wag of the first order; and, like Falstaff, not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others; as an epigram, made on his nautical mishaps, testifies.‡ So inveterate a punster, indeed, was this emperor, that, says Suetonius, jesting was almost a part of his court ceremonial.

When Vectius, with a zeal worthy of the Agricultural Society's gold medal, ploughed up his father's monument, and the affair was made matter of *grave* accusation against him at court, the facetious emperor defended the action, asserting that "this was indeed to cultivate his father's memory;"§ the pun almost escapes in translation.

Punning is not only to be defended on the practice of great men, but for its services in the arts and sciences. Mythology, if it be not founded on punning, is very closely related to it; its allusive dependance upon figurative meaning conferring upon it the small portion of common sense discoverable in its extravagant tales. What more revolting than the lewd lives of the heathen gods and goddesses, when taken literally? what more edifying than the same stories in their figurative meanings? Thus, by a similar stretch of allusive interpretation, liberty of conscience has, in our days, been reduced to a rational and intelligible principle, under the name of "Protestant Ascendency," which if it does not absolutely turn on a pun, at least deserves to do so. The Oracles also were entirely built upon punning; and he who took them at their literal value, and was unprepared for some clinch or conundrum, was egregiously duped. Not less is the law—that very grave and sage mode of fortune-telling—indebted to quips and conceits for its niceties. A law definition of agreement, (*aggregatio quasi aggregatio mentium*) is a pun direct.¶ and there is this farther analogy, that as a law is no law till it is broken, so a joke is no joke till it is cracked. But the great praise of punning is, that it flourished in the Augustan age of ultra royalty and ultra credulity, under the Solomon of the western world, who was the very type of modern legitimacy.

* In jocis facundissimus, ut in omnibus, fuit;” says Macrobius.

† “Cur ego non dicam, Furia, te furiam.”

‡ Postquam bis classe victus naves perdidit,
Aliquando ut vincat, ludit assidue aleam.

§ “Hoc est vere monumentum patris colere.”

In his time every judge was a Norbury, and the pulpit vied with the stage in fun and facetiousness. There are, it is true, some straight-laced persons who disapprove of this mixture of the sacred and the profane, yet, surely, without any great show of reason. Who would not rather be tried by a punning judge, whose points may make in your favour, than by a Jeffries or a Scroggs, or a crown lawyer not honest enough to afford being good-humoured? Who would not prefer a jesting parson to a fanatical blow-coal? I, for one, would delight to hear our clerical laymen, the Lords Spiritual, and our lay clergy, the saints, punning from morning to night, even though it were against Popes and emancipators. No one can say that they would talk more nonsense on the subject than they now do; and it certainly would become them almost as well as sinking the Christian in the sectarian, and the man in the priest.

Puns are often the channels for communicating valuable precepts, and for insinuating propositions which would recoil on the propounder, if fired in the point-blank manner of a syllogism or an axiom. What agriculturist would not be grateful for the economic hint conveyed by the Chief Justice of the Irish Common Pleas to a reverend friend, who had failed in an experiment to feed his horses upon whins, although, for the purpose of bruising the thorns, he had, as he informed the company, pounded them for twenty-four hours: "Not eat the whins!" said his lordship in reply; "then take my advice, and instead of the whins, the next time pound your horses for twenty-four hours, and I'll be bound, they won't leave a stalk." Again; what an important political verity is involved in another *bon mot* of the same great original, who, upon a viceroy complaining that his predecessors had neglected to drain a certain pond in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, which rendered the lodge damp, gave as an excuse, that they had been too busily employed in draining the rest of the country. Of the same solid character was Hannibal's remark to Antiochus, who, at a review, in which his troops were paraded all glittering with gold and silver and jewellery, asked if they were enough for the Romans; "Ay," replied the *Punic* chief, "that they are, let the Romans be as avaricious as they may." But, if wit and wisdom ever housed them under one roof, it was in Pollio's punning defence for his silence, when Augustus, like some modern statesmen dabbling in an article for the reviews, wrote a libel against him: "The scribe who proscribes is not easily answered."* Feinagle's Mnemonics are hung upon pegs, each of which is a pun, except that it wants the point. Had that learned Theban been a Parisian cockney, he would have matured his system into something infinitely mercurial, and edified the world (with what might be styled a *cours de mnemonique par calembourgs, à l'usage des beaux esprits*,) just as Lord Norbury has done by special pleading, scarcely leaving a single point of practice which he has not rendered portable for the shortest memories by means of a pun. The same contrivance has likewise been employed by some of the best of our anatomical teachers, who give nerve to their discourses by illustrative drolleries; so that, now-a-days, a man breaks his bones in greater security, because the teacher breaks a jest. This explains the studious gravity

* "At ego taceo; non est enim facile in eum scribere qui potest proscribere."

of king's speeches and other similar documents, which being intended for specific occasions, should be forgotten as speedily as may be; and for the better hurrying them into oblivion, they are not only divested of point, but as far as possible of all assignable meaning.

The practice of punning requires many virtues. Of ingenuity I say nothing; but what patience does it not demand to await the proper occasion for introducing a pun! what profound combination to introduce that occasion from afar, unaffectedly, and, as it were, spontaneously! A good pun is entirely lost, if dragged in; it should spring naturally out of the previous remark (*naturali pulchritudine*, as Petronius has it): neither should it be blurted out when the minds of the hearers are not predisposed to sympathize, as for instance at a funeral, or when a great man is talking. Now we know that the article of death itself is no bar to a genuine punster; what then must be his self-possession, who restrains the *cacoëthes* on less solemn occasions? Punsters are frequently called upon to make great personal exertions and sacrifices for the forwarding of a joke. I know a man who frequently over-eats himself to empty the dish of chickens, in order to make way for a pun upon neck or nothing; at another time he will abstain from his two favourite articles of diet, to qualify for the observation that he is not soup-or-fish-al. He'll call for brandy and water, which he detests, in order to prove that he is not a rum fellow. He once caught a dangerous cold, by walking bare-headed in the rain, for the sake of a pun on Sir Christopher Hat-on; and he actually lost a large sum at a gambling-table, which, for security against police invasion, was held in a garret, that he might be enabled to form a steadfast resolution against playing so high for the future. In short, Horace's "*sudavit & ulsit*" is applicable to no one so much as a punster. On the merits of this art I shall add but one other word; and those who are not convinced by it, are incorrigible. I allude to the infinite advantage a punster enjoys in argument, who is never so sure of a victory, as when his logic utterly deserts him. Who has not witnessed the overthrow of the best-conducted *Sorites*, to which answer was impossible, by means of what Shakspeare unwisely calls a "fool-born jest;" the whole company taking decided part with him who was decidedly in the wrong, merely because he raised a laugh at the expense of his antagonist. Oh! punning is a glorious privilege!

M.

EPIGRAM

On Lord Eldon's standing on his hat at the Funeral of the Duke of York.

ELDON, when to your tender feet
You found a cold aisle was no treat,
Without referring to the Master,
You banish'd all your doubts and points,
You gave quick judgment for your joints,
And promptly sacrificed your castor.

Had you but *felt* for each poor elf
Who waits your nod, as for yourself,
All hope they need not so abandon.
Oh! think of those, who, in appeals,
Injunctions, suits, now cool their heels,
Till they're not left a hat to stand on!

M.

N—— alluded to a printed story of his having hung an early picture of Haydon's out of sight, and of Fuseli's observing on the occasion—“By G—d, you are sending him to Heaven before his time!” He said there was not the least foundation for this story; nor could there be, he not having been *hanger* that year. He read out of the same publication a letter from Burke to a young artist of the name of Barrow, full of excellent sense, advising him by no means to give up his profession as an engraver till he was sure he could succeed as a painter, out of idle ambition and an unfounded contempt for the humbler and more laborious walks of life. “I could not have thought it of him,” said N——; “I confess he never appeared to me so great a man.” I asked what kind of looking man he was? N—— answered, “You have seen the picture? There was something I did not like; a thinness in the features, and an expression of *hauteur*, though mixed with condescension and the manners of a gentleman. I can't help thinking he had a hand in the Discourses; that he gave some of the fine, graceful turns; for Sir Joshua paid a greater deference to him than to any body else, and put up with freedoms that he would only have submitted to from some peculiar obligation. Indeed, Miss Reynolds used to complain that whenever any of Burke's poor Irish relations came over, they were all poured in upon them to dinner; but Sir Joshua never took any notice, but bore it all with the greatest patience and tranquillity. To be sure, there was another reason: he expected Burke to write his Life, and for this he would have paid almost any price. This was what made him submit to the intrusions of drunken Boswell, to the insipidity of Malone, and to the magisterial dictation of Burke: he made sure that out of these three one of them would certainly write his Life, and ensure him immortality that way. He thought no more of the person who actually did write it afterwards than he would have suspected his dog of writing it. Indeed, I wish he could have known; for it would have been of some advantage to me, and he might have left me something not to make him ridiculous; though he was as free from ridicule as any man: but you can make any one ridiculous with whom you live on terms of intimacy.

“I remember an instance of this that happened with respect to old Mr. Mudge, whom you must have heard me speak of, and who was held up as such an idol by Burke, Dr. Johnson, and all the rest of them. Sir Joshua wanted to reprint his Sermons and prefix a Life to them, and asked me to get together any particulars I could learn of him. So I gave him a manuscript account of Mudge, written by an old school-fellow of his (Mr. Fox, a dissenting minister in the West of England); after which I heard no more of the Life: for it contained stories of Mudge having run away from the Academy where he was brought up, because Moll Faux, the housemaid, would not have him; of his sleeping in a sugar-cask all night at Wapping, finding a halfpenny in the street, with which he bought a loaf to prevent himself from starving, and returning home in the greatest distress, where he soon after left the dissenters to go over to the church, because the former would not give him some situation that he wanted.” N—— said, “Sir Joshua took no farther notice, and I believe he burned my MS. for it was not to be

found among his papers at his death, though Malone at my request had made every search for it. The truth is, they were mortified to find one whom they had been in the habit of crying up not only as a person of the highest capacity (which he was) but as a saint and the model of a Christian pastor, turn out little better than a vagabond and mountebank. It was besides an imputation on their own sagacity. Mudge was in fact a man of extraordinary talents and great plausibility, and by flattering, and in a manner *personating* the High Church notions both of Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua (for he was inclined the same way) had persuaded them he was a sort of miracle of virtue and wisdom. There was, however, something in Mr. Fox's plain account that would strike Sir Joshua, for he had an eye for nature, and he would at once perceive it was nearer the truth than Dr. Johnson's pompous character of him, which was proper for a tomb-stone—it was like one of Kneller's portraits,—it would do for any body." N—— then showed me a print of him after Sir Joshua, which appeared to me a complete high-priest, bullying and insincere. This wife (the same Moll Faux, whom he afterwards married, and who continued a violent Dissenter to the last) used to say—"There he gets up into the pulpit, and prates away as if he knew all the secrets of heaven and earth, and all the time does not believe one word of it." My father who knew him, said there was always to him a look of insincerity in his very high-flown orthodoxy, for once when Smeaton, the great engineer, was making a remark on some circumstance in the Old Testament, he cut him short by saying, "Oh! if you give up any part, the whole must follow!" He used also to say, in speaking of the arguments on natural religion, that in an infinity of chances every thing was possible. If he had been at Rome, he would have got to be a Cardinal as sure as I am standing here. He had ambition and abilities enough for any thing. Yet it was like pride in a corner too. His wife would always put a brick behind the fire to keep it low, and would come in and boil the saucepan by his study-fire, just as when they had been in poverty and mean circumstances, and yet he never objected. He grew indolent at last, and spent his time in playing at cards with old ladies who were rich and pious. He hated writing sermons (though it was what he was chiefly admired for), and preached the same set over and over again, till the congregation nearly had them by heart. I said it was what he did not feel, and he therefore set about it reluctantly. That, said N——, is his definition of beauty, which Sir Joshua has adopted in the Discourses—that it is the *medium of form*. For what is a handsome nose? A long nose is not a handsome nose; neither is a short nose a handsome one: it must then be one that is neither long nor short, but in the middle between both. Even Burke bowed to his authority; and Sir Joshua thought him the wisest man he ever knew. Once when Sir Joshua was expressing his impatience of some innovation, and I said, 'At that rate, the Christian Religion could never have been established:' "Oh!" he said, "Mr. Mudge has answered that!" which seemed to satisfy him.

I made some remark that I wondered he did not come up to London, though the same feeling seemed to belong to other clever men born in Devonshire, (as Gandy) whose ambition was confined to their native county, so that there must be some charm in the place. "You are to consider," he replied, "it is almost a peninsula, so that there is no thorough-

fare, and people are therefore more stationary in one spot. It is for this reason they necessarily intermarry among themselves, and you can trace the genealogies of families for centuries back; whereas in other places, and particularly here in London, where every thing of that kind is jumbled together, you never know who any man's grandfather was. There are country-squires and plain gentry down in that part of the world, who have occupied the same estate long before the Conquest, (as the Suckbitches in particular,—not a very sounding name,) and who look down upon the Courtneys and others as upstarts. Certainly, Devonshire for its extent has produced a number of eminent men, Sir Joshua, the Mudges, Dunning, Gay, Lord Chancellor King, Raleigh, Drake, and Sir Richard Granville in Queen Elizabeth's time, who made the gallant defence in an engagement with the Spanish fleet, and was the ancestor of Pope's Lord Lansdowne, 'What Muse for Granville will refuse to sing? &c.*' I had made," said N——, "a pretty picture of the worthies of the Devon, till ——— spoiled it by making me stick his ugly boy in it, and would not have it after all." I asked if the family of the Mudges still continued; and he said they did, but were not equal to the two that he had mentioned, old Zachary Mudge, and Dr. Mudge, his son, who was a physician. The last had been his father's most intimate friend, and he remembered him perfectly well. He was one of the most delightful persons he had ever known. Every one was enchanted with his society. It was not wit that he possessed, but such perfect cheerfulness and good-humour, that it was like health coming into the room. He had none of his father's pretension, though he too, when he chose, was a very agreeable companion, but was quite natural and unaffected. His reading was the most beautiful he had ever heard. He remembered his once reading Moore's fable of the *Female Seducers* with such feeling and sweetness that every one was delighted, and Dr. Mudge himself was so much affected that he burst into tears in the middle of it. His father's manner in the pulpit, though praised by Dr. Johnson, had something bombastic in it; it was evident he wished to produce an effect. The family was still respectable, but derived its chief lustre from its two first founders, like clouds that reflect the sun's rays after he has sunk below the horizon, but in time turn grey, and are lost in obscurity!

I asked N—— if he had ever happened to meet with a letter of Warburton's in answer to one of Dr. Doddridge's, complimenting the

* Foster, the celebrated preacher, was also, I believe, from the West of England. He first became popular from the Lord Chancellor Hardwick stopping in the porch of his chapel in the Old Jewry, ~~and~~ of a shower of rain, and thinking he might as well hear what was going on, went in, and was so pleased that he sent all the great folks to hear him, and he was run after much as Irving has been in our time. An old fellow-student from the country, going to wait on him at his house in London, found a Shakspeare on the window-seat, and remarking the circumstance with some surprise, as out of the usual course of clerical studies, he apologised by saying that he wished to know something of the world, that his situation and habits precluded him from the common opportunities, and that he found no way of supplying the deficiency so agreeable or effectual as looking into a volume of Shakspeare. Pope has immortalised him in the well-known lines:—

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
'Ten Metropolitans in preaching well!"

author of the *Divine Legation of Moses* on the evident zeal and earnestness with which he wrote?—to which the latter candidly replied, that he wrote with great haste and unwillingness; that he never sat down to compose till the printer's boy was waiting at the door for the manuscript, and that he should never write at all but as a relief to a morbid lowness of spirits, and to drive away uneasy thoughts that often assailed him. "That indeed," observed N——, "gives a different turn to the statement: I thought at first it was only the common coquetry, both of authors and artists, to be supposed to do what excites the admiration of others with the greatest ease and indifference, and almost without knowing what they are about. If what surprises you costs them nothing, the wonder is so much increased. When Michael Angelo proposed to fortify his native city Florence, and he was desired to keep to his painting and sculpture, he answered, that those were his recreations, but what he really understood was architecture. That is what Sir Joshua makes the praise of Rubens, that he seemed to make a plaything of the art. In fact, the work is never complete unless it has this appearance: and therefore Sir Joshua has laid himself open to criticism, in saying that 'a picture must not only be done well, it must seem to have been done easily.' It cannot be said to be done well, unless it has this look. That is the fault of those laboured and timid productions of the modern French and Italian schools; they are the result of such a tedious, petty, mechanical process, that it is as difficult for you to admire as for them to execute them. Whereas, when a work seems stamped on the canvass by a blow, you are taken by surprise, and your admiration is as instantaneous and electrical as the impulse of genius which has caused it. I have seen a whole-length portrait by Velasquez, that seemed done while the colours were yet wet; every thing was touched in, as it were, by a wish: there was such a power that it thrilled through your whole frame, and you felt as if you could take up the brush and do any thing. It is this sense of power and freedom which delights and communicates its own inspiration, just as the opposite drudgery and attention to details is painful and disheartening. There was a little picture of one of the Infants of Spain on horseback, also by Velasquez, which Mr. Ellis had,* and with which Gainsborough was so transported, that he said in a fit of bravado to the servant who showed it, "Tell your master I will give him a thousand pounds for that picture." Mr. Ellis began to consider what pictures he could purchase with the money; he parted with this, and at last, having made up his mind, sent Gainsborough word he might have the picture; who not at all expecting this result, was a good deal confused, and declared, however he might admire it, he could not afford to give so large a sum for it.

* Now at the Dulwich Gallery.

PROPHECY OF THE TAGUS.

By Fray Luis de Leon.

RODERICK with Cava play'd
 By Tagus' peaceful flow :
 No eye their guilt survey'd,
 When sudden from below
 In wrath the flood-God rose, fill'd with prophetic woe.
 Rash King ! in evil hour
 Thou wanton'st in delight :
 Hark ! hark ! around thy bower
 War rings, and wild affright.
 Lo ! Mars impatient waves his falchion wing'd for fight.
 Woe waits on wanton joy :
 Fair Cava's ill-starr'd charm
 Thy country shall destroy,
 Fill Spain with wild alarm,
 And of its sceptred sway the Goth's yoked hand disarm.
 Woe, Rapine, War's gaunt train,
 The dying and the dead,
 Thy amorous arms enchain :
 Brood of th' adulterous bed
 O'er thee, and all thy realms, arm'd fiends destruction spread .
 O'er those whose plough divides
 Rich Constantine's fair plain ;
 O'er those where Ebro glides ;
 O'er golden Lusitane,
 O'er all the wide-spread bounds of deep-deploring Spain.
 From that bold cliff of Cales
 Where towers the out-raged Lord,
 And, mail'd by Vengeance, hails
 Yon hests, von barbarous horde,
 That, thirsting for thy blood, unsheath th' insatiate sword.
 Hark ! the war-trumpet brays,
 Its peal heaven's concave rends ;
 The Moor its call obeys,
 While high in air ascends
 The banner, that o'er thee the shade of death extends.
 The ruthless Arab speeds
 Fierce brandishing his lance :
 Before me, barbed steeds
 In countless squadrons glance,
 And, warring with the wind, triumphantly advance.
 Beneath their onset fails
 Earth hid from human sight ;
 Ocean beneath their sails
 Retires, and day's fair light
 Thick-veil'd beneath their dust puts on the form of night.
 Their fleets deep-charged with war
 Swell on the sight : and lo !
 The billows wide and far
 Tempested to and fro
 Foam at the Moor's stern oars, and boil beneath the blow.

From Afric's burning sand
 Fair gales consenting blow.
 A trident-sceptred hand,
 Beck'ning their beaked prow,
 Widens th' Herculean strait, and smooths the deep below.
 Canst thou in wanton play
 Ill-fated Cava court,
 Nor hear the war-trump bray,
 Nor see, to mock thy sport,
 The anchor'd fleet at rest moor'd in th' Herculean port?
 It moves, it speeds, it flies,
 It sweeps o'er mount and plain:
 Fresh blood the war-spar dyes,
 Loose in the wind each rein,
 The scynitar unsheathed, like lightning, flames o'er Spain
 No pause, no peace, no rest,
 Fierce War's red tides o'erflow:
 Alike, who mails his breast,
 Or dares on foot the foe,
 All, horse and horsemen sink, worn out with toil and woe.
 Thou, Betis! red with slain,
 With thine, and stranger blood,
 On to the neighbouring main
 'Thou whirl'st along thy flood
 Bruised helms, and bleeding knights, that long the Moor withstood
 Five days, stern Mars unspent
 The equal fight maintain'd;
 On equal slaughter bent,
 The sixth proud Afric gain'd,
 And thee, oh land beloved, with barbarous arm enchain'd.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

(In continuation.)

M. Lemontey had the honour of being one of the presidents of the famous Constituent Assembly, which will be a lasting memorial of the real worth of the French character. Though a hired writer, as was evident from his accepting the odious post of dramatic censor, yet as the author of the "*Famille du Jura*," M. Lemontey is in a certain degree justifiable.

Between the years 1800 and 1805, Bonaparte was very useful to France. In 1800 the French people were ruined, and were looked upon with contempt by those foreign nations who had beaten them out and out in 1799. The Directory was the prey of roguery. Men such as *Cuvier* were the friends of Barras, and assisted him in defrauding the public. The consequence was, that the Directory sank into utter contempt. In the short space of four years, viz. from 1800 to 1805, Bonaparte raised France to prosperity. Our finances were restored, and specie was substituted for *assignats*, without any of those terrible shocks which had been predicted by *Mollet-Dupan*, *Burke*, and other enemies of the Revolution. M. Lemontey might, therefore, conscientiously praise Bonaparte. He was the saviour of France down to the year 1805; and it is only to be regretted that he ever survived the Austrian campaign.

After the publication of the "*Famille du Jura*," M. Lemontey commenced a history of France, from the death of Louis XIV. (1715) to the French Revolution (1789). Judging of this work from a portion of it which I have heard read, it appears to be written in a style of affectation, but, at the same time, with considerable talent. The union of these qualities characterizes the works

of the best French writers of the reign of Louis XV. M. Lemontey, though a very timid man, had the courage to publish, some years ago, the introduction to his history, under the following title, "*De l'Etablissement Monarchique de Louis XIV.*" This volume is excellent, and it will, no doubt, be read with pleasure a hundred years hence. The author has succeeded in blending the useful with the agreeable, an art unknown among our contemporary historians. The perusal of this little volume, together with the *Secret Memoirs of Duclos*, and the *Memoirs of Saint-Simon*, will enable any one to acquire, in the space of a month, and in a very agreeable way, a sufficient knowledge of the events of Louis XIV's reign.

M. Lemontey also published an abstract of Dangeau's *Memoirs*, in one volume, which now sells at 20 francs, because the author was afraid to allow any bookseller to reprint it. Madame de Genlis, the most Jesuitical woman that ever lived, likewise published an abstract of the same work, in which truth is perverted and falsehood dressed up in the most artful way imaginable. In the indignation excited by this publication, M. Lemontey immediately set to work and prepared a genuine abstract of Dangeau's *Memoirs*, which has been translated into English. The Marquis de Dangeau was one of Louis XIV's most servile courtiers. His testimony is, therefore, unquestionable, when he relates circumstances unfavourable to the *Grand Monarque*.

The honesty manifested by M. Lemontey in the publication of this abstract alarmed the ministers of Charles X. Immediately on the death of M. Lemontey they endeavoured to get possession of his papers. Baron de Damas, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, a man remarkable for his piety, was appointed by the Jesuits to continue M. Lemontey's history of the eighteenth century, and to endeavour to procure the manuscript. Should he succeed in this attempt, the work will not appear in print until after it has been unmercifully mutilated, and probably interpolated with passages favourable to the doctrines of the Jesuits. The *History of Poland*, by Ralhières, shared a similar fate, in 1802. The Minister for Foreign Affairs claimed the manuscript: but in that case the Government had a sort of right to make this claim; for Ralhières had received, during a series of years, a pension of 800 francs per annum, on condition of his writing a history of the anarchy and the partition of Poland.

Those who may be curious to know how the Catholic priests deal with the manuscripts of which they gain possession in this way, will find their manoeuvres described in M. Daunou's excellent preface to the first edition of Ralhières; for Napoleon directed the work to be published in 1805, just when he was about to attack Russia. He hoped to cast odium on the Russian Government by exposing its Machiavelian conduct towards Poland and her unfortunate king, Poniatowsky. He little dreamed that he himself would one day pursue the very same line of conduct towards Spain and King Charles IV.

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But to return to M. Lemontey, whose talent bears a considerable resemblance to that of Ralhières. The Chiefs of the Congregation are not the only persons who have urged the pious M. de Damas to endeavour to possess himself of the manuscript of the "*History of the Eighteenth Century*." The Polignacs, the Mortimarts, the Goutauts, and other families attached to the court, found that Lemontey's work exposed them, not to public execration, (that would be only a minor consideration,) but to ridicule; for Lemontey, who sold himself by turns to Napoleon and the Bourbons, and who in his actions was the devoted slave of power, was nevertheless inexorable with his pen. Fortunately for the interests of literature, M. Seguiet, President of the Royal Court of Paris, in his vexation at not being made a minister, has used his influence to oppose the first attempt made by M. Damas to obtain Lemontey's manuscripts. About eighteen months ago Government succeeded in gaining possession of the papers left by M. Cambacères, who was Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, and Duke of Parma under Napoleon.

M. Lemontey would almost deserve to become the hero of another Boswell. Last year, while he filled the disgraceful post of dramatic censor, he secretly furnished liberal articles to the *Constitutionnel*, on the express condition that the original manuscripts should be returned to him after being printed. Notwithstanding the lively tone of his writings, Lemontey was by no means brilliant in conversation, and he seemed to despise the society of women. He was penurious to a ridiculous extent. His income was upwards of thirty thousand francs a year, and yet, whenever he had occasion to go into a *fiacre* in company with a friend, he always contrived, under some pretence or other, to elude the payment of the coach-hire. To his excessive avarice, and to that sentiment of fear which is the foundation of all avarice, his friends attribute the servility of his conduct to the successive Governments of France. Notwithstanding his handsome income, he exposed himself to satirical attacks of the most degrading kind, by accepting the unfortunate post of dramatic censor, which did not bring him more than six thousand francs a year.

No candidate having offered himself as the successor of Lemontey, the Academy postponed the election to the month of November. Now it is again deferred, and no man of any celebrity has yet proposed himself.

It is a singular fact, that the public sitting of the French Academy for the reception of Baron Guirand and M. Briffaut, was quite unattended. The academicians who came from the country to attend the ceremony, on learning from the porter the deserted state of the hall, did not go in. There were only nine academicians present at the reception of the two inferior writers who have been chosen; while such men as M. M. de La Martine, (the ultra poet,) Royer-Collart, and Benjamin Constant, are not members of the Academy. The contempt of the public immediately produced its effect. The Academy has chosen a popular subject for the prize of poetry to be awarded this year, viz. *The Deliverance of Greece*.

At a late public sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions, we observed at the secretary's desk M. Abel Remusat, the translator of the Chinese novel, and a young man whose insinuating manners have procured for him ten or twelve places, which were originally intended for ten or twelve literary men. This fortunate youth is M. Raoul-Rochette, who is engaged by the Jesuits of Fribourg to insult all the rest of Switzerland. He read a necrological article on M. Barbé du Boccage, who prepared the Atlas for the Abbé Barthélemy's *Anacharsis*. This notice, which was very well received, is from the pen of M. Dacier, now in his eighty-second year. M. Dureau de la Molle afterwards read an article on the productions and the population of Italy before the time of the Romans. This paper will form a supplement to a history of Italy by M. Niebhuhr of Berlin. A French translator is at present engaged in rendering M. Niebhuhr's work clear and intelligible; and it is no very easy task to give intelligibility to the work of a German historian, who is continually wandering from his narrative into the platonic reveries of Kant. Niebhuhr's work would be worth translating into English.

At the conclusion of the article read by M. Dureau de la Molle, the great M. Quatremère de Quincy made his appearance. He is the dullest of all the members of the Institute. He even exceeds M. Moreau de Jonnés. At sight of M. Quatremère de Quincy, who is easily recognizable by his tall stature, the audience rose *en masse*, and took their departure. I retired with the rest of the company, and therefore I cannot inform you what the academicians did in their *secret committee*.

I must give you an account of a new comedy, entitled *Le jeune Mari, et la Vieille Femme*, which has recently been brought out here, and has been attended with great success. Morality, in France, has hitherto been merely an affair of fashion, and this fact may be explained without prejudice to the French character. The omnipotence of fashion is merely one of the effects of absolute monarchy. Louis XIV. was not only absolute in power, but his real greatness, which escaped the observation both of Voltaire and Montesquieu, consisted in the control he exercised over public

opinion, and that among all classes of his subjects. Louis XIV. set up a model of conduct to the counsellors of the parliament of Paris, to the Dukes and Peers, to the physicians of Paris, and even to the meanest village notary. Molière was the minister of opinion under Louis XIV., and his business was to excite laughter at the expense of every Frenchman who did not scrupulously imitate the pattern assigned to his particular class. This is the point on which Molière's comic humour turned; but he cannot be imitated in the present day. Peculiarity of conduct is no longer regarded as an offence. Before the audience laugh at any character in a comedy, they say,—“but, perhaps, the man is happy in his own way.” M. Mazères, the author of the new comedy, is a very clever young man. He is already known to the public as a joint writer with M. Scribe, who has furnished the Parisians with more entertainment than any other living author.

Le jeune Mari is calculated to interest the English public no less than the French, for both countries furnish subjects for the humorous pictures of M. Mazères. It is said, (but, perhaps, this is merely an idle story,) that for a few years past the *hôtels garnis* of Paris have been thronged with English widows, usually very rich, though not very young. In most of the *hôtels garnis* of Paris the *tables d'hôte* are extremely select, as the phrase is. At these *tables d'hôte* the wealthy widows attract the attention of young men of rank and title, Marquises or Counts at least. Introductions thus formed not unfrequently end in marriage; but in a month or two after the wedding, the lady is probably discovered to be not quite so rich as was supposed, while the disparity of age between the husband and wife is in no way diminished. Sometimes, indeed, the title of the husband has been known to vanish along with the fortune of the English widow.

Within the last year or two, twenty anecdotes of the above kind have been related. A pathetic author attempted to draw tears from the audience of the Odeon, by a comedy entitled *L'Ecole des Veuves*; but the piece excited no interest. M. Mazères has not aimed at representing the gloomy side of the picture, in portraying the deception which both parties practise upon each other in these marriages. The following is a sketch of the comedy:—A young man named Oscar de Beaufort has recently married a Madame Duperier, a woman old enough to be his mother.* Oscar (who is admirably represented by Michelot) has been dismissed from his regiment on account of misconduct, and he has married Madame Duperier in consequence of the importunities of his creditors. The lady advances vast sums of money to defray her husband's debts. But there is one debt still remaining unpaid, and Oscar finds it rather difficult to make his wife acquainted with it, because the creditor is no other than a fair Opera-dancer. At length he musters resolution to make the confession, which gives rise to a very humorous scene. The lady is extremely rich, but by the advice of an old friend all her property has been settled on herself. Oscar is thus wholly dependant on his wife, and he is the slave of all her humours. He has an elegant cabriolet, which he dares not ride out in without his wife's permission. Like all women who purchase husbands in this way, she is excessively jealous. She keeps a watchful eye upon him, and by way of guarding him against temptation, she suffers him neither to see nor speak to any woman but herself. Oscar is at length arrested and conveyed to Sainte Pelagie. Here he meets with some of his old companions, dissipated young men, who make him drink freely of champaign to drown his care, and who, moreover, inform him that, in virtue of a certain article of the civil code, a portion of his wife's fortune is at his disposal. Overjoyed at this discovery, and strongly fortified with wine, he leaves the prison, (his wife having been prevailed on to pay the debt,) and returns home with the determination of being master in his own house. This scene

* Madame Duperier is represented as a Creole, and not an Englishwoman. This is merely a little subterfuge of the author, for Creole ladies are not now possessed of large fortunes as they used to be.

is exceedingly diverting, and it ensured the success of the comedy. All Paris is running to see *Le jeune Mari*. It might be converted into an attractive piece for the English stage. It is not less amusing than your favourite Paul Pry.

The manners painted by M. Mazères are bad enough, it is true. The author has not ventured to make Madame Duperier a rich English widow, and Oscar a young Marquess and the Colonel of a regiment. This the Censor would not have permitted. But the public are aware they can enjoy no dramatic amusement under the government of the Bourbons, except on condition of supplying in imagination all that the folly of the Censor strikes out of a new comedy. M. Mazères has given a bold and lively picture of manners. His dialogue is smart and animated, and is interspersed with witty allusions to passing events. This is more than enough to secure public approbation in Paris. M. Mazères has not servilely imitated Molière, and therefore his piece will be understood and relished in London and in Rome, as well as in Paris.

In one of my former letters, I mentioned the Memoirs of M. Thibaudeau, one of Napoleon's counsellors of state, and the prefect of Marseilles. These Memoirs, though written in a tone of moderation, are, owing to the truths they contain, offensive to the reigning family. The police of Paris intimated to M. Thibaudeau, who is exiled in Belgium, that if he published the 3rd and 4th volumes of his Memoirs he would be sent out of that country. M. Thibaudeau obtained an audience of the King of the Netherlands, and acquainted his majesty with the threat of the French police. The king appeared alarmed, and begged that M. Thibaudeau would *do him the favour* to refrain from publishing the 3rd and 4th volumes of his Memoirs while he remained in Belgium. Such is the degree of degradation and timidity to which kings have been reduced by the Holy Alliance.

M. Thibaudeau was by no means friendly to Bonaparte; but, seeing him calumniated by every dull and servile writer in Europe, he determined, since he could not publish his own Memoirs, to describe Napoleon's discussions and conversations in his council of state. This little work, which consists of 1 vol. octavo, is entitled *Memoirs of the Consulate*, from 1799 to 1804. The picture is executed in a style worthy of the subject, and this is perhaps more than can be said of any work that has hitherto appeared respecting Napoleon. The merit of M. Thibaudeau's Narrative induces me to depart from my rule of not quoting from published works, and I subjoin a fragment, which I trust will not be deemed uninteresting. The question of the re-establishment of the Catholic faith in France does not exhibit one of the best points of Napoleon's character. That measure occasioned the restoration of the Jesuits, who have excited the present troubles in Portugal, and who may perhaps one day stir up rebellion in Ireland.

"For the space of some months," says M. Thibaudeau, "it had been known that Napoleon was negotiating a concordat with the court of Rome. The Prelate Spina, Cardinal Gonsalvi, and Father Caselli, were the plenipotentiaries of the Pope in Paris; Joseph Bonaparte, the Counsellor of State, Cretel, and the Abbé Bernier, were the plenipotentiaries of the First Consul.

"Immediately priests and statesmen were in full activity, all striving to obtain ascendancy for their rival systems and pretensions. The mere fact of a negotiation with the Pope sufficiently showed what might be expected to result from it, and what the First Consul had in view.

"On the 21st Prairial, the Counsellor of State N——— dined at Malmaison. After dinner he and the First Consul walked out in the park, and their conversation turned upon religion. Napoleon discussed the systems of philosophers, concerning various religious faiths, deism, natural religion, &c. He regarded them all as the visionary dreams of metaphysicians, at the head of whom he ranked Garat. 'Last Sunday,' said he, 'I was walking here amidst this solitude, this silence of nature, when I suddenly heard the bell of the church of Rue. A sensation of awe came over me.

Such is the force of early habits and early education ! I said to myself, What an impression must this make upon the minds of simple and credulous men ! What can your philosophers and metaphysicians say to this ? A nation must have a religion ; and that religion should be in the hands of the Government. Fifty emigrant priests, in the pay of England, had influence over the French clergy. Their influence must be destroyed ; and for this the authority of the Pope is requisite. He takes away their benefices, or forces them to resign them. It is declared, that the Catholic religion, being that of the majority of the French people, its exercise should be regulated. The First Consul nominates fifty bishops ; the Pope institutes them. These bishops create the *curés*, who are paid by the state. They take the oath. Those priests who do not submit are banished. The heads of the Church are empowered to punish those who preach against the Government. The Pope confirms the sale of the property of the clergy : he consecrates the republic. *Salvum fac rem Gallicam* will be sung. The bull has arrived. There are only a few expressions to be changed. It will be said that I am a Papist ; but I am nothing. I was a Mahometan in Egypt, and I will be a Catholic here for the good of the people. I adopt no religious creed—but the sentiment of a God—.' Then raising his hands to heaven, he added, ' By whom was all this created ?'

" N—— now spoke in his turn, for he had hitherto listened in silence.

" ' To discuss the necessity of religion is departing from the question. But religion may exist without a clergy ; for priests and a clergy are two very different things. A clergy is a hierarchy, animated by one uniform spirit and object. It is a body, a power, a colossus. If this body be under the control of the chief of the state, it is only a secondary evil ; but if it acknowledge a foreign prince as its temporal head, it becomes a rival power. Never was the situation of France more favourable for a great religious revolution. You have now the Constitutionals, the Apostolic Vicars of the Pope, the emigrant Bishops in England, and many shades in these three divisions. Citizens and priests, all are disunited ; and the majority of the people are indifferent on the subject of religion.'

" ' You are mistaken,' said Napoleon : ' the clergy still exists, and will exist as long as the people cherish that religious spirit which is inherent in them. We have seen republics and democracies ; but never any state without religion, without worship, and without priests. Would it not be better to regulate religious worship, and to discipline the priests, than to suffer things to go on as they are ? The priests now preach against the republic. Must they be banished ? No. For before that could be done, the whole system of government must be changed. The government is beloved on account of its respect for religion. The English and the Austrians may be banished ; but this course cannot be adopted towards Frenchmen who have families, and who are guilty only on the score of religious opinion. Means must be taken to attach them to the republic.'

" ' They will never be sincerely attached to it. The Revolution has deprived them of their honours and their wealth. They will therefore always wage war against it. They will be less dangerous when dispersed, than when organized and combined. There is no need of banishing or persecuting any one. Every priest may say mass as he understands it, and every Frenchman may attend either the church or the temple ; and finally, should the incompatibility between the priests and the republic go so far as to disturb the latter, I would not hesitate to sacrifice the priests to secure public tranquillity.'

" ' Then you would proscribe them ?'

" ' Would you have the Revolution proscribed ?'

" ' This is playing upon words.'

" ' No ; it is coming to a clear understanding. Besides, with good discipline and an intelligent police, I do not think it would be necessary to push matters to that length.'

" ' And I must tell you that the priests who would accept functions, would

by so doing make a schism with the old titularies, and would thus be interested in preventing their return, and favouring the new order of things.'

" 'I wish that, but I do not expect it. Besides, this is but a very little point in the great question. The Catholic religion has become intolerant, and its priests are counter-revolutionists. Their spirit and the spirit of the age are wholly at variance. We are nearer to the Gospel than they are.'

" 'What we are doing will be a mortal blow to popery.'

" 'On the contrary, it will be reanimated. It will acquire new strength.'

" 'Was it not necessary that I should do exactly the reverse of Henry IV?'

" 'Different times demand different manners. For my part, if we must have an established religion, I shall be better pleased.'

" 'You do not understand the business.'

" 'All is prepared. We are in a situation very different from England and Germany. The age of the Reformation had no Bonaparte. In the present state of the public mind if you utter but a single word, popery is overthrown, and France becomes a Protestant country.'

" 'Yes, one half, 'observed Napoleon;' and the other half will remain Catholic. We shall have interminable disputes and contests.'

" 'If this reasoning had been adopted at the time of the Revolution, the Constitutional Assembly would have shrunk back in fear of feudalism, and the National Convention would have been overawed by royalty and dynasty. All revolutions, whether political or religious, excite resistance. . . .'

" 'Why provoke it on the part of the people and the priests? Enlightened men do not rise up to oppose Catholicism; they are indifferent about it. I therefore spare troubles at home and abroad: with the help of the Pope, I can . . . ' Here Napoleon stopped.

" 'The sacrifices you will make will render you dependent upon him. You have to do with an artful enemy, who is more formidable to those who keep terms with him than to those who break with him at once. You now see only the fair side of the business. But when you think you have settled every thing with the Pope, you will see what will happen. The opportunity will never occur again, if you suffer it to escape. . . .'

" 'After a moment's reflection, he added:—'There is now no such thing as sincerity or faith. There is nothing more to be taken from the clergy. This is merely a political matter. Things are too far advanced, and the course which I have adopted appears the safest.'

" 'Indeed, since the Bull has arrived, all that I can say is useless.'

" 'Meanwhile the negotiations lingered. Cardinal Gonsalvi, the Pope's Secretary of State, came to Paris to give the finishing touch to the religious restoration. Some days after this, (on the 2d Messidor) the First Consul, talking to three Counsellors of State at Malmaison, said:—'I had a conversation with Cardinal Gonsalvi, and I told him that if the Pope will not come to a conclusion, we will establish a Gallican Church. He replied, that the Pope would do all that was proper for the First Consul. The Cardinal said to Talleyrand, 'People think I am a devotee; but no such thing. I love pleasure as well as the rest of the world.' The Cardinal and M. Spina regret that they cannot go to the theatre, for fear of scandalizing the French clergy; while in Rome they visit places of amusement in company with their mistresses. The clergy of Paris have presented me a petition, complaining of the arbitrary conduct of the Prefect of Police towards the priest Fournier.* I answered, that the Prefect had only acted by order of the Government. I wished to show you, that when I choose to give a hint, the priests must obey the civil power. They retired without making any reply. Fournier is their Coryphæus, and they are much hurt at the way in which he has been treated. It is a revolutionary act; but until order be established, such

* Fournier was arrested and conveyed to Charenton as a lunatic, because he preached against the Government.

things are unavoidable. Fournier shall not return to France; he shall be sent to Italy, and I will recommend him to the Pope.'

"At the sitting of the Council of State on the 18th Thermidor, after a long discussion on public education, the First Consul said:—

"'I have to address the Council on a very important subject; viz. the convention made with the Pope respecting religious affairs,' (26th Messidor.)

"He described the situation of France as it had been during the Revolution, and as it then was; he repeated all that has been above detailed on this subject, and having ordered the convention to be read, he thus continued:—

"'There will be fifty Bishops, who will receive from five to six thousand francs, and about six thousand *curés*, one to each canton. The Bishops shall be paid out of the secret service money, and the *curés* out of the revenue of the additional centimes. I have settled what concerns the Protestants. The Calvinists have their head establishment at Geneva. There is no objection to that. The Lutherans received their ministers from the German Princes; and a sad set was sent to them. In future they will themselves nominate their ministers. The Lutherans of Strasburgh have demanded this. As to the Jews, they are a nation apart. They have no connection with any other sect. Besides, their number is too small to claim particular attention.'

"The First Consul broke up the sitting without consulting the Council on any point connected with the treaty. He had indeed intimated that he could dispense with its assistance.

"This communication was coldly received.

"Gonsalvi returned to Rome; Spina remained in Paris. The Pope ratified the treaty which had been concluded there, and sent Cardinal Caprara as *legate à latere*. . . .

"No sooner was the concordat signed, and preparations made for carrying it into execution, than obstacles and difficulties arose on all sides. The resignation of the old Bishops, and the constitutional Bishops, the nomination of the new ones, their institution, the Gallican liberties, &c. were so many causes of rivalry, pretension, theological controversy, and internal discord. The old Bishops were divided: some declared their submission to the Pope, and resigned their sees, while others refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the Holy Father, and asserted that they were better Catholics than he. The constitutional Bishops were all docile. But the Pope required them to make retractations, which they resisted. The First Consul was obliged to interfere in these disputes; but the Court of Rome was not quite so accommodating as before the concordat.

"There was no sect, not even the handful of Parisian Theophilanthropists preaching in the desert, to whom the First Consul did not direct attention. In a sitting of the Council of State, at which the Minister of Police was present, the First Consul made some very warm remarks on the subject of a printed discourse which had been delivered among the Theophilanthropists.

"'They complain,' said he, 'that the Pope will rule in France, and that we are retrograding to the fourth century. They seized the pretence of the funeral oration of a brave soldier. I foresaw this. These people can scarcely be called a sect; they are merely a club. They have begun by flattering the military with the view of gaining them over. I do not wish to molest any one for religious opinions; but these people shall not, under that pretence, interfere in public affairs. They have six or seven churches in Paris, and their number does not exceed two hundred. Let them have a chapel! If their leaders had been well reprimanded, all this might have been prevented. They cry *Vive la Reveillère*! Certainly I have nothing to say against that. La Reveillère may be an honest man. He and Chenier write their discourses. They are very well done. The others cannot write. We understand French. . . . And then again the constitutional priests are raised up against me.'

"These words were addressed to Fouché, whom the First Consul accused of not having done his duty. He then spoke in a low tone to the two other Consuls, and a moment after said—'Citizen Lagarde, prepare an order for shutting up the Theophilanthropists.'

"A proclamation of the Consul's announced the re-establishment of worship. On the following day (Easter Sunday) the law was solemnly promulgated in Paris. All the corporations, the public authorities, and the Consuls, repaired to Notre Dame. Though etiquette had already made considerable progress, many went merely in *fiacres* with the numbers concealed. On this occasion the servants of the First Consul appeared in livery, and the members of the diplomatic body were requested to bring their attendants in livery. A similar request was addressed to the public functionaries who had private carriages. Mass was performed pontifically by Cardinal Caprara. The new Bishops took the oath. After a discourse delivered by M. de Boisgelin, who had been raised to the Archbishopric of Tours, *Te Deum* for the general peace, and for the peace of the church, closed the ceremony, which was accompanied by discharges of artillery and all sorts of military pomp. In the evening there was an illumination, and a concert at the Tuileries.

"The military were very much averse to this religious ceremony, and much annoyed at being obliged to be present at it. The First Consul asked General Delmas how he liked the ceremony. The General replied, 'It was a fine piece of monkish mummery. Nothing was wanting but to get back the million of men who have been killed in destroying what you are re-establishing.'

"Some days after, at a dinner given by General Moreau, at which were present Berthier, Marmont, and Delmas, the latter was asked what the First Consul had said to him—'Whatever he said,' replied Delmas, 'I don't care for it.' The First Consul being informed of this was very angry with Berthier for not having, in quality of minister of war, dismissed Delmas. That General was afterwards banished for his disrespectful conduct to the Consul, and for the opposition he manifested to every measure then proposed. . . .

"A report was circulated that the First Consul had determined on having the standards of the army consecrated, and that he dared not do it because the troops had declared that they would trample them under foot.

"A caricature was secretly handed about, representing the First Consul drowning in a tub of holy water, and some bishops forcing him down to the bottom of the tub with their crosiers.

"The Government and all the public offices abandoned the counting by decades, and adopted the hebdominal system. No public business was done on Sundays. A decree was issued, ordering that the publications of marriages should take place on that day. The Archbishop of Paris performed mass in the chapel of the Tuileries.

"The re-establishment of the clergy was not effected, as has been said, without considerable conflict and opposition, and consequently a great deal of bitterness towards the First Consul. The public knew nothing of this, because care was taken to prevent the subject being mentioned in the journals. The line of demarcation was not yet obliterated between the constitutional priests and the refractory priests. The latter alone were pure in their own eyes, and in those of the Church of Rome. The predilection shown by the Pope and the Government for them, threw the others out of favour. The civil authority was frequently at variance with the ecclesiastical authority, which was gradually regaining all that it had lost during the Revolution, and was attempting to restore institutions and rights which had been abolished by laws and rules of conduct no longer conformable with the spirit and opinions prevailing in France. The First Consul had therefore a great deal of trouble in maintaining the equilibrium between Church and State. Under any other man, the Clergy would soon have acquired their old preponderance, or drawn down fresh calamities upon him. For though a

great number of prelates and priests were really animated by the love of peace and charity, there were many ambitious, enthusiastic and turbulent spirits, whom no danger would have awed.

“A circumstance occurred in Paris, which gave rise to a decided expression of public feeling respecting an act of intolerance.

“Mademoiselle Chameroi, an opera-dancer, died, and the performers of all the theatres attended her remains to the Church of Saint Roch. The *Curé* refused to receive the body, and closed the church doors. This excited great murmurs among the populace, who threatened violence to the *Curé*, but d’Azincourt, the actor, succeeded in calming them. The procession then repaired to the chapel of the Sisters of Saint Thomas, where the curate performed the funeral service without hesitation.

“This affair was alluded to at the public audience of the First Consul at Saint Cloud. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘was the body carried to the church? The burial-place is open to every one, and it might have been conveyed straight there.’”

“The public generally blamed the *Curé*, and on the 30th Brumaire, the following article appeared in the *Moniteur*. It bore evident marks of having emanated from the First Consul.

“‘The *Curé* of Saint Roch, in a moment of infatuation, refused to pray for Mademoiselle Chameroi, and to admit her remains into the church. One of his colleagues, a reasonable man, understanding the true spirit of the gospel, received the funeral train in the church of the Sisters of Saint Thomas, where the service was performed with all the customary ceremonies.

“‘The Archbishop of Paris has ordered the *Curé* of Saint Roch to be suspended for three months, in order that he may recollect that Jesus Christ commanded us to pray even for our enemies, and that being brought back to a sense of his duty by meditation, he may learn that all the superstitious forms preserved by some rituals, which have been created by enthusiasts in the ages of superstition, degrade religion by their folly, and are proscribed by the Concordat, and by the law of the 18th Germinal.’”

A CHANCERY LAW-SUIT.

LETTER I.

Clara to her Brother Humphry.

DEAR Brother,—I promised to give you an account of our deeds and doings here during your absence. Nothing particular has happened. We have had a visit from —, and have been taking our usual walks in the neighbourhood. You can’t think, Humphry, how we miss you.

[Here follow several passages uninteresting to the general reader.]

Oh! one thing has occurred, certainly: it does not, to be sure, concern us much, but you may like to hear it, as it’s a matter of business. You remember two fields which papa set his heart upon so much, just by Crooked Corner. Well, Farmer Brush agreed to sell them at last, and papa and he came to terms about the price. When papa began to communicate with Mr. Brush through his attorney, the man refused to perform his agreement; and so papa’s going to law about it. The lawyer says, that papa is clearly in the right; and you know how sadly he wanted those fields. It’s so ill-natured of Farmer Brush. Let me hear from you soon, and believe me, &c.

CLARA.

LETTER II.

Farmer Brush to Lawyer Sweep.

July 11, 1810.

So, Sir, your humble servant—so I'm to be bothered with a chancery suit about them there fields. Old Testy knows very well that he agreed to pay half the conveyance; but, however, I know what a chancery law-suit is, though he mayn't. I'll spin the time out, I'll promise him; and so, Sir, your humble servant,

THOMAS BRUSH.

Your notice don't appear to me to be regular, and so I shan't take any account of it.

LETTER III.

Lawyer Twist to Farmer Brush.

Sir,—As you have entrusted me with your defence in this case, I feel bound in fairness to give you the best advice, which I do most conscientiously. However desirous you may be to harass your adversary, and however advisable that course may be under certain circumstances, I cannot say that your determination not to appear will be by any means safe. If you had looked at the little label which must have accompanied the subpoena, you would have seen there what you are required to do, and what will become of you if you refuse. Don't be obstinate, Mr. Brush. You have been hospitable enough to give me some excellent ale more than once when I have passed your house, and I would fain be friendly to you. You tell me, that if they attach you, you will run away: but what will be the consequence? The sheriff will return that you are not to be found; and the results will be an attachment with proclamations, a commission of rebellion, a sergeant at arms to carry you off to the Fleet, and then a commission of sequestration, which will swallow up your crops, and ale-cellar, and all. Don't be obstinate then, but appear at once, and answer the bill which has been filed against you. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

HUNGERFORD TWIST.

LETTER IV.

Lawyer Twist to Farmer Brush.

Never was there such an obstinate fellow! Why, Mr. Brush, do you know what you are about? Do you know that we might have delayed the plaintiff three-quarters of a year, if you had been commonly prudent? You have consented to appear, and now you won't answer. What new freak is this? The attachment has been issued against you, and the sheriff will soon put his hand upon you, and then you will be sent to the Fleet for contempt. *Cepi corpus*, I have taken his body, will be the word. Put in your answer by me instantly. I'll tell you how a silly old maid acted once. She thought, poor simpleton! to baffle the Court of Chancery by pertinacity, and so refused to answer. They soon had her up from York, where she lived, by attachment. Well, she still held out; they sued out a *habeas corpus* against her, and popped her into the Fleet. Still resolute. Another *habeas*, then an *alias habeas*, a *pluries habeas*, and an *alias pluries habeas*,—all separate

writes, Mr. Brush, and all to be paid for. Then, for she was quite firm, the plaintiff took her bill *pro confesso*, as it is called, that is to say, the Court gave him leave to consider the old lady's silence as giving consent to the charges which he had made; and this they might as well have done at first. Now, Mr. Brush, what will you do?

Your humble Servant,

HUNGERFORD TWIST.

LETTER V.

Old Mr. Testy to Counsellor Longtail.

Grandy Park House.

Dear Longtail,—I am half mad, my dear fellow, and I am more than half ashamed of myself. How could I help it? I ought to have employed you as an old friend, I know I ought. But Sweep, my attorney, told me that he could not change his ordinary counsel without offending them, and so I had Crossbill, Baitjudge, and Creamlip. They are all clever men, I believe. It has already cost me one hundred pounds, it has, this rascally law-suit. But I must tell you all about it, and then you can tell me what to do. There are two fields near my estate, worth about three hundred pounds at the utmost; and Brush the farmer, a litigating vexatious scoundrel, promised I should have them. He broke his word, for who could expect any thing better from him? and I was determined to make him fulfil his agreement (we had it all drawn up regularly in writing), and so I filed a bill against him. This was in July 1810. He took till April to answer a plain demand, and then there came furbished up to my lawyer such a monstrous rigmarole, that I really had not the patience to read it. We objected to it several times, and thus nearly two years were lost. Issue, as the lawyers call it, was at length joined, and of course I expected in Trinity Term 1813, that my case would be heard. It was no such thing, my good friend; they told me that the evidence had not been published, that was the expression; and I was not only obliged to wait for this arrangement, but they got into a trick on the other side of enlarging the publication—do you know what that means?—and this was a further tax upon my purse, though they said it would not delay the cause if it was ripe for hearing. Ay! but there's the villainy. Every cushion in the Court of Chancery ought to be a judge to hear the complaints of the suitors. And the judge ought to have an extra ear to take in all the well-founded objections to the long tedious practice which, I know to my sorrow, prevails there. Ripe for hearing indeed! I should like to know when it will be heard. Once I was at the top of the paper, as the phrase is, and I made sure of hearing the result of the long-winded business. My solicitor, mind you, had taken himself out of the way, not having the least idea, as he was pleased to say, that the cause would come on; upon which the Lord Chancellor ordered my case to be popped down to the bottom of the paper. Now, I am an old fellow, Longtail, shrewd enough to know that the attorney won't reimburse me for his absence. Those lawyers always make up a fine tale for themselves. But, pardon me, I forget that I am writing to one. . . Come, as some old captive king said to a fellow-sufferer, when drawing their conqueror's chariot, don't let us despair, the lowest spoke in the

wheel will become the uppermost in turn. I got a-head at last again, and my solicitor promised roundly and hugely that he would stick to the chief-judge like a leech, and that no accident should ever happen again. I was going to swear; no, I won't, I'm too old for that. Two of my counsel were holding forth in the court of the Vice Chancellor, pleading there for some lucky dog or other who had managed to decoy the court into hearing him; and my junior counsel very modestly declared, that the responsibility of the case was far too great for his shoulders, though he keeps a brazen face enough above them; so my Lord waxed very wroth, and much ado there was to hinder him from dropping me down again, quite down to the bottom of the list again! You're a civil set of men, Longtail! I went after these runaway fellows, and told them how hard it was; and they were so plausible, and so attentive, that I quite forgot to be angry with them. And so, at length, another day was fixed,—and another—and another.—Now shall I—shall I pay the costs and give it up? Do advise me what to do.

Dear Longtail, always yours,

1814.

TIMOTHY TESTY.

P. S. My lawyer tells me that mine is an uncommonly short suit indeed; only four years at present! *

LETTER VI.

Lawyer Hawk in the Country to Lawyer Kite, his agent in London.

Hawk, Gent. one, &c. v. Pigeon.

Dear Sir,—In this case be so good to have Pigeon arrested directly.

Pigeon v. Hawk, Gent. one, &c.

This litigating fellow must be stopped in his career. You will take care to put in a plea of privilege on my behalf, so that I shall be safe.

Wool v. Cutpurse.

I have paid the plaintiff 8*l.* damages for the bill on which he sued Mr. Cutpurse, and I have received ten guineas from him, being the extra costs which you tell me would not be allowed. I gave up the lien I had upon the eight pounds, as my client seems to be but a poor man.

Smith v. Brown.

Brown says he'll pay the 50*l.* rather than go into a Chancery suit, although he's clearly in the right. I can't persuade him to the contrary. I have no bad opinion of his sense, though, between ourselves!

Wappem v. Touchfurze.

The defendant has been taking some sheep-dung from Small Cross Green, and we are going to make an example of him. You will please sue out the writ, and let Mr. Subtle prepare the declaration. Lay the damages at one hundred pounds. He is a poor cottager, and this will be a lesson to him.

By the way, I was present at a curious conversation between Mr. Longtail the barrister and old Testy, of Grandy Park, in which the counsellor defended the Court of Chancery most manfully, though nothing could persuade Testy that he had parted with his money in a good cause. The best of it was, that Testy was found out by his own

confession in many attempts to delay the defendant; and so we had a good laugh at him. I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

MALACHI HAWK.

LETTER VII.

Clara to her Brother.

Dearest Brother,—I can't think what's come to Papa. He is very much altered of late since this odious law-suit. Formerly we had a little influence over him, and used to coax him into our little gaieties; but now nothing but expense is talked of.

All this trouble about two ugly parched-up meadows. I can't think what has occasioned the demur. The man said he would sell the fields, and now he refuses, I should say that he ought to be made without further delay. Papa compares his suit to all sorts of things—to a long sermon—to a great drought—sometimes to the period which we occupy in dressing when Colonel Longbow comes to dine here. Nothing is certain yet upon that subject, whether it will be Jane or myself. I don't care, not I. Poor Jane doesn't look quite so well as she did. I wish you would come down and put us into a little spirits.

[The remainder of the letter upon indifferent topics.]

LETTER VIII.

Lawyer Sweep to Old Testy.

Dear Sir,—I am rejoiced to have an opportunity of acquainting you that your cause is positively fixed for Thursday next, and I anxiously expect a speedy decree in your favour—of the result you shall have the earliest intimation.

I remain, dear Sir, your faithful obedient Servant,

JAMES SWEEP.

LETTER IX.

From John Smith, Grocer, of Grandy, to his Wife Katherine.

Bunch of Grapes Hotel, Thursday.

Dear Kate—I got your's yesterday, and am quite hurt that Tom Speed should have had no summons about this business of Squire Testy's, when you know I had one. What does Lawyer What's-his-name mean? I'm as good as Tom Speed; my father wasn't hanged for robbing a hen-roost, and why shouldn't they take my word as well as Tom Speed's? But it's all of a piece, wife; and I'll tell you how they've served me since I have been in this smoky town. They had me up to a great big stone building in Chancery-lane, called the Six Clerks' Office, and there I was shown to a man who took great notice of me, as though I'd been a smuggler, or a swindler, or something like that, but all in good part as I was told, only that I should have the jaunt of coming up all this way again, for the pleasure of being cross-examined, (as they do at Size, I suppose). Well, they took a full account of me, where I lived, and so forth, and then I was taken before such a grave-looking sensible man, and took an oath to tell the truth. Then they had me back again to be examined. Now, I can't for the

life of me tell why that serious gentleman shoudn't have heard all I had to say, instead of whisking me back again in that style. And I don't see any objection to the young man's taking my oath, for an oath's an oath, you see; it would have saved so much time, and all would go on so easy. But the drollest thing of all was, (I'm a blunt, honest man, you know, Kate,) they wouldn't let me tell all I wanted, for that Brush is a queer fellow, who has made me come up to town here, and I was going to give my opinion of him. "Oh!" said they, "you mustn't tell us any thing which will not be of advantage to Mr. Brush; you have come here to be examined on his behalf;" and, although I told 'em that I did not think, in my conscience, that the farmer was right, it was of no consequence; and so I said at once, that I had heard of Brush's making the agreement about the fields, and that he ought to stand to it, and that he or his attorney must have been a great fool to have sent for me. That was all hearsay, I was answered, and so I was allowed to depart.

I can't think how the people contrive to sell their teas and sugars here so cheap. I hope James minds the shop and the till. There are a great many other very odd things in this place, Kate; but you shall hear all about it when I come home, which will be as soon as I've seen about that business of yours. God bless you!

Your affectionate

JOHN SMITH,

—
LETTER X.

Twist to his Clerk.

What a stupid ass you are, Lionel Leatherhead, to send the summons to the wrong John Smith! Why he's the grocer, and Testy's one of his best customers. The case is half broke down by it. You'll never do for me, unless you look sharper than that.—I have sent another summons: serve the right John Smith directly.

LETTER XI.

To Timothy Testy, Esquire.

I cannot help it, my dear sir; you would have it so. Not that I think your new witnesses could have proved much, but I am really not responsible for the delay, and it seems to me to be a pretty even match between Brush and you which should create the most. The publication of evidence having taken place, the court could not entertain any application of the nature you required to vary it. We solicitors are liable to very considerable and undeserved blame sometimes, when the matter complained of arises wholly from the obedience we pay to our client's wishes. I merely say thus much to justify myself from having protracted the suit, and assure you in conclusion, that no efforts shall be wanting on my part to bring it to a speedy termination.

I remain, my dear sir, your very faithful obedient servant,

JAMES SWEEP.

Timothy Testy, Esq. Grandy Park House.

To be continued.

THE CONTINUATION OF VIVIAN GREY.

This is a Work of some originality and of considerable interest. The Author's apparent design in the character of VIVIAN GREY is to trace from the earliest, and perhaps to the latest formation, that mutability of the human being whose conduct is too often influenced by his fortunes and his passions, unregulated by stern philosophy, and ungoverned by fixed principles. He takes his hero up in earliest boyhood, and, even before his school life, the germs of action have dropped into the soil. The artificial heat of society hastens to too sudden a maturity.—The Age, says our Novelist, was not less corrupted, than the being it had generated. Ambition was the Dalilah of his passions, and his daring and precocious genius hurried him into a career of political intrigue, which exhibits many rapid scenes of passion and self-torment. The subject is ethical; vanity is mortified, and vice is miserable—and the wretched victim “retires from the world before his time.”

Such is the theme of the first two volumes, which the writer has himself well described. He now tells us, that “it was obtruded on the public for no unworthy reason, in as hot and hurried a sketch as ever yet was penned; but like its subject, for what is youth but a sketch—a brief hour of principles unsettled, passions unrestrained, powers undeveloped, and purposes unexecuted!” There was something startling in these volumes, in the manner, as well as in the subject. The scenes and the actors bore a vivid air of reality, and there was a springiness in the mind, a boldness of conception, and a coruscation in the style, above the level of ordinary productions. But the youth of the author was at least as apparent as his genius. The singular indiscretion of introducing the names of certain contemporaries, although evidently more in sport than in malice, occasioned him the usual fate of being misinterpreted: real names too, as is not uncommon in these cases, were attached to his fictitious characters—and like him who, having presumed to become the historian of the Sylphs and Gnomes, was imagined on his sudden disappearance to have fallen as their victim, the writer of Vivian Grey appears to have been cuffed and pinched by his own impersonal faeries.

The continuation of the tale opens after Vivian Grey's residence at Heidleburg about a year. Whether he took a course of German philosophy, or other hellebore, the medicine was sovereign for his morbid humours, but apt to induce apathy. At first, “he felt himself a broken-hearted man, and looked for death, the delay of which was no blessing; but the feelings of youth which had misled him in his burning hours of joy, equally deceived him in his days of sorrow.” Life became less burdensome, “for, if it be the lot of man to suffer, it is also his fortune to forget.” Vivian had at least gained experience; he had suffered, and had seen others suffer. “But he commenced by founding his philosophy on a new error, for he fancied himself passionless, which man never is. His trials had been severe, and, because he could no longer interest himself in any of the usual pursuits of men, he believed that he could interest himself in none. Subdued but not melancholy, contemplative but not gloomy, he left his solitude.”

Thus, Vivian Grey has lost his idiosyncrasy, his constitutional pecu-

liarity. He goes to join "the great and agitated crowd of beings," himself no longer agitated. This state is well touched on by one of those original images in which our author delights. "In his career through the world he resembled a turbid mountain-river, whose colour had been cleared, and whose course had been calmed in its passage through a lake." On this "second venture into life," his apathy has frozen him into the marble of mythology: his sensations are gradually to be communicated; his slumbering faculties to be developed; and new desires and new aversions are to give motion to the statue.

The scene continues in Germany, through a series of diversified adventures, and a vast variety of dramatic personages. Novel-readers, accustomed to a unity of action, and to home-scenes, and what has been, not unhappily, described as "the fetters of a regular story," may consider that the interest is diminished by the succession of unconnected adventures, and the introduction of foreign characters. Unquestionably, one of the rarest inventions is the comic or prose epopee, as exhibited in the admirable Fable of Tom Jones, which remains unparalleled; but, as we do not find in miscellaneous life that exquisite coherence of incidents, where every single one is made to advance the catastrophe, a fiction so artificially constructed, and so regularly rounded by its completion, must be deemed rather an evidence of the ingenuity of the tale-teller, than the truest display of human affairs. Some of the finest productions in this department of literature, in their unconnected scenes and foreign cast of character, cannot boast of this felicity of plot, which has often been considered rather as the framework of the picture, than the picture itself. Who, however, has not found Gil Blas very companionable, though his versatile adventures change their actors with their scenes; and who has not felt, that the very individuals whom he had observed at London, Blas knew at Madrid? Le Sage, in his comprehensive view, took in general nature, and not that particular nature which is found in a neighbourhood—in a community—or even in a nation—such as we observe the backward taste of some German Novelists is still doing; painting local customs, individual manners, and peculiar situations, drawn from their own contracted circle. Such feeble copyists of nature can never attain to the highest faculty in fictitious composition—INVENTION, or what we would call *the Ideal of human life*.

This ideal of the human character, among others in this fiction, has created two very singular and contrasted personages, in the low comic character of the buffoon Essper George, and the mysterious and fanciful statesman, Beckendorff. Perhaps they have no exact prototypes in life, yet, being founded on a close study of human nature, the writer seems to have assembled together the diversified characteristics of a class of beings into one being, in an unity of personifications, and a harmony of manners.

We were early attracted by the pleasantry and agility of the clever knave ESSPER GEORGE, so lithe in mind and body. We soon discovered that the quaint fellow would "jest a twelvemonth in a hospital." His gibes, his mimetic faculties imitative of the cries of animals, or the sounds of instruments—his practical, but original joke

often his rich vein of wit—his alertness of body and his impromptu shrewdness,—his *persiflage* in parodying the peculiar expressions of his companions, humouring while laughing at them,—all these, render Essper George an amusing droll. His mode of conversation partakes of the wildness and versatility of the doubtful son of a prince or a gypsy—for Essper was rather confused about his birth. When Vivian inquired his age, he said, “I was no head at calculating from a boy, but I do remember that I am two days older than one of the planets.” “How is that?” “There was one born in the sky, Sir, the day I was christened with a Turkish crescent.” He tells us, that, “like all great travellers, he had seen more than he remembered, and remembered more than he had seen.” There is often a random sort of wisdom in his flashes of merriment, and an honesty of intention in his craftiness. This child of levity and fun is perpetually exciting our risible emotions, or else he would not always escape the stocks for his Puck-like mischievousness. Even in his misery, there is a drollery which shows, that constitutionally this human being knows not to be unhappy. But he has the sympathies of humanity. His romantic attachment to Vivian must not be forgotten. Our hero having accidentally rescued him from a cracked skull at Frankfort fair, when, in the character of a charlatan, he was inquiring after Truth in that great free city, Essper follows his protector from place to place, and it is from gratitude that he solicits servitude.

In the delineation of the character of Beckendorff, there is an effort at uniting greatness with the truth of nature. Beckendorff is the minister of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg; of obscure origin, “a man without a Von before his name,” and one who had refused the nobility which had been proffered to him, not only by his own monarch, but by most of the sovereigns of Europe. His presence seemed to mortify the court, the destinies of which he regulated. We find this great politician in a romantic solitude—an enthusiast of sensibility, whose soul dissolves in music, whose eye wanders among the stars he watches, the flowers he has himself planted, and the birds that often are allowed to escape from their aviary to feed and warble at his table. Thus he indulges many fancies; yet in this retreat he watched the security of the new kingdom, which his genius had raised to its present rank. There he meditated on the difficulties overcome during the influence of the great nation, and triumphed in the rapid revolutions of his policy between Napoleon and Metternich, which had finally encircled the brows of his pupil, the former Margrave, with a Grand Ducal crown. Beckendorff had not scrupled to resort to any measures for the interest of his monarch and his country, but in every manner had shown that personal aggrandizement had never been his object.

“A minister who has sprung from the people will always conciliate the aristocracy: for having no family influence of his own, he endeavours to gain the influence of others,” observes our author. As soon as Beckendorff was in place, the little German princes, who had long tyrannized over their provinces, conspired together. The new minister perhaps fostered the conspiracy against himself, but took care to render the treason unsuccessful. By these means he levelled their

overgrown power in the state, and afterwards secured their favour by its gradual restoration. While, however, he weakened the power of the Lords, he increased the privileges of the Commons. In all this, the patriotic minister was alike the champion of the sovereign, and the guardian of the people.

The court changed its German nationality. The Grand Duke's lady, by a left-handed marriage, was Madame Carolina. She was philosophical, piquant, and Parisian; the perfectibility of man her philosophy, "the science of conversation" her secret, and the "Memoirs of the Court of Charlemagne" the grand attestation of her talents. In her liberal aspirations she sighed to have a Quarterly Review at Ashantee; and discussions about a free press, a reform in the constitution, and other interminable topics, engaged all the political and philosophical charlatans, whom her genius had congregated. She was vain, superficial, heartless. Beckendorff's was a mind that such a woman could not comprehend; and he treated her with contempt, for, in his opinion, she had degraded the character of his pupil, the Grand Duke. Often Madame Carolina's party were expecting a charter, or the institution of chambers, and the Grand Duke, alarmed at their eloquence, was on the point of concession—behold! Mr. Beckendorff rides up from his retreat to the residence, and the next day the whole crowd of philosophers are swept away from the royal presence, and the man of the people himself sets a severe censorship over the press. The modern Athens, as the court boasts itself, is, on a sudden, declared to be a Bœotia!

The incidents at the court of Reisenburg are amusing. The opera is the pride of Reisenburg, and the Grand Duke superintends its perfect orchestra. A ballet, the story of which is the Corsair of Lord Byron, is a gem of description for its imagination and the magic of the diction. At the review are exhibited the military evolutions of the Reisenburg army; we are hurried amidst tirailleurs, huzzars, cuirassiers, and lancers; and field marshal Von Sohnspeer explains, during a cold collation, a favourite mode of a deploying of cavalry, which it was settled would have been of great use to Clairfayt in the Netherlands, about eight and twenty years ago. The literary Madame Carolina invents a fancy-dress ball, which her sublime genius alone was equal to imagine. Wearied with commonplace effects, she decided that the party, to use her own sublime phrase, should represent "an age!" The difficulty was to fix on one. "The Committee of Selection," after wavering between a primeval and an antediluvian age, to compliment the house of Austria, fix on the age of Charles the Fifth. The striking effects of the characters and the costume are described with curious fidelity and splendour of fancy; a new interest is excited in the story by the appearance of a mysterious lady, introduced by the prime-minister, who, though never at court on these occasions, suddenly appears, and astonishes the brilliant circle, as if the man in the moon had dropt out of his sphere. We leave the diversified narrative to the reader; we cannot even single out an incident; our business is with other results.

We have three collegians, Mr. St. Leger, Mr. St. John, and Mr. St. George, "travelling with minds utterly incapable either of observation or reflection,—infant libertines, whom a facetious fellow of New College had dubbed All Saints." We have Mr.

Sherborne, who reads Addison, and thinks Pope a poet; this fine old English gentleman calls the present age the age of slang, and thinks our language more in danger than our laws and our constitution. He holds the youth of the present day in absolute contempt, and declares that next to being correct, a man should be candid, and that he has not met with a candid man these fifty years. Mr. Sherborne is, indeed, so very candid that he passes half his life in apologizing for his perpetual misconceptions of affairs. Then, at the Table-d'hôte at Coblentz, is that "economical, dignified, and convivial judge from the Danube," who passes through so many metamorphoses of character, in an unlucky stratagem for a copartnership in a bottle of Rudesheimer, which he has finally to pay for without enjoying his share. The French Marquis too, who is always thinking of Louis Quatorze snuff-boxes, and the German colonel who is always pondering on button holes—the tall savage-looking one-eyed Bohemian serjeant, who is for murdering the conjuror for his joke, but at length, delighted at the ridicule heaped on his military rival the Prussian, throws the mimic some groschen; the decayed gentleman usher retired on a pension of eighty dollars, who had the reputation of being a man who lived within his income, and who, on dinner occasions, wore a full court suit, and garnished his conversation with many details interesting to the females of the Bourgeoisie, and whose polished manners, good stories, in which frequent repetition had made him very perfect and dignified, and rather consequential bearing, which he knew well when to assume, had made him as popular with the men as with their wives, and who moreover had prudently cherished a friendship with the court cook, which insured him the arrival of many a choice hamper—little Lintz, one of those artists who seem to value no reputation out of the place of their residence, and whose pencil immortalized the public buildings of his native city—the innkeeper, "with a meek and charitable expression of countenance, who wore round his neck a collar of pewter medals, which had been blessed under the petticoat of our black lady of Altoting," and who, "pale and pig-headed," bore the threatened vengeance of his duped guest for his "items," and took leave of him as pious and as polite as on his arrival, crossing himself and bowing to his departing victim, who left him with a curse—Von Aslingen, the male authority in coats, cravats, and chargers; the Brummel of his day; who is perpetually exercising his power over the fops of fashion by some very amusing acts of the despotism of frivolity:—all these are but a few of the diversified population; yet among those unmentioned, surely we must not leave our especial friend, the fat and simple Master Rodolph, or the sarcastic Sievers, whose tongue is keen as a Damascus edge.

A drinking-scene at the castle in the German forest reminds us of those Bacchanalian feats of the Northmen, who once dignified their potations by technical terms. This extraordinary scene will entertain some of its readers, and prove objectionable to others. It is not difficult for an elegant mind to limit the propriety where gentle and playful humour ends—such as Addison's—and that *ideal humour* which passes far beyond, commences; the result of which is the *grotesque*. To us there seems great truth in the whole of this wild scene. The insanity of men over their cups is real, and we admire the ingenious conception of

the brutalizing tendencies of this "superfluity in drink," where each character is marked by the manners of some congenial beast.

Here then we have a specimen of a style which we would designate as the GROTESQUE. It is a mode of writing which sometimes breaks out among our old dramatists. In Sterne, gleams of the GROTESQUE, caught from the *ignes fatui* of the old French writers of the school of Rabelais, may occasionally be distinguished. We have some rich instances in Cervantes, but they abound among the burlesque poets of Italy. It was a favourite style of Voltaire. There is an essential difference between the GROTESQUE and the HUMOROUS. That which is grotesque is generally very humorous, but that which is very humorous is very often not grotesque. The grotesque is a deviation from Nature, permitted in order that an effect may be produced, which cannot be produced by adhering to Nature. This deviation is not allowed, unless its result be excellence. If its result be excellence, that is to say, if excellence be produced by a deviation from Nature, which could not have been produced by an adherence to Nature, then the grotesque becomes classical. It follows, therefore, that the grotesque is not classical in cases where excellence is not produced, or where excellence is produced which might have been effected in a natural manner, for in this latter case the grotesque is unnecessary. In having recourse therefore to the grotesque, the artist must have an object. If he paint a boy's head appearing out of a lily, or write of a garden where the flowers are birds, however lively these objects may be depicted or described, these deviations from Nature, producing no sensible result, must be treated as monstrosities. If, however, the artist conjure up a number of fantastic forms, whose purpose is the temptation of a saint, or the torture of a sinner, these combinations, however unnatural, are not monstrosities; because, though we are all aware that no such forms exist as are created by the pencil of Callot in the temptation of St. Anthony, or by the pen of Goethe in the Witches' Sabbath; nevertheless, the result of these inventions on our minds is instruction; since we hereby become sensible of the terrors of a guilty mind, or the temptations to which an innocent one is subject—or we become acquainted with the wild conceptions and eccentric fantasies, which are alike engendered by superstitious ignorance or presumptuous knowledge—all which impressions could not have been conveyed to our understandings by a mere adherence, in the poet or the painter, to that established order which we style Nature.

As an agreeable specimen of the author's talents, we quote the following description of Evening.

"It was evening.—Vivian remained on the terrace. The red autumnal sun had just sunk over an immense extent of champaign country. The evening mists from the ruddy river were already ascending, and towers and steeples of a neighbouring city rose black against the shining sky. Sunset is the time when memory is most keen; and as Vivian Grey sat on the marble wall, gazing on the wide landscape, his sorrowing mind was not inactive. Never until this moment had he felt how precious, how invaluable was the possession and the performance of duty! The simple tale of his late companion had roused a thousand thoughts. His early, his insane career, flitted across his mind. He would have stifled the remembrance with a sigh; but man is the slave of memory."

His Twilight is also interesting :

"The sun had already sunk behind the mountains, whose undulating forms were thrown into dark shadow against the crimson sky. The thin crescent of the new moon floated over the eastern hills, whose deep woods glowed with the rosy glories of twilight. Over the peak of a purple mountain, glittered the solitary star of evening. As the sun dropped, universal silence seemed to pervade the whole face of Nature. The voice of the birds was stilled; the breeze, which had refreshed them during the day, died away, as if its office were now completed; and none of the dark sounds and sights of hideous night yet dared to triumph over the death of day. Unseen were the circling wings of the fell bat; unheard the screech of the waking owl; silent the drowsy hum of the shade-born beetle! What heart has not acknowledged the influence of this hour—the sweet and soothing hour of twilight!—the hour of love, the hour of adoration, the hour of rest!—when we think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved more dearly; when we remember our enemies only to forgive them!"

Let us add one of his Morning scenes :

"It is the hour before the labouring bee has left his golden hive; not yet the blooming day buds in the blushing East; not yet has the victorious Lucifer chased from the early sky the fainting splendour of the stars of night. All is silent, save the light breath of Morn waking the slumbering leaves. Even now a golden streak breaks over the grey mountains. Hark! to shrill chanticleer! As the cock crows, the owl ceases. Hark! to shrill chanticleer's feathered rival! the mounting lark springs from the sullen earth, and welcomes with his hymn the coming day. The golden streak has expanded into a crimson crescent, and rays of living fire flame over the rose-enamelled East. Man rises sooner than the Sun; and already sound the whistle of the ploughman, the song of the mower, and the forge of the smith,—and hark! to the bugle of the hunter, and the baying of his deep-mouthed hound. The Sun is up—the generating Sun! and temple, and tower, and tree—the massy wood, and the broad field, and the distant hill, burst into sudden light—quickly upcurled is the dusky mist from the shining river—quickly is the cold dew drunk from the raised heads of the drooping flowers!"

Riding on horseback may convey new feelings to the lounging equestrian :

"A man never feels so proud or so sanguine as when he is bounding on the back of a fine horse. Cares fly with the first curvet; and the very sight of a spur is enough to prevent one committing suicide. What a magnificent creature is man, that a brute's prancing hoof can influence his temper or his destiny!—and truly, however little there may be to admire in the rider, few things in this admirable world can be conceived more beautiful than a horse, when the bloody spur has thrust some anger in his resentful side. How splendid to view him with his dilated nostril, his flaming eye, his arched neck, and his waving tail, rustling like a banner in a battle!—to see him champing his slavered bridle, and sprinkling the snowy foam upon the earth, which his hasty hoof seems almost as if it scorned to touch!"

The situation of a royal female is interestingly pictured in the following sketch :

"A royal princess is only the most flattered of state victims. She is a political sacrifice, by which enraged Governments are appeased, wavering allies conciliated, and ancient amities confirmed. Debarred by her rank and her education from looking forward to that exchange of equal affection,

which is the great end and charm of female existence ; no individual finds more fatally, and feels more keenly, that pomp is not felicity, and splendour not content.

“ Deprived of all those sources of happiness which seem inherent in woman, the wife of the Sovereign sometimes seeks in politics and in pleasure, a means of excitement which may purchase oblivion. But the political queen is a rare character ; she must possess an intellect of unusual power, and her lot must be considered as an exception in the fortunes of female royalty. Even the political queen generally closes an agitated career with a broken heart. And for the unhappy votary of pleasure, who owns her cold duty to a royal husband, we must not forget, that even in the most dissipated courts, the conduct of the queen is expected to be decorous ; and that the instances are not rare, where the wife of the monarch has died on the scaffold, or in a dungeon, or in exile, because she dared to be indiscreet, where all were debauched. But for the great majority of royal wives, they exist without a passion ; they have nothing to hope—nothing to fear—nothing to envy—nothing to want—nothing to confide—nothing to hate—and nothing to love. Even their duties, though multitudinous, are mechanical ; and while they require much attention, occasion no anxiety. Amusement is their moment of greatest emotion, and for them amusement is rare ; for amusement is the result of equal companionship. Thus situated, they are doomed to become frivolous in their pursuits, and formal in their manners : and the Court chaplain, or the Court confessor, is the only person who can prove they have a soul, by convincing them that it will be saved.”

Upon the whole we conceive Vivian Grey, comparing his *Continuation* with his former volumes, has improved in his manner of thinking, as well as in the mechanism of his composition.

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

To Thomas Bish, Esq.

“ The oyster-woman lock'd her fish up,
And trudged away to cry “ no Bish——.”
HUDIBRAS.

My Bish, since fickle Fortune's dead,
Where throbs thy speculating head,
That hatch'd such matchless stories,
Of gaining like Napoleon, all
Success on every capital,
And 30,000 glories ?

Dost thou now sit, when evening comes,
Wrapt in its cold and wintry glooms,
And dream o'er faded pleasures :
See *numbers* rise and *numbers* fall,
Hear Lottery's last funereal call
O'er all her vanish'd treasures ?

Thy head distract 'twixt wheel and woe,
Feels the *last* lottery like a blow
From malice aim'd at thee ;—
No prizes pass in decent rank,
Nothing is left thee but a blank,
And worthy Mrs. B. !

Perchance at times thy wits may strive
With cards to keep the game alive,
And mock the old Arena ;
By fighting fortune at Écarté,
Thou Charing Cross's Bonaparté,
In thy little St. Helena !

Thou 'rt out of luck—for to thy *share*,—
Not as of old,—falls blank despair,
'The thought of 't gives the vapours !
In some cursed cottage of content,
Thy baffled hopeless hours are spent,
Spelling' the daily papers !

No more thy name in column stares
On the lured reader unawares,
The voice of Fame is o'er !
No more it breathes thee into print :
What is Fame's breath?—'There 's nothing in 't,
The veriest puff!—no more !

The puff to others now belongs,
The Wrights have risen upon thy wrongs,
Rowlands and Hunts recoil !
The wheel of Fortune, now forlorn,
Turns but to grind the roasted corn,
Greased with Macassar oil.

Election chances seem'd a vent
For thy desires—But Parliament
Is not so easily won ;—
Numbers were once to thee a treat,
But now by numbers thou wert beat
And Rowland Stephenson.

At Drury, too, no chance was thine ;
But thou shalt in past glory shine,
Not as the uncertain actor,—
Not as the man that opens wide
The floodgate for the public tide,
But as the great Contractor !

And when—but Heaven protract the day—
The time is come for life's decay,
Prolong'd shall be thy joys :
A favourite wheel shall carry thee,
And like thy darling lottery,
Be drawn by Blue-coat boys !

A tumulus shall cover thee
And thine—a barrow !—it will be
Sacred to thy one wheel ;
And genuine tears, my Bish, from eyes
Of those who never got a prize,
At morn and eve shall steal.



THE OPERA BOX.—NO. I.

Present, the Countess of ———, Lady Fanny H—— and Sir Felix Dilletante—Time, Second Act of “Ricciardo.”

“Is *this*, my Lord, the manner of their talk?”

“It is even so, young scholar.”

OLD PLAY.

Sir Felix. My dear Lady Fanny, you listen not to the music. The trio they are now performing is one of the most exquisite of the inventions of Rossini.

Lady Fanny. Ah me! I was, indeed, for a moment absent. I was thinking of the shocking manner in which poor Clara threw herself away the other day. It makes me quite unhappy to reflect how the dear deluded girl has linked herself to a man not only without a grain of principle, but also without even a tolerable connection. What a foolish silly creature!—Besides, her being in such a hurry is the most dreadful breach of decorum I ever heard of—totally inconsistent with Clara’s refinement and delicacy of feeling—I can never forgive her *that*.

Sir Felix. Poor thing! but there are stranger things connected with *la belle passion*, than are dreamt of in your gentle philosophy: for example, allow me to direct your attention for a moment to the agreeable antediluvian in the opposite box in our tier—there—she approximates the girls in the *Berris*, which by the way I should recommend to your ladyship’s consideration—they have a very sentimental air, and look like the caps of the young college-students whom we saw in Germany. There! you must see her; she is basking in the smile of that quizzical impertinent, Charles Huntly, who is doing his best to tantalize her. Pray admire for a moment the yellow loveliness of that Arabian skin, that lack-a-daisical and lack-lustre eye, that charming approximation of the interesting features of her face, and that most attenuated of forms. What a disgusting creature! Look at her rouge and her chaplet of white roses. Ugh! She claws her glass like your ladyship’s macaw clinging to the bars of her brazen cage. *Fi donc!* I can bear it no longer. Now could you by any accident conceive that that most unloveable and impossible person should have dared to fancy herself in love—to even dream of passion? But after you are told so, can you regret the fate of your friend, whose lot appears celestial when compared with that of this preposterous dowager? I could if I would, but that I hate scandal, tell you *such* a story about our *vis-a-vis*. I may however hint that there are certain anecdotes in circulation, of advances on the ancient lady’s part, not of a very equivocal nature, to——

Countess. Hush, Sir Felix, you are transgressing all the——

Sir Felix. Facts, my lady, come within the letter.

Countess. By no means. I admit no scandal but that of my own invention; and as I do not feel excessively spiteful this moment, I positively will not suffer you to speak otherwise than panegyrically. So, if I please you, exercise your discretion, and abandon personalities; suffer our pensive Fanny to continue her meditations, and let your antique adversary unmolestedly enjoy her delusion. By the by, I shall scold Huntly when I see him.

Sir Felix. Gentlest of your sex! But I may not reward your

toleration in the way you propose. I will endeavour to study an impromptu—to elaborate an extempore effusion about your many graces; though the thing is impossible in the absolute presence of your radiant self, and under the glances of your laughing eyes. Well—I am dumb. Bravo! Bravo! Listen to Toso. Her voice seems to search every recess in the house. By heaven! I must give D'Egville a hint—she must learn to dance for the sole reason that she may know how to walk; all I fear is, that when she improves in this as in other particulars, she will lose something of that winning simplicity, that unsophisticated and primitive grace, that unconsciousness of self and perfect abandonment to the impulses of her character, which at present “mark her for their own.” She may indeed be taught to sing with more science, and to face the stage more according to the received forms; but she will, I think, be the worse for it.

Lady Fanny. Precisely my sentiments; though the Countess, I am sure, will not agree with us. *Mais voila!* Mrs. Fitzgerald, one of your favourites, has just taken her place.

The Countess. Now, Sir Felix, for the heroics.

Sir Felix. Laugh on as much as you please, but she is a superb woman.

Lord Lispington manifests himself.

How d'ye do, Lispington. Just speaking of a friend of yours—Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Lord Lisp. Indeed? a very fine creature. Look what a pretty arm she has; a Juno in that respect, Sir Felix.

Lady Fanny. I've been dying to hear your opinion of Toso, my Lord. How did she sing to-night?

Lord Lisp. Positively I can't say. Did she sing?

Lady Fanny. You affected creature! Learn then that she did sing, and sing delightfully too.—Why that look of wonderment? Did you approve of the veil?

Lord Lisp. Did she wear a veil?

Lady Fanny. Forbear, trifler. Sir Felix, here, has been plaguing me with similitudes, that bear no resemblance, of moons, and clouds, and prophets, and priestesses, till I lost all patience, and threatened to expel him. But she is a delightful creature. Didn't you think her dress magnificent?

Lord Lisp. Magnificent! Was it magnificent?

Lady Fanny. Yes, you intolerable and most unobservant Lord. She reminds me of Lady William Russell. I quite doat upon her, she is so very lady-like.

Lord Lisp. Particularly so. •

The Countess. Sir Felix, shall we have a good season?

Sir Felix. Capital, if Ebers fulfils his promises. Pasta in May, or sooner, Galli next week, and Sontag towards the latter part of the season.

Lady Fanny. Poor Zuchelli! how I regret him, he made such an amiable Turk!

Sir Felix. I prefer Galli. We are to have an abundance of new Operas. Coccia is to produce his Marie Stuart, with Pasta and Toso as Mary and Elizabeth. Rossini's Siege of Corinth is also talked of, to introduce another debutante, a relative of Toso. By-the-by,

my Lord, did you hear that Puzzi sports the agreeable?—natural consequences of approximation.

Countess. Stop, Sir Felix, and tell me who those people are on the third tier, with the very French head-dresses—quite remarkable!

Sir Felix. Quite unconscious;—singular style—very *recherché*, and very pretty girls. I can't think how they came to escape my observation. They seem to have every glass directed to their box.

Lady Fanny. Have you been indulged with a sight of "*May Fair*?" They tell me I am mentioned in it.

Sir Felix. Utterly impossible; or if so, depend upon it you are praised. It is quite good-natured. Alvanley would never handle a lady rudely.

Lady Fanny. Well, I must hope for the best.

Mr. Masterton Pelham enters.

Mr. Pelham. How d'ye do, Lady Fanny?—*Madama La Contessa*, I am charm'd to see you. Ah, Sir Felix!—your hand.

Sir Felix. Masterton, glad to see you. When did you arrive?

Pelham. Just in time to dress. I left Oxford early in the morning, but loitered away an hour or two at Henley. Oxford is dreadfully dull during a vacation. A very suicidal place!

The Countess. So I should think, to a man of refinement, a Tremaine like Mr. Pelham.—By-the-by, have you brought up with you the sketches you promised? I shall employ the young artist you speak of as my scene-painter, at some of my private theatricals. He must not, however, give me any thing so unclassical as that scene in the *Diver-tissement*, which is a shameful substitute for the prettiest ballet imaginable. You haven't seen it, Pelham?

Lady Fanny. What a pity! Brocard makes the most fascinating of fencers. You must come on Saturday.

Lord Lispington. What are you murmuring about scene-painters, Sir Felix?

Sir Felix. Merely saying that I must call Ebers's attention to his artists, who might be a little improved in their classical designs, which are hardly sufficiently imbued with the features of antiquity.

Lady Fanny. Did you not think the scenes in *Medea* were admirable?

Sir Felix. Yes, many of them; but yet there is a certain want of the union of simplicity and serene majesty, which, we conceive, must have characterised the fanes and landscapes of Greece.

Pelham. We shall see what Martin will make of his new picture, on a subject of more remote antiquity than any thing Athenian—"The Downfall of Nineveh," about which Buckingham has been so interesting and explanatory in his late Oriental discoveries.

Sir Felix. I fear for Martin. His mind is high fantastical—not classical. Witness his best work—"The Destruction of Pompeii." Martin, however, and perhaps he is right, will not be advised. He tried once to go in trammels, and very awkward he was in them. The Duke of Buckingham, who commissioned Martin to paint the *Tragedy of Pompeii and Herculaneum*, is well acquainted with the beautiful country where these cities formerly stood, and with all which antiquarian learning has discovered and conjectured concerning them. All

this, he wished to impress upon the mind of the artist, together with his own ideas of the proper method of representing the frightful catastrophe. Martin very dutifully set about adopting the suggestions of his patron; but the labour did not prosper: the sketches were unsatisfactory and forced; and, after several attempts, he told the duke that he should make nothing of the subject, unless he were allowed to treat it according to his own imagination. This was conceded to him, and a very remarkable picture is the result. It is, however, like all the other works of Martin, extravagant. He paints what in literature is called "Bombast;" he is fond of Ercles' vein; and I wonder that the specimen which Shakspeare has given of this, has not been selected by Martin as a subject for his pencil.

"The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates,
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far."

One cannot, indeed, be quite certain that these "lofty" lines, as Bottom calls them, were not borne in mind during the treatment of his picture, which resembles them more than it does the account given by Pliny the younger, of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Martin's style is too Frenchified. He thinks that a grand totality is to be produced by the crowding together an infinite multitude of small parts, contrary to all the rules of vision, and destitute of effect, which generally consists in selection and concentration. There is, however, in spite of the dictates of taste, something very imposing and splendid in the conception of the picture. The anomalous agitation of the sea—the *Sea-quake*, is sublime: and so is the vast spread of the coast, with its creeks, and bays, and templed cities, seen through the red glare of the burning mountain. Martin might have been very pathetic in the foreground, where the fugitive families are collected; but his drawing of the human figure is so inimitably bad, and his expression of sentiment so deficient, that the opportunity is entirely wasted. His grouping is theatrical rather than natural; and his attitudes ought to be performed, like those now before us, to music. Martin is the Nat Lee of painters; but if he has the fustian and false taste of that poet, he is assuredly not without his prodigality of imagination. In depicting magnitude of object, and vastness of perspective, he is unrivalled. But I fatigue you with my gossip about art. Look! who is that lady just entering one of the stage-boxes?

Countess. Is it not Mrs. Hughes Ball?

Lord Lispington. I always call her by her old name.

Sir Felix. Where is my glass? I long for a glance at the lovely lady of Oatlands, whom—

I could gaze and gaze upon,
As did of old Pygmalion!

The very loveliest woman in the house is Mrs. Hughes Ball. Unequalled in that rich orientalism of aspect, so still and *Titianesque*! unrivalled in the sleepy languor of her soft and southern eyes. Even at this distance, one may discern that her eye-lashes are the largest and darkest in the world; and then her hair! what an enchanting coiffure!

Countess. Positively, if you run on at this rate, I shall inform Hughes.

Sir Felix. Whenever you please, and be laughed at for your pains. A handsome woman, like a fine picture, is made to be looked at. Besides, Ball and I understand each other; he knows I am universal as the sun in my admiration of the sex. I will point you out fifty women and describe you each individual point of beauty about them. There is the Marchioness of C: she whose placid eye is now dwelling in blue beauty upon the chandelier beneath her box. There, too, is the Countess whom I admire for her brilliant teeth, and the beaming beauty of her face: what careth she for my zeal and adoration? What a superb woman! her's is a queenly style of beauty! Did you ever see a face so infinitely splendid and dignified? See—she takes off her glove—curse the glass, I cannot bring it to the proper focus—there I have it—the well-turned white arm, and the exquisite hand reveal themselves.

Countess. Come, come, Sir Felix, these raptures to say the least, are not very considerate in the presence of two ladies.

Sir Felix. Your ladyship is unmercifully fastidious to-night. You have already prohibited my censure, and now you forbid my laudation. What do you think, Pelham? But I ought to know that *your* thoughts are always on art and literature. Have you heard of Luttrell's affair with Murray, and the jokes it has given rise to at Brookes's?

Countess. We are getting to be like the French in our love of Memoirs, and their train of scandal and private gossip. What can the Personal Sketches be which Mr. Colburn announces from the pen of Sir Jonah Barrington?

Pelham. Sir Jonah is an Irishman, and I dare say will have some strange things, half-wicked, half-blundering, very witty, and very odd, to tell us. To the English world, Ireland is a *terra incognita*, and I am certain that a thousand good stories are buried in the records in its deserted chateaux. I shall accordingly be much disappointed, if Sir Jonah does not at least surprise us into many a hearty laugh. Sir Jonah himself is, I am told, a perfect original. I never expect much that is new in *English Memoirs*, properly so called. We all recollect the disappointment which was suffered on the publication of Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, the greater part of which was already extant in divers other Memoirs and Biographies of the time. The announcement, I remember, was very stimulating, and made all the old women of quality, of both sexes, breathless, and eager to get the book into their clutches: secrets and scandal were promised; but lo! the anecdotes turn out one after another to be stale. Alas! it is not in the power of even a Lord's strong box, doubly locked and sealed, to imprison a secret for sixty years. Fame, says the old poet,—

“ — Doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entering the closet of the palace-dweller;
’Tis not a guard can serve for to expel her—”

even though the closet be the green-closet within the blue breakfast-room at Strawberry-hill, and the guard be “Laura Lady Waldegrave.”

Sir Felix. It is getting late: one glimpse at Mrs. Hope's pretty

little box ; it is a satisfaction to know that she is present ! How particularly well-dressed ! but her taste in that respect is perfect : quite in favour of her serene style of beauty ; she hates finery. She looks as beautiful as ever ! As I live, she has got Anastasius, that prince of wits, by her side !

Countess. Sir Felix, will you be kind enough to desire the box-keeper to see whether my carriage is come ? I shall not await the termination of this divertissement.

Sir Felix. The fact is ascertained immediately : it is this moment announced. Permit me to assist you. [*Exeunt.*

TO ———.

By an Exquisite.

“ I’ve half a mind to tumble down to prose,
But verse is more in fashion,—so here goes.”—*Beppo.*

Farewell ! Philosophy hath power
All pangs, e’en such as mine, to smother ;
And I have wept at least an hour,
And life’s too short to weep another :
Farewell, fair Coz !—the time is past
For breathing vows and wreathing fetters ;
This morning I have look’d my last,
This evening I will burn your letters.

Love makes with youth a brief abode ;
The heart grows cold, the hair grows hoary ;
And there’s an end to every road,
And a last page to every story :
But what was once so fair and sweet,
Oh let me, while it fades, remember ;
And talk of thousands in the Fleet,
And dream of sunshine in December.

I think of childhood’s strife and sport,
Its smiles and tears, its leagues and battles ;
The nursery at Pomfret Court,
So very full of rats and rattles :
The slope we used to tumble down,
The oaken chair on which we rested ;
And that atrocious Mrs. Brown,
Whom both of us so much detested.

The flowers which, like an eastern vest,
Fell thickly round that green pavilion ;
And how ’twas there the ghost was drest
Which frighten’d Mrs. Daub’s postilion :
The bubbling stream, so fresh and fair,
Beneath that sorrow-haunted willow,
And how we fill’d the bottle there
To hide behind Sir Godfrey’s pillow.

I think of youth,—its walks and rides,
O’er hills and trackless plains, together ;
The charming disregard of guides,
The sweet forgetfulness of weather :
And that bright day, and that dark wood,
Where love’s long silence first was broken,
In words not clearly understood,
Because not very clearly spoken.

And our first season, Coz, in town,
 The lounging, laughing, and quadrilling,
 Rehearsals long of smile and frown,
 Of looking kind, and looking killing ;
 And that delicious masquerade,
 The night you bade me clasp your sandal,
 Of which that ugly Duchess made
 Such a confounded heap of scandal.

Transporting thoughts! Ah! ne'er again
 I follow you to balls and races ;
 A humbler slave must wear your chain,
 A better judge must choose your laces :
 You angle,—and I may not ask
 To watch the hook or guide the paddle ;
 You ride,—and 'tis another's task
 To put you up upon the saddle.

Yes, woman's love, I well may know,
 Is fickle, like an English season ;
 Or like the funds, which vary so,
 I never could make out the reason ;
 Or like the Insect-queen, whose wing
 From rose to rose unwearied ranges ;
 Or like the Morning Post in Spring,
 So full of fashionable changes.

Last night,—my heart was all the while
 Bursting beside the Grand Piano,—
 You wore your most enchanting smile
 For that detestable Soprano ;
 You play'd the Harmony in D
 With your best boarding-school endeavour,
 And sang "*Di tanti palpiti*,"
 With just as firm a voice as ever.

Why am I not as others are,
 In whom, when truth is wrong'd or slighted,
 Affection, like a bad cigar,
 Goes out as soon as it was lighted ?
 So time might heal, or change might bless :—
 But I am not that wayward rover ;
 My grief is like a game at chess,—
 I think it never will be over !

Yet will I try all cures for pain ;
 The yacht, the tandem, Crockford's, Margate ;
 Cards, cricket, billiards, Drury Lane,
 The gun and bow, the trap and target ;
 The lawyer's gown, the poet's wreath,
 New Gallery, and old Museum ;
 The betting stand on Ascot Heath,
 The claret at the Athenæum.

Vain, vain!—be happy with your mate,
 Though I am drooping like a lily ;
 Put on your diamonds, dine off plate,
 And dream of routs in Piccadilly.
 For you young Pleasure brings away
 The brightest links from Hymen's forges ;
 And I am going mad to-day,
 While you are going to St. George's.

THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH IN THE PAPAL STATES.

THE spread of knowledge and civil liberty in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, where papal superstition still influences the minds of the lower classes of the people, as it did in other Catholic countries a century ago, is rendered a work of almost insurmountable difficulty by the power of the Apostolics, as the French denominate the Ultra priesthood of the Catholic Church. In more northern nations professing the Catholic religion, its asperities have been softened, and the church has partaken, in a certain degree, of the influence of modern knowledge. In America we see republics just established, which profess the Catholic faith, and many ecclesiastics of the Roman church among their founders, aiding to diminish the darkness and disperse the superstition that still envelopes the minds of a considerable portion of their population—thanks to the odious bigotry of their late Spanish masters! The following paper, therefore, does not apply to every Catholic country, but only to those where Ultra Catholicism yet reigns triumphant under the eye of the Pope or Ferdinand; for as in England we have our Ultra churchmen and Ultra Tories, and in France they have their Ultra Royalists and priests; still we have our churchmen and Tories, who in greater numbers partake of the spirit of the time, are enlightened, moderate, learned, and patriotic, to balance our bigots and serviles; so the Catholic church possesses individuals and nations of different degrees of religious character. This article, therefore, can afford no excuse for keeping under civil disabilities eleven-twelfths of the inhabitants of a Catholic nation, to secure to the twelfth sordid fraction, at the expense of the other eleven, all its interests, profits, and temporalities, to which the other part has an equal and indefeasible right, and the engrossing all which to themselves constitutes the end of what is called “Protestant Ascendancy,” and “Orange Principle.” We are not defenders of Catholic tenets, we are Protestants, but we are, and ever shall be, among the foremost to support the immutable principle of justice, free thought, and civil eligibility, on the part of all subjects of moral character and conduct, to share in that which they contribute to support, and which claims from them undivided duties.

It is not my intention, in the present article, to refute the system of education pursued in the Ecclesiastical States, but only to present it to my readers as it exists, and without the addition of any remarks of my own. In doing this, I am convinced I am rendering an important service to morals and public liberty; for the details of Italian domestic education can only be known by those who have been brought up according to its system, and can only be detailed impartially by such as have shaken off the yoke of the prejudices it imposes. It is impossible to obtain a correct report from Protestants, any more than an unbiassed one from Catholics: it requires a Protestant in principle, and a Catholic by birth and education, to unveil all the folly and absurdity, both legislative and administrative, existing throughout the States of his Holiness.

That I may not weary my readers by a dry and didactic account, I shall detail the system of education practised in my own case: that is to say, I shall describe my childhood and youth, which comprehend all the period occupied in domestic education, after which comes the education of society, which often, thanks to modern civilization, destroys, as it did in my case, the preceding species of instruction.

The family to which I belonged was composed of my father, then advanced in years, my mother, who was of middle age, and three brothers, of whom I was the youngest. My father was an idolater of antiquity, a mortal enemy of all innovation, except the conversion of unbelievers, and consequently an opponent of the political doctrines which began to spread about the commencement of the present century: he was perpetually exhorting us to shun all bad company, viz. that of philosophers, scientific men, and other innovators: he would allow none to frequent his house, but monks, friars, and persons

extremely devout ; and accordingly I became the most foolish, bigoted, and cowardly child in the world. He had constantly refused to accept any employment under the French government for he fancied that there could be no legitimate government but that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. He had sold a great portion of his property, in order to encounter the expenses he incurred in consequence of his obstinacy, or fidelity, whichever it may be called. He was so sincere and so extravagant in his belief, that on one occasion he seriously thought of flogging himself in the public church. At his age it would have been more fitting that he should have strengthened his constitution by good living, than weakened it by penitence and blows.

I was scarcely of an age to receive my moral education, when my father sent me to school, where I was taught nothing but the first rudiments of Latin. It is odd enough to find the Latin—a dead language—taught to children who are ignorant of their native tongue. But this system, though absurd at first sight, is not without its uses ; on the contrary, it is founded on a deep knowledge of the human heart. The object of papal instructors is not to *teach* young men, but to *direct* them ; and they do not aim so much at forming the mind as the heart. The mind, on the other hand, is to be managed in their own way—swelled, subjugated, paralysed : for the human mind, when left to itself, naturally searches after truth : it is only by means of habit and education that it can be perverted, or at least kept back from the knowledge of what is right. The Jesuitical system of education is accordingly wise, inasmuch as it tends to the political ends of the Papal government. Besides the proscription of the sciences—that is to say, the exercise of the reasoning faculty in the education of children, there has also been established a system of punishment, which is admirably adapted for degrading and demoralising the pupils. The lash holds the first place among them in the way of punishment and terror. It is to be lamented that the same unmanly degrading mode of discipline still exists in the older Episcopalian grammar-schools of England : these retained the discipline of the monks, when the Reformation put down that worthless body and introduced more liberal doctrines ; and strange to say, they cling to it even at this day. At Rome there is a person employed as corrector, but who ought more properly to be called the executioner : in the English schools before alluded to, the master or usher is also corrector. This corrector undertakes the duty of stripping the pupils and binding their hands and feet when they are to be punished ; and to him is assigned the infliction of the blows. This infamous punishment, administered in presence of the other scholars, renders the spectators hard-hearted, and ruins the self-esteem of the victim, who knows that among the ancient Romans, such a method of chastisement was confined to slaves or criminals under sentence of death. As the lash is administered on very slight occasions in most schools where it exists, and often without any fault whatever on the part of the pupil, the latter very soon acquires a complete distaste for his books, and for all sorts of study. It appears clear, that those engaged in the education of the Papal youth have effected, 1st, the debasement of the intellect to the lowest bigotry ; 2d, the brutifying the understanding ; 3d, the instilling an aversion to truth and the sciences. I might add to these the result produced by their discipline : corporal punishment is in itself so cruel and degrading, young men are led to confound all ideas of the moral nature of offences, and sometimes to believe that killing a man is no greater crime than the omission of learning a verb, or the making a false concord ; since the penalty by law of an atrocious act is not more severe than that which he would undergo in consequence of not knowing his lesson. My days at school were thus divided between the teacher and the corrector : the one was engaged in teaching me Latin words, the other in whipping me. It is useless here to detail the way in which Latin is taught ; I shall allude to it afterwards : it is sufficient to say, that after spending several years at school, preparatory to going to college, not one of the scholars was capable of translating at sight any one of the simplest Latin Classics.

Though my time at school was not very well employed, as may be inferred from what I have stated, it may be thought that *some* young people, more favoured by nature, employed their time out of school in making up for that which they lost in it, by devoting it to better purposes than their sports. But the priests, who provide for all chances, had also attended to this little inconvenience: they allowed no interval of time to be unoccupied; and filling up, as they did, every moment of the pupil's existence, it was mathematically impossible for him to acquire the knowledge of any thing which it was their will he should be ignorant of. Prayers, confessions, sermons, discipline, and penitence, occupied more than the whole of the time which remained to us, after the school-hours were over. Every one knows that the Catholics are engaged in prayer, not only in the morning and evening, but also three times a-day: the *Ave Maria* is sounded in every steeple at break of day, at noon, and in the evening: there are prayers, moreover, before and after each meal. The devout, besides, go to mass every morning. In pious families, they say the Rosary every night. In the greater number of villages, too, the benediction is given in the churches at sunset. If the daily prayers are all reckoned, the reader will have a sum total of five hours at least; and if he adds to these the extraordinary religious functions, such as the novaines, interments, processions, &c. he will find that throughout the year six hours may be fairly deducted *per diem* dedicated to prayer, without reckoning the *fêtes*, which are entirely devoted to public worship, and which in the Roman Calendar amount to more than one hundred a-year. It is plain from this, that if strictly kept, a large portion of the year is thus subtracted from secular occupations. But though strictness may not be general with adults, the pupils of the schools are subjected to the most rigorous rule. And what sort of prayers are they thus taught? A muttering of words, to which no understood meaning is attached: music which delights the ear, or at all events distracts the attention of the hearer,—already sufficiently divided between the pomp of the ceremony, the ornaments of the church, the multitude of the assembled worshippers, and the sight of objects capable of exciting sentiments far different from those which the nature of the place ought to inspire. The mass, however, though for the reasons already stated, incapable of inspiring the proper emotions which a religious ceremony ought to excite, is at least amusing: for the musical instruments, the choirs, and the ceremonies, charm the senses, and fix the attention, when they do not touch the heart; but what is to be said of the Rosary? Job, who had the patience to endure all the evils which God inflicted on him as trials, would certainly have lost it if he had been forced daily, during a week, to repeat his Rosary. Before the Saturday had risen he would have broken every bead in his chaplet, rather than have undergone the punishment of repeating the *Ave Maria* one hundred and fifty times in Latin. This, however, I, a boy, had to endure daily on going home, after having suffered all the other trials. I cannot express the aversion I had conceived for prayer: I saw no purpose in it, and felt convinced that it must fatigue God and the Virgin Mary quite as much as myself. I felt that it would have tired me excessively if any one had addressed me, and if I had been compelled to listen to his petition, one hundred and fifty times over.

But though the prayers were tiresome and useless, they were only external ceremonies: there was nothing degrading or tyrannical, properly speaking, in the obligation of praying to the Deity, even in an *unknown* tongue. It was not so in confession. The first time I went to confess, I prepared myself for it by a self-examination of several hours; and after having heard, read, and studied the necessary instructions, I was told that the priest who officiated as confessor represented Jesus Christ, and that I ought not to hide any action or thought under pain of damnation from him. Full of this persuasion, after a mature self-examination, I proceeded to the confessional. The priest wrapped me in his cloak, and then began to interrogate me by way of encouraging me to voluntary confession. I related to him all that I thought sinful in my conduct; and among other things stated that I did not

like the Rosary, and that I felt the sermons too long: that I thought the lash too cruel a punishment, and that I felt a strong sentiment of hatred towards the corrector, to whom I eagerly wished to return the blows that he gave me. I did not conceal from him, that in my angry moments, and particularly when under the hands of the corrector, I was sometimes guilty of blasphemy and oaths. Having finished my recital, the priest inquired whether doubts had ever entered my mind as to the truths of religion. I acknowledged that I could not conceive how many of the things stated to me could be true, but that nevertheless I believed them all. He lauded me for this, and told me that in matters of religion we should not see with the eyes of reason, but of faith: that it is precisely because its dogmas appear to us to be false, that they are true; that I must occasionally have heard impious discourses against religion, but that I must regard all such as proceeding from the devil: and that if any doubt arose in my mind, I should shake my head and pronounce these words—"Credo, credo, credo, abi Sathana!" He advised me above all things, never to be disobedient to the priests, to attend their sermons, to go to mass, and other ceremonies, as often as I was told to do so, and not to doubt that I should be saved if I observed strictly all that my confessors imposed upon me. He then gave me as a penitence the repetition daily of six *Ave Marias*, with my hands under my knees; after which he allowed me to depart. In the evening, before going to sleep, I knelt down to say the *Aves*; but on placing my hands between my knees and the ground, I felt that they were not altogether at their ease. I accordingly took the precaution of getting on my bed, where I could put my hands under my knees, without causing myself any pain by the operation.

Confession being one of the principal instruments of the Papal policy, the necessity of it has been carefully imprinted in the minds of children from their earliest years; and as shame would operate with some as a powerful motive for the concealment of their sins, the priests have invented a thousand lies to terrify those who cannot be tempted to hide any of their weaknesses from them. It is in their sermons particularly that they urge the necessity of openness in the avowal of sin at the tribunal of penitence. One day when I was in church, and the preacher was talking of the sacrilege those committed who withheld their faults, I heard a story which alarmed me so much, that I would willingly have confessed not only my own faults but those of every one else, lest I should have subjected myself to the punishment which, the preacher said, the sinner of whom he was speaking had undergone. I shall here relate the story, as it serves to give a sample of the impostures poured by the priests into the ears of youth, and is an illustration of the folly of the auditory that believed in such a ridiculous tale.

"In a village near Rome, lived a young man named Pelagio, whose exemplary conduct was most edifying to all the inhabitants. He never failed to attend mass throughout the year. He was constant at confession, and communion every week; and he never was seen in anger but when he heard some impious or blasphemous speech. He whipped himself, or administered another penitence daily: he fasted every Friday: he had a particular devotion for the Virgin Mary and several saints, and was, in short, such a person that he himself was esteemed a saint upon earth; and if he had not committed the enormous crime of concealing from his confessor a sin he had committed, he might have been sure that, after his death, more *paters* would have been addressed to him than he himself had ever repeated during his lifetime, and more masses have been said in his honour than he had ever been present at. Pelagio had the misfortune to become acquainted with another young man, whose morals were not so pure as his own. This sinner led the saint into sins: Pelagio could not resist the temptation, and accordingly he sinned in thought, word, and deed. All this would have passed over, and the worthy Pelagio would have gone quietly into Paradise, if he had only confessed the sin he had committed: for it is not pretended that man does not sin; he is required merely to avow his errors: it is beyond the power of man not to fall, but it is very easy for him to acknowledge his lapse. The sins committed against the law of God may be forgiven, but never the sacrilege of concealing them from the confessor against the precept of the Church, which commands us to reveal them.

“ Pelagio, however, who had always been regarded as a saint, and who never had had occasion to confess any mortal sin, felt a complete want of courage when he found himself compelled to declare to the confessor that he had committed one of those great crimes which make the hair of saints stand on end; those sins on the committal of which the devil is said to give a grand entertainment in hell, by way of testifying his satisfaction. Pelagio confessed himself several times after his error; when he went to confess, it was always with the honest intention of declaring his sin; but the devil so vividly represented to his mind the reproaches of the confessor, and the opprobrium which would certainly fall on the sinner, that Pelagio never found courage to acknowledge his guilt. He fell sick: death was approaching, and he sent for a confessor: if he had even at that hour confessed all, he might have been saved: but the devil redoubled his efforts in proportion as the terrors of hell darkened at the approach of death. In short, Pelagio died without having expiated his sin by auricular confession—the only way remaining of rendering the death of Jesus Christ salutary to him. After rendering his soul to the devil, he received a magnificent funeral, and his remains were left to the veneration of the public for twenty-four hours before his interment. Every one firmly believing that his soul had ascended to heaven, was anxious to approach the corpse, and to touch it as if it had been a relique. The priests went to console the young man's father, and assured him that though he had lost a son on earth he had gained one in heaven, who would eternally pray for him there until he also should have quitted this vale of tears. The father, in order to reply to the consolations which these worthy persons lavished on him, gave them money, that prayers and masses might be said for the soul of the defunct, who, though he had never committed what in the opinion of men is regarded as a mortal sin, might nevertheless have occasion for the suffrages of the saints on account of certain venial offences, which even the righteous commit; for Jesus Christ remarks, that even the just sin seven times daily. The day following the interment, however, the Sacristan having proceeded to open the church and light the candles for the morning mass, found Pelagio's body out of the grave. Supposing that the assistants had forgotten to bury it, the Sacristan replaced it there, and shut up the grave with a large stone. But the succeeding day, on going to the church, he was extremely surprised to find that Pelagio had moved again from his place, and not being able to persuade himself that the corpse had moved of itself, he guessed that some robber had lifted the body for the purpose of stripping it. He accordingly went to give notice of the fact to the guardian of the convent to which the church belonged: the latter ordered him to replace the body in the grave, without suspecting in the least the true cause of the accident; but the day following, the Sacristan seeing the body of Pelagio again out of its place, he became so exceedingly alarmed, that he ran out of the church exclaiming, ‘A ghost! a ghost!’ The convent guardian ran to the help of the Sacristan, and asked what was the matter? The Sacristan told him the whole affair; on which the guardian assembled all the monks, and having put on his sacerdotal habits, he proceeded to the church, and demanded of Pelagio, in the name of God, why he refused to rest in his grave. The guardian at first was of opinion that the body had not been interred in a spot worthy of such a holy man; but Pelagio's answer very soon undeceived him. He assured the guardian that he could not rest in that church, because his soul was damned: that he had committed a great crime without confessing it, and that his body must be dug up and carried for burial to a field, where it should be left to become food to the crows. He also charged the priests to take the *viaticum* out of his mouth, where it still lay unconsumed. After the *viaticum* was removed, the body of Pelagio became black as a coal, and a poisonous odour of hell flew about. The body was taken out of the church, but there was no occasion for carrying it farther; for the moment it issued from the gate, two devils seized it and carried it off.”

After hearing this story, and others of the same description, I became so terrified, that my imagination changed every object which I saw in the dark into a devil. The history of Pelagio was constantly present to my young fancy. I was thoroughly resolved not to commit any sins which I should be ashamed to confess: but if unfortunately such a thing should happen, I was determined to suffer any thing rather than that my corpse should turn black like Pelagio's. I would willingly have confessed twice as many faults as I ever committed, rather than that I should be devoured by the crows or carried off by devils. In order to drive away temptation, I performed all

the penitences to which the scholars were accustomed, and which I was prescribed. The heaviest among them, however, was the discipline, or voluntary whipping. We went every day after the class to the church where the curate was officiating: prayers were recited for about two hours, after which each of us was presented with a whip: the candles were put out, five minutes were allowed to each to undress, after which the curate sang aloud the *miserere*; which was the signal for all the boys to flog themselves. I thought at first that the curate whipped himself more than any one else; but on closely observing him, I saw that he addressed all the blows to the wall near him, or hit the ground, while the poor boys (or at least several out of the number) flogged themselves till the blood came in streams. When the discipline was over, the boys dressed themselves, the lights were reilluminated, and the sacristan collected the whips which he had distributed to the penitents.

When I had attained the age of fourteen, I was sent to the Roman college to learn the Humanities. The study of Latin was a continuation of my studies at the inferior school: the same plan, and the same success. Instead of translating the Classics in order to accustom us to composition, we studied the rules which we were to apply to the themes which were given us. I did not understand the rules, I could not of course apply them, and I composed in a sort of Latin more barbarous than that of the soldiers of Attila. But worse than all this, I could not even read with facility any Latin book, however simple: though this should be the direct and principal object of the study of the dead languages.

In the Pope's college it is not intended that students should be enabled to comprehend the ancient writers. All that is wanted is, that they should understand the Breviary and the Ritual, and for this purpose it is not necessary that they should be able to read Cicero, Livy, and Tacitus.

I was taught nothing but the Latin in my college: neither mathematics, history, geography, nor the fine arts were studied. The whole of the time that I was not in my class was passed in religious exercises; and I had but little time, even in the time of vacation, to employ in profane reading.

Among the profane works to which I allude, I must class the Bible translated into the vulgar tongue. Indeed I ought to place it among the books expressly forbidden, and registered as such in the Index. One vacation when I was at home, a schoolfellow lent me an Italian Bible, belonging to an Englishman who lodged with his parents, and who had at that time gone on a tour to Naples, leaving his library at the disposal of the family with whom he resided. I read this Bible with considerable pleasure; but I cannot venture to say how far my pleasure arose from its being the word of God, and how far from its being a forbidden book. Though I never ventured to doubt what my confessors said, yet in reading the Bible in Italian, that is to say, in a language which I could understand without the aid of a dictionary, I was struck with finding no mention made of indulgences, of purgatory, of the intercession of saints, nor even of the mass.

In spite of my shakings of the head at the devil, he continued to tempt me, insinuating that I was in the evil way, and that I must believe in the Bible, and not in the priests, till I was really on the point of turning heretic. But, in spite of the history of Pelagio, I would not confess having read the Bible. If I had committed the sin of intemperance, of debauch, or any thing else which had nothing to do with religion, I should not have hesitated a moment about confessing it; but when my faith was concerned, the case was widely different: for in what concerned that, I ran the risk of the Inquisition, and of being destroyed, if not in a public square, as in former times, in a subterranean dungeon, as is the practice at present. I was not much afraid of the flames of hell, but I confess I was alarmed at the idea of those of earthly faggots: by non-confessing myself I should only hazard being burnt after death; by confessing, I should risk burning to death here, which gave me more uneasiness. I was in this state of uncertainty when I went one day to church, and heard the preacher discourse

of the trust that we ought to put in confession, and of the entire secrecy which the priest ought to preserve. I heard that sins told to the confessor are merely told to God; and that as he never reveals the confidences which men place in him, so it was with confessors, who ought to keep the secrets of their penitents, even at the expense of their own lives.

On hearing this, I resolved to confess my sin in having read the Bible. A favourable occasion soon offered itself in the approaching communion.

When that period arrived, we were prepared for it by prayers and penitences and sermons: these are styled the Exercises. We were conducted to a large building, where we were shut up, and where we could have no communication with the world without. There we were obliged to hear mass every day; and after the mass there was a sermon delivered by a Capucin, who had been sent for expressly for that purpose. These monks are the most hypocritical of any in the church of Rome, and their discourses are the most foolish and the most fanatical that it is possible to hear. They related to us a thousand silly lies about the necessity, the usefulness, and the sanctity of confession, on the transubstantiation of the bread and wine, and on the origin and nature of the Eucharist. We readily believed all they told us, especially their stories about those who did not confess, and who they assured us would certainly be punished sooner or later. Some had been found dead in their beds, and black as coals, the day after non-confession; others had fallen down dead suddenly as they approached to receive the sacrament; and some had been carried off by the devil, the instant they left the church. After the Capucin's sermon, which lasted fully two hours, we said some prayers, and afterwards went to dinner. During the repast, a religious book was read, and the food was by no means abundant. Very often I could have dined a second time without any risk of committing the sin of intemperance. All this was done to mortify the flesh, and to prepare the spirit for receiving the sacrament with that humility and devotion which are so incompatible with good cheer. We drank wine at table; but of such a sort and so well baptised, that if we had drunk too much of it, we might have rendered ourselves dropsical, but never drunk. We derived from all this a serenity and tranquillity of mind, a disposition to devout feelings, which we could never have obtained under any other system of diet. After dinner, we had other sermons, other prayers, and scarcely any recreation. We passed the whole day in this manner: in the evening, they gave us a light supper. After supper we recited our last prayers, and went to bed. But before this, each of us had to say his own private prayers, and the *Paters* which he had received in the last confession.

It was after having passed seven or eight days in these preparatory exercises, that we could venture to approach the tribunal of penitence: truly, a more terrific tribunal than that of the Deity himself: for there we may appear without fear when we are innocent; whereas it is precisely innocence, and not guilt, that trembles before the priests.

I underwent a self-examination, and called to my recollection how many times I had read the Bible, what chapters, and what effect my readings had produced upon me. After having passed in review all my sins three or four times, and assuring myself that I had omitted none of them, I went to the Confessional, where sat the monk charged to hear us. I did not say at first that I had read the Bible. I began by the catalogue of my less grave offences, and after having finished it, I came to my great sin. For this I expected not only a reprimand, but a very rigorous penitence. I therefore began my confession of it by a preamble, stating that I had still to confess a sin of such a heavy nature that I durst not mention it. The monk exhorted me to be frank, and tried to inspire me with confidence, by telling me that the goodness of God was far greater than my sins. I then told him that I had read a bad book. The Confessor thought I alluded to some immoral and irreligious French romance. He asked me if I had read Voltaire, Pigault le Brun, or other authors of that class. I told him that I had not; and repeated at last the word *Testament*. At this name the monk seemed thunderstruck: he cried out, "Was it the Latin Testament or the Italian?" I told him it

was the Italian: on which he said, "My dear child, I would much rather that you had read Voltaire, La Fontaine, any book, than that you should have read the Bible in the vulgar tongue." My confessor added many arguments to prove the impropriety of reading the Bible in the vulgar tongue without special directions and explanations: but though they failed to convince me, I was forced, to avoid the scandal which would not have failed to ensue from my rejection from the communion-table, (which I durst not approach without the priest's absolution)—I was forced, I say, to request the monk to absolve me, assuring him that I did not request absolution, unless he thought I merited it: but that I did not wish to add to my other sins, that of the scandal which my non-communion would occasion. The priest, perceiving that I repented, consented to grant me absolution: he lifted his hands, laid them on me, and absolved me from all sins, whether mortal or venial. I could now proceed to the communion-table, which I did in company with my colleagues to the number of two hundred.

I approached the sacred table with the awe and devotion which the sanctity of the ceremony required. The ceremony of the sacrament is peculiarly solemn among Catholics, as they then believe that they partake of the actual body of Jesus Christ. My reason was a little wounded at being obliged to recognize the real body of Christ in the shape of bread: but I recalled to mind what had once been told me by one of my Confessors—that it is precisely because in religion a thing seems false that it is true—I sacrificed my reason to the faith, and believed it as I could. I had been told not to touch the holy wafer with my teeth, but to let it fix itself to my palate. I took all the necessary precautions, and swallowed the body of Jesus Christ.

When I had swallowed the holy wafer, I withdrew from the sacred table, and retired into a corner to return thanks to God for the honour he had vouchsafed me in condescending to enter into my body. After my private devotions, we had general prayers, and then left the church and went to our several homes. My father received me with open arms, to testify the joy he felt at my communion, and said to me in a voice full of emotion: "Come and embrace me, now that you are a true Christian: how happy ought you to be at receiving the body of your Saviour into your own! I receive it myself from time to time, but the pleasure I feel from it is by no means so vivid as it once was—as it now is with you who have this day received it for the first time." My mother and the other members of my family rejoiced with me equally on this happy occasion; and my father had a party of friends whom he had invited this day to dinner to celebrate my first communion.

It was thus that I was educated in morality and in religion. But, besides the good counsels I received at the Romish college, I had a preceptor and a spiritual father in the person of the Curate of the Rotunda, the Abbé Banci, whom I visited daily, and who related to me numerous stories, and among the rest, that of Pelagio. This Abbé and the Abbé Angeloni were the only two who had the right of exorcising within the States belonging to the Pope. I was with him one day, when I heard that he was going to dismiss a devil from the body of a possessed woman in the church of St. Augustine. The Abbé Banci exhorted me to have no fears on the occasion, for the evil spirit could do no harm without the express permission of God or his priests; and that he was compelled to reply to, and obey the exorcists, provided the latter addressed him in Latin. I asked the Abbé, why God permitted the devil to enter into people's bodies; to which he replied, that it was sometimes to try them, as in the case of a saint who had the devil within him for two months. He added, that after the devil was driven out of a body, the expossessed felt himself exhausted; for the devil, during his stay, was in constant agitation, making the patient dance various sorts of measures, and even waltzes, which were altogether unknown to professors of the saltatory art. In short, that a person possessed had never a moment of repose, and had not even leisure to eat. If the devil was subject to sleep or hunger as men are, he would of course leave the patient some moments of rest; but as

he is never either fatigued, or hungry, or sick, he could perform his gambols for ever.

While the curate was explaining to me in this style the nature and effects of demoniac possession, we heard the sound of the carriage which arrived for the purpose of carrying the exorcist to the church, where the lady who was possessed by the devil had been conveyed. He got into the coach, and carried me along with him. He took with him his sacerdotal habits, and some books containing the formularies of exorcism. On our arrival at the church, we found the gates closed, to prevent the entrance of an innumerable crowd, which was waiting to see the possessed woman. We entered by a back door, at which we found about two hundred persons. The woman possessed seemed about forty years of age, exceedingly ugly and ill made. The priest, in his costume of exorcist, having opened his ritual, approached her; upon which she uttered the most hideous cries. The curate began his exorcism by sprinkling holy water, and said to her in Latin: "Evil spirit, I command thee in the name of God to give me a signal that thou possessest this woman: lift thy right hand." The woman lifted her right hand; and the priest, who was surrounded by all the monks of the convent, and about fifty other ecclesiastics, turned towards them and said to them, "The devil is within her: therefore I will commence the exorcism." The woman then began to run about the church, followed by the priest with the sprinkling-brush and holy water, which he threw over her, saying, "I charge thee in the name of God to seat thee on this bench, to leave this body in peace for one hour, and to reply to all the questions which I shall address to thee." The possessed woman sat down murmuring at the exorcist, who asked the devil how long he had inhabited the woman's body? He replied, that he had only lodged in it for ten days. When asked for what reason he had entered into the woman, he replied, "I will not tell," and spit in the face of the priest, who wiped his cheek with a handkerchief without showing any signs of anger, to give the spectators a high notion of his patience. He then said to the devil in Latin: "I command thee in the name of God to tell me thy motive without delay:" and saying these words, he sprinkled the possessed woman with holy water. The devil, summoned in this peremptory manner to reply, said, "This woman is too devout: she is constantly doing penance. She mortifies the flesh by fasting, discipline, and other sorts of inflictions, so that I cannot make her fall into sin. When she finds herself on the point of yielding, she recommends herself to the saints, to the Virgin, and to God, and thus scoffs at my temptations; and I have asked of God permission to enter into the body of this woman, to see whether I cannot, by being constantly near her, lead her into temptation." The curate then said to the devil, "I command thee to leave her in peace for some moments." At these words the demoniac threw herself on the ground, and fell asleep. The curate remained near her with the holy water in his hand, lest the devil should wake again. All this scene had been arranged between the woman and the curate beforehand, so that there was not a soul among the spectators who doubted for a moment of the reality of her possession by the devil. Every one was induced to believe that it was actually the devil who spoke by the mouth of the woman, seeing that she spoke always Latin, a tongue of which women are ignorant, especially in Italy, where it is only spoken by priests and devils. While the woman slept near the Abbé B——, whose holy water kept the devil in check, the Abbé Angeloni entered. I have already stated that these two dignitaries were the only authorised exorcists in the Pope's dominions. The Abbé B—— then surrendered to him his costume, the holy water, and the ritual, and departed, taking me along with him. In our way home he said to me: "See how we are exposed to the persecutions of the evil one: this devil whom I have been exorcising, having been himself driven out of Paradise, does not wish that men should go thither: he would wish us all to go to hell, where he keeps his court. Hell is already sufficiently peopled: and that not by the mob merely, but by persons of consideration—by kings, curates and magistrates. We

ought to pray God to refuse permission to the devil to tempt us, or at all events to give us strength to resist him, if he does not choose to refuse the devil the permission aforesaid." I heard this harangue with the greatest attention, believing the curate to be a saint and a sage: but I was soon after undeceived, for he was one of the first to swear fidelity and allegiance to the French, which the Pope and Cardinals were carried off from Rome for refusing.

Every day I went to visit the demoniac, as did many others, some from devotion, and others for sport; though few quitted the church unpersuaded, that the woman was really possessed. The priest still continued to exorcise the spirit, putting questions, to which the woman seemed to reply on compulsion, accompanied with abuse. She uttered blasphemies and obscenities innumerable. The curate commanded the spirit to quit the body of the woman, and to return to hell from whence it came; but the devil though obedient on all other points, was extremely recusant upon this one. He told the priest, that having entered into the woman by the permission of God, he would not be driven from it by the orders of a priest. Besides, though the woman possessed was not particularly handsome, as I have said, her body was, of course, a far more agreeable residence for a devil than hell-fire. The priest, however, pronounced the final and fatal adjuration, and the devil was at length obliged to engage to quit the woman on the Sunday following. The priest could, of course, have easily compelled the devil to dislodge from the demoniac at once, and would, perhaps, have done so, if the case had been his own; but for the glory of God, he thought it would be better to wait for a holiday, in order that all the people might be witnesses of the miracle. The curate inquired at what hour the evil spirit proposed to set off for hell, but this the devil refused to tell. In his opinion the curate ought to have been satisfied with knowing the day of his departure, without carrying his curiosity so far as to ask the precise hour: but the priest insisted on the latter point, and required the devil to leave the woman on the following Sunday during the celebration of mass, and at the moment of the elevation of the host.

On the arrival of this famous Sunday, the possessed woman was carried into one of the chambers of the church. She uttered the most piercing cries. The curate told me that the devil, enraged that he was so soon to be dislodged, uttered these shrieks through the mouth of the woman. The latter, when the mass began, was brought in front of the high altar, between the two exorcists: she at first refused to go, but by means of a plentiful sprinkling of holy water, and some Latin words, they succeeded in dragging her to the spot destined for the final exorcism. The priests ordered her in the name of God to remain in peace, and the devil obeyed. At the moment of the elevation of the host, the woman uttering a loud cry, fell to the ground seemingly half dead, and remained there some time with her mouth open, even after mass was finished. At last the exorcist commanded her to rise, which she did: at the same time counterfeiting madness, and pretending to remember nothing that had happened. She said she felt a pain and lassitude throughout her whole body; on which she was asked if she wished to go to her own home. She replied that she wished first to return thanks to God for having delivered her from the evil spirit, and requested the congregation to join her in praise.

The curate, as well as all the other priests present, knelt down to thank God for having delivered the woman out of the clutches of the devil. All the populace being desirous of seeing her, she was placed in a carriage, and transported to a convent of nuns, and firmly believed to be a saint.—It is by such manœuvres and such pious frauds that the people are kept in obedience, servility, and ignorance, and made to pay dearly in this world for the hope of being happy in the next.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Lees and the Lawsons.

If you call on the Lees, north of Bloomsbury-square,
 They welcome you blandly, they proffer a chair,
 Decorously mild and well-bred :
 Intent on their music, their books, or their pen,
 Employment absorbs their attention, and men
 Seem totally out of their head.

If you call on the Lawsons, in Bloomsbury-place,
 No fabric of order you seem to deface,
 No sober arrangement to break :
 They lounge on the sofa, their manners are odd,
 Men drop in at luncheon, and give them a nod,
 Then run to the Sherry and cake.

The house of the Lees has an orderly air,
 It sets to its brethren of brick, in the square,
 A model from attic to basement :
 The knocker is polish'd, the name is japann'd,
 The step, unpolluted, is sprinkled with sand,
 White blinds veil the drawing-room casement.

The house of the Lawsons is *toute autre chose*,
 It certainly proffers no air of repose,
 For one of the girls always lingers
 Athwart the veranda, alert as an ape,
 To note to her sisters the forthcoming gape,
 Be it monkeys, or Savoyard singers.

Whenever the Lees to the theatre stray,
 The singers who sing, and the players who play,
 Attentive, untalkative, find 'em :
 With sound to allure them, or sense to attract,
 They rarely turn round, till the end of the act,
 To talk with the party behind 'em.

The Lawsons are bent on a different thing :
 Miss Paton may warble, Miss Ayton may sing,
 To listeners tier above tier :
 They heed not song, character, pathos, or plot,
 But turn their heads back, to converse with a knot
 Of Dandies who lounge in the rear.

In life's onward path it has happen'd to me
 With many a Lawson, and many a Lee,
 In parties to mix and to mingle :
 And somehow, in spite of manœuvres and plans,
 I've found that the Lees get united in banns,
 While most of the Lawsons keep single.

Coy Hymen is like the black maker of rum—
 "De more massa call me de more I vont come,"
 He flies from the froward and bold :
 He gives to the coy what he keeps from the kind ;
 The maidens who seek him, the maidens who find,
 Are cast in an opposite mould.

Ye female *gymnasians*, who strive joint by joint,
 Come give to my Lawsons some lessons in point,
 (They can't from their own sex refuse 'em)
 Whenever you plan an athletic attack,
 You know, from experience, to jump on man's back
 Is not the right road to his bosom.

REMINISCENCES OF A YOUNG FENCIBLE.—NO. III.

DURING the whole of the day following my return from the marriage of my comrade, I was in hourly expectation of hearing the news brought of the landing of the French, but nothing of the sort transpired until late at night. This was invariably the case throughout the rebellion—the insurgents had at all times information by many hours earlier than the king's troops. When it did arrive, however, all was bustle and confusion in preparing to march, orders having been received from the Marquis Cornwallis to proceed immediately to the North. About two o'clock in the morning we quitted the town, and continued marching rapidly until ten o'clock without having stopped to take any refreshment. On the road we received a variety of accounts of the proceedings of the French army, every one of which we afterwards ascertained to be incorrect in almost every particular.

This most extraordinary invasion—extraordinary from the time at which it took place, when the rebellion was suppressed, and because from the small number of the forces disembarked there could have been no hope of success—this extraordinary invasion took place on the 22d of August. General Humbert, who commanded, sailed from Rochelle on the 4th of the same month, with the intention of effecting a landing in the county of Donegal, but his intention was rendered abortive by contrary winds; he was in consequence obliged to proceed to Killala Bay, on the coast of the county of Mayo, where he landed with one thousand and thirty private soldiers and seventy officers. The garrison of Killala, consisting of little more than fifty men, could oppose but a feeble resistance to the French, who took possession of the town about eight o'clock in the evening. On the 24th they took possession of Ballina without opposition.

In the mean time the English troops were concentrating at Castlebar, under the command of Lieutenant-General Lake, who arrived there on the 26th, for the purpose of repelling the invaders. He might have had about two or three thousand men collected at this post, including those which had arrived from Galway, under the command of Major-General Hutchinson. As the Marquis Cornwallis was rapidly collecting troops from all quarters in order to march against the enemy, these generals thought it advisable to wait for farther reinforcements prior to attacking the French veterans. General Humbert, however, knew too well that his only chance of success depended upon the decision and activity of his movements. He knew that in a few days he must be overwhelmed with the English forces, if he did not endeavour to take them in detail, and by penetrating into the heart of the country give the peasantry an opportunity of flocking to his standard. He therefore determined not to await the attack of the British forces, but to become himself the assailant, before their army became too large for his handful of men to cope with. Accordingly he marched upon Castlebar with about eight hundred of his own troops, and about a thousand or fifteen hundred rebels, who had joined his standard after the taking of Ballina, avoiding the high road where troops were stationed to watch his progress, and taking his course through mountains generally deemed impassable to an army. About seven o'clock in the morning he made his appearance within about two miles of Castlebar, where he found

the English troops most advantageously posted to receive him. It is said that the French officers, upon first perceiving the arrangement of their enemies, gave up all prospect of success, expecting no other fate than that of being obliged to surrender themselves prisoners of war. But they were not men accustomed to be intimidated by odds against them, however great; and notwithstanding a destructive fire from the English artillery, which at first checked their onset, they advanced upon the flanks of the army with the intention of coming at once to the point of the bayonet. Just at this critical period a panic seized the British forces, and they fled with the utmost precipitation through the town, leaving that and their artillery in the possession of the invaders.

To such an extent did this panic pervade the flying troops, that, although the French army remained at Castlebar, they arrived at Tuam on the night following the battle, and still deeming themselves unsafe, renewed their march, after taking a little rest and refreshment, towards Athlone, where a party of carabineers, consisting of sixty men and an officer, arrived at one o'clock on the 29th, having performed a march of sixty-three miles in twenty seven hours.

A few hours prior to the arrival of these carabineers our regiment had entered Athlone. The Marquis Cornwallis was there in person. All sorts of rumours were in circulation, and some of them appeared to be but too well entitled to credence, from the quarters whence they emanated. A lieutenant of the carabineers informed the Marquis that the French had pursued the army of General Lake to Tuam, had driven it from that station, and taken possession of the town. Even this report was in some measure confirmed by the retreat of General Lake towards Athlone; but the real fact was, that the French never pursued the flying troops beyond Castlebar, it being physically impossible that they could do so after having just performed a twenty-four hours' fatiguing march over the mountains prior to the battle. General Lake, however, having lost all his artillery and ammunition, did not deem it advisable to remain at Tuam, and therefore retreated towards Athlone. In consequence of these rumours, the Marquis deemed it prudent to place pickets for a considerable distance on the roads to Tuam and Ballinasloe.

On the 30th of August the Marquis Cornwallis proceeded with the main body of his army towards Castlebar. Upon the road we soon received sufficient information to convince us that the French had never stirred beyond Castlebar, and that their forces were so very small, with the exception of the insurgents who had joined them, that they could make no stand whatever against the combined operation of the British army now marching against them, under so experienced a general as the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His Excellency immediately resolved to attack them, and had already reached Hollymount, on the 4th of September, within fourteen miles of Castlebar, when he received intelligence that they had abandoned that town on the same morning, and had marched in the direction of Foxford.

This intelligence was perfectly correct. General Humbert was in expectation of succours from France, and concluding that they would attempt a landing in Donegal, where he had originally intended to have himself disembarked his little force, he resolved to march thither in order to favour their landing. This was the more necessary, as the re-

bels who had joined him were neither so desperate nor so expert as those of Wexford ; and if he remained longer at Castlebar, he must inevitably have been compelled to surrender to Lord Cornwallis upon his arrival. He therefore ordered the troops, which he had left at Killala, to join him, and with his whole force united, commenced a rapid march through Foxford, in the direction of the town of Sligo, followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford and General Lake, while Major-General Moore watched his motions at a greater distance.

Instead of marching upon Castlebar, we now received orders to proceed towards Carrick on Shannon, taking a direction exactly parallel with that in which the French were moving. I was at this time by no means apprehensive of danger. It was possible that if General Lake overtook them, a sanguinary action might be the result ; but if our army could come up with them, it was scarcely to be presumed that they would do otherwise than surrender to an army nearly twenty thousand strong.

It was decreed, however, that their first action should be with troops not immediately under the command of any of these generals. Colonel Vereker, of the city of Limerick militia, who was stationed at Sligo, hearing of the march of the enemy upon that town, went out to meet them with about four hundred men and two currie guns. They met at Colooney, and after a sharp action, the Colonel was compelled to retreat with the loss of his artillery. The French general, however, notwithstanding his victory, altered his course, and proceeded towards the county of Leitrim, leaving some of his artillery behind him on the road, and throwing more over the bridge at Drummahan. After marching some time in this direction, he suddenly wheeled to the right, and proceeded by Drumkerin, with the intention, it was conjectured, of reaching Granard, in the county of Longford, where an insurrection had taken place for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of the invaders, of which most likely he had received intelligence.

The army to which I was attached, continued all this time moving in a parallel line with General Humbert, and thus cutting off all communication between his forces and the interior of the country—certainly the best plan of proceeding which could under the circumstances be adopted—while Colonel Crawford's troops and those of General Lake kept so close upon the rear-guard of the French army, as to come to action with it on the 7th, near Ballynamore. The French again repulsed General Lake with considerable loss, after which they passed over the Shannon at Ballintra, but still so closely followed by General Lake and Colonel Crawford, that the rear-guard had not even time to destroy the bridge in order to retard the pursuers. The French halted at a place called Cloone, and on the morning of the 8th of September reached Ballinamuck, where it was destined that their enterprising and resolute career was to have its termination.

Our army crossed the river at Carrick on Shannon, and proceeded to Saint-Johnstown, in the county of Longford, for the purpose of intercepting the march of the enemy to Granard, by which movement, should General Humbert proceed, he must be inevitably surrounded by British forces, amounting in the whole to not less perhaps than thirty thousand men. In this dilemma that accomplished general arranged his little force in order of battle ; soon after which the rear-guard was

attacked by Colonel Crawford, and about two hundred of the infantry surrendered themselves prisoners of war. The main body continued to defend itself for about half an hour afterwards, until General Lake's army made its appearance, upon which that also surrendered. The rebels who accompanied it, amongst whom were a great number of deserters from the Longford Militia, not being entitled to quarter, maintained the action for a little time longer, but at length fled, and were pursued with great slaughter from the field.

The number of French troops which surrendered upon this occasion was about seven hundred and fifty men, besides officers. I was particularly anxious to see these extraordinary men, and my wish was soon gratified. I beheld those veterans, upon whose brows victory had hitherto sat enthroned, and in whose appearance I imagined that I could trace all the deeds of heroism which they had performed in Italy and on the Rhine; but there was nothing of the sort. That they were intelligent, and active, and patient of hardship, to a degree almost exceeding human endurance, and brave and temperate, was beyond all question; but you could not perceive it in their pale and sallow complexions. That they could endure almost any thing, may be gathered from the fact that several of them, while at Killala, informed the Bishop, that during the siege of Mentz, the preceding winter, they had slept for a considerable time on the ground, in holes made four feet deep under the snow; and one of them, an officer, assured him that he had not taken off his small-clothes for a twelvemonth.

Humbert himself was a tall, well-made, and middle-aged man, but of rather an unpleasing physiognomy. It was said that he was sprung from the lower orders of society; and in the way of education was master of sufficient knowledge to enable him to write his name. He was, notwithstanding, an active, brave, and accomplished general.

It was so confidently presumed that the rebels at Killala would disperse as soon as the intelligence should reach them of the capture of the French, that our army made no very active movements towards that quarter. One division of the army, under the command of Major-general Trench, took possession of Castlebar. Two companies of our regiment were in this division. We remained in Castlebar until the following occurrence caused our march upon Killala.

The rebels in Killala, as soon as they heard of the capture of the French at Ballinamuck, so far from dispersing, got more daring, and talked of nothing but vengeance on the Protestants. They were regularly drilled by the French officers, and every preparation was made for an obstinate resistance to the King's forces. At length the clamour for the imprisonment of the Protestants of the town as hostages became so alarming, that the following stratagem was resorted to by the Bishop of Killala for the purpose of gaining time. He proposed that two persons, the one a rebel chieftain, named Roger M'Guire, the other a loyalist, Dean Thompson, should go to Castlebar with a flag of truce, and a letter from himself, stating to the General the critical situation of the Protestants of Killala, and expressing a hope that he would take no step relative to the rebels whom he held prisoners in Castlebar, which might be calculated to provoke reprisals on the Protestant inhabitants of Killala. Dean Thompson found means to have a private conference with General Trench, the result of which was a letter

to the Bishop, assuring him that his prisoners were and should be treated with all possible humanity and tenderness. This letter was read publicly to the rebels, and left in their hands, and produced the desired effect amongst them, that of rendering them irresolute.

In the mean time we received orders to march; and certainly, if they were not wholly blind to their interest, our march was calculated to annihilate every atom of the effect produced by the letter. Our army, as we went along, set fire to the huts in the fields adjacent to either side of the road, so that our route might be traced accurately by the train of fire which we left behind us.

On the morning that we approached Killala, the Bishop, together with the other loyalists in the town, was ordered by the rebels to proceed to the hill upon which the Needle Tower is built, in order to be eye-witnesses of the havoc the royal army was making in its approach.

"They are only a few cabins," said the Bishop; and he had scarcely uttered the words when he felt the imprudence of them.

"A poor man's cabin," answered one of the rebels, "is to him as valuable as a rich man's palace."

They still, however, refrained from coldly shedding human blood; nor was this from want of courage, of which they subsequently gave us the most convincing proofs.

Upon arriving at Crosmalina, General Trench divided his forces, consisting of about twelve hundred men, and sent one division by a circuit of three or four miles to the other side of the town, in order to intercept the rebels, who might take that road in their flight. As our division approached the town, we found the rebels most advantageously posted on a rising ground. They had placed themselves under the low stone-walls, on either side of the road, in such a manner as to give them the advantage of taking aim at our troops, while almost completely screened from our shot. They were enabled to retain this advantage but for a very short period; for on being taken in flank by our troops, they fled in all directions, and were pursued with great slaughter. The main body of them fled towards the town, whither they were closely pursued by our cavalry, in order that they might not be able to get into the houses of the inhabitants, from whence they might annoy our troops very greatly upon their entrance. In this object we were tolerably successful—few of the rebels had time to get into the houses; yet this did not prevent the military from firing into them, and that with such determination, that many of the doors and most of the window-shutters were like riddles, from the numbers of bullets that had been driven through them. The inhabitants, in order to preserve their lives, were compelled to lie flat upon the floors. The rebels, who had found it impossible to find shelter in the houses, fled through the town, and were met at the opposite extremity by the detachment which had been sent round thither for the purpose of intercepting them, so that great numbers were slain. Strange to say, while those rebels who were flying from death were thus slaughtered in every direction, others were rushing from the country to their assistance in the very heat of the engagement, and when there was no longer the remotest prospect of success. It was amazing to witness with what an utter recklessness of life they ran upon our line;

some armed with nothing but pitchforks, while those who had pikes were shot before they could come within reach of their opponents.

I was at that time not much of a general, but I have seen sufficient service since then to know that our army was lucky in having to cope with undisciplined troops. The irregularity of our movements was only to be equalled by that of the rebels; and had two hundred disciplined soldiers been opposed to us, we must have been irretrievably defeated. There appeared to be such a total want of subordination amongst the soldiery, that they could literally do as they pleased. So far from the inhabitants profiting by our taking the town from the rebels, although loyalists, they fell, to use an old proverb, from the frying-pan into the fire. We took whatever we wanted, without the slightest remorse of conscience; our constant argument being, "If it had not been for us, the rebels would have robbed you of it."

Neither did we confine ourselves to mere necessities: we, (I do not except myself from the censure, although I profited little upon the occasion, being too young to divest myself wholly of the qualms of conscience instilled in my earlier years, but which are wholly inconsistent with the character of a soldier,)—we, however, literally plundered the inhabitants with much less ceremony than our predecessors, the rebels, and proved ourselves to be much superior adepts to them in the art of open, barefaced, shameless robbery. An instance or two that I witnessed with my own eyes, may serve to illustrate the savage barbarity which characterized every action of the loyal army. After the battle was over, a man in coloured clothes was observed amongst several of the Kerry Militia. He had a short time previously guided them in their circuitous march to the town, and was a most zealous loyalist. His not being in uniform, however, caused a parcel of soldiers of the Downshire and Armagh Militia to take him for a rebel, and they immediately swore that they would fire at him, surrounded as he was by the Kerry men, if they would not themselves dispatch him. The Kerry soldiers hesitated, but the savages actually levelled their guns, and, in order to save themselves, the Kerry men were compelled to sacrifice the unfortunate wretch, who had been of material service towards the capture of the town. During the whole of the rebellion I much question whether the royal army did not put quite as many loyalists as rebels to the sword.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charost had been left by General Humbert in command of Killala, when he marched to Castlebar, had apartments in the Bishop's palace, and uniformly treated the Rev. Prelate and his family with the greatest delicacy. After the town was taken, he was near losing his life, notwithstanding. He went to the Bishop's palace, for the purpose of surrendering his sword to a British officer, when it was rudely wrested from his hand by a Highland soldier. He then entered the palace, and got another sword, which he formally surrendered to an officer, and then was about to re-enter the hall. At this instant, another Highlander levelled his piece at him, the ball from which passed under Charost's arm, and pierced through a thick door behind him. Of this treatment he complained, and received an apology from the officer—a very poor species of satisfaction.

We had admirable sport for the remainder of the day—every now and then an unlucky rebel was ferreted out of his lurking-hole, and

afforded us a fine chase, until some well-directed bullet put a stop to his running. Even the darkness of night did not put a period to this amusement. Shots were at intervals to be heard until the following morning.

There was one thing worth mentioning in the coalition between the rebels and the French, which I give upon no other evidence than hearsay, but it is, notwithstanding, highly probable. The rebels who flocked to join the standard of the French upon their landing at Killala, usually offered their services, saying, that they were come to take arms for France and the Blessed Virgin; while the French, on the other hand, openly declared that they had just driven the Pope out of Italy, and did not look for his appearance so unexpectedly in Ireland. Strange that men possessed of such different religious sentiments should be enabled to act at all in concert.

I never recollect to have passed a night so disagreeably as that on which we took possession of the town. The whole livelong night my ears were assailed by the shrieks of insulted females, and the groans of dying rebels, who were to be seen extended on the pavement at every turning. I never recur to the transactions of Killala without abhorrence and disgust, and I wonder that, having subsequently the opportunity of quitting the service, I should ever voluntarily have consented to embrace it as a profession for life.

We were now ordered upon a service, to me by no means agreeable, that of totally crushing the rebels in this quarter, by chasing them into their fastnesses and hiding-holes. This afforded a fine opportunity for a lawless soldiery to indulge their passions almost uncontrolled. It was next to impossible for them to discover the retreats of the peasantry in the wild districts of Laggan and Ennis, but as they must do something to appear active and enterprising, they burned a number of cabins which otherwise might have tended to shelter the unfortunate peasantry from the biting frosts of the approaching winter.

The country being now pretty well cleared, and the cold weather beginning to set in, we were by no means sorry at being ordered to the south, for the purpose of taking up our winter quarters.

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

THE Kings of old have shrine and tomb,
In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
And green, along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where Heroes died ;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth ! where thy nameless Martyrs rest !

The thousands, that uncheer'd by praise,
Have made one offering of their days ;
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,
Resign'd the bitter cup to take,
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth ?—by no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known,

The still, sad glory of their name,
Hallows no mountain unto Fame;
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strew'd
The ashes of that multitude;
It may be that each day we tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
And the young flowers our children sow,
Take root in holy dust below.

Oh! that the many-rustling leaves
Which round our homes the summer weaves,
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the starry sky
To tell where those blest slumberers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be still'd
With knowledge of their presence fill'd,
And by its breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?
—But the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those humble graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair?
So let it be!—like Him, whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret—but their sod,
Unknown to man, is mark'd of God.

F. H.

THE CLUBS OF ST. JAMES'S:
AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE OLD SCHOOL OF FASHION.
BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.—NO. III.

Sheridan.—It was a favourite amusement with Mr. Sheridan, (as Michael Kelly says of him in his *Reminiscences*,) to make for his Irish friends, and to repeat as theirs, certain ludicrous expressions which generally go under the denomination of *Bulls*; and of these he would sometimes, in company, drive a *whole herd* across the table;—particularly if a native of the Emerald Isle happened to sit opposite to him. That many of these were forged for the purpose of exciting a laugh, there can be little doubt; but the following ones the writer believes to be too good, even for the ingenuity of Sheridan to fabricate at the moment:—at least they must have had some previous foundation in truth.

One evening at the club, the conversation turning on the propensity of Irishmen of all ranks to make blunders, a gentleman present defended his countrymen from the imputation by saying, that the natives of other countries made Bulls as well as the Irish; and he related several instances among the English and Scotch, to prove his position:—such as an advertisement that appeared in the London newspapers many years ago, “that Drury-Lane was removed to the Opera-House, until the former Theatre should be rebuilt:—and the resolutions of the Magistrates of a northern city) “to build their new gaol from the mate-

rials of the old one; whilst the prisoners were to remain in the latter until the former was rebuilt." He maintained, moreover, that Bull-making was by no means a necessary accomplishment in an Irishman; for, that only the lower orders made blunders, and that chiefly from their habit of thinking in one language and speaking in another.

"Very true, my good friend," replied Sheridan, "I grant that the conception of an idea in the native Erse, and the utterance of it in a foreign tongue, (which the English certainly is, to the majority of your countrymen,) may be the cause of blundering, or mistranslation, to those with whom the former is the language of infancy, and the latter is one acquired by education; but I have heard so many Irish gentlemen, nay, men of taste and understanding, make Bulls, that I consider this propensity to be not only inherent in all Irishmen, but that it proceeds from that mercurial disposition which never permits them to reflect, so as to examine sufficiently the whole of the subject matter of which they are about to speak. I will give you one or two instances within my own knowledge.

"A friend of mine, a half-pay Colonel, not very famous for punctuality in pecuniary matters,—a misfortune we are all liable to, God help us,—was pressing another friend for the loan of fifty pounds upon his bill at a short date. 'But, if I advance this sum,' said the latter, 'will you be sure to be correct for once, by honouring your acceptance on the very day it will fall due?—Remember, that this is the last chance I shall ever give you:—punctuality on this occasion may ensure further accommodation.' 'By St. Patrick!' replied the Colonel, 'you may take your bible oath, that I won't forget to remember to be as punctual as the sun in shining at twelve o'clock on a hot summer's day.'—'I shall rely on you, then,' said his friend. 'And Sir, and you may do that thing,' answered the borrower, 'for I'll take care to be particular in paying the bill, and the expense of the *protest* at the same time.' This capital bull caused a hearty laugh against the Irish champion; but the following practical one completely floored him, and Sheridan, as was his custom when *wit* was the weapon, retired victorious from the field.

Anchovies on Trees.—"A few years ago," said Sheridan, "an Irish officer who belonged to a regiment in garrison at Malta, returned to this country on leave of absence; and according to the custom of travellers, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he one day, in a public coffee-room, expatiated on the excellency of living in general among the military. 'But,' said he, 'as for the *Anchovies*, by the powers! there is nothing to be seen like them in the known world!'

'Why, that is a bold assertion,' said a gentleman present; 'for I think England can boast of that article in as great perfection as any country, if not greater.'

'My dear Sir,' replied the Irishman, 'you'll pardon me for saying that your opinion is founded on sheer ignorance of the fact:—excuse my plain-spaking; but you'd soon be of my way of thinking, if you saw the fruit growing so beautiful and large, as I have seen it many's the day.'

'Well done, Pat,' exclaimed his opponent, 'the fruit' growing so

beautiful and large!—on a tree, I suppose? Come, you won't beat that, however.'

'Do you doubt the word of a gentleman, Sur?' retorted the officer.

'I doubt the *fact*, Sir,' answered the gentleman.

'Then, by the powers! you only display your own want of understanding by so doing: and I take it very uncivil of you; for I've seen the anchovies grow upon the trees with my own eyes, many's the hundred time; and beautiful's the grove of them that the Governor has in his garden on the esplanade:—besides, the whole of the walls of the fortress are completely covered with them, as all my brother officers could attest at this present writing, were they here to the fore, to do that same.'

'Upon my soul,' returned his opponent, laughing heartily, 'you out-mandeville even Sir John himself—and he was no flincher at a fit. He it was, I believe, who asserted that *oysters* grew upon trees on the Malabar coast; but you give us *anchovies ready pickled*, from the same source! Huzza for St. Patrick!—the days of miracles have returned!

'Then, Sur,' returned the Irishman, bridling with anger, 'am I to understand that you doubt my word?'

'You may understand, Sir, what you please; but, though the licence of travellers is generally allowed to be pretty extensive, you must not suppose that any gentlemen in this company are to be crammed with an absurdity so palpable, as that of anchovies growing upon trees.'

'As much as to say, Sur, in plain terms, that I have tould a lie?—say the word, Sur, and I am satisfied. I'm not quarrelsome, Sur, but, by my sowl! only say *that*, and you had better been born without a shoe to your foot, or a shirt to your back.'

'Neither you, Sir,' returned the gentleman, 'nor any other man shall compel me to say that I believe that which is by nature impossible.'

'Then, Sur, I'll beg lave to address a few words to this honourable company; after which, as my veracity and honour are concerned, both as an officer and a gentleman,—if you do not retract your words, and own your conviction that what I have said is true, I shall insist on your meeting me in another place, more convanient, may be, for settling disputes, than this room.'

'Go on, Sir,' said the gentleman.

'In the first place, then, gentlemen, upon my honour and conscience! as I have a soul to be saved and to escape the pains of purgatory! I swear by all the saints in the calendar, and the divil himself to boot, that I would scorn to tell a falsehood to man or mortal—these very eyes have, on ten thousand different occasions, seen the anchovies as plump as gooseberries growing on and plucked from the trees in his Majesty's island and fortress of Malta. In the second place—'

'Impossible!' exclaimed his pertinacious opponent: 'I tell you to your face, and before these gentlemen, that you never saw any such thing.'

'The lie direct!—By the rod of St. Patrick! it is more than a Christian officer can bear:—but I'll keep myself cool for the honour of the corps; and I'd advise you, Sur, if you can't be aisy, that you'd better

be as aisy as you can ; for if you spaik such another disrespectful and injurious word, I 'll not call you out at all ; but, by the powers ! I 'll smite your eye out on the spot, and plaster the walls with your blood !—so you had better take care of yourself and not be cantankerous, my dear honey. But, to return to my argument, Sur, which you so uncivilly interrupted ; I was going to observe, in the second place, to yourself, that it is a rule in the army, and more particularly in the honourable corps to which I belong, that no gentleman shall presume to doubt the word of another, unless he can positively prove that he is wrong, and that too on the spot. Therefore, Sur, even suppose I had tould you a lie, you have no right, by the laws of honour, to challenge me with it ; because you niver were at Malta at all, and of course could not see the thing with your own eyes. But, Sur, by way of conclusion to my discourse, I have ta remark to ye, that you have not only insulted an officer and a gentleman, but an Irishman ; therefore I trust that every one present will see that I have sufficient reason for requiring satisfaction.'

'Satisfaction !—pooh ! pooh ! for what ? for a mere difference of opinion ? Nonsense !' exclaimed several of the party.

'I beg your pardon, gentlemen, no difference of opinion at all : he has given me the lie ; and Cornailius O'Flanagan's own father's son won't take the lie from man or mortal, even, as I said before, if it was true. Do ye know the way we begin fighting in Tipperary ? I 'll tell ye, if ye don't : Paddy chawks his hat, d'ye see, all round the rim of it ; and down he throws it on the green turf. " I should like any body to tell me now," says he, " that this isn't *silvur luice*." So, then, away they go to it with the shilelagh : you understand me, Sur, that is our way. An Irishman's honour is dearer to him than his life ; and even when in the wrong, he 'd sooner die than have a lie thrown in his teeth. So now, gentlemen, I 'll bid ye all a good night ; and as for you, Sur, there is my card, which I shall be happy to exchange for yours.'

"The Englishman of course gave his address, and the next day the parties met, attended by their seconds. They fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump about a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay for a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels. This being observed by the Irishman's second, he said, 'You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is certain : I think not dangerously, however ; for see what capers he cuts.'

'*Capers ! capers !*' exclaimed the Irishman. 'Oh ! the heavenly powers ! What have I done ? What a dreadful mistake !' And running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him :—'My dear frind ! if ye're kilt, I ax yer pardon in this world and the next ; for I made a divil of a mistake ;—it was *Capers* that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not Anchovies at all !'

"The wounded man, smiling at this ludicrous explanation and apology, said, 'My good fellow, I wish you had thought of that a little sooner. I don't think you have quite killed me, but I hope you will remember the difference between Anchovies and Capers as long as you live.'"

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S BLADE-BONE.—The old Duke of Devonshire, for several years, was in the habit of supping at Brookes's; and his favourite dish was a *broiled or devilled blade-bone of mutton*; after picking which, he usually drank Champagne-punch, or any other beverage that he might happen to prefer. His Grace's partiality for the above fare induced others to follow his example; and blade-bones were frequently in such request, that the butchers of St. James's Market have sometimes been unable to afford a sufficient supply.

One night, Mr. Sheridan coming in late, and being pretty sharp set, called for a broiled blade-bone. The waiter told him that there was only one in the house, and *that* had just been ordered by the Duke of Devonshire. "Oh, very well, no matter," said Sheridan, "I shall think of something else, by and by." Determined, however, to have a blade-bone, he resolved to play a trick upon the Duke, which he did as follows:—Going up to the table where he sat, just as the waiter was about entering with the tray and cover, and putting on an expression of great indignation and disgust, he thus addressed Mr. Hare, who sat by the Duke; "Upon my soul, sir, I was never so disgusted in my life, as with a scene which I witnessed a few moments ago. Returning from the House, just by the Abbey my foot slipped, and I fell into a puddle. Being very wet and uncomfortable, and there being no fire in any of the rooms below, I ran down into the kitchen, where I knew there was a good one. Whilst I stood drying my stockings and breeches, one of the Irish chairmen came in and laid hold of a prime blade-bone that lay upon the table, and began to gnaw it in famous style. One of the cooks observing this, sprang towards him, and seizing hold of it, threw it on the gridiron, saying, 'D—n your greedy guts, you Irish ——, that blade-bone was for the Duke of Devonshire, and we have no other in the house: couldn't you find any thing else to fix your hungry teeth in, you infernal rascal?' Poor Paddy slunk off, vexed at not being allowed to finish his snack, and mumbled as he went out, 'What a thundering row about a durty mutton-bone!' I appeared to take no notice of the circumstance; but was resolved to acquaint his Grace with it, in case the said delicious morceau should be served up: and by Jove! here it is!"

Sheridan's trap was well set, for the Duke, turning down the corners of his mouth, pushed the tray from him, whilst he turned his head aside, and vociferated to the waiter to bring him a glass of brandy. The man, astonished, did as he was ordered, and was carrying the tray towards the sideboard, when Sheridan, who followed him close, told him to lay it down on another table and to bring him a couple of bottles of Champagne as soon as possible. He then sat down, and, as he a few days afterwards told the Duke and others, "made a glorious supper; for he had been devilishly hungry."

GEORGE SELWYN.—For several years, Mr. Selwyn was reckoned to be the Prince of Wits, not only at Brookes's, but in private society; and many persons still remember, that in the generality of his repartees there was a sting of attic poignancy, which rendered him in a peculiar manner the scourge of folly and self-pretension. This will be fully exemplified in the following anecdotes.

One morning, whilst he was drinking chocolate with the Duke of

Queensberry, a newly appointed Commissioner of Taxes made his appearance at his Grace's house in Piccadilly, to pay his compliments. This man was in a tumult of joy at his preferment; but, though it was to the Duke he had been primarily indebted for his good fortune, he hardly thanked him; for he was possessed with the notion that it was from his own merit that he had acquired the promotion. On his *entrée*, he assumed several consequential airs, thinking that he was now as great a man as the Duke himself; and he only deigned to notice the obligation as far as two friends, on a scale of absolute equality, would think of noticing a familiar interchange of civilities which might have occasionally passed between them.

"So, Mr. Commissioner," said Selwyn, "you will excuse me, Sir,—I forget your name,—you are at length *installed*, I find." The word *installed* conveyed an awkward idea, for the new Commissioner's grandfather had been a stable-boy, and of course literally belonged to the *stalls*.

"Why, Sir," replied the other, "if you mean to say that I am at length *appointed*, I have the pleasure to inform you that the business is settled.—Yes, Sir, I *am* appointed; and though our noble friend, the Duke here, *did* oblige me with letters to the minister, yet these letters were of no use; and I was positively promoted to the office without knowing a syllable about the matter, or even taking a *single step* in it."

"What! not a *single step*?" cried George.—"No, not one, upon my honour!" replied the new-fledged placeman: "Egad! Sir, I did not walk a foot out of my way for it."

"And egad, Sir," retorted Selwyn, "you never before uttered half so much truth, in so few words:—Reptiles, Sir, can neither walk nor take steps; Nature ordained it for them to creep."

Sir Robert Macraith had for several years been head-waiter at the Cocoa-Tree, where he was known by the appellation of *Bob*; and he at length rose from that humble situation to the rank of Baronet. He was a clever, good-natured, civil fellow, and greatly liked. When he himself succeeded to the business, he was rather puzzled as to what would be the most appropriate name for his house: George Selwyn calling in one morning, he stated the difficulty to him, saying that he was afraid "*Bob's Coffee-house*" would sound rather queerly. "Oh, no," said George, "just the thing; for then it will be *Bob* without, and *robbing* (*Robin*) within."

A lady, famous only for her low birth, but who from a large fortune acquired by her father in the respectable and liberal occupation of pawnbroker and usurer, had been enabled to form a matrimonial alliance with a nobleman, whose constitution and estate had been broken up together in a continued round of dissipation,—was showing her new and elegantly furnished house to Mr. Selwyn:—having led him from room to room, and displayed the whole of her rhetoric and taste, she at last threw open a pair of folding doors that led into the grand saloon, which was superbly furnished; but it contained no pictures. "Here," said she, "Mr. Selwyn, I intend to hang up all my family." "I thought," replied George, "your ladyship might have spared yourself that trouble; for I always understood they were hung up long ago."

Another titled dame, young and beautiful, but very giddy and fool-

ish, walking one day with Selwyn, asked him, if from the smallness of her features and figure, she did not look very young? "Indeed," replied he, "your ladyship looks as if you were just come from boarding-school for the Midsummer holidays, and fit to return again to finish your lessons: it is hoped that in a year or two you will be able to read, write, sit, stand, walk, and talk."

When Selwyn heard that the Earl of Grosvenor had recovered ten thousand pounds, as damages from the Duke of Cumberland, for adultery with his lady; he exclaimed, "*Fœnum habet in Cornu!* who the devil would not be a cuckold? A handsome wife is an absolute treasure *in banco!* Well, I always thought that Grosvenor wore antlers on his forehead; but now I find it is a *cornu-copia.*"

Selwyn dining at the old Duke of Richmond's, a French marquis was declaiming on the ingenuity of his countrymen; "Who," said he, "were de grande artistes for de modes and de fashjons, pour tout le monde: for enstance, look at de roffel! (ruffle) dat fine ornament for de hand and for de breast! de Frenchman invent it; and all de oder nations of Europe quickly adopt de same plan." "True," replied Mr. Selwyn, "we allow that your countrymen have great merit in invention; but you must at the same time admit, that, though the English are not an inventive, they are at least an improving, people: for example, to the very articles which you mention, they have made a very important and useful addition."—"Les Anglois, Mistare Selvin," returned the Frenchman, stroking and pulling down the ruffles on his breast and hands, "are, sans doute, ver clevare men; mais je ne connois pas quelle improvement dey could have make to de roffel: qu'est ce que cela, Monsieur?"—"Why, by adding a shirt to it, to be sure," replied George.

During the rage of republican principles in England, and whilst the Corresponding Society was in full vigour, Mr. Selwyn happened one May-day to meet a troop of chimney-sweepers, dressed out in all their gaudy trappings; and observed to Mr. Fox, who was walking with him, "I say, Charles, I have often heard you and others talk of the majesty of the people; but I never saw any of the young princes and princesses, till now."

Soon after Mr. Samuel Whitbread had returned from his travels, he rendered himself very conspicuous by taking an active part against the ministry, at a public meeting of the Westminster electors. The Duke of Queensbury speaking of this at Brookes's, said that "the brewer was making a desperate lunge at popularity."—"Pardon me, Duke," replied Selwyn, "he is only playing at carte and tierce."

A general officer in the American war was one evening at the Cocoa-tree describing to the company the phenomena of certain hot and cold springs which he said he frequently found quite close to each other, during his campaign in the western territory. Just as Selwyn entered the room, he was saying that fish of various sorts abounded in the latter; and that all that those in the army, who were fond of fish, had to do after the fatigue of a day's march, in order to provide a dinner, was to angle for a few moments with a string and hook in the cold spring, and as soon as the bait took, to pull out the fish and pop it in the hot one, where it was boiled in the twinkling of an eye! This marvellous account operated differently on the several gentlemen pre-

sent: some were incredulous; others amazed; whilst all agreed that it was exceedingly curious. "There is nothing at all surprising in the General's narrative, gentlemen," said Selwyn; "and, indeed, I myself can vouch for the truth of it: for when I was in France I was witness to similar phenomena. In Auvergne, there are springs similar to those in America, but with this remarkable addition, that there is generally a third, containing hot parsley and butter: accordingly, the peasants and others who go a fishing, usually carry with them large wooden bowls or ladles; so that, after the fish have been cooked according to the General's receipt, they have a most delicious sauce provided for it at the same moment. You seem to doubt my veracity, gentlemen; therefore I only beg that those who are incredulous may set out for France as soon as they please, and see the thing with their own eyes."—"But, Mr. Selwyn," said the General, "consider the improbability of parsley and butter."—"I beg your pardon, my good Sir," interrupted George; "I gave you full credit for your story, and you are surely too polite not to believe mine."

As one of those eccentricities which are sometimes known to prevail with men otherwise perfectly consistent, it is necessary to relate that Mr. Selwyn (like one or two persons in high life of the present day) had a strange propensity of going to see malefactors executed! This, his friend Horace Walpole has also recorded of him. In the metropolis he was seldom absent from a hanging-match; and he has been known on some occasions to be present at such scenes even in the provinces!

A notorious criminal being to be broken on the wheel at Paris, Selwyn left London in haste to witness the spectacle. In order to render this execution as solemn as possible, the government had ordered that many of the provincial executioners should attend; and these, on arriving at the place of execution, were formed in a circle round the scaffold, and welcomed, one by one, as "Monsieur de Bourdeaux," "Monsieur de Lyons," "Monsieur de Marseilles," &c. George having managed for a trifling sum to procure a place among this assembly of *artistes*, Monsieur de Paris quickly spied him out; and, thinking that it was the London hangman with whose presence his performance was about to be honoured, he saluted him by the honourable appellation of "Monsieur Jean Ketch, de Tyburn." Selwyn bowing, replied,— "Sir, you do me rather too much honour: I have not yet received my diploma as a professor of the art; I am only an amateur; but should be proud of the honour of bringing my hand in by performing on a gentleman of your height and figure."

Returning in haste from France in the winter season, on hearing a report of a probable change in the ministry, by which he was more than likely to lose his place, Selwyn appeared in the drawing-room at St. James's the next court-day in a light-coloured velvet dress. The king taking notice of this, George replied,— "Yes, Sire, it is rather a cobi habiliment; but notwithstanding, I do assure your Majesty that I have been in a violent sweat ever since my arrival in England."

Counsellor Dunning and Dr. Brocklesby, one evening at the Cocoa-tree, were conversing on the superfluities of life, and the needless wants which men in society created for their own discomfort. Selwyn, whose aristocratic notions were such as to look with contempt on oc-

cupations of all sorts,—on that of a medical man as well as that of a tailor,—exclaimed, “Very true; gentlemen; I am myself an example of the justice of your remarks; for I have lived nearly all my life without wanting either a lawyer or a physician.”

UTOPIA.

———“I can dream, Sir,
If I eat well and sleep well.”—*The Mad Lover.*

If I could scare the light away,
No sun should ever shine;
If I could bid the clouds obey,
Thick darkness should be mine:
Where'er my weary footsteps roam,
I hate whate'er I see;
And Fancy builds a fairer home,
In slumber's hour, for me.

I had a vision yesternight
Of a lovelier land than this,
Where heaven was clothed in warmth and light,
Where earth was full of bliss;
And every tree was rich with fruits,
And every field with flowers,
And every zephyr waken'd lutes
In passion-haunted bowers.

I clamber'd up a lofty rock,
And did not find it steep;
I read through a page and a half of Locke,
And did not fall asleep;
I said whate'er I may but feel,
I paid whate'er I owe;
And I danced one day an Irish reel,
With the gout in every toe.

And I was more than six feet high,
And fortunate, and wise;
And I had a voice of melody,
And beautiful black eyes:
My horses like the lightning went,
My barrels carried true;
And I held my tongue at an argument,
And winning cards at Loo.

I saw an old Italian priest
Who spoke without disguise;
I dined with a judge who swore like B——,
All libels should be lies:
I bought for a penny a twopenny loaf,
Of wheat, and nothing more;
I danced with a female *Philosophe*,
Who was not quite a bore.

I pass'd a pastoral dunghill by,
And it seem'd of roses full;
I read a witty comedy,*
And an innocent John Bull:

* A modern one of course.

The Thames roll'd backward to the spring
 From which his streams are born ;
 And a man named Gooch was arguing
 For a free trade in corn.

There was a crop of wheat, which grew
 Where plough was never brought ;
 There was a noble Lord, who knew
 What he was never taught :
 A scheme appear'd in the Gazette
 For a lottery with no blanks ;
 And a Parliament had lately met,
 Without a single Bankes.

And there were kings who never went
 To cuffs for half-a-crown ;
 And lawyers who were eloquent
 Without a wig and gown :
 And sportsmen who forbore to praise
 Their greyhounds and their guns ;
 And poets who deserved the bays,
 And did not dread the duns.

And boroughs were bought without a test,
 And no man fear'd the Pope ;
 And the Irish cabins were all possest
 Of liberty and soap :
 And the Chancellor, feeling very sick,
 Had just resign'd the seals ;
 And a clever little Catholic
 Was hearing Scotch appeals.

There was no fault in the penal code,
 No dunce in a public school,
 No dust or dirt on a private road,
 No shame on Wellesley Pole ;
 They show'd me a figurante, whose name
 Had never known disgrace ;
 And a gentleman of spotless fame,
 With Mr. Bochsa's face.

It was an idle dream,—but thou,
 The worshipped one, wert there,
 With thy dark clear eyes and beaming brow,
 White neck and floating hair :
 And oh ! I had an honest heart,
 And a house of Portland stone ;
 And thou wert dear, as still thou art,
 And more than dear, my own.

Oh bitterness !—the morning broke
 Alike for boor and bard ;
 And thou wert married when I woke,
 And all the rest was marr'd :
 And toil and trouble, noise and steam,
 Come back with the coming ray ;
 And if I thought the dead could dream,
 I'd hang myself to-day.

HORTENSE IN RETIREMENT.

IN the early part of last summer, I chanced to find at Paris the advertisement of a Swiss retreat, which, for vagrants like myself in search of a few months repose, struck me as being all in all. There was something picturesque even in the name of it, the Chateau de Wolfenberg; and then it was situated by the comparatively untravelled Lake of Constance, and was the property of an old soldier, who had been chosen from his bravery to command the body-guard of Napoleon, and was married to a *ci-devant dame d'honneur* of the expatriated Hortense. It was just the place, I fancied, to roll upon the grass and hear strange stories till the hot weather was over; in a few days, therefore, I had glided through the green vineyards of France, toiled through the beautiful gloom of the Black Forest, and was standing upon the mountain-top which looked down upon my journey's end. The prospect had none of the abrupt outline and surprising effect which is the general character of Switzerland. It looked like the native land of repose, and its blue undulations, intersected by the distant Lake, and melting into the sun-lighted snow peaks of the Tyrol, seemed to melt into the heart likewise with a home-giving welcome. The prospect inspired no expectation which was not amply fulfilled. The chateau was not unlike one of our elegant country-houses in England, and looked down upon a slope of a quarter of a mile, which varied from wood to vineyard till it stole into the calm waters, and left the eye to wander with white sails and hunt out little steeples on the opposite coast of Germany. To the right and the left, it was but a moment's work to be lost amongst nut-grown dells and mazy rivulets; and if you made an adventurous ride of a few hours, you might hear the Tyrolean song of liberty chanted above the clouds.

The lady of the house had lived all her life in courts, and her husband had never before been out of a camp; so that neither the one nor the other had been exposed to the contaminating plague of ordinary English and French society: they could think other nations nearly as good as their own, could form an opinion without adopting a prejudice, and know how to be polite and attentive without being unnatural and officious. Ramble where I may, I shall never find more interesting amusement than I did in the conversation of this well-sorted pair. The vicissitudes of their lives, keeping pace with those of their patrons, had brought them, it seemed, into contact with all the interesting people in the world, and I contrived to pick up in my idleness a fund of biographical knowledge which it is odds if I could have collected from books by hard study. The cause for such unlikely persons for a life of seclusion being in this retired situation was a praiseworthy fidelity to Hortense, the Duchess of St. Leu, who had a house not far distant, and their reason for establishing a home for stray travellers was that of having overlooked, in their zeal, the inconveniences of one some twenty times too big for themselves.

There were, in addition to this society, two or three young Frenchwomen, who had been brought up in the same school with Madame, and were making a temporary residence at the chateau from the same motive. I shall never forget the romantic pleasure which I used to derive from scrambling about the woods with this light-hearted company,

—the mirthful screams with which they surmounted their petty perils, and the horror with which one slipped into the rivulet, or another was caught in a bramble. Then we had a stud of docile ponies, belonging to the establishment, which we used to canter to a stand-still, and then we used to finish the day by gliding over the placid lake, and singing and sentimentalizing by the light of the stars.

In these little voyages we used frequently to pass beneath the calm and unpretending abode of the Ex-queen of Holland. It was situated half-way up a green hill, well wooded with ornamental timber, through which it afforded a partial peep, just sufficient to remind my companions of their favourite theme of conversation. The affectionate veneration with which they described their former patroness as living a life of content and simple enjoyment, under banishment from her native country, and the calumny of a world with which she had reason to be tired, inspired me with a wish to be presented to her. It was, however, rather difficult of accomplishment. There was no pride in her, it was said, beyond the dignity of a superior mind, but this had obtained such an influence over those about her, that she was no less a queen in her retirement than when she had really possessed the power. All, therefore, that my friends could promise me was to let it drop that there was a stranger in the neighbourhood, leaving it to Hortense's knowledge of the interest attached to her to suggest the meaning of such information.

Meantime I was taught every day something more interesting respecting her. The fortune which she had been enabled to save from the wreck of her family, was devoted mainly to the service of those of its followers who had been less successful; her house was the rendezvous of talent, whatever might be its description; and her powers of rivalling it were not inferior to her taste and generosity in its patronage.

She had staying with her at the time, besides her two *dames de société*, with her younger son and his tutor, the poet Cassimir Delavigne, his brother, who is also a distinguished dramatist, and other friends whose tastes lay in the same way. Amongst other amusements, therefore, it was determined to get up a theatre, with a variety of little Vaudeville pieces, that all in turns might have characters to their liking. One of my rambling companions, a black-eyed piece of witchcraft, whom nature had made for nothing but sportive idleness, was to play a part, and consequently the affairs of the green-room possessed a double interest for me. I used to walk with her through the vineyards to her rehearsals, and approach as near the house as I could, in the hope of being asked in. I could never contrive to be seen, however, and was obliged to lie down under a tree, or catch fish in the lake, till my little friend was ready to return. At last, in spite of having been described as *très distingué*, in my own country, for something or other which could not exactly be remembered, I began to give up all hope of an introduction, when, one fine evening, as we were all distributed about the lawn in little groups (for our party had been increased by several errant English), there was an alarm that Hortense was coming to visit Madame. As I saw her winding slowly up the hill, with all her company in three little summer-carriages, the elegance of the cavalcade, in scenes where elegance was so rare, was exceedingly

striking; and I could not help thinking that she meditated a call of ceremony upon the stranger part of our community. I was well pleased to find my surmise correct.

The appearance of Hortense was such as could not fail of exciting admiration and kind feeling. Her countenance was full of talent, blended with the mild expression of a perfect gentlewoman, and her figure, though not beyond the middle height, was of a mould altogether majestic. She lamented that she had not sooner known the purposed length of our stay in that part of Switzerland, as, having conceived that we were merely passing a few days, she had been unwilling to occupy our time; she then spoke of her regret at not being able to entertain us according to her wishes; and finally told us that she had in agitation some little theatricals, which, if we could bear with such trifles, we should do her pleasure in attending. All this was said with a simple and winning elegance, which made one's heart ache, not so much for her banishment, as for the taste of the epicurean old gentleman who banished her. And yet, if he had really surmised that she was guilty of plotting the return of his great rival, he was not altogether without excuse. The seductions of such a traitress might possibly have unloyalized his whole court.

At last the evening of the play arrived, and I really got beyond the gate of Hortense's abode. It was a favourite bijou, upon which no taste had been spared. All that terraces and trellice work and wood-bines and exotics could do was seen in perfection. And then the views which were in some places afforded through the woods, and in others, by their rapid descent, carried over them, were broken in a manner which rendered them doubly beautiful. From one peep you caught the small vine-clad island of Reichenau, with its cottage gleams trembling upon the twilighted lake. From another you had a noble reach of the blue Rhine going forth from its brief resting-place to battle its way down the falls of Schaffhausen, and beyond it the eye reposed upon the tender outline of the Black Forest melting warmly in the West. In a third direction you saw the vapoury steeples of Constance apparently sinking in the waters which almost surrounded them, and far away you distinguished the little coast villages, like fading constellations, glimmering fainter and fainter, till land and lake and sky were blended together in obscurity.

When I entered, I found the suite of three or four small rooms filled with company, but Hortense was engaged in her theatre. The walls of the principal apartment were ornamented with pictures, amongst which I was shown an exceedingly interesting full-length portrait of Josephine. She was a pale, graceful woman, full of melancholy expression, and reclining in a corresponding attitude upon a bank overshadowed by a sombre shrubbery. I should imagine (for I forgot to inquire) from the sadness which pervaded the picture, that it must have been painted after its hardly-used original had ceded her honours to her husband's unfeeling views of policy, and had been taught by solitude and sorrow the true value of human greatness. The sentiment of resignation was so well expressed, so tender and so touching, with such a delicious absence of the usual melodramatic style of the French school, that the sight of it was quite a lesson in philosophy. In the next room I found more pictures and a few busts,

amongst the latter of which was one of Lord Byron, with whose works I afterwards found the Duchess to be perfectly familiar, for, though I never heard her attempt to speak English, she was able to read it with facility. Upon a pedestal in the midst of a saloon beyond, two sides of which were open to the precipitous landscape, was Josephine again—a piece of breathing marble which seemed to advance through the dim twilight like a spirit. There was an increased interest in this duplicate proof of Hortense's attachment to her unfortunate mother, for it afforded an opportunity of ascertaining the strength of the resemblance in each by comparing them together. They were much alike, and both proved the original to have been an admirable subject for the artist; as good a subject, indeed, as her history, which presents situations of simple dignity, more affecting, perhaps, than any thing of their class in modern days. I thought of Josephine, when Napoleon placed the crown upon her head in the presence of countless myriads, who were content to be her slaves—the humility with which she is said to have knelt before him to receive her honours—the pride of heart which he confessed himself to have felt when he hailed her as an empress:—then what a contrast to behold the pair in their domestic privacy; the husband confusedly seeking to unveil his purpose in words which might wound the least, and the meek wife fainting under the intelligence that her days were to be ended in unmerited mortification and divorce. Was it, I thought, to be attributed to an unexpressed resentment of this treatment of her mother, that the house of Hortense exhibited not a vestige of Napoleon, nor, with the exception of her children, of any one of his race? The fact was singular, and considering her love for the fine arts, and particularly for the portraits of those whom she valued, could not have been without a reason. The one which struck me might not have been correct, but, if it was so, it was surely neither devoid of greatness nor of tenderness.

In turning my eyes from the statue, the first thing that caught them was the house of Prince Eugene, built by him at a short distance, that he might share the solitude of his exiled sister, but which he never lived to inhabit. Here was another powerful claim to sympathy. She retires from a capricious world to make the best of it in the society of an affectionate brother; and Fate, as though it took the part of her enemies, dries up this source of consolation likewise. Surely, I thought, there must be something extraordinary in this woman, who can retaliate the crosses of Fortune, and make herself happy in spite of them. Was it incapability of feeling? Her attachment to those who had suffered in common with her, was a proof that she possessed feeling in no ordinary degree. Was it a dignity of endurance which the mass of human kind were not able to understand, because it was so far above them? If so, how pitiful was the triumph of those who outraged the memory she had left behind her, like the mantle on the horns of the beast, to be buffeted by blind and impotent malice!

I was drawn from my reverie by perceiving that the company in the other rooms was making a movement towards the theatre, which was formed in a building at a short distance from the house. It did infinite credit to the amateur artists, and was filled according to its deserts; for, to use the orthodox phrase, there was not even standing room. There must have been a gathering of the clans for leagues around to

produce so many pair of baronial whiskers; for the town of Constance, like all towns which have fallen under the Austrian dominion, was ruined and depopulated, as if the plague had been in it, and had scarcely a grandee to boast of.

The first piece represented was a scrap of sentimentality called "*L'Epreuve d'Amour*;" in which the hero recommends to his mistress a variety of lovers by way of trying her attachment to him, and eventually, being satisfied by the ordeal, proposes himself. The heroine was played by the duchess, and in a manner which made me speedily forget that it was the duchess, and not the actress, that I came to see. She had, indeed, a natural cast of melancholy, and a natural grace which rendered her little task no difficulty. Even when she was not speaking, one would have said that the stage had been her exclusive study; and the silent tremour with which she returned her hard-hearted lover's picture, is associated with some of my choicest theatrical recollections. I regret that I have not the means of giving a few extracts from this dramaticle, for, whether from the habit which we have of thinking things good which have only been well said, or whether it really possessed intrinsic merit, I am inclined to think that it had something in it which would improve the breed of English farces amazingly. It certainly is a matter of congratulation that we have emerged from the whining days of Cumberland and his imitators, but still there is a field of simple and ever interesting Nature, which might spring up most becomingly between the territories of broad grins and bloody daggers. It would give a character of literature to what is now considered an achievement only fit for those who can do nothing else, and might, perhaps, be a stepping-stone towards Comedy herself, in all the pride of her five acts.

The next representation was of a brilliant bagatelle, entitled "*Le Coiffeur*." Before the curtain was drawn up, I could not help feeling nervous for my little friend, who was to exhibit the result of three weeks palpitating anxiety, and some thirty miles travelling to rehearsals, in the principal female character. She was cruelly afraid at first, and looked as if she had not quite made up her mind whether she was most ashamed to act her part or to run away. She, however, soon became aware that she was thought bewitching, and played with a spirit, which not only won the heart of the young barber, but sundry others with which she had no business. For my own part, having had a bitter quarrel with her, in consequence of her insisting that Sir Hudson Lowe had poisoned Bonaparte, I found it absolutely necessary to humble myself and beg pardon.

After the play, we returned to the house, and found preparations made for dancing, which began with a waltz. I was told that some of the Germans performed their evolutions to perfection, but I cannot say that I admired this accomplishment so much in its native land, even as I did in England. It seemed that, to excel, it was necessary, in lieu of the swimming, and now and then not ungraceful motion of my esteemed countrywomen, to spin round like a tee-totum, with a wriggling sort of a hop, as if one leg were shorter than the other. I made a few unsuccessful attempts to distinguish myself, but was at last obliged to give in, for fear I should tear my partner to rags in the vain endeavour to keep step. By degrees, the folks grew giddy and made way for a

quadrille, of which my previous failure rendered me rather shy. The *otium cum dignitate* which I had promised myself, was not, however, to be enjoyed, for I was presently brought out of my corner by a highly flattering but somewhat appalling invitation to stand up with the Duchess. I was in fact the only Englishman of our party who had ventured to contend for honour upon the fantastic toe, and was invited, I imagine, partly in sport, and partly from complaisance to my nation. As luck would have it, I represented my tribe without causing any particular accident, and, indeed, with considerable success, for a young Frenchman assured me that I really danced very well—that was to say, not *very* well—not so well as a Frenchman, but *quite well enough to please myself*. I was not, however, inclined to break a lance with him, for he allowed the dancing of the Duchess to be quite good enough *to please other people*. There was an absence of every thing French from it. It was a pastime and not a study with her; and she moved with the freedom of youth, tempered with the dignity that became the matron. This unpretending and spontaneous grace of nature has always struck me as being the only beauty of dancing in private society, and certainly it is a beauty irresistible. It is, in fact, a pantomimic display of the mind, and as such is as decidedly above the doctrine of professors as it is in opposition to it.

In the intervals between the dances, there was some singing, to the accompaniment of the piano. Here again Hortense was perfectly at home. She sang several songs, of which I afterwards found her to be the unacknowledged composer, and to which the reader has often listened with delight, with a feeling which, like her dancing, could never have been taught. Amongst these was the beautiful air of “*Partant pour la Syrie*,” which will be a fair guarantee that I do not say too much for the rest. There were afterwards some well-bred endeavours to find a few English songs, which I am happy to say were unsuccessful. The French cannot understand our music, for it is altogether the note of another species of bird. Moore and our other distinguished composers have made no progress in proportion to their merits, and in a hap-hazard meeting with one of our national performances, it is odds but we have reason to be ashamed of it.

By this time, the hour was getting late, and, as the company began to thin, the remainder were dispersed in little parties round the various tables of drawing-books and works of *belles-lettres*. I chanced to place my hand upon a splendid album, and had the farther good fortune to seat myself beside a beautiful young *dame de société* of the Duchess, who gave me the history of all the treasures I found therein. Whatever I found most remarkable, was still the work of Hortense. Of a series of small portraits, sketched by her in colour, the likeness of those of which I had seen the subjects, would have struck me, though turned upside down. She had the same power and the same affectionate feeling for fixing the remembrance of places likewise. The landscapes which she had loved in forbidden France, even the apartments which she had inhabited, were executed in a manner which put to shame the best amateur performances I had ever seen. There was a minute attention to fidelity in them too, which a recollection of her present circumstances could not fail to bring home to the spectator's heart.

There were, besides the labours of the Duchess, numerous admirable sketches by some of the best artists in France. I recollect one in particular of a scene in which her taste for the picturesque and the melancholy must have been completely gratified. She was sitting amongst the ruins of Rome by moonlight; a party of friends reclining gracefully around her, and the poet Delavigne in front reciting a tragedy. In most people this situation would have been smiled at as somewhat romantic, but in Hortense it was perfectly in keeping. Ruin and tragedy had been too busy with her to let her seem out of place amongst them.

I know not when my interest would have cooled in this mansion of taste and talent. Towards morning I was obliged to take my leave, and I doubt if there was an individual who returned home by that bright moonlight without feeling that Hortense had been born some century and a half too late. For an age of bigots and turn-coats, she indeed seemed unsuited; in those of true poesy and trusty cavaliers, she would have been the subject of the best rhymes and rencontres in romantic France.

After this I saw her frequently both at her own house and at Wolfsberg, and I never found any thing to destroy the impression which I received on my introduction. Independently of the interest attached to herself, she had always in her company some person who had made a noise in the world, and had become an object of curiosity—one while a distinguished painter or poet, and one while a battered soldier, who preferred resting in retirement, to the imputation of changing his politics for advancement; then a grand duke or duchess, who had undergone, perhaps, as many vicissitudes as herself; and finally, the widow of the unfortunate Marshal Ney. There was something in the last of these characters, particularly when associated with Hortense, more interesting than all the others. She was a handsome, but grave and silent woman, and still clad in mourning for her husband, whose death, so connected with the banishment of the Duchess, could not fail to render them deeply sympathetic in each other's fortunes. What a melancholy comparison of retrospections, I used to think, must these two have made when none were by to listen to them! What late discoveries of the imperfection of plots (if indeed they were ever consulted in any) which could only succeed enough to render the situations of those who formed them worse than before! What anxious casuistry upon the justice of history as to events which are mysterious even to the age existing!

The amusements provided for all this company consisted of such as I have mentioned, expeditions to various beautiful spots in the neighbourhood, and music-parties on the water. The last of these used sometimes to have a peculiarly romantic effect; for, on *fête-days*, the young peasant-girls, all glittering in their golden tinsel bonnets, would push off with their sweethearts, like mad things, in whatever boats they could find upon the beach. I have seen them paddling their little fleet round the Duchess's boat with all the curiosity of savages about a man-of-war, and filling up the intervals of softer music with a yell, which, provided you heard it a mile off, was harmonious in the extreme.

For the gentlemen there was likewise the *chasse*, at which they killed

their time pleasantly enough, if they killed nothing else; for, to confess the truth, I am grievously of opinion that the French are but cockney sportsmen, and the Germans no better. I witnessed a *chasse* in the neighbourhood which had well nigh put an end to my dancing *even well enough to please myself*. Our party, as was usual there, consisted of somewhere between twenty and thirty shooters, who, with their prodigious game-bags strapped behind and before, looked exactly like old clothesmen. There was likewise a regiment of little hideous boys, dressed in cocked hats, and looking as grotesque as the devils in *Der Freischutz*. This corps of flibbertigibbets was marshalled into the farther end of a wood to howl German and tinkle bells through it, till the game was frightened into fits. In the mean time, the gunners had stationed themselves at intervals along the other three sides, each commanding a little narrow path-way, so that, when an unfortunate roebuck came skeltering down, he might fire in his face and send him back to be terrified by somebody else. There happened to be plenty of game, so that, when the howling began, the guns went as merrily as crackers on the 5th of November. In the midst of the bustle a poor hare was making the best of her way close by me, and, my next neighbour providing against the possibility of being too late by banging off both barrels before he saw her, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that she got clear off. My fellow-sportsman, however, who was an old soldier, and thought no more of a fowling-piece than he did of a pop-gun, was determined to lose no credit for his dexterity.—“*Voila, Monsieur,*” he shouted, “*voila un joli coup ! Je tirois entre vos jambes sans vous toucher !*”

When the *melée* was over, we made search for the killed and wounded, the sum-total of which was one of our *chasseurs*, who was indeed piteously peppered.

At length the time arrived for me to bid adieu to Switzerland. It was arranged that I should set out for Italy with a small party of my Wolfsberg friends; and, an evening or two before we departed, we paid a leave-taking visit to the Duchess. She expressed much polite regret at our intention, and gave us a cordial invitation to renew our acquaintance with her, in the winter, at Rome. Her care indeed to leave a good impression of her friendly disposition upon our minds was exceedingly gratifying. She professed to take an interest in the plans which each of us had formed, and where her experience qualified her, gave us instructions for our travels. Her descriptions of the places and circumstances of her own, were given in a manner which convinced me that I had only seen the surface of a mind, which, with more intimate knowledge, grew more and more rich. She spoke of the beauties of nature with a quiet enthusiasm, which was pure poetry, and touched upon character and literature with all the power, but without the venom of the accomplished critic. If Hortense should ever occupy her leisure hours by writing her memoirs, they would form one of the most interesting works of the age.

When we rose to depart, the night being fine, she volunteered to walk part of the way home with us. She came about a quarter of a mile, to where she could command an uninterrupted view of the lake, above which the moon was just then rising—a huge red orb which shot

a burning column to her feet,—“ I will now bid you adieu,” she said ; and we left her to the calm contemplation of grandeur, which could not fade, and enjoyments which could not betray.

This was the last I saw, and perhaps shall ever see, of the accomplished Hortense ; but I shall always remember my brief acquaintance with her as a dip into days, which gave her country the character of being the most polished of nations.

YOUTH.

WHAT though youth’s track is trodden,
Its scenes are lovely still,
Like the purple tint that veils the form
Of the distant sunny hill,
When the traveller in the waste below
Upon a vernal day,
Turns, looks toward its fading crest,
And feels his sad heart say :—

“ ’Twas yesterday I trod thy brow,
And breathed thy cool clear air,
The world lay far below and smiled
All beautiful and fair,
I saw the sultry plains stretch wide,
Nor dream’d their springs were dry,
While the pure fountain from thy side
Gush’d out refreshingly.

“ Thy winding paths and changing scenes
Were ever bright to view,
I walked as if each chord of life
Were braced and tuned anew,
I shouted in my bounding joy,
And made thy dark rocks ring,
No bird that soars above me now,
Hath half so free a wing.

“ The light-brow’d heaven while passing thee,
Was clad in liveries proud,
I could not fancy things so rich
Were nothing but a cloud ;
The earth below lay broider’d deep
With such delicious hues,
I could not think those hues the dust,
Which this dry desert shews.

“ I would I were upon thy heights,
Amid their air serene,
For languid are my toilsome steps
Along this burning scene,
Where with the same dull round of toil
I pace my weary way,
And sigh as I am glancing back
At thy own bright scenery !”

Youth is life’s sunny Eden,
It’s bliss ne’er fears a fall,
Until we see behind our steps
The verdant flowery wall,—

Those steps we never tread again,—
 It is a dreary thought,
 Let Reason whisper what she may
 Of lessons Time hath taught!

Some scorn life's joyous things, to catch
 The drunken crowd's dim eye;
 Some mortify life's hour to shun
 A future misery,
 Of such I am not—for my creed,
 The creed of honest truth,
 Tells me it is no sin to wish
 I could return to youth!

CHINESE COURTSHIP AND POETRY.*

A PRODIGIOUS revolution has taken place in our opinion of the Chinese: and the lucid halo with which our imaginations once invested every thing belonging to them, has been gradually fading into the light of common day. The exaggerated relations of the Jesuit Missionaries in the 16th century, were believed to the letter, even by Voltaire, who bursts forth into perpetual raptures about Chinese wisdom and wealth; forgetting that the pious persons on whose authority he depends, were doubtless influenced in their accounts of China, by the contrast which the toleration and tranquillity of the Celestial Empire presented to the religious dissensions which were then raging in Europe. The silks, porcelain, ivory, tortoiseshell, fillagree, silver, and mother of pearl ornaments which decorated the houses and persons of the Chinese—the canals, the beautiful gardens (of which Sir W. Chambers afterwards gave such inflated accounts)—all made a splendid contrast to the comparative rudeness of Europe. The Missionaries saw a vast extent of country before them; and the natives contrived to persuade them that it was covered with a countless population, and inspired them with magnificent ideas of the industry by which that population was supported. The Chinese were believed in Europe to be a nation of sages, governed not by vulgar laws, but by certain profound maxims which had been transmitted through numberless ages: their external ceremonies and their affectation of refinement led us to judge well of their domestic life: we heard that literary distinctions were sure to lead to rank in China; and finally, we were enchanted to hear that the Chinese *press* was free!

A better acquaintance with the Chinese, however, soon dispelled these splendid dreams. Recent travellers found vast deserts as they approached the capital, which surrounded it on all sides: and that the wealth, resources, and population of China had been ridiculously magnified. The date of the foundation of the Celestial Empire, which the Chinese pretend has existed for ninety-seven millions of years, and which even Voltaire states at five thousand years before Christ, scarcely reaches the fifth century before the coming of our Saviour: this nation of sages, governed by wise maxims, turns out to be ruled only by the lash, and laws, which though they do not rival our own in absurd fictions, give almost as ready an aid to the rich against the poor. The Chinese, who appeared so fair “in fond imagination,” now prove to be cruel and mean barbarians, domestic tyrants, prisoners and mutilators of their women, infanticides and cowards: their stupid ceremonies prohibit all social, and their jealousy all foreign intercourse: they are totally ignorant of the Fine Arts and of the exact sciences, and believe that the moon, when eclipsed, is eaten up by a dragon. That literary men should be distinguished

* The Flower's Leaf: Chinese Courtship in Verse, &c. &c. Translated by Peter Perring Thoms. Macao, China, Printed at the Honourable East India Company's Press.

in China, only argues the general barbarism, when we consider what their literature must be: we know that their written language consists but of two hundred and twelve characters or signs; and that the beauty of their poetry is addressed to the *eye*—so that the ode which looks most like a sampler is reckoned the finest. The press is *free*—any Chinese may print any thing—if he only chooses to risk the bamboo! In this respect the law of England and the Celestial Empire are alike.

This little summary comprehends nearly all we now believe about the Chinese, who are likely, we think, to be as much underrated in Europe in the present century, as they were overrated in the last. There is some prejudice, no doubt, in both cases: we shall endeavour, in the present article, to inspire our readers with a juster notion of the men of fans and chess-boards.

“The Flower’s Leaf” is the story of a Chinese “Romeo and Juliet,” without the wit that sparkles through that delicious drama, its enchanting tenderness, its luxurious poetry, or its tragical close. The Chinese story has, however, both fancy and passion *à sa manière*, and of these we proceed to give some account. We begin, *comme de raison*, with the beginning.

“As the evening advances, lean over the railings, and inhale the cool air, for the autumnal breeze is imbued with the fragrance of the white water-lily. A single horn of the bright moon, resembling clear water, can only be seen; for this night, it is said, Heaven’s bride and bridegroom unite. Since love exists among the stars and they have conjugal intercourse, why should not man follow their example? Why should he not covet a pearl, or seek to rob a flower of its fragrance?”

After this exordium the author says:

“I have heard but of one instance of love which in depth and vastness equalled the sea and the heaven. I shall therefore narrate it for the benefit of posterity. At Wookang, lived a youth named Leang, whose countenance excelled the vernal red when added to the pale white of the moon. In point of vivacity, he greatly resembled Ke-king, while in elegance of manner he surpassed Fung-lang.”

After this clear and intelligible description, we are told that Leang, who was fond of literature, was desirous of proceeding to Chang-chow to study. His mother grants her permission, but entreats Leang to return speedily, “and thereby prevent his aged mother from leaning over the door with expectation.” Leang departs, and on his arrival at Chang-chow, finds his aunt and his cousin Heaou. “Banqueting wine was ordered in honour of the meeting; and the two youths sat pledging and repledging in the hall, till their countenances, from inebriation, became florid, and on looking at each other they perceived that they resembled the flower of the peach.”—Heaou is summoned by his mother, and during his absence, Leang takes a careful survey of the furniture, of which the poet gives us this inventory:

“He saw that the bookstands were filled with books, row after row, and perceived that flowers in every direction sent forth their fragrance. On the table lay the pearl dulcimer with its silver strings, and in the brazen vase incense was burning. The silver sang* and ivory flute hung against the wall, and in the corner stood a double set of dice and a chess-board. On all sides of the room were suspended ancient drawings and elegant stanzas; and newly-blown flowers were arranged in a line.”

So much for the *interior*, now for the landscape and the figures:

“As Leang approached the window, he beheld a beautiful prospect, and perceived a railed path which led to the white lily-pond. The white stork, on beholding a human being, retired with a light step to the moon; and the bending willow, as he touched it, rippled the stream. On entering the garden, he was about to cross the red bridge, when he perceived the reflection of the moon in the water.

* A musical instrument.

On each side of its banks, danced the drooping willow, while in the shade lay the boat for gathering the fruit of the water-lily.* The silver fish caused the ripple on the water to sparkle, while the reflection of the clouds in the pond, appeared a vast void. On crossing the bridge, he ascended to the cool pavilion, where he leaned over the balustrade and plucked the wild flowers. On his reaching the branches of the Too-we, to obtain their dew, their motion, unexpectedly, alarmed the birds, which flew in confusion. The cry of the cuckoo was as if weeping for the moon expiring, while the cries of the yellow bird saddened the visitor's breast. The motion of the branches effaced the moon's bright reflection, when the dew, from their tops, bespangled his clothes. After crossing the little bridge, he came to the winding path, when he saw, in luxuriance, the green plums hanging on each side. It was there, that he first saw a pair of peacocks, just flown from the moon, and parrots, of lofty note, in cages of gold. Before him lay an island, on the banks of which danced the thousand-leaved peach. On turning to the west, he entered the almond grove, where he saw the delicate red almonds which had strove to appear in Spring. The grass had grown luxuriantly, and obscured the path, and the spreading branches of the cluster-rose ascended above the lofty wall. He was preparing with slow and careless step to return to his study, when the eastern wind wafted the sound of the chess-board: Who, thought he to himself, can be thus occupied? At this late hour, is it possible that any one can be playing at chess? And silently he proceeded to the eastern room. From a distance he saw a seat in the summer-house, and by the reflected shadow of the flowers, he espied a lamp; when he perceived several persons among the flowers, whose shouts of laughter repeatedly burst on his ear. Such shrill sounds, he thought, must doubtless come from some light-hearted girl, which being wafted by the wind, were as a breeze impregnated with perfumes. On advancing towards the pavilion, he espied several girls walking to and fro among the flowers."

The servants mistaking the stranger for Heaou, suffer him to approach the pavilion.

"There he beheld, to his surprise, two lovely young women, sitting laughing, as they played at chess by the aid of the silver light. Little did he think, that while surprising the ladies, he would be smitten by a glance of the eye. 'What!' exclaimed they, 'there is a young man among the flowers!' Down the ladies threw the drafts, and hastily ran away; and Leang, as they fled, could only perceive, that as she cast her almond eyes on him, one of them resembled the flower Foo-yung, and her eyebrows the willow's leaf. A red dot, on her chin, gave beauty to her person, while her elegant form was enough to break the heart of man. As each succeeding gust of the vernal breeze moved her dress, he beheld the golden lilies (her small feet), which exceeded not three inches. On her looking round, with a smiling countenance, he was as one death-smitten by the side of the flowers. The servants, in waiting, with their Mistress, instantly withdrew, when Leang, leaning against the railings, appeared as intoxicated. The two sisters, grasping each other by the pearly hand, surprised, deigned not a word, but entered the fragrant apartment."

After a reasonable delay, Yaou-sëen, the lady with whom Leang had fallen in love, despatches her servant Pih-yue for the chess-board. She enters the garden, and finds Leang in the same spot where she left him. Leang requests her to be the bearer of a letter to Yaou-sëen, but she replies with all the pertness of a European *suivante*—

"For what, pray, do you take the ladies of the retired apartments? Who is Pih-yue, that she should deliver your letters of love? I beg, Sir, that you will decline speaking on love affairs, for the secluded ladies have been taught to remain as unsullied as icicles."

Leang, who is very learned, then asks—

"If crystal stalactites, as you say, cannot be sullied with dust, why did she excite in me those painful feelings of love? With a gay air and undisclosed face, she smiled on me,—then why do you say that there is no road to the celestial

* At Canton there are ponds, or land inundated for rearing water lilies, from whence comes the poetical allusion of a boat for gathering the flowers.

altar!" Pih-yue, on hearing what he said, with a smile replied, "Those who are not in love, cannot sympathize with those who are. When my mistress smiled, could it be on any other account, than on seeing you, Sir, as you advanced, entangled in a net? You may talk, Sir, as much as you please about love, my Mistress does not grieve, nor will she listen to what you say." When she had thus spoken, with a smile she withdrew, and left Leang expiring among the flowers, which he fain would have destroyed on account of their fragrance;—even the beautiful order of the garden added fresh grief to his mind."

Leang remains all night in the garden, and next morning has an interview with his aunt, who informs him that Yaou-sëen is the daughter of her brother Yang: and that she is a sort of blue-stockings, who composes "odes that astonish mankind." This account of Yaou-sëen completes Leang's fascination. In the evening, "after drinking freely of the golden goblet" as usual, he says on retiring to his room,

" "Last night I trespassed on enchanted ground; now I presume that the fair ladies have retired from the garden, for how were they to know, that in the study there was a youth breaking his heart!" "My grief," resumed he, "is occasioned by a smile, which sank deep in my mind, and, by my feelings, I am as one dragged into an immense ocean. Why am I, this night, in such distress, on account of these ladies? having no associate, but the fleeting shadow of the moon. Althberta, I would not believe the anguish of a troubled mind, but now I feel it. Their apartment, though only a few cubits distant, is to me as remote as the heavens; while the chattering of the birds, with the flowers' fragrance, adds to my distress."

Night after night Leang continues to wander about the spot where he had first seen Yaou-sëen: at last the lady is summoned home by her mother, and departs, leaving her lover in despair. Leang, however, discovers the residence of her father General Yang, and luckily finds that a house is to be let next door. This of course Leang purchases and fits up very elegantly; and by means of his cousin Heaou, obtains an introduction to the old General, who becomes extremely attached to Leang, and hints at his marriage with his daughter. In the mean time Yang proposes that the two gardens should be thrown into one. The next morning one of Yaou-sëen's servants finding an opening in the wall, wanders into Leang's garden; and after a long interview with him, promises to use all her influence with her mistress to induce her to receive Leang as a lover. A very clever scene between the mistress and the maid follows, in which Yaou-sëen discovers herself to be by no means so insensible to her lover's affliction as she pretended, and at last she is persuaded to consent to grant Leang an interview in the garden. The lover on hearing this bursts into tears, and cries:

" "Alas! at first, only to talk about a meeting with her, was pleasant: could I imagine that an interview would cause fresh traces of tears!" Presently from a distance he espied a person approaching; but it only proved to be Yun-heang, (the maid) who had entered the back garden. Leang-sang, as soon as he saw the servant coming towards him, supposing that she would communicate a sacred agreement, impatient, said, "Shall I this night have an interview with that angelic creature?"

Yun-heang replies in the genuine style of a lady's maid:

"I perceive, Sir, you are as impatient as a barbarian, and instantly want to be seated by her side. If so, your slave from this moment will bid you adieu, and then you must depend on the wild geese to be bearers of your letters."

Leang, however, makes due submission, and Yun-heang finally promises her assistance. Accordingly one fine evening while the servant and her mistress are gazing at the moon, Yun-heang thus addresses the lady:

" "There are persons whose grief is incessant, and who know of no relief, who moan from anguish, and look towards the goddess Shen-kenn (the moon.) While those from distant parts, when they think of their native village, vexed, would gladly destroy the shadow of the full moon. But how more difficult it is to see the

face of those who have sown the seeds of love ! whose souls in their dreams fly to the celestial altar. On waking, when they behold the moon in the heavens, they are still more miserable, and ought still more to be pitied.—From that moment, [we cannot exactly comprehend for what reason] ten thousand seeds of love shot forth, when Yaou-sëen called to the servants to exclude the light of the moon. On repairing alone within the curtains of her bed, she lay her head the whole night on the pillow without taking rest. After breathing a long sigh, she rose from her bed, and leaning against the screen, rested her cheek on her hand."

Yun-heang, in order to console her, advises her to take the air in Leang's garden, which at first she refuses, till the servant assures her that

"As yet it is early with the morn, and Leang, doubtless, is dreaming with his soul by his side."

They enter the garden accordingly, and of course meet Leang, who thus addresses Yaou-sëen :

" 'From the first time I saw you, I have been deeply in love, but till the present meeting, we have never exchanged a word.' When his fluttered spirits were a little composed, he thus addressed her, 'I had determined to meet death through love for you, Miss, having as yet not a meeting to sweeten my heart. To-day, since I have a sight of you among the flowers, I am inclined to think that fate has decreed our union, for rare it is that we perceive a snowy moon with a breeze impregnated with perfumes.' Yaou-sëen, blushing, in answer thus replied, 'In the first place I must obtain the will of my parents, and in the next that of heaven.'"

The lovers are at this moment abruptly separated, and Leang breaks out into this passionate and poetical apostrophe:—

" 'Though I stand before the flowers, I am unable to see that lovely creature. Alas ! I repine at Spring, and regret that my heart is fixed on her. Since I bade her adieu, what grief have I endured ! who can dispel the thought ? Being distressed in my mind, she harasses me in my dreams. Flowers of every kind offer me their tints, and the white lily its fragrance. The motion of the lilies, may it not be compared to that of the beautiful girl ? Though only a few feet distant, they are beyond the reach of the hand.' The flower's reflection in the autumn-stream again caused his mind to flutter, for he fancied their varied colours happily resembled the young lady's attire."

The author next proceeds to detail the resembling feelings of Yaou-sëen, which are checked by her feminine modesty: but all her scruples are overcome by the ingenious reasoning of Yun-heang. On the annual autumnal festival, Yaou-sëen wanders out into the garden, and plays an air upon the flute, which Leang, as usual, overhears ; and perceiving that the tune is *Mat-kwan-shan*, he bursts out into transports of grief. He sees some persons walking in the shade:—

"The wind, on agitating their garments, gave them the appearance of banners, and wafted their soft and delicate voices among the flowers."

The said ladies are none other than the daughter of Yang, Yaou-sëen, and her domestic attendants. Leang addresses Yaou-sëen, and prevails upon her to promise eternal constancy to him : he is prepared with writing materials:—

" 'Of our vow,' said he, 'you and I will each retain a copy, which we will keep till the day of our marriage consummation.' Leang out of his sleeve drew a sheet of beautiful paper, and a pencil, and leaning on the music-stand, wrote a *Vow of Constancy*, which they both swore to the Gods."

The vow was of course witnessed in due form :

"Each vow was signed with their family and adopted names, to which were added Yun-heang's, and that of the other two servants."

After which, the lovers separate in agitation. In the mean time, the father of Leang, who had resigned his place at Court, meets in the vessel in which he is returning to his native fields, a certain Lew, a member of the Revenue Board, who has a daughter to dispose of.

"At night, when they anchored, they passed the time in conversing together, and during the tedious day, they incessantly raised the golden goblet."

The two old gentlemen get drunk together, and Lew proposes that Leang should forthwith marry his daughter—a proposal with which old Leang is vastly delighted. He sends a messenger to summon his son; who, after taking leave of General Yang, seeks an interview with Yaou-sëen. She informs him, that her father will consent to their union, and laments that "they should be separated as by a dense cloud." This simple and beautiful scene follows:

"Although my father has promised to give me in marriage to you, still there is the consent of your honoured parents to be obtained. You must constantly bear in mind the Vow that you have made, nor should either of us fail in keeping our word. From henceforth, though your father and mother should not give their consent, most assuredly I will never trifle with you, by marrying some other person. Since death, which regards neither the rich nor the poor, is the lot of all mankind, it is my determination to leave behind me a chaste grave, a companion for the evening's dusk. As yet, I am unacquainted with your decision, my husband, but you can now say a few sincere words while before the flowers.' Leang, taking Yaou-sëen by the hand, said, 'Whilst among the flowers I besought the Gods, that if I do not remain united to you till I am grey-headed, I might disregard life, forsake my family, and go in search of you. Whether dead or alive, I will never forsake you, lovely and virtuous girl, but most assuredly will be your's while life shall last. My love, on parting, I hope you will return to the embroidered room, and not spend day after day in thinking of me. In former times, those who were crossed in love, fell ill: I am fearful lest you become emaciated, and be stripped of your bloom.' Yaou-sëen, weeping, thus farther addressed young Leang, 'Promise me again, ere you leave me, that you will refrain from grieving; for if fate has decreed our union, it must be consummated; let therefore your mind be fixed on the temple of fame, and aspire to the highest seat.' Thus they continued hand in hand, dallying, they knew not how long, till they saw the sun in the west, and the willows' shadow reflected on them. One to the other said, 'If you will not let me go, I will not let you go, for while together how can we endure the thought of parting? The azure cloud is suddenly dispersed, and the glass bowl is easily broken, but the thought of your dwelling on the north and I on the south, is enough to kill one.' On unexpectedly hearing some persons conversing together, and still being unwilling to part, they instantly secluded themselves in the shade of the trees. On advancing a few steps, they each turned round and wept, when from the grief of parting they lengthened out five paces to ten. Fain would they have destroyed the flowers, because they obscured their shadows."

They are forced to separate, however, and Leang embarks.

"Wave after wave bore him along like a fallen flower."

As soon as he arrives, he is acquainted with his intended marriage to the daughter of Lew:—

"Alas! (said he) I have trifled with the fair and beautiful Yaou-sëen. Had I early known that we could not live together during life, how would I, from the first, have dared to insult her person! Now, since our union is not decreed, we will ent asunder the feelings of love; for if I call to Heaven it will not answer, nor will earth give an ear to my prayer. My sole desire is to die; my bed, night after night, is made wet with my tears! I will now seize the whole of my writings and throw them into the river,—my books of poetry and prose I will consign to the flames. Since Heaven has not decreed our union, I will seek death, despising fame though I could obtain the three highest literary ranks. Can I ever esteem a new face and disregard the old? No, I will retain my love for her and divorce her only in death. From the time that I fell in love with her, to the present moment, every thing appears but a phantasm.' On beholding the bright moon, he again remembered his love, when the pearly tear fell in confusion, like drops of rain. On repairing to his room, he observed the sheet of paper containing the marriage vow, which appeared as just written: On taking it into his hand, he wept over it till he shed tears of blood."

In the mean time General Yang is informed of the intended marriage

of Leang, which surprises the old gentleman as much as it distresses his daughter:—

“Yaou-séen remained at the head of the table listening, till she felt a cold shiver pass over her lovely frame. She hastily took leave of her mother, and entered the fragrant room, where her tears flowed in confusion.”

And touchingly regrets, that “amidst the flowers she divulged her whole mind,” and told her love. Her maid, who had formerly lauded Leang excessively, thus attempts to console her mistress:—

“‘Shall so handsome a person grieve, of having only one suitor? No, we will seek another far more to be esteemed than young Leang!’ Yaou-séen was displeased, and replied, ‘At first you described him as rich embroidery of flowers; this morning, on seeing that he has changed his mind, do you presume to enter my presence and play with your tongue?’”

The maid, on hearing this, changes her tone, and insinuates that Leang may not be upon the whole to blame; when Yaou-séen breaks out into the following natural and feminine exclamation:

“‘In this life, doubtless, there can be no joy for me, for this monster has deceived me in my youth. From this time forth I will not own these balls of cosmetics, nor am I disposed again to dress my hair at the toilet. I shall never again use these ornaments, I will take them all and commit them to the flames. These balls of cosmetics and rouge I will cast into the pond, for who will come again and talk of my beauty? My hopes of pleasure and happiness for ever being at an end, I will with speed enter the road that leads to the yellow springs. My looking-glass I will smash to pieces, and destroy my precious guitar, for who is now in this world acquainted with my plaintive notes? Though I appear in the glass to be handsome, who regards me? I will spend my life like the swallow and the widow bird Lwan. The pearly flute, I will throw aside, and destroy the Pe-pa, and weep like Yuh-kwan. Should ever another solicit my hand, though as handsome as a god, I will refuse him, and at once make the yellow grave my abode. I will burn my pencil, and tear my ornamented paper, for I never wish again to write another ode at my desk. This chess-board I will burn, and these dice shall be thrown away; for on account of this youth they afford me no pleasure. The seeds of love having now lost their virtue, and being alone, I weep tears of blood till my clothes are bedewed. The silver reed and ivory cards I will break to pieces, for they only enrage and distract my mind. Every article that I possess will I speedily destroy, retaining only the paper, which contains the marriage vow.”

An insurrection now takes place on the frontiers, and General Yang is ordered to oppose the rebels. He proceeds with his wife and daughter to the capital, where he commands them to remain till his return from the camp. In the mean time Leang resolves to seek a last interview with Yaou-séen, and sets out for Chang-chow: he finds the house deserted, and the pavilion and garden desolate, and is informed by the solitary gardener, that Yaou-séen is residing in the capital, to which Leang incontinently follows her. He happens to reside in the house adjoining that of his betrothed bride, and leaps over the wall into her garden. At first Yaou-séen receives him with reproaches, and asks him “whether his mind will be at rest when he is alone within the bed-curtain?” and then sinks into regrets.

“‘I know (says she) that a new flower is esteemed more pretty than an old one; and when I have entered the green grave, beneath the bright moon, your slave will then never envy nor be jealous of any one!’ She was desirous to rid herself of life and return to the yellow earth, but was pained, when she thought of leaving her mother forlorn. ‘I (said she) am the only child that my parents have borne: when they have paid nature’s debt, who shall offer them incense? Your slave greatly resembles a blade of grass on the surf, borne along by the stream, regardless whether rising or sinking. As to my father, I know not whether he be dead or alive, for as yet a letter has not arrived from the borders of the endless wall. This night, I think myself happy in seeing your face; hereafter I know not whether we shall ever meet again, for I am fearful that ere long from grief the cold moon will shine on my tomb.’”

Leang consoles his bride, protests his unaltered faith, and promises to aid her father in his opposition to the rebels. He solicits the Emperor's consent to march against them, and obtains it the more readily, as news have just reached the capital that the troops of General Yang have been surrounded. He proceeds to the frontiers; and during his absence a report arrives in town of his having fallen in battle. Yuh-king, the daughter of Lew, to whom he had been promised in marriage, is exceedingly distressed at his death—but her worthy father takes that opportunity of recommending a new lover to her, whose excellent qualities he thus sums up:—

“The young Gentleman has amiable manners, he is a person of talent, polite, and the descendant of an ancient family. Moreover, his disposition is mild and complaisant in the extreme, so much so that if he gets intoxicated, he does not quarrel nor scold in the least. Whomever he sees, whatever be their rank, he is polite, and whenever a friend comes, the servants are ordered to bring tea.”

But the young lady is unmoved by this catalogue of her lover's attractions, and persists in her resolution of remaining in maiden widowhood. Her parents, however, insist upon her marriage; but she prefers death to inconstancy. It is very touchingly said, that “she thought of ending her life by cutting her throat; but fearing that her parents would be distressed by seeing her corpse, she determined to throw herself into the river.” She proceeds accordingly to its banks, and thus bursts forth:—

“This night next year will be kept as the anniversary of my death, for this night, this year, I perish by the side of the river. Ought I not to be pitied, a person only eighteen, and in her bloom? Ah, father and mother! the merit of rearing me has vanished like smoke! This night shall put an end to all my troubles, though I resemble a beautiful flower in full bloom; but when beaten by the rain, and blown on by the wind it cannot last long, for leaf after leaf will take its flight and be borne down by the stream. Annually the flowers fall and the streams continue to flow, but I, when once gone, for ever will be unable to return! This night my corpse shall remain by the side of the river; silence will sit on my countenance, while the waters will spread far and wide! Prostrately I beg that the goddess Chang-go will lead my way into the deep part, and teach me to avoid the shallow.”

She then plunges into the stream, but is rescued by the master of a vessel which lies near: this old gentleman has neither son nor daughter, and Yuh-king is adopted by him and his wife as their child.

Leang in the mean time has defeated the rebels, and delivered General Yang. He sends an official account of the affair to the capital, on receiving which we are told “his Majesty's dragon countenance gladdened, and the golden mouth ordered Leang to be created a Mandarin of the first class.” Leang receives his Majesty's orders to marry Yaou-sëen, and the news of their union reach his betrothed bride Yuh-king. Her adopted father states the affair to the Emperor, who commands Leang to marry Yuh-king also, and to regard the two wives as equal. This he accordingly does, and the poem thus closes:—

“The wives of Duke Leang, being happy, dwelt in harmony together, and endeavoured to excel each other in kind attention. When disposed to lift the cup, they repaired beneath the bright moon, and when enjoying the cool breeze, they alternately recited verses.”

Mr. Thoms's very curious volume concludes with some Chinese biographical sketches. One of them, the story of Taug, a Chinese Griselda, we are unfortunately prevented by its length from quoting; but we give one or two of the short notices of this gallery of Chinese beauties, all of whom, however, were not eminent for their virtue:—

“YU-KE

was the esteemed concubine of Kang-yn, and accompanied him when defeated at Kea-hea. Kang-yn, seeing how he was circumstanced, addressed her thus:—‘It will be better for you to attend on the sovereign of Han,’ (his conqueror). Yu-ke

replied,—‘ I have heard that a faithful minister cannot serve two princes, and a virtuous woman two husbands. I beg to meet death before you suffer,’ and instantly cut her throat.”

“ MANG

played skilfully on the reed, and had a fine voice, was much beloved by Woo-tsung, an Emperor of the Tang dynasty. When the Emperor was near death, casting his eyes on her, he said, ‘ Alas ! I am afraid I shall never see you again.’ She replied, ‘ My employment being that of singing, I desire to breathe my last while singing in your presence.’ When she came to the last words of the Ode, ‘ To the flowing tide,’ she suddenly expired.”

“ A CHINESE NINON,—HEA

was considered a remarkably handsome person, and when advanced in years, appeared young. She had been married seven times to persons who held situations in the state, and was thrice Queen. The Princes all contended for her ; there were none that saw her, but were in love with her.”

“ THE PRINCESS SHAN-YIN

was the daughter of the Emperor Woo, of the Sung dynasty, and sister to King Te. She was an immoral character. Her brother Te was partial to her, and frequently drove her out in his carriage. The Princess one day addressing him said, ‘ We are both descendants of royal blood, you have several private apartments, where you have a great number of ladies ; I have only one husband ; is it not very disproportionate ? ’ ”

We have only to add to our own praise of the poem of the “ Flower’s Leaf,” that all the *Chinese Reviewers*, according to Mr. Thoms, have been loud in its laudation.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. KITCHINER.

MOURN, ye Bouvilliers, Verrys, and Apiciuses,
 Ye great compounders of whate’er delicious is ;
 Mourn, all ye gourmands, and ye cognoscenti,
 Who love to eat and drink enough for twenty,
 Without incurring gluttony’s dire ills,
 Or only such as yield to dinner pills ;
 Death,—to good living that eternal foe,—
 Has dealt on Kitchiner his fatal blow ;
 And to that supper hurried him, so nasty,
 Not where we eat, but where oneself’s the pasty.
 Proverbial wisdom, well worth half our books,
 Says “ God sends meat, the devil sends us cooks.”
 Too sure, alas ! he sent us death : and such is
 Death’s sorry cooking, he spoils all he touches.
 Not all that art, which, living, gave the name
 Of Kitchiner to sound with endless fame,
 Can from this last sad feast its savour steal,
 And render it a palatable meal.
 Yet, from the gloomy banquet of the grave
 Of mortal passions, if some orts we save,
 If Kitchiner’s good-humour should survive,
 If in elysium his old tastes should live,
 Then his “ poor ghost,” with sympathetic glow,
 Shall kindle at our merriment below ;
 And snuff with rapture, through remotest ages,
 Good dinners, dress’d according to his pages.

M.

A CHANCERY LAW-SUIT.

LETTER XII.

Humphry Testy to his Sister Clara.

June, 1815.

Dearest Sister,

* * * * *

How sorry I am that my father frets so about that suit ! Considering the close attendance of business hours, I think I have done very well to go down to the Court of Chancery three or four days, and considering also too that I read a little of Blackstone's Commentaries once, I fancy I know something about the law.

However, dear Clara ! I went to see how father's business came on, and there was the great man, the Lord Chancellor, sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall, with such a posse of wigs about him, though he is such a Tory !—you know I love a bad pun, sister. And whatever people may say of him, he certainly is a very clever judge. What prodigious intellect is revealed in his forehead ! How patiently he hears the long tongues which are for ever wagging in his immediate neighbourhood ! And how gracefully he plays the amiable among them ! Indeed I don't know whether the counsel, with their everlasting speeches, are not the engines of delay, and not the venerable man who bears the blame of it. He looks for all the world like Johnson's picture of a lexicographer—“a harmless drudge.” For my part I can't conceive prompter decisions. Somebody moved for something he wanted, and the Chancellor said at once, “Let it be referred to the Master ;” by which I suppose the business is ended. Then another made a motion of some kind, and as every wise man would do before he decided—I'm sure I should do so—the judge said he should certainly think about it a little before he gave his judgment. Then came a tithe cause, and I understood that it was to last an amazing time, and that eight or ten speeches would be made about it. This was about half-past one, and I was thinking of leaving the court, when lo ! in the heat of the argument, the great man rose, and said very politely, that he was under the necessity of attending the Recorder's report, and made his *congé*. Well, I was there again soon after, to see if “*Testy v. Brush*” would be tried, when who should clap me on the back but——, our solicitor ! First of all he told me that my father was very lucky and need not complain, for that Brush's attorney had neglected one capital mode of aggravating the cost of the suit ; and this he called enlarging the publication, (you can read this, my dear girl, to your father, for I am sure you won't understand it). This enlarging would have cost a mint of money, and it might have lengthened the cause a little. Then he explained to me who all the big wigs were, and made me promise to dine with him. There was one, an amazing clever fellow, with a singularly odd speech, broad, and zealous in his action. —— told me that he was a walking library, and had a case in point for every accident which could happen to man. Talk of that wight Sir Hudibras,

“Who could speak Greek

As naturally as pigs squeak :”—

this man can whistle out the cases on any subject presently, as he

walks about the room. A very honest counsel too, who talks of retiring from the bar, having made a sufficiency to maintain himself with respectability. Then I remember another hard-featured, stern-looking gentleman, quite independent in his manner and language, who didn't seem to care a halfpenny about any body; but he is always full of business, and bids fair to rise very high in the profession. His name is ——. The glorious sun, however, is set, that acute lawyer, and humane lawgiver, Sir Samuel Romilly; a man who thought that poking a silver-tankard out of a shop was not quite so big a crime as plundering the widow and the orphan. He was very anxious to save the hangman trouble too, by abolishing many of our capital punishments, but our rulers are not enlightened enough for that yet. "Farewell, great heart."—My father's case was set down for a hearing, and so I stayed rather later; but the Chancellor rose in the midst of a long harangue, to attend the hearing of appeals in the House of Lords. What a mind he must have, Clara, to skip about so from one grave subject to another. And yet whatever his sense may be, I can't help thinking it would be better to finish the arguments when they have been commenced. Such an abrupt break must dissipate the mind both of counsel, judge, and though last, not least, of the patient person whose case is under consideration. I speak feelingly, Clara. These great people little thought that your poor brother was making his observations upon them. It puts me in mind of the old verse,

"There's a chiel amang ye taking notes,
And 'faith, he'll prent 'em."

We shan't print our correspondence though, shall we, Clara? Nobody will think it worth while. But I must hasten, for I am conscious that you'll be wanting to go to your toilet, and that my letter is growing long.

I went to his Lordship's court for the last time yesterday, and saw our cause safe in the paper, when, behold! no sooner was the business called on, than up gets Counsellor ———, and, "My Lord," says he, "I am very sorry, but the solicitor happens to be absent just now, perhaps he may be in the way presently." No one regretted more than himself, replied the Chancellor, the consequence which the solicitor's absence would occasion, but the public could not be delayed for the affairs of an individual, however urgent they might be. So the cause was struck out of the paper; but take care how you tell our father this news, for he will be monstrously annoyed at it. Now the fact is, that the very same solicitor who dined me on Friday, was off to Ascot, not having any idea that the case could be waiting for him; and so it is, such is the constant reduplication among these gentry.

"Hic labor, ille domus, et inextricabilis error."

By the way, I have got some curious Latin verses upon the Insolvent Act, which you shall see when I come to Grandy.

I went off in a huff, as you may suppose, abominating "the law's delay," and looking very much like the unfortunate prig who had been nonsuited, and was overtaken by the judge of assize. The attorney had stopped his vehicle, and was gaping about for something, when Sir ——— came up in his carriage. "Mr. ———, Mr. ———," said the judge, *en passant*, "what! are you looking for your writ of Nisi Prius?"

Pray soften things as much as possible to our dear parent. And now
 adieu, my dear Clara, but I must tell you * * * *
 nice young * * * * to take his degree * * * *
 * * * * next time he comes to Grandy, * * * *
 pay his respects, * * * * curbs. * * * *

[The letter ends in the usual way.]

LETTER XIII.

Farmer Brush to Twist, his Lawyer.

Sir,—I don't understand at all what you mean by axing me for more money to carry on the suit. Why, you tell me yourself that the business hasn't been settled, 'cause Squire Testy's lawyer wan't there. Why then he'll have to pay, to be sure. I shan't pay any more money.

Your humble Servant,
 BRUSH.

LETTER XIV.

Lawyer Twist to Farmer Brush.

Indeed, my good friend, I should regret to proceed to extremities with you, but it by no means follows because the plaintiff, Mr. Testy, has been remiss through his solicitor (who by the by was not at Ascot races) that you are to have the costs. Alas! my friend, the world is not become so bright as that yet. You must pay the costs of the day, (that is to say, your own costs,) and wait for Mr. Testy's summons to hear judgment. I am sorry for it. Come, wheat was up last market-day. Yours, &c.

LETTER XV.

Mr. Testy to Sir James Senate.

Feb. 1, 1816.

Very kind thanks, dear Sir James, for your inquiries after me and mine. Clara * * * * You are rather witty about my quarrel with the farmer. Ah! I will not give way though; I think that they would compromise the matter with me; but I won't be the first to come forward after such a shameful refusal to perform a solemn promise. But, Sir James, you are not quite right in supposing that every body thinks this sō tedious a case. I am not the butt of the village, Sir James. The only butt that interests me is a butt of sherry—the king's own. I say that it's not so long a case as other people's: and my attorney proves it. You don't know what I might have done to distress my adversary, and, considering all things, how I have forborne. You don't know the history of the affair. On the 1st of December 1809, Brush comes to me, and says he, "Mr. Testy," says he, "you have had a longing for them fields a great while; you shall have 'em: come, there's my word for't."—"Thank ye," said I, "Mr. Brush. I certainly have wanted them a long time." Well, you know

one doesn't like to employ a lawyer about every trumpery agreement, so I put down what I thought right upon paper, and Brush signed it; and now the obstinate fellow will fight against his own hand-writing. I remember Sergeant Squirt coming to call one morning, and I showed him this agreement. I thought he cast rather a comical eye upon it; and, faith, do you know, the attorney on the other side has had the impudence to say that it's not worth a farthing, because the terms, as he wickedly says, are not technically expressed. My gentleman, Mr. —, talks about the Statute of Frauds, which is a thing I never heard of in my life; but I hope all will be well, notwithstanding. Why should my counsel go on if they thought they had a bad case? And yet they do say, that the rogues will fight to the last, though they know all the time that what is put into their briefs is not worth a straw, and may succeed too. If it were so now, Brush deserves it; and, besides, was there not a plain agreement? as plain as the nose on your face, as Sergeant — said to Lord Chief Justice —, who had been sporting his wit upon the Sergeant, who was lame of one arm,—“You make but a lame hand of it, brother.”—“It's as plain, my Lord, as the nose on your Lordship's face.” Now this being a snub nose, though not very discernible, was yet to be distinguished with a little care.

My son, you know, Sir James, is no lawyer; and when he tells me of this delay and the other delay, really I give the lad credit for his perseverance in seeing after my interests; but he cannot be aware of what older men take as matters of course. Now there's my Lord Chancellor: is there any thing wonderful in his being obliged to rise from court so many times? His business must be so immense, it's impossible for him to get through any thing. As we used to say at school, “Non omnia possumus omnes.” How can he attend to the Recorder's report and a long suit about tithes at the same time? Indeed the wonder is, how he can keep so cool a head to judge of the fates of poor wretches who have been convicted at the Old Bailey, after hearing so many twisted and twirled arguments. Then, as my son says, he must go to the House of Lords to hear the appeals; and I dare say he has more to do than that. I tell you what, Sir James, you know me for a public-spirited man; and though I don't like to fool away my money upon solicitors and unprincipled people like that Mr. Brush, I don't feel quite so angry when a great man is compelled to put off my case on account of his duties elsewhere. And yet it is tiresome too, I admit it. But I don't like the forms; and I should like some enquiry to be made into them, which you, being a member of parliament, might do as easily as possible. There was an old stable—I forget the name of it, for I have not read much since I left poor Dr. Savage—it belonged to a king, and Hercules was employed to clean it out after thirty years' filth had choked it up; and he did this by dragging a river through it. Now it strikes me that this court of Chancery wants a brush of this kind;—(oh! it was the Augean stable;)—only instead of water, they might as well have a bonfire of the shrivelled parchments and the old books, and I would burn all the wigs and gowns. But I truly am getting quite beside myself, and have exceeded the common bounds of a letter. Dear Sir James, do make my best respects to Lady and the Misses Senate; and pray give Clara's best respects to her Ladyship, and

she begs that it may not be long before she has the pleasure of seeing her and her family at Grandy Park.

I remain your most affectionate, humble servant,

TIMOTHY TESTY.

LETTER XVI.

Sir James Senate in reply to Mr. Testy.

My dear Testy,—When we were boys together, we used to read a little Spanish. Now do cast your eye over this exclamation of Don Quixote's niece, and confess that you bear equal enmity against the poor *officina justitiæ*,—in other words, the Court of Chancery. You know the curate and the young woman are consulting upon the propriety of burning poor La Mancha's library:—"Tome, vuestra merced, señor licenciado, rocíe este aposento, no esté aquí olgun encantador de los muchos qui tienen estos libros y nos encanten, enpena de las que les queremos dar echándo los del mundo."

And so I am to be accessory, my old friend, to a bonfire of all the Chancery reports and precedents, to an invasion of the sacred bureau, where the fatal threads of delay are woven. I can assure you that I am quite as well employed: I am cogitating over a bill for reducing the number of capital punishments in this country, and cannot spare time to tread on the debateable land which you direct me to. That is like the enchanted ground, which Pilgrim Bunyan tells us was full of pits and falls to catch the unwary traveller. It is like the story of the bridge of life,—a beautiful allegory, to be found, I think, in the *Spectator*. From the entrance to the vanishing point on the other side, are gins and snares in great abundance: the public are represented on their passage over; first one man sinks down, then another, another, and another, so that scarcely any arrive at the promised goal. Nevertheless, I by no means think that you ought to be the butt of the village, or that you can be in a situation so painfully ridiculous, for defending your just rights. You have shown a most righteous forbearance towards that Mr. Brush, in avoiding every harassing expense, and you seem to have equity and a good cause on your side. But, my dear Testy, did you never hear of the Statute of Frauds? You surprise me. I had scarcely thought that any gentleman of this country could be ignorant of so remarkable an enactment. The Statute of Limitations, which was intended to restrain undue credit and save money, has cost suitors a most enriching sum; but the Statute of Frauds! 100,000*l.* would be a poor reckoning indeed, if I were to bound at that price the expenses which the public have sustained in acquiring a knowledge of its provisions. But it has its enchantments too, though not allurements. I hope that you have not sinned against it; I fear you have: but, from the little experience I possess of legal matters, I hardly dare to tender you a common conjecture on the subject. Thus much, however, I can tell you,—you must be very careful how you deal with growing crops of grass, turnips, potatoes, or things of that description by way of sale; for a friend of mine parted with a crop of standing grass some time ago, without putting his agreement into writing; and finding it necessary to bring an action, he

was not only nonsuited, but paid 60*l.* or 70*l.* costs for his under taking. And he told me that unless you contemplate the mere selling of the vegetable produce, without any interest whatever in the land, you need a memorandum, containing the terms of the bargain. I admire the philosophy of your reasoning upon the Chancellor's duties, although you are, in common with others, a partial sufferer from it. But your youngster has not half informed you upon that subject. The immense employment of settling bankruptcies is sufficient to engage the attention of a most able individual, yet whole days are expended in discussing points and drawing subtle distinctions in this branch of the law, which, as far as I have considered it, might well be confided to the single care of another person, or at all events leaving only a right of appeal in certain cases. As Speaker of the House of Lords, you who read the newspapers can judge of the weight of his parliamentary labours, how carefully he investigates every bill, and especially bills of improvement, before he decides upon adopting or rejecting them. The wonder is, not that he decides so slowly, but that amidst a quantity of matter so conflicting and incongruous, he is ever able to arrive at a conclusion; and some people satirically declare, that they doubt his ever having done so. Then what pains are taken to discover the truth of a man's lunacy, how entirely is the dominion over these proceedings conferred upon the same judge! As a member of the cabinet, how he must trim the midnight lamp to be a fit counsellor to his Majesty at the subjects of foreign treaties, public documents of various kinds, state prosecutions, and matters of such high import! How did he find time to give four cheers at the coronation for his earldom? Besides this, he is constantly moved off to the Privy Council, when sheriffs are pricked for as an instance, and again to hear the Report of the Recorder. In a word, his toils are endless, and more than man can essay. "*Nil mortale loquor*," I had almost said, as the matter stands at present. As it ought to be, that is, when all the judgments upon outstanding suits have been delivered before the Chancellor rises, we must publish a new and striking confutation of Mr. Hume's Essay on Miracles.

And yet who is to say, Testy, that you or I ought to wait for a decision upon our private matters for a length of time so monstrous, when our great Charter says, We will not deny or DEFER to any man justice or right. Very well do I know that the Chancellor is not blameable for many of the procrastinations which happen, and that he ought to be relieved of some teasing burthens which are laid upon him; but the excellence of our constitution is proved by what I have quoted. and the devil sends cooks; and so my dear Testy, I wish you success in your affair. [The rest of the letter is on private matters.]

LETTER XVII.

Humphry to Clara.

July 1, 1818.

"Dearest Sister,—Rejoice with me, and communicate the glad tidings to our dear father. Our cause was decided to-day, after half an hour's controversy, and a reference was made to the Master of the Court—which of course is nothing.

The bellman is ringing for the last time, and so I must hastily bid you adieu, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Lawyer Sweep to Timothy Testy, Esquire.

January 8, 1819.

Dear Sir,—I have told you a dozen times that I am not responsible for the delays of the Court of Chancery. I am doing all in my power to expedite the inquiry before the Master, the nature of which is to ascertain the precise terms of your agreement, in order that an argument may be raised upon the Statute of Frauds. If you have any other paper referring to, or stating the terms, some paper in fact giving a reasonable description of the bargain, and to which Mr. Brush has given his assent in any way, we shall do better; for, after all, things look rather gloomily.

With reference to the second branch of your complaint, which is a most severe calumny, I had almost said, against my profession, I assure you, that I have repented, more than once, my precipitation in sending you the account of your debt hitherto incurred in the suit. It is not usual to do more than receive money on account; and from a gentleman whose confidence and practice I have so long enjoyed, I should not have thought of asking any pecuniary advances. I will, however, give the best answer I can to your strictures.

I observe you have marked the objectionable items with a cross, and one of the first is the expense of replying to the defendant's pleadings. You may remember we took several exceptions to it; and though Mr. Brush certainly put into his answers about forty times as much as was necessary, give me leave to say that the costs of doing you justice in that respect would have been greater, as the practice is now, than the submission to such irrelevant matters; a course which I adopted purely for your interest.

As to gratuities, they have been allowed to the clerks of the Masters from time immemorial; you know, dear sir, that the English pay for every thing, and why should the Chancery Court be more condemned in this respect than the Deans and Chapters of Saint Paul's or Westminster Abbey, whose right to fees is equally enforced? Fees and gratuities seem to be a part of the British constitution,—I say seem, for I hope it is not so. Formerly when an estate was sold under a Chancery decree, the Masters' clerks had half-a-crown upon each bidding!

Now with regard to the decree, you are truly lucky, and have no cause for complaint. For so short a judgment you cannot consider the expense exorbitant, especially when I come to give you some idea of the mishaps which fall upon other people in this particular. Suitors are compelled to take copies of the whole decree, whether plaintiffs or defendants, so that, however long it may be (and long enough it is sometimes), however useless the greatest part of it may be to them (and useless truly much of it frequently is), they must bear the charges of procuring copies in order to enable their appearance in Court, or before the Master. Yours being a mere simple reference, and on one head only, you cannot but deem yourself highly fortunate.

I think you see by this time that little blame ought to be attached to your solicitor, and that I shall do your feelings no injury by subscribing myself, dear sir, yours very faithfully and sincerely,

JAMES SWEEP.

LETTER XIX.

Sir Olden Oldenbottle to Mr. John Zealous.

August 1, 1820.

Dear Sir,—In searching over some old papers the other day in quest of a pedigree, by which I expect to trace a family of my acquaintance from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, I stumbled upon a most extraordinary production, which seems to come from the Bibliothèque of the late Job Screw, the attorney of Greediton; and knowing how anxious you are to get materials for the investigation of Chancery abuses, I have directed my amanuensis to copy it into this letter for your use, and remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

O. OLDENBUTTLE.

Job Screw's advice to his son Mordecai Screw.

I have been long desirous, dear Mordecai, of compiling a little paper for you, the object of which would be to prevent you from being quite so much at the mercy of others, as careless and improvident solicitors frequently are. You will probably succeed to my business and to the trifling gains which I have been able to amass in my profession; and although what I have written below need not be implicitly followed upon every occasion, it is good for you to know your strength in case you may need to use it. You are aware how important it is to oblige your client; and while you make his cause your own, how carefully you should strive at the same time to give him satisfaction as he goes on in his cause. By hinting to you various methods of harassing and distressing your opponent in Chancery, you will be in a condition to tire out and weary many parties, who, if they had to deal with the majority of your brethren, would gain a hearing much earlier than they might hope for, and certainly sooner than they would if you were employed and availed yourself of the assistance I now offer you. You know how I detest all innovations, and what is falsely called gentlemanly refinement. Please your client, and never mind the canting people of the present day when they speak of enlightened legislation.*

Now, you are embarked in a suit as plaintiff, your case none of the best; find out if the defendant want money, and if his solicitor is anxious to be no loser by him. He appears and answers, except to his answer without the least delay. He must then go before the Master, and again before the court at a very considerable expense, till at length, having plagued him into a full disclosure of all he knows, you can wait upon your oars for three quarters of a year, and then, when he comes to put you out of court, you calmly file your replication, by which you get three quarters of a year more. Or you may amend your bill if you like, and so work him over the old ground again. To undertake that you will keep your suit alive, and speed your cause with effect, gains you some months more; and by that time the inexorable defendant will be in a state to hearken to a compromise, which you can make as advantageous as you please for your client. If the defendant holds out, is obstinate, gets an unforeseen supply, or otherwise, dismiss your bill, it is much the same proceeding as a nonsuit at common law, and by smoothing over your client properly, you will gain reputation by your procrastinations, and be called at once a good, working solicitor.

* Note by the amanuensis.—Job Screw died in 1815, and this paper was written in 1814.

* * * * *

But it is as a defendant, that your generalship will be most serviceable, and indeed most conspicuous. Here you must contrive to be at home upon every emergency. I will give you some idea of your capabilities as the law stands, for plaintiffs are to be wearied out by good management, as well as defendants. I think a table showing the way of protracting a suit will give you as just a conception of this manœuvring as can be afforded, it will be a kind of bird's-eye view.

	Years.	Mths.	Wks.
"Suit commenced in 1810, say subpoena returnable in Michaelmas term, having been sued out in August, and your client living more than ten miles from town. - - -	0	3	0
Ask for time to plead, by which you can have - - -	0	1	3
N.B. Don't vex your client by driving him to gaol under writs of habeas corpus.			
Your answer being imperfect, the plaintiff excepts to it. -	0	3	0
Submit to answer the exceptions, and ask for time to do it. -	0	1	0
Put in another answer, which requires explanation.			
The plaintiff excepts again. - - - -	0	1	0
Submit again to answer better. - - - -	0	1	0
Plaintiff excepts a third time.			
You submit again. - - - -	0	1	0
Plaintiff still dissatisfied. - - - -	0	3	0
N.B. Long vacation.			
Try it once more - - - -	0	1	0
The plaintiff refers the matter to the Master, and thence to Court. - - - -	0	6	0
Your answer being perfect, the plaintiff replies - -	0	6	0
Issue is joined and evidence taken, about which you need not be too expeditious. - - - -	0	6	0
Take good care now to enlarge the publication of this evidence, by which you may have at least six months. - -	0	6	0
The case being set down for hearing, will not come on for a twelvemonth. - - - -	1	0	0
Either the plaintiff's attorney will be out of the way, or you can contrive to have business, and so be absent, or some of the counsel will be engaged elsewhere, so that with due caution you can get over two years more without much difficulty. -			
	2	0	0
The business being part heard, is referred to the Master, who reports in about three months. - - - -	0	3	0
Another unavoidable delay of a year. - - - -	1	0	0
The case being heard and decided, apply to vary the minutes. -	0	6	0
Be careful to introduce new matter at these hearings, by which fresh minutes must be drawn, and you should dissent from these, you may get a twelvemonth by management. -			
	1	0	0
What with references to the Master, and settling the transaction altogether, another twelvemonth may go very safely by. -	1	0	0
	10	0	0

This done, Mordecai, by threatening an appeal to the House of Lords, you will totally break the plaintiff's heart, and he will either entertain a most successful compromise, or will abandon his suit altogether; and probably he may do this long before the ten years have elapsed, which, by the way, when you come to study the subject, you will find no time at all, for I have come within the mark on most occasions, out of mere Christian feeling.

JOE SCREW.

LETTER XX.

Old Mr. Testy to Sir James Senate.

January, 1821.

Dear Sir James,—Really, really, it is too bad; and, besides, I was most dreadfully frightened last night by a report that Brush was dead, and so I should have had all the costs to pay, for executors, I hear, pay no costs. But it is too bad, Sir James, it is indeed: the Chancellor gave judgment in my favour the other day, after putting it off for eighteen months, and now they have given me notice, that they mean to have the case heard all over again, because some most material point has escaped the brains of those stupid counsel. Oh Lord! oh Lord! when will there be an end of it? I was reading a book of anecdotes a little while since, where I found a story of Lord Chancellor Cowper, and I wish I had seen it before I began this suit. He said he knew enough of law never to meddle with it himself. I think the farmer himself is very sorry for it, only he is so violently obstinate. I think we could make it up, but I wouldn't have it said for the world. Do give me your thoughts upon it, Sir James, for they will be at some new trick soon, and I shouldn't wonder if they picked a hole in my agreement after all this labour. I remain your truly afflicted friend,
TIMOTHY TESTY.

LETTER XXI.

Sir James Senate in reply.

January, 1821.

My dear Sir,—Compromise directly by all means, and care not an instant for the impertinence of such as may think fit to observe upon your conduct. It is very difficult to say how far this matter may be carried, for we are scarcely ever safe from the fangs of Chancery. If I recollect rightly this part of our jurisprudence, a bill of review might be filed at any time within twenty years *after* the judgment, and so your troubles would revive again, and they may appeal to the House of Lords, though this must be an idle threat on the part of a poor farmer. However, it seems, they have not gone quite so far as that yet.

It may afford you some consolation to know, that Mr. John Williams, an eminent barrister on the Northern Circuit, entertains an idea of bringing these vexations before Parliament. I wish him well in the heavy and thankless undertaking he has essayed. I am sure you will join in this. But Copley, the Solicitor-General, is the man I should like to see ministerially employed in this matter; he is most clear-headed, and will do justice to any cause he takes up. If it were not for Lord Gifford, he would most undoubtedly have the Seals. But *then* perhaps this could not be expected from him. But to return to our subject. Brush, heartily tired of this case, will very likely yield the fields now upon your making him some moderate compensation, and at your time of life is it not better to live tranquilly in your family than to continue this fruitless and teasing litigation? Any effort that I can make to forward this conciliatory disposition, is at your service, as truly as I am, dear Testy, yours very faithfully,

JAMES SENATE.

LETTER XXII.

Lawyer Kite in London, to Lawyer Hawk in the Country.

[The letter begins with directions in different suits.]

Smith v. Brown.

I have caused the *alias pluries habeas* to be issued against the defendant for not putting in his answer.

I am sure you will laugh when you hear the issue of that case between Testy and Brush. You see there was a difficulty as to the minutes of the decree, and when it came to the point, counsel were unable to agree, upon which a rehearing of the whole business became necessary, and I understand that some new cases were to be cited, for the purpose of showing that the agreement was not good within the statute of frauds. Now, just by the way, there was an excellent rule of Lord Chancellor Jeffries, that the advocates and persons concerned in each suit should take particular notice of the decrees at the moment of their promulgation in open court, so that no alteration should subsequently be permitted, unless the minutes of such decrees were altered after their publication, or the registrar failed in performing his duty. By these means he got rid of many complaints and petitions, which, as he said, were causelessly preferred before him.

But to return:—it seems that this last shock entirely upset your poor neighbour Mr. Testy; it was that which cost him such a fit of the gout, (if he would confess it,) and almost, indeed, his life. So, with all his resolution and perverseness, he set himself zealously to get rid of the whole concern as speedily as he could. But this was no easy matter, for the defendant, Mr. Brush, gave a great deal of trouble, insisting upon this and the other, till at last the old gentleman agreed to give the sum originally proposed for the fields, and to make his opponent a present of fifty pounds towards the payment of his costs. But I must tell you, that there had been another opinion given upon Testy's new case, and that it was highly unfavourable. How far this operated upon your neighbour, I leave you to judge. Brush has long since ploughed up these meadows, so that the unfortunate plaintiff will be obliged to lay down the whole again in grass, and he will feel the additional pleasure of having lost ten years and a few hundreds for his pains. However, you must not let this letter go any farther, for a few such tales as these would ruin us all.

Before I quite finish, I must tell you of the perfect smoothness which our great man showed when the compromise was mentioned. He was delighted. he said, that the parties had arrived at an understanding so amicable, he could unfeignedly say, that he rejoiced at all times at the prospect of establishing peace instead of litigation, and while he could not but regret that the defendant had so long resisted the fulfilment of his word, he could not but wish Mr. Testy a long life to enjoy the property which he had been so long expecting.

I remain yours, dear Sir, very truly,

———— KITE.

QUADRILLE CONVERSATIONS.—NO. 1.

Run, neighbours, run, all London is quadrilling it,
 Folks are pas-de-basquing it from high to low ;
 This is the time for toeing it and heeling it, ▲
 Virtue and sobriety are dos-à-dos.

Old Song.

ARE you a quadriller? If not, you may as well skip this article with the same celerity that novel-reading misses turn over the pages of some learned dissertations in an interesting romance ; and go to the next article. But if you are a true professor of the Pastorale and Trenise ; if you ever “ put your feet in a passion ” to the 17th set of the Freishutz, or wriggle through L’Eté to Weippert’s piano or Challoner’s harmonicon, you will then easily comprehend the distresses which a perpetual quadriller is perpetually labouring under for want of conversation, and fully appreciate the philanthropy that would attempt to furnish a few observations to fill up the tedious vacancies between a “ Chaine des dames ” and “ la Poule.”

For who has not spun out his pirouette to the last note of the music, and then fanned himself with his well-cologned handkerchief, and afterwards thrust his hands through his hair and adjusted his tie, to prolong the time of action, before he should find himself entirely unoccupied by his partner’s side, and under the necessity of saying something, or of being set down by a pretty girl as a remarkably stupid person? Who has not felt the agony of a quadrille outlasting all the topics of conversation, and of having exhausted all the common-places which he has made up for the night, and which had been repeated to all his several partners of the evening?

Had quadrilles been in fashion when Beresford wrote his *Miseries of Human Life*, I am sure this would have been reckoned amongst the greatest of them. It was never felt in a country-dance, because there one had nothing to do with one’s partner, except dance, and very little opportunity was afforded for conversation, except in a poussette or an allemande, or in the few minutes which the impatience of the next couple would allow you, when you had perspired yourself to the top of the set. Besides, if one did get up an idea, and venture across the set to communicate it to one’s fair partner, and find oneself a little at a loss for illustration, why the “ up and down the middle couple ” were sure to jostle one out of the scrape.

But in a quadrille it is different: you are placed by your partner’s side, and though she has actually more to do with every other gentleman than yourself, yet being placed close to her ear, you are bound to find entertainment for her in the intervals of the dance. You are obliged to rack your poor brain for an anecdote, or a joke, or a sentiment, or a critique, and condemned to see her skip off in the middle, or at the end of it to “ l’été ” it, or “ dos-à-dos ” it with another.

This has often put me in mind of some of my married friends, who fag, fag, fag from morning till night, either with the pencil or the pen, or at a public office or in a private counting-house, for their wives and daughters, who regularly start off and figure away at their numerous parties for the benefit of others, leaving the poor husband and papa at home. It is true, in a quadrille the gentleman “ sets ” to another lady ; and I suppose it is the same in life as in a quadrille. How often have

we observed a youth with a bushy head of hair, an interesting countenance and a coat made by Stultz, attempt to draw his partner into conversation, or rather to rouse himself into the effort, and find something to say! and with this observation came the thought of what a charitable work it would be to write a dictionary of small talk, and make out a regular set of quadrille dialogues.

How much awkwardness would such a work relieve! How much love-making might it prevent! How many characters might it save! For our young men, ashamed at last of being quite silent in the intervals of action, and conscious of the common-place tenor of their observations on Toso, Zuchelli, the British Gallery, the last Scotch novel, and the London improvements—are absolutely compelled at last to “tenderize,” or scandalize, as the only methods to create an interest in their partners. It is in vain they talk of music, of parties, of the arts, of literature—the subjects are *usé*, or out of place; and it is difficult to dress up subjects of greater interest in the light garb of small talk: and a young man becomes still more awkward from the increasing impression on his mind that he is considered either a “prodigious quiz” or an “insufferable bore.” The moment, however, that love or scandal becomes the topic, female eyes are lighted up or cast down; fans are flirled, and flirts are fanned with additional vigour; the increased palpitation of the white satin body proclaims the heart to be interested; she smiles at a satirical sally on the character or the *sau-~~cisson~~* curl of her neighbour, and sighs as one of the warmest verses of Byron or Moore is quoted with reference to herself.

But then this kind of sentimental flirtation is dangerous. Conversation becomes too animated. One thing leads to another. Dancing heats the blood. More is said on the part of the gentleman, and perhaps felt on the part of the lady, than is intended: that by which he means nothing, is presumed to mean every thing: his vanity is flattered by the attention paid to him: a serious proposal is almost on the verge of issuing from his lips,—when the word “*balancez*” arrests the irrevocable sentence as it is embodying into words that might be taken hold of by mammas, aunts, and brothers; and the “*grande ronde*” prevents the catastrophe.

Now all this danger arises from the want of something else to say, from the want of subjects unconnected with the senses and the heart, from the want of being able to give interest to the thousand every-day nothings of life; for I am certain that many a match which has rendered two people miserable, has been merely the result of a want of other conversation in a quadrille, which has reduced the parties to the miserable alternative of remaining silent or making love.

I have sometimes thought that the inventor of quadrilles must have had some idea of the dangers attendant on the close contact in which the dance places persons of different sexes, and so characterized the different movements with names which should act as warning voices to flirting quadrillers.

Thus if he begins to think of marriage, “*chaine des dames*” alarms him with an idea of the “*vinculum matrimonii*.” When his lips quiver with what may be deemed too warm an expression, “*balancez*” induces consideration and reflection. “*Cavalier seul*” brings to his recollection the independence of single blessedness. “*Dos-à-dos*”

becomes an illustration of a matrimonial *tête-à-tête*. "First gentleman turn the second lady," engenders a fear that somebody besides himself may turn his partner's head in the "grande ronde" of life, as well as of a quadrille; and a "demi queue de Chat" cuts his tale of love short in the middle.

But what are all these dangers to the idea of being a stupid, silent, and inactive partner, who can bear to stand up in a quadrille as though the circle were the bar of the Old Bailey, or listen to the "Lancers" and "Moulinet" with the same silence that they would listen to a sermon. Yet were we to judge from the faces instead of the feet, we should imagine that the parties were demonstrating a proposition of Euclid, instead of figuring it away on the light fantastic toe; every one seems to dance with a gravity more becoming a funeral than a quadrille, and I'll be bound to say, that more serious countenances are never seen in the gravest and most important business of our lives, than in the "Moulinet" and "Chassez Croisée."

Think then what a desideratum would be a familiar Encyclopedia of little nothings, which would relieve the dull tedium of a silent quadrille without the dangers of a flirtation.

Such a work should collect all the common-places of life. Critiques of musical composers, dramatic authors, public exhibitions, favourite singers and celebrated dancers, ideas of cookery, philosophy, Voltaire, Rousseau, descriptions of blue skies, purling streams, crowded parties, new farces and broken hearts, should be thrown together, well-seasoned with little classical illustrations, and apt quotations, to give an appearance of reading.

This book should lie on the toilet table, by the side of the Eau de Cologne and Esprit de Rose, and the memory be refreshed by its contents, while under the hands of the valet or lady's maid.

By this means, quadrillers would go out ready primed and loaded, and might go off well.

A very little charge would serve for one set of quadrilles; and a change of partners, by presenting a new listener, would prevent the necessity of a change of subject.

We should not then hear a dandy, after due deliberation and preparation, draw out,—“How do you like the new opera? What do you think of the divine Pasta? I'm absolutely d-o-y-ing to see Giacinto Toso—and shall exp-o-i-re if the Vestris does not return. What exquisite legs she has!”—“Pantalon!” cries Challoner.—The opera is a great subject for conversation with your exquisite. Indeed, except the weather, I suppose the theatres afford more common-places than any subject whatever. And as to the weather, even the most common-place people are now ashamed to mention it by way of conversation. “Pantalon” over, and the theatres exhausted, he exclaims, “How prodigiously full town is! What a crowded park!—no getting a gallop of above twenty yards. Mrs. Greathead's pole ran through the back of Lady Tête-à-tête's vis-à-vis—Highflier's blood roan leaped into Tattivy's tilbury, and Lashington's tandem leader turned short round and stared him full in the face—How insufferably hot!”—“L'été!” cries Weipert. L'été puts him in mind of frost, and he returns to the charge. “Delightful skating on the serpentine—never saw so much science—Ten figures of eight cut in five minutes—ice broken—dreadful catas-

trophe—a score of skaiters fell in—Humane Society called out—Drags and dragsmen in full cry. Ten of my own friends drowned (he becomes sentimental)—all immersed in the cold—cold stream, to find a watery grave!”—“La Poule !” screams Hart, and away he goes.—London being exhausted, his imagination travels to the country. “Ever been to the Lakes?—the Lakes are great bores. Nothing but still life. Windermere, mere wood and water, not to compare to Brighton. To be sure there’s the moon, and the nightingales, and the milk-maids, and that sort of thing ; but for my part I never could bear”—“Pastorale !” cries the directeur. Almost exhausted, he is at length relieved from his task by the “grande ronde,” which completes his quadrille and the conversation at the same time.

The necessity of fanning, of procuring refreshments, of hunting for shawls, and of taking his partner to her mamma, or to his happy successor, to whom he resigns her with a little well-studied compliment,—and a sigh enables him to fill up the rest of the time with comparative facility.

Such are the run of the common-place quadrille conversations, which are not seasoned by the test of flirtation. That once admitted, the eyes and heart enter into the service, and there is no calculating the lengths to which these auxiliaries may carry us ; but then this is dangerous.

The book I propose will remedy all this ; and I would have the conversation divided under the heads of “Fashionable,” taken from the Morning Post and the Magazines. “Sentimental,” consisting of scraps of Moore, Byron, Rousseau, L.E.L. and Rosa Matilda. “Literary,” derived from the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, and other reviews. “Dramatic,” drawn from Schlegel, Hazlitt, and newspaper critiques. In short, by pilfering and plagiarism, a number of little dialogues might be dressed up and garnished fit for the use of gentlemen and lady Quadrillers, who might thus pass through an evening without the trouble of drawing upon imagination and brains, that might stop payment for want of funds to “*faire les frais de la conversation.*”

I do not mean to assert that this gravity in dancing is at all peculiar to the English ; for we find the quadrillers in high life on the Continent going through their movements with quite as sombre countenances as our countrymen. Even in France, except among the peasantry, we find the men dancing their quadrilles with faces sufficiently serious for secretaries of state. To be sure, in France dancing is one of the serious businesses of their lives ; and that may account for it.

In some countries, however, the silent dancer possesses an advantage over the Englishman, inasmuch as he is allowed to fill up the intervals of action by a cigar ; and I have been sometimes afraid that the taciturnity of London quadrillers, and the increasing use of this villainous herb, would in time sanction this horrid custom here, as well as on the Continent. Yet perfect silence is far better than this method of puffing ourselves into notice ; and so great an antipathy have I to the use of tobacco in the presence of the ladies, that I trust we shall never carry our freedom of manners so far as this, but that every gentleman will adopt his motto on this subject from Terence, and exclaim,

Ne quid ni-mis.

Y. Y.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

Paris, February 1827.

It is curious to observe the sovereign contempt with which the Parisians regard the inhabitants of the provinces. Yet this feeling is not altogether void of just foundation; for certainly all the talent in France, with very few exceptions, is assembled in the capital. That amusing paper, the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, every morning details all the abuses of power and the acts of injustice which are committed in the provinces. The Parisians only laugh and say,—“What a set of fools these provincials must be to endure such treatment!” This sort of feeling will, perhaps, appear very strange to you; for London, I presume, is not superior, except in size, to some of your principal provincial cities. But vanity, which is the ruling passion, or, I may say, the only passion of the Parisians, fills them with exaggerated notions of their advantages over the inhabitants of the departments. One thing in which they particularly pride themselves, is the intelligence and activity for which the police of Paris has been distinguished ever since it was under the control of the celebrated M. de Sartine. The numerous street-robberies which have recently been committed in the capital have, therefore, excited no small degree of astonishment and dissatisfaction, and have increased the contempt in which our present government is held. About two months ago so many daring robberies were committed here, that it was hardly considered safe to pass through the streets after eleven at night. The conduct of the police has been most extraordinary. Instead of visiting the offenders with punishment, they brought to trial a man named La Potère, who with considerable courage defended himself when attacked by a gang of thieves. He was accused of getting up a story for the purpose of alarming the good people of Paris and calumniating the government.

For the last three months our police has been exceedingly vigilant, not in apprehending thieves, but in persecuting printers and publishers, a class of men very obnoxious to the priest-ridden party, by whom we are now ruled. But, absolute as is the power of this party, one of its darling objects yet remains unfulfilled; viz. the dismissal of M. de Villele, and the substitution of a cardinal in his stead.

The present inefficiency of the Parisian police has occasioned the revival of many curious anecdotes relative to M. de Sartine. The following, in which one of your countrymen plays a part, is considered authentic. The Duke of Grafton, who visited Paris when Sartine was Lieutenant-general of the police, happened, in the course of conversation with that magistrate, to observe that he could not credit all the miracles that were related respecting the French police. M. de Sartine showed him some bundles of stolen property, and read to him an account of the discovery and arrest of several individuals who were suspected of having committed the robberies, and who had been traced out in a very extraordinary way. The Duke, however, was not convinced. “It is possible,” said he, “that men may be paid for allowing themselves to be arrested in a way that may reflect great credit on the police, and these men may afterwards, by some trick, be enabled to escape. The monks in Italy pay beggars, who pretend to be lame for a year or two, but, being miraculously cured on some festival day, they suddenly throw aside their crutches, and strut about before the astonished populace. This serves at once to enrich the Madonna of the convent, and the keeper of the neighbouring tavern.”—“I know not what to say to you,” observed M. de Sartine. “I should like,” said the Duke, “to be convinced by something personally concerning myself.”—“Well,” rejoined M. de Sartine, “favour me for a moment with one of the pieces of money you have in your purse.” The Duke immediately presented a louis d’or to M. de Sartine, who, having marked it with his penknife, returned it, saying, “Within twenty-four hours you shall be robbed of that Louis. Be upon your guard.”—“Well,” said the Duke, “I agree to every thing except open force.”

After taking leave of the Lieutenant-general of police, the first thing the

Duke did was to wash the louis, and put it into his mouth. This circumstance soon came to the knowledge of M. de Sartine. The Duke of Grafton went to attend vespers at Saint Roc, which was then the fashionable church. He took his place on one of the seats set apart for persons of distinction. He had not been long in the church, when a gentleman near him, drawing out his handkerchief, dropped his purse, and immediately a number of louis d'or were scattered on the ground. The owner of the purse picked up eleven louis, and still appeared to be searching for more. "I am sure," said he to the persons about him, "that I had twelve louis in my purse. My valet put them in just before I quitted home, and by a singular whim he marked them all with his penknife." He then showed the mark on those which he had just picked up. Continuing his search, he advanced towards the Duke of Grafton, who was seated at some distance from the spot where the purse had been dropped. "Did you by chance pick up a louis, sir?" said he, addressing himself to the Duke. The impertinence of this question roused the Duke's indignation, and forgetting that he had his own Louis in his mouth, he hastily stammered out a reply. "I would wager any thing," said the man, "that my louis is at this moment in your mouth." The Duke became exceedingly angry, and his attempts to express his indignation served only to convince all present of the truth of the man's extraordinary assertion. At length determined to extricate himself from this embarrassing situation, the Duke dropped the louis into his hand, and said, "Well, I acknowledge I have had a louis in my mouth; but it is my own, and I have been concealing it for a wager."—"In that case," said the man, very coolly, "you can have no objection to show the louis to these gentlemen. They will see whether it is marked like mine." The Duke could not decline this examination. The louis was found to be marked exactly like those which had been dropped out of the purse, to the owner of which it was given. The Duke of Grafton, in a violent passion quitted the church of Saint Roc, where fortunately he was known to every one. In the evening at a party given by the Duke of Orleans at the Palais Royal, M. de Sartine restored the louis-d'or to the Duke of Grafton, and related the anecdote before the whole company. At that period the police prided itself in knowing every thing, and in protecting the rich against the poor.

The law proposed by Count de Peyronnet for annihilating the liberty of the press, has been the universal subject of conversation here. Paris not only furnishes books for all the French departments; but complete editions of Voltaire, Rousseau, Molière, La Bruyère, &c. are constantly exported to Russia, America, and even to Portugal. It is said that thirty thousand volumes are printed daily in Paris; this is perhaps an exaggeration, but such is the enslaved condition of the press in all other parts of France, that books are printed nowhere but in the capital. The laws relative to the press are, it is true, to all appearance, the same in the departments as in Paris; but a provincial printer, who might by ill-luck displease his prefect, would lose his brevet or licence, without which no one can carry on the printing business in France. M. de Peyronnet's law excited general dismay, not because it would be a fatal blow to liberty (the multitude did not take so deep a view of the affair), but because it would ruin numbers of people in Paris, from the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, whose profits amount to thirty thousand francs a-year, down to the journeyman printer who earns only five francs a-day. It was evident that all literary people would be ruined by this law; for as to the few who write only for fame, they would be reduced to silence, or would be obliged to have their works printed in Brussels, as books were printed in Holland during the despotism of Louis the Fourteenth.

At first, those who imagined that Peyronnet's law would have no other effect than that of destroying the freedom of the press, the only freedom that France now enjoys, concluded that it would pass without difficulty in the Chamber of Deputies, and that it would be carried by an immense majority in the Chamber of Peers. But the public voice was raised so loudly

in defence of private interests, that the most devoted tools of the ministry, such as MM. Martignac and Pardessus, thought they would be running too great a risk by supporting the law. M. Pardessus, the celebrated lawyer, with singular disinterestedness, declared that he would sooner resign all his places than defend such a law. To enable you to understand the full extent of M. Peyronnet's absurdity, I must inform you that he is a man of vulgar and profligate manners, and that he is celebrated for quarrels, particularly for tavern brawls. The public have raked up many details of his private life, and brought them forward as arguments against his law—arguments truly characteristic of French levity. I should not have said so much on this subject, for you know my plan is to steer clear of politics as far as possible, but Peyronnet's plan of law has been the general topic of conversation here, and has even banished all recollection of what was termed the insolence of Mr. Canning's speech, relative to the invasion of Portugal. Mr. Canning roused the indignation of all the old ultra peers who formerly served in the army of Condé; but who can wonder that our imbecile government should expose us to the contempt of foreigners? M. de Villele, it is true, is not exactly a fool, but the Jesuits are every day driving him into all sorts of absurdities. For example, if he could have done as he liked, he would have sent a man of some talent, and not such a person as M. de Moustier, on the embassy to Madrid. But what can Villele do? When de Moustier appeared at the Tuileries, Charles X. instead of punishing him with coldness for his conduct at Madrid, clapped him on the shoulder, and said aloud:—"Well, de Moustier, I hope you do not take this as a disgrace!" This observation of the King has tended to raise M. de Villele a little in the estimation of the public.

Since the restoration, the men have been so intent on their political education, that they have forgotten all their gallantry, and the ladies receive but little attention in the saloons. The present regime is very favourable to purity of morals, but very inimical to French amiability, which now exists only in the Memoires of the eighteenth century. Two questions are continually asked in the saloons of Paris, viz.:—*Can England go to war?* and *Will England go to war if Ferdinand should continue to play the fool?*

It is astonishing what a degree of ignorance prevails in France respecting the real situation of England; and yet eight hundred English are every month landed at Calais and Boulogne. The general opinion seems to be that England will be bankrupt if she engage in a long war; but she may, notwithstanding, find money to defray the expenses of a war, and her bankruptcy will not cause the English aristocracy to lose any of their importance. This idea consoles the poor French peers, many of whom speculate on marrying their sons to rich heiresses, on the strength of the titles which they will one day inherit. The French people esteem nothing, love nothing, and believe in nothing. Our peerage will stand, if it be powerfully protected by foreigners; if not, on the first popular crisis, it will be swept away with every thing else. It may survive, if the virtues and moderation of our Dauphin should put a stop to the madness of the bigots. A celebrated observation made by M. de Talleyrand, relative to the Jesuits and the ecclesiastical party in 1811, has been parodied, and the invasion of Portugal by the Marquess de Chaves is said to be *the beginning of the end*.

The discussion of political questions, and, above all, those of an alarming nature, is unfavourable to literature. How can we feel deeply interested about a new poem, however excellent, when who knows but next year we may be under the control of the Inquisition, or the Duke of Orleans may be on the throne of France, playing the part which King William acted in England in 1688?

M. Casimir Delavigne's last production, the "*Messepiennes*," is pronounced to be very inferior to some of his former works. It is very dull—like the mere amplification of a student of rhetorick, who would never be a poet. M. Delavigne, who has been extravagantly puffed by the liberals, some time ago set out for Italy. In the course of his journey he composed seven discourses

in verse, which he called "Messeniennes." One treats of the death of General Foy, another of the discovery of America by Columbus, a third is a walk on the Lido,* where Lord Byron, when he resided at Venice, rode on horseback. This poem contains a good deal about Lord Byron, but it is all dull and common-place. M. Delavigne undoubtedly possesses considerable talent; but this last publication will unfortunately ruin his literary reputation. The public now begin to think that they bestowed too high a share of admiration on the poems which he first produced under the title of "Messeniennes." It is discovered that they were no way superior to the poems of M. de Fontanes; that is to say, very elegant and correct, but containing nothing that can excite powerful interest, like *Lara*, the *Corsair*, and the best parts of *Don Juan*. The French public always run from one extreme to another; and six months hence M. Delavigne, instead of being overrated, will probably be far less admired than he deserves. He has unfortunately chosen Bonaparte as the subject of one of his newly-published "Messeniennes." He went to Naples, and, while sailing past Corsica, he recollected that that island was the birth-place of Napoleon, who, after being banished to the Isle of Elba, closed his career on the Island of St. Helena. This grand coincidence M. Delavigne conceived to be a fit subject for the exercise of his talent.

Byron himself has not spoken of Napoleon as he ought. Only two poets have rendered justice to that great man. One is M. Manzoni, of Milan, who has written a beautiful ode, commencing with the words "Ei, fù." This composition is immortal, like the man whose misfortunes it records. The glowing passage in which M. Manzoni declines, from religious feeling, to pronounce judgment on the merit and the glory of Napoleon, is one of the finest things to be found in the writings of any modern poet.

M. de Beranger, our celebrated song-writer, has also spoken of Napoleon without prejudice, and in a tone of simplicity suited to the lyric style, and to the character of the French language. I doubt whether our language is capable of producing any thing in the pompous style equal to Manzoni's ode. But I venture to affirm that in the simple style, which of course does not exclude sublimity of ideas, no writer has produced any thing superior to Beranger. He has just written a song on Peyronnet's law, the sarcastic humour of which must be exceedingly mortifying to the vanity of M. Peyronnet.

The only passage in the new "Messeniennes" which has been much quoted, is that alluding to Waterloo. M. Delavigne styles the Duke of Wellington *un héros de hazard*.† M. Benjamin Constant has revived the recollection of the Duke of Wellington's conduct towards the unfortunate Ney. M. Constant possesses a rich vein of ironical humour, and his speech on the Duke of Wellington is one of the cleverest things he ever produced. It has been as much read and talked of as M. Roger Collart's famous speech on the law of sacrilege. It resembles the diatribes of Voltaire and Montesquieu, and in many points it exhibits the delicacy of La Bruyere. The excellence of M. Constant's style is the more remarkable, because most French writers of the present day are exceedingly fond of pedantry and bombast—the *sesquipedalia verba* of Horace.

This unfortunate defect will twenty years hence consign to the grocer's shops the productions of many authors who look with contempt on the good prose writers of Louis XIV.'s reign. Among all the French prose works published in 1826, it would be difficult to find one free from the fault of pedantry. In his last successful productions, M. Constant is perhaps dry

* The Lido is that tongue of land which separates the lagoons of Venice from the sea.

† The phrase *de hazard* signifies second-hand. Thus the French say, *un couteau de hazard*, *un pistolet de hazard*, (a chance knife or pistol,) that is, one that has been purchased at a low price from the Jews.

and cold, but never pompous and pedantic. I must, however, except his unfortunate "*Histoire du Sentiment Religieux*."

The failure of M. Delavigne's last production caused the public to view with indifference the appearance of a volume of Odes by M. Victor Hugo. They are in the style of M. Lemercier's celebrated *Panhypocrisiade*, and would no doubt possess considerable merit if they were written in intelligible French. M. Hugo has been called a *might-be*. He possesses warmth of imagination, and might be a poet, if he would only learn to write French, and in that case he might be readable. Why has not M. Delavigne the fancy of M. Hugo? Or why does not M. Hugo write with the clearness and elegance of M. Delavigne? The public seem to have decided that France has now only two poets, MM. La Beranger and De la Martine.

Two works which have been very much read in Paris are the Memoirs of the Venetian Casanova, published in French at Leipsic*; and the Memoirs of the Consulate by Count Thibaudeau. Neither of these publications have been puffed. They will most likely be translated into English; but I can send you a few particulars respecting Thibaudeau's work, which the translators will not find in their texts. Many people attribute the Memoirs of the Consulate to Count Berlier, who was also one of Napoleon's Counsellors of State. But if they were the production of Berlier, I suspect they would have been written in a style of greater elegance. Whoever may be the author of this work, it describes in a very superior way, that is by facts, not by mere words, how a young hero devoted to military glory suffered himself to be seduced by a character belonging to the reign of Louis XV. (Lucien Bonaparte), and found a throne. This would all be very plausible if every member of the Bourbon family had been extinct in 1802. But to recall the high nobility to the Tuileries under the name of Chamberlains, to admit them to all superior ranks in the army, to resuscitate the priests, the sworn enemies of a man who in Egypt had almost declared himself a Mahometan,—surely this was not finding, but rebuilding a throne. Now the throne being once restored, the power of recollection, which is all powerful on the mass of the French nation, naturally led to the recall of a Bourbon to fill the throne. It required the experience of all that has happened from 1815 to 1827, all the encroachments on liberties, such as the law of sacrilege, the law of primogeniture, the law for the reduction of rentes, Peyronnet's law on the press, &c. &c. to disgust us at the Bourbons. The whole system of our present rulers is at variance with the character of the French people, who only want to pursue their industry and their amusements without interruption, and to ridicule every thing, even themselves, as they have done for ages past.

The Memoirs of the Consulate are, strictly speaking, the history of the seduction of a great man. This object is its effect, though the author does not appear to have had it in view.

Now that it is so much the fashion to imitate Sir Walter Scott, and to aim at the picturesque, it is rare to find a book written in the plain and unpretending style of this work. Indeed this simplicity of style convinces me that the book is not the production of Count Berlier, who was a prolix and florid writer. M. Thibaudeau, on the contrary, was always more a man of business than an author. He sought to distinguish himself by deeds rather than by words.

The Memoirs of the Consulate contain twenty chapters. One half the book consists of discussions on politics and political economy. The author reports the identical words uttered by Bonaparte in his speeches to the Council of State, which from 1799 to 1802 was the only directing power in France. Chapter II. treats of the explosion of the infernal machine at the corner of the Rue Nicaise and the Place du Carrousel. The consul was speedily assured by Fouché that this was merely a plot contrived by the partisans of the throne and the altar, and yet he persisted in expressing the most furious

* The French edition is mutilated.

indignation against the Jacobins. His despotic instinct convinced him that the Jacobins were the real opponents of his ambition. They were then the only powerful party in France. The Royalists might, indeed, have combined a plot for assassination, such as the infernal machine: for that a dozen braves would have been sufficient. But in 1802 the Royalists had no influence in France. Bonaparte gave them power by restoring the throne between the years 1802 and 1813. The History of the Revolution, by the Abbé de Montgaillard, contains a list of all the noblemen who meanly solicited places in the antichambers of Bonaparte. Only one man, Count de Vaudreuil, and one woman, Madame de Chevreuse, resisted the orders they received to fill posts in the antichambers of the Tuileries. People saw that there was an immense advantage in bearing such names as Montmorency or Clermont-Tonnere; and from that moment it was evident that the nobility possessed power. Thus, there can be no doubt but that Napoleon himself created the party which overthrew him. He was unsurpassed as a general, but not as a politician. He was a good financier, but a miserable diplomatist. For example, at Dresden, in the year 1813, he might have obtained the sincere alliance of the Court of Austria, by making a present of ten millions of francs to a certain individual. There are two manuscript works in which all the particulars of this affair are recorded. These Memoirs will be published on the death of two men, already far advanced in life; that is, if their papers are not seized by the police, like those of Cambacérès and Lemontey.

One of the most curious portions of the Memoirs of the Consulate is Chapter XI., which I sent you last month, relative to the re-establishment of worship and the clergy. The Pope completely duped Napoleon. The Consul was betrayed by his own ignorance. Wholly occupied in great events, political and military, from the age of twenty-five, he had no leisure to reflect on the history of the two last centuries, so important to a French monarch. He knew only the bare facts, which he had learned at the College of Brienne, where the system of instruction was wretched.

Chapters XIII. and XIV. treat of the opposition of the tribunate, in which Carnot, Benjamin Constant, Savage, Rollin, and Daru, distinguished themselves. A list is given of the number of votes on both sides on each great question, together with the votes of the legislative body. These documents, which are now for the first time published, are exceedingly important.

Chapter XIV. which treats of the Consulate for life, of the changes in the constitution, and the plans for hereditary succession, is the more curious because it contradicts all the absurdities related by Napoleon to Count Las Cases at St. Helena.

Josephine, Napoleon's first wife, was a fascinating and amiable woman, possessed of an excellent heart, but of rather volatile manners. As soon as Lucien Bonaparte began to seduce his brother, Josephine, who had no hope of becoming a mother, foresaw that her husband would resolve on repudiating her. She then became the head of the Liberal party at the court of Malmaison. That party experienced a great check when Fouché lost his post of the Minister of Police. Of the forty-eight members composing the Council of State, seven belonged to the party who were averse to the re-establishment of the throne. Among them were three men of eminent talent—Thibaudeau, Berlier, and the physician Beranger.

I believe it has not hitherto been known in England, that about the year 1802 Fouché was at the head of the party opposed to the antiquated institutions which had been proscribed by liberal ideas. The volume to which I have directed your attention, will be found to be an excellent commentary on the Journal of Las Cases. Bonaparte, when at Saint-Helena, thought only of his son. He trusted that the folly of the Bourbons would speedily lead to their expulsion, and that the nation would then turn their eyes on Napoleon II.

Las Cases makes Napoleon say, that Josephine, finding she must renounce all hopes of giving birth to a son, frequently led her husband to suggest that

she should feign pregnancy, and allow one of his illegitimate children to be proclaimed as his lawful heir.

It appears from the conversations of Josephine, who had not sufficient courage to lend herself to a political trick of this sort, that the plan was proposed to her, and that she rejected it with indignation. Bonaparte loved his wife. He was frequently jealous of her; but in general they lived very happily together. Napoleon was afraid of being assassinated by the Jacobins; and but for the vanity of his brother Lucien, he would not have found the throne so soon as he did. He looked upon all discussion as rebellion.

Every one has read with interest the reports of the proceedings of the Council of State collected in the "*Journal of Las Cases*." The grand ideas developed by Napoleon relative to several plans of law, such as the law of divorce, &c. have excited the highest admiration. The author of the "*Memoirs of the Consulate*" gives, in two collateral columns, the identical words of Napoleon, and the more regular phrases in which Las Cases has expressed the same ideas. This is a valuable literary and political monument.

I have been favoured with a peep at some curious Memoirs, written by an old Jacobin. They extend from 1800 to 1814, and they show more clearly than Thibaudeau's work Bonaparte's fear of the Jacobins, and how his brother Lucien gradually inspired him with the idea of making himself a sovereign. The following anecdote from these Memoirs is at once characteristic of the vanity of Napoleon and the ill-nature of Talleyrand, who disliked Bonaparte chiefly because he was an upstart!

Talleyrand had a country-house at Auteuil, a little village situated between the Seine and the Bois de Boulogne. "I will come and breakfast with you some day," said Bonaparte to Talleyrand.—"Do, General," replied the latter, "and as my house is close to the Bois de Boulogne, you may amuse yourself by shooting after breakfast."—"I do not like shooting," replied Bonaparte; "but I am very fond of hunting. Are there any wild boars in the Bois de Boulogne?" Bonaparte was at this time a very young man, and, not having been much in Paris, he did not know that the Bois de Boulogne is like your Hyde-Park, merely a place for walking and riding. Wild boars were of course out of the question. But a Frenchman can never resist a joke, though it should be at the expense of those to whom he renders the most courtier-like servility. Talleyrand, who prides himself much on his nobility, could not endure to see a poor lieutenant of artillery rising into popularity and power, not by the influence of high birth, but by the vulgar road of intellect and merit: his ill-nature, therefore, suggested to him the idea of playing a trick upon Bonaparte; and when the latter inquired whether there were any wild boars in the Bois de Boulogne? he replied, "Very few; but I dare say, General, you will be able to find one." The breakfast and the hunt were fixed for the following day, and it was arranged that Bonaparte should be at Auteuil at seven in the morning. Talleyrand, ready to die with laughter, sent to the market of Paris, and purchased two large black hogs. These were immediately conveyed to the Bois de Boulogne under the care of two servants, who were directed to drive them about and practise them in running. Bonaparte arrived at Auteuil at the appointed time, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, who was much diverted by the General's frequent use of several hunting-phrases, and which he misapplied in the most extraordinary way. Breakfast being ended, the party set out for the Bois de Boulogne, taking with them some hounds, which had been borrowed from the neighbouring farmers. At length one of the hogs was let loose, and Bonaparte joyfully exclaimed: "I see the wild boar!" Talleyrand, who was aware that the animal would be in no hurry to escape from its pursuers, had directed a servant mounted on a small Spanish horse, and armed with a long whip, to ride after it. But Bonaparte was too intent on his sport to observe this. He galloped furiously after the supposed wild boar, which after about half an hour's chase was overtaken by the hunters. By this time, the Aide-de-camp beginning to understand the trick, fearing lest the affair

might become a subject of public ridicule, determined to undeceive the General, and riding up to him said: "Surely, Sir, you must be aware that this is not a wild boar, but a hog."

Bonaparte flew into a violent fit of passion. He immediately returned full gallop to Auteuil. He would doubtless have vented bitter reproaches on Talleyrand, and probably would have proceeded from words to blows, had he not recollected that Talleyrand was on terms of intimacy with all the good society in Paris, to whom he would have been held up as a laughing-stock, had he taken the joke too seriously. On his arrival at Auteuil, therefore, he laughed and pretended to be highly amused at the trick, but his anger was ill-disguised. Incredible as it may seem, Talleyrand, who was in a merry mood, immediately conceived the idea of hoaxing him a second time: "Well, General," said he, "you have been disappointed of the wild-boar hunt, it is true. But it is yet early. You must not think of returning to Paris so soon. There are plenty of rabbits in the Bois de Boulogne. Louis XVI. used often to shoot there. Lock-making and rabbit-shooting were his favourite amusements, poor man! He was an excellent shot, you know."—"Yes, but I am a very bad shot," said Bonaparte, who had not yet recovered his good-humour. "Your ride must have given you an appetite," resumed Talleyrand. "While you sit down and partake of some refreshment, I will send to Paris for my guns. They belonged to Louis XVI."

The repast was prolonged for the space of two hours, during which M. Talleyrand overwhelmed the future Emperor with that elegant flattery in which he is such an adept. Meanwhile servants had been despatched to Paris with orders to purchase all the tame rabbits they could procure. They collected as many as five or six hundred, and conveyed them in *fiacres* to the Bois de Boulogne. Bonaparte set out, armed with his gun, and attended as before by his aides-de-camp. "I am not a Louis XVI." said he, "I am quite certain that I shall not shoot a single rabbit." However, he soon shot several. The aide-de-camp seeing the gravity with which Napoleon massacred the poor animals, talking all the while about Louis XVI., was seized with a strong inclination to laugh. The fiftieth rabbit was now shot, and Bonaparte delighted with his success. At length the aide-de-camp could hold out no longer, and stepping up to him he whispered, "Really, General, I begin to think that these are not wild rabbits. I suspect that that rascal of a priest* has been playing us another trick."

Bonaparte, violently enraged, galloped back to Paris. He was not reconciled to Talleyrand for six months after, and he probably threatened vengeance if he dared to speak of rabbit-shooting or boar-hunting in any of the saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain; for it is very certain that these two anecdotes have never been circulated in Paris.

The law for destroying the liberty of the press has excited violent indignation, and will probably experience furious resistance among those classes who will be injured by it. Even the French Academy, and other institutions distinguished for servility, have protested against Peyronnet's law.

This measure was proposed by one of the censors (M. Lacroix Jun.) It has been stated that thirty bishops will be added to the peerage, to ensure the passing of the law in the Upper Chamber. Charles X. is reported to have said, that in case the law should not pass, he will act by his own authority against the printers. "I am determined to save the souls of my subjects," he added!

* Before the Revolution Talleyrand was Bishop of Autun

A PORTRAIT—LORD BYRON.

"ALL merit has a right to be recorded." So says Tom Davies in the outset of his *Life of Garrick*. The sentence smacks of Samuel Johnson: and perhaps it would have been more correct to say,—*"All merit ought to be recorded."* I respect the collectors of small anecdotes of great men. James Boswell has been ridiculed for his trivial anecdotes of Johnson. But what would we not give for a work equally trivial that should trace the private life and conversation of Shakspeare?

I first became acquainted with Lord Byron in the year 1812, when the new Drury-lane Theatre opened. The committee (of which he not long after became a member) applied to him, as all the world knows, for an opening address,—none of those advertized for, being "up to the mark." He contributed it, and Elliston spoke it. There was a couplet in it somewhat like the following:—

"You who beheld, with awe, the God of flames
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames."

I quote from memory: the couplet was the first one that caught my ear, on my entrance behind the scenes. When my further acquaintance with Lord Byron authorized the freedom, I asked him whether he should not have used the word "reflection" in lieu of shadow; and whether a shadow could have a colour? He answered with a smile,—
"To be sure it can. What says Wordsworth?"

"The swans on sweet Saint Mary's lake
Swim double: swan and shadow."

There is a shadow with a white body, black legs, and a yellow back." I did not push the subject. When I first saw him, he was sitting in the Green-room of Drury-lane Theatre, on the right side of the fireplace. Mr. Whitbread was standing with his back to the fire with Lady Elizabeth on his arm, and was congratulating Pope on his engagement at that theatre. So many people have risen into life since the departure of that extraordinary poet, that an account, more minute than any that has yet appeared, of his dress and person, may, perhaps, interest. The figure of Lord Byron was about the middle size: erect and well proportioned, with the exception of one of the feet, which was truncated of about half its quantity. This deprived him of the spring in that limb, and obliged him to use the leg as if it were a wooden one. His face was expressive rather of hauteur than of any other quality. It was void of colour, and had I met it on the shoulders of Mr. Tremaine, I should have thought it characteristically disposed of. His hair was dark brown and curly, and seemed to be set off with some unguent. He wore no whiskers: his eyes were light grey, and rolled in their orbit in a very peculiar way, as if they were surveying the attitude of the party to whom he addressed himself. Of his dress the most remarkable part was his cravat. It consisted of a narrow slip of white sarsnet, and the shirt collar was rolled over it. I rather suspect he piqued himself on the beauty of his throat. For the rest, he wore a brown or black coat, and in the morning white Russian duck trousers, very wide, with a broad strap under the foot. The object of this was to veil as much as possible the mutilated limb. In the evening his trousers were white jean, equally wide. He had a handsome gold watch, and a rich chain and seals of the same material. These were

hooked into the third button of the waistcoat, and hung across in a semicircle: when any thing either tickled or troubled him (and this happened generally a dozen times in the course of an evening) he would twirl his watch-key with nervous rapidity.

I dined with Lord Byron at Mr. Murray's in Albemarle-street: Sir John Malcolm, and two other gentlemen, whose names I have forgotten, formed the party. Lord Byron at that time had a project of visiting Persia, and asked Sir John Malcolm what he must do to equip himself for the journey. "The first thing you must do," said the other, "is to cut off your buttons," (he wore a blue coat with gilt buttons on that evening). "My buttons! pray, why?" — "Why, to secure your life. A cloth button in Persia may get on pretty well, but gilt metal would cause you to be waylaid and murdered. The temptation is too great." Perhaps this induced the noble poet to give up his scheme. I observed that at dinner he ate nothing but turbot, which he sauced with a considerable quantity of vinegar. He was lively and jocose in his conversation, with a tendency to sarcasm. I mentioned the drama of the Maid and the Magpie, which Miss Kelly's talents had just brought into great celebrity. He said he did not think much of it. "Nay, surely," said I, "it is a very interesting story."—"I don't think so," answered his lordship. "Only put yourself in the situation of that poor girl," replied I. "I can't," retorted Lord Byron: "I never was *innocent* of stealing a silver spoon in all my life."

After coffee Lord Byron stood by the fire, resting his elbow upon the chimney-piece, and his head upon his hand. I stood by him and observed what a parsimonious dinner he had made. He said, "Yes: it is only to be done by starvation: fat is an oily dropsy." I asked him what he meant. He answered, "To be thin;—nothing is to be done without it: no man of genius was ever fat." I mentioned Samuel Johnson, Beattie, and Gibbon. "Men of learning," he answered, "and perhaps of talents, but not of genius." I then said, "What do you say to David Hume?" He answered with a laugh—

"The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty."

"When I was at school at Harrow," continued Lord Byron, looking around him and speaking in a lower note, "I was as fat as Lord Sligo. This disgraceful infirmity I afterwards determined to get rid of. Accordingly, when I quitted school and came to town, I got some dresses of flannel to envelope me from head to foot. Thus dressed, I stood at the wicket while my servants bowled to me, two or three hours in the day."—"Well, and did your plan succeed?"—"Partly, but not entirely. I was put into profuse perspirations, but was not reduced as I expected. I therefore determined to effect the rest by starvation. You observed what I ate for dinner to-day. Well, this is Saturday. I shall not eat again until Monday."—"Indeed! why where is your Sunday dinner?"—"In my pocket." So saying, he drew from his waistcoat pocket a snuff-box, and opening it, showed me several black substances of which I could not guess the quality or use. "These," continued Lord Byron, "are preparations of tobacco. To-morrow I shall drink some green tea for breakfast; and at five o'clock chew three of these for dinner. They will absorb the gastric juices of the stomach, and prevent the sensation of hunger. I have

told you how fat I was at Harrow : lend me your hand : what do you think of me now ?" Thus speaking, he passed my hand down his left side.—" I can count every rib in your body."—" Indeed ? I am delighted to hear you say so."

Any one who has seen, as I have, Lord Byron and Madame de Stael in the same party, has seen one star too many. The lady was fond of lecturing, and the Lord never condescended to that office : consequently he was rather silent. Madame de Stael was attended by Miss Lydia White, who echoed her sentiments. " I never could manage the mathematics," said Madame de Stael. " Nor I," said Lydia : " I never could even learn the multiplication-table."—" Nay, I cannot go that length," replied Madame : and Lord Byron muttered " Fairly lurched."

To return to the theatre. During Lord Byron's administration, a ballet was invented by the elder Byrne, in which Miss Smith (since Mrs. Oscar Byrne) had a *pas seul*. This the lady wished to remove to a later period in the ballet. The ballet-master refused, and the lady swore she would not dance it at all. The music incidental to the dance began to play, and the lady walked off the stage. Both parties flounced into the green-room to lay the case before Lord Byron, who happened to be the only person in that apartment. The noble committee-man made an award in favour of Miss Smith, and both complainants rushed angrily out of the room at the instant of my entering it. " If you had come a minute sooner," said Lord Byron, " you would have heard a curious matter decided on by me : a question of dancing !—by me," added he, looking down at the lame limb, " whom Nature from my birth has prohibited from taking a single step." His countenance fell after he had uttered this, as if he had said too much ; and for a moment there was an embarrassing silence on both sides.

Jack Johnstone, one evening, talked of one of the Thespian fraternity, who had got into what he called " the devil's own scrape."—" What, is he married ?" inquired Lord Byron. " Worse, my Lord."—" Indeed," said the peer, " can there be a *pejority* ?" The word is not in the Dictionary, but I think it should be.

SONG—FROM THE ITALIAN.

" Oh ! who art thou of pensive beauty,
Whose looks so soft, so sad appear,
All court thee with assiduous duty,
And yet all greet thee with a tear ?"—

—" I sing in low and plaintive measure
Of joys and sorrows long past by,
And young and old with weeping pleasure
Dwell on the strains of Memory !"

" Oh ! who art thou of youthful brightness,
With airy step, and locks of gold,
The heart to meet thee bounds in lightness,
The eyes with smiles thy form behold ?"—

—" I strive to gild this world of sadness,
And change it to a sunny slope ;
All love my song and tale of gladness,
And call me by the name of Hope !"

M. A.

THOMPSON'S TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN
SOUTHERN AFRICA.*

Among the various heads of information or of entertainment which Mr. Thompson's book presents for the gratification of the reader, we are induced to turn at once to his observations on British emigrants, actual or in prospect; for these observations are necessarily such as will interest a large portion of our national public, either as parties practically interested, or as speculative politicians. The inquiry is also recommended by the time; for Parliament has at present before it a national plan of emigration, very wise, and very efficient, if the raising of British Colonies, if the extension and aggrandizement of the empire, or if the relief of individual necessities, were the only objects in view;—but very absurd, and very ignorant, if the reduction of any part of the home population is expected from it,—and very fantastical and Utopian, when a national and sudden expenditure of twenty millions of money is coolly talked of for carrying it into effect!!

To this important and interesting subject, Mr. Thompson has devoted a chapter, the contents of which are thus described:—"Causes of the partial failure of the Albany Settlers.—Erroneous notions respecting the Climate.—Inadequate extent of the Locations.—Mistakes and Misunderstandings.—Condition of the Settlers in 1823.—Subscriptions for their relief.—Measures of Government.—Revival of the Settlement, and its Prospects in 1826."

"The origin," says Mr. Thompson, "of the British emigration to Southern Africa, and the progress of the settlement down to the close of its second year, have been amply detailed by the *"Civil Servant;"* and a particular description of the territory in which the emigrants were located, and of the severe distresses to which many of them were subjected, owing to the destruction of their crops and gardens by a calamitous succession of blights and hurricanes, has been given to the public in Mr. Pringle's little tract, published in 1824.

"It is not my purpose to retrace the ground already trodden by these authors,—still less to involve myself in the maze of provincial politics, by entering minutely into the complicated disputes of the settlers with the local magistracy and the Colonial Government. But having visited the new settlement at two different periods, (first in January 1821, and again in May 1823,) and attended with much interest to its subsequent progress, I shall briefly throw together in this chapter the result of my inquiries and observations on this interesting topic.

"The general policy of this emigration, and the conduct of the British Government in regard to it, appear to me to have been animadverted on by the *"Civil Servant,"* and others, with an undue degree of severity. That the scheme Government adopted, was, in some respects, defective, cannot now be doubted; and it is not denied, that the class of emigrants sent out, were, in many cases, ill selected. But the propriety of the measure, as a matter of national policy, is equally unquestionable, as that its more immediate purposes were liberal and beneficent; nor can its partial failure, with any justice, be exclusively ascribed, either to its original projectors, to the character of the emigrants, or to the unfitness of the country for colonization. A variety of causes combined to produce this unfortunate result. The plan

* Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa, by George Thompson, Esq., eight years a resident at the Cape; comprising a View of the present State of the Cape Colony, with Observations on the Progress and Prospects of the British Emigrants. 4to.

of allotting only 100 acres of land to each family, or each adult male carried out by the heads of parties, was found upon trial to be incompatible with the character of the soil and climate. The emigrants, being selected in a great measure from the class of distressed artisans, and the indigent and unruly population of the great towns and manufacturing districts, were in general but ill adapted for the occupation of a new country. The plan of the large joint-stock parties was ill devised, and proved a fertile source of disunion. The heads or leaders were in many instances merely nominal, and neither in property nor intelligence superior to their followers. There were among them also a few presumptuous, litigious, and unprincipled individuals; and almost all had imbibed, in a greater or less degree, far too sanguine notions of the general fertility of the country. All these were circumstances, no doubt, sufficiently prolific of failure and disappointment, and such as the ablest and most experienced magistracy would have found it no easy matter to obviate or overcome. But when to these predisposing causes of dissension and discontent were added the total and repeated destruction of the crops by blight, and the general dissatisfaction of the people with their provincial rulers,—it can scarcely excite surprise, that the progress of the new settlement has been but little satisfactory to all parties. The marvel is, indeed, all things considered, that matters have not been ten-fold worse than they actually are.”

In elucidation of the mistakes, as to climate, extent of lands granted to settlers, &c. Mr. Thompson inserts a copy of a very able paper, written by a resident in the district referred to,—“without professing, however, absolutely to coincide with the writer’s opinions in every particular point.” For ourselves, the interest of the remarks thus brought under view appears to be such that we should quote largely, did not both our limits prevent it, and the certainty that it will be consulted at length by those who hear of it and are more immediately alive to it; and we shall only add, that two fundamental considerations appear to be,—the first, that the Cape, that is, the eastern division of it which has been assigned to the British settlers, is by nature a cattle country, and not a corn country, as in England it has been erroneously supposed;—and the second, that, with reference to a new country, and still more with reference to pasturage, a grant of four thousand acres is that which, at the Cape, has alone been found capable of bestowing benefit upon the grantee; while the English Government, judging from English circumstances alone, at the Cape, as well as in North America, thinks itself magnificent in giving one or two hundred!

To follow, either Mr. Thompson, or his Cape authority, still farther upon these subjects, is out of our plan. It remains only that we should strongly recommend both this and the succeeding Chapter to all who are desirous of the kind of information which they contain, and to add, that Mr. Thompson thinks abundantly well of emigration to the Cape, if properly conducted, in spite of the partial failure of the year 1820.

The principal contents of the succeeding Chapter, already referred to, are, “Resources of the Country for farther Colonization.”—

Hints and Estimates for Mechanics and Labourers.”—“Comparison of the Cape with other British Colonies.” As to farther colonization:—

“It is acknowledged by every person who is well acquainted with the circumstances and resources of the Cape Colony, that it possesses, within its

boundaries, ample means of furnishing a secure and plentiful subsistence to at least five times its present population. It is, no doubt, true, that nearly two-thirds of its entire surface consist of vast ranges of sterile mountains and dreary wastes, which no efforts of human industry can render available for the wants of civilized man, and which refuse even drink and pasturage for the herds of the wandering grazier: it is, therefore, obvious, and admitted by every one, that, throughout a great part of the interior, a dense population can never exist. But the Cape is a country both of very wide extent and of very great diversity of soil and climate; its fertility, in some parts, is not less remarkable than its barrenness in others; and while a large proportion of its available territory is peculiarly adapted for stock-farming, the remainder is equally well suited for agriculture."

At Uitenhage, several genteel English families are already settled:

"These are chiefly half-pay officers with families. For persons of this description, the salubrious and delightful climate, and the great cheapness of living, either on a farm, or in most of the country-towns, render the Cape a most eligible residence. At each of the district towns there is now an English teacher established by Government, and the clergymen are also mostly English. Female education is the chief difficulty for genteel families."

At p. 376, the Author makes some remarks of a very just and grave description. The conduct of the British Government in New Holland, in reference to the matter here discussed, is without any adequate apology; and we may take this opportunity of remarking, that few schemes would be more moral, as well as more patriotic and philanthropic, than one which should have for its object to send out, to our Convict-Colonies (we wish that we had never had any Convict-Colonies) in Australia, a very large supply of voluntary female exiles. The opposite course which has been pursued, of keeping at home, out of supposed mercy, even a very large proportion of the comparatively small number of female criminals whose offences have subjected them to the sentence of transportation, is no more than one of the singular errors of the time:

"In whatever scheme," says Mr. Thompson, "may be ultimately adopted for promoting emigration to the Cape, I trust Government will be careful to make a due proportion of females an indispensable proviso. The evils of a neglect of this important circumstance have been disastrously experienced in more than one of our infant settlements; nor have they been altogether unknown at the Cape, where the illicit connexions of Europeans with females of the coloured population has but too obviously tended to the degradation of both classes."

To which, in a note, he adds,

"I am by no means inclined to fall in with the system, too much in fashion now-a-days, of attributing crimes not to the ill-regulated passions of mankind, but to the temptations to which men are said to be exposed by the peculiar state of society, for which their governments are held answerable; but in a scheme like that of a great emigration, when a more direct interference with the details of society is exercised, a weightier responsibility falls, I conceive, upon the patrons of the enterprise. If men, unsolicited, think proper, from whatever motives, to expatriate themselves, or to follow a line of life subject to peculiar privations, or peculiar temptations, 'their sins be upon their own heads;' but I cannot avoid protesting most strongly against colonization upon an extensive scale, whether by the transportation of convicts, or by the tempting of settlers by grants of land, where the great principle of Nature proclaimed by the Deity himself, that 'It is not good for man to be alone,' is for a moment overlooked; and I would appeal to

the conscience of a Christian government, how far it would be responsible for the enormities resulting from the deliberate creation of a state of society *repugnant to the order of Nature.*"

The Chapter concludes with a comparative view of the good and evil, physical and moral, of the British Colonies, from the pen of the Author's friend, Mr. Pringle; but from that passage we must cite only the leading proposition:—

"With all the defects of this country and climate, I am fully satisfied that, in ordinary times, it is not a *worse*, but perhaps a *better* land to live in than any other British Colony."

Anecdotes of the appearance and habits of the Lion are prominent among the natural features of Mr. Thompson's book; and, advert-
ing, at length, to matters of more universal interest than those hitherto discussed, we make no apology for extracting, from one of the Appendix headed the Lion, the subjoined poem, with its preface:—

"To the verses that follow, it may be a sufficient introduction to mention, that I was informed by the Bechuana Chiefs, that the lion occasionally surprises the giraffe or camelopard in the manner here described; and that, owing to the amazing strength of that magnificent animal, he is sometimes carried away *fifteen* or *twenty* miles before it sinks under him. This fact, I believe, has been formerly mentioned by travellers, and has been ridiculed as absurd by European critics. But the soothfast evidence of my friend, old Teysho, the sagacious Vizier of Mateebé, Autocrat of the Matchapees, Matcharoos, Myrees, Barolongs, and Griquas, is sufficient for me; and will doubtless be allowed its due weight, when the matter is again discussed by the Scavans of Paris and Edinburgh.

"THE LION AND THE CAMELOPARD.

"Wouldst thou view the Lion's den?

Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled fountain
Oozes from the rocky mountain,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the Lion grim,
Waiting till the close of day
Brings again the destined prey.

Heedless—at the ambush'd brink
The tall Giraffe stoops down to drink:
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy:—The Desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
For the prey is strong and strives for life,—
Plunging oft, with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground;
Then bursts like whirlwind through the waste,
In hope to 'scape by headlong haste;
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is muster'd in this hour of need—
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain—the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking—
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed :—he reels—his race is o'er!
He falls—and, with convulsive throes,
Resigns his throat to the raging foe ;
Who revels amidst his dying moans :—
While, gathering round to pick his bones,
The vultures watch in gaunt array
Till the proud monarch quits his prey."

At p. 67, we have a specimen of Mr. Thompson's own experience of the lion :—

"As we travelled along, I observed my Hottentot continually looking out for the *spoor* (track) of human feet, being exceedingly anxious to get to some kraal before night: but the only tracks he could discover were those of the wild animals abovementioned, and of their pursuer, the lion. The foot-prints of the latter were so frequent and so fresh, that it was evident these tyrants of the desert were numerous and near to us. Frederick also remarked to me, that wherever such numbers of the large game were to be seen, we might be certain lions were not far distant. The numerous skeletons of animals scattered over the plain, presented sufficient proofs of the justness of our apprehensions, and these were soon confirmed by ocular evidence. We were jogging pensively along, the Hottentot with two horses, about ten yards before me,—I following with the other two: Frederick was nodding on his saddle, having slept little, I believe, the preceding night. In this posture, happening to cast my eyes on one side, I beheld with consternation two monstrous lions reclining under a mimosa bush, within fifteen yards of our path. They were reclining lazily on the ground, with half opened jaws showing their terrific fangs. I saw our danger, and was aware that no effort could save us if these savage beasts should be tempted to make a spring. I collected myself, therefore, and moved on in silence; while Frederick, without perceiving them, rode quietly past. I followed him exactly at the same pace, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glaring monsters, who remained perfectly still. When we had got about seventy or eighty yards from them, I rode gently up to Frederick, and desiring him to look over his shoulder, showed him the lions. But such a face of terror I never beheld, as he exhibited on perceiving the danger we had so narrowly escaped. He was astonished too, that he had not previously observed them, being, like most of his countrymen, very quick-sighted. He said, however, that I had acted very properly in not speaking nor evincing the least alarm while passing the lions; for, if I had, they would probably not have let us pass so quietly. Most likely, however, we owed our safety to their hunger being satiated,—for they appeared to have been just devouring some animal they had killed; a *quagga*,—as it seemed to me from the hurried glance I had in passing."

The "First Part" of Mr. Thompson's "Travels and Adventures" is devoted to an account of an excursion to the Eastern Frontier of the Colony, and to the country of the Bechuans;" performed in the year 1823.

This portion of our Author's work is of the most romantic and interesting kind; and it is impossible to read of his lonely travels and escapes from the many dangers that assailed him in the great solitudes of the desert, without emotions which will not be suppressed. His sufferings, as we have said, were manifold; sometimes arising from want of food, protracted to a long period; at others, from exposure

to the fierce and unmitigated rays of the sun; and occasionally from a haunting fear of the fangs of wild beasts, and the savage cruelties of still wilder men. He still, however, went on; supported in his painful task by the hope that his researches might confer a lasting benefit on his brother colonists. We do not recollect a personal narrative of more fixing interest, nor one which is told with greater appearance of truth, or with more simplicity of pretension. Whenever the relative political circumstances of England and the Cape shall be changed so as to render many of the discussions in Mr. Thompson's work (important as they *now* are) of no farther avail, the narrative of his individual adventures and sufferings in exploring the African wildernesses will often be resorted to, and will affect the hearts of posterity as they have done our's.

The condition of the Hottentots, or civilized and subjugated aborigines of the Cape, is a subject of melancholy remark with Mr. Thompson, as it has also been with all previous South African travellers. At the Griqua Town, Mr. Thompson met with Melvill, who gave him some account of the Grikwas, a peculiar and mongrel population, who owe their present name to the Missionary Campbell. It may be useful to the reader that he should be warned against classing them with the aborigines of the country. Their situation upon the map is immediately to the outward of the boundary of the Colony, and south of the Gariep.

But the succeeding chapter introduces us to an account of a nation whose name has more of novelty for the readers of South-African travels: this is the Mantatees, whose country lies to the south of that of the Bechuanas, and east of the river Donkin, or main stream of the Ky Gariep, or Orange, or Yellow, or Valley River:

"In conversing with Mr. Melvill about the Bechuana tribes to the northward, he mentioned that some extraordinary rumours had reached him a few days ago, respecting an immense horde, or nation, who were said to be approaching from the north-east, and who were laying waste the country, and destroying all who ventured to oppose them. Such extravagant details, however, were mingled with the reports,—representing the invaders as consisting partly of white men with long hair and beards, led on by a giantess with one eye in her forehead, and such like childish absurdities, that Mr. Melvill, finding the rumours were derived from the Bechuanas, was disposed to consider them altogether as fables of their own fabrication. We soon discovered, however, that these extraordinary rumours had a more serious foundation than he had surmised.

"As we were sitting chatting after mid-day upon this and other matters, a waggon was announced to be in sight, on the road from Kuruman, or New Lattakoo. On approaching, it was recognized to be that of Mr. Moffat, one of the missionaries resident at that place; and presently Mr. Moffat jumped out of it, and came up to us, dressed in a jacket of leopard skin and with a black bushy beard, about eight inches long. I was the less surprised at this Jewish fashion, as I had found Mr. Melvill wearing a beard of similar dimensions;—for beards, it seems, (probably from those of the natives being so scanty,) are objects of no small respect in this part of the world.

"As soon as Mr. Moffat had taken a seat, he introduced the object of his unexpected visit; which was no other than to solicit assistance from the Grikwas to repel the marauding horde of strange people, who were now plundering and destroying the Bechuana tribes to the northward, and who were fast approaching the country of the Matchapee tribe, among whom Mr.

Moffat was stationed. The accounts that had reached Kuruman of this savage horde, were scarcely less extraordinary than the more vague rumour which Mr. Melvill had just repeated to me. They were represented by the fugitives, who had escaped from the tribes that had been attacked by them, as an immense army of plunderers, led on by several chiefs, and consisting of people of various complexions; the majority black and almost naked, others of a yellow or Hottentot colour, and some perfectly white, with long hair and beards, and dressed in European clothing. Their weapons were said to be clubs and javelins, and a short crooked instrument, like a cimeter. They were considered almost irresistible from their great numbers and warlike ferocity. They were accompanied by their wives and children; and, finally, they were confidently affirmed to be *cannibals*. The precise point from which they had originally advanced was not ascertained; but they had first fallen upon a tribe of Bechuanas, called Lehoyas, towards the south-east. From thence they had penetrated through the country to the northward, as far as the Wapkeets, by whom they had been repulsed, and turned back towards the Colony. Having defeated and plundered every other people they had encountered, to the number of twenty-eight tribes, their present route, according to the latest accounts, was direct upon Old Lattakoo; and their design was said by the fugitives to be to plunder that place and New Lattakoo, or the town of Kuruman, and then to attack the Griquas. The appellation by which they were known among the Bechuanas was that of *Mantatees*."

In Kuruman, Bechuana, a kingdom whose capital, of the same name, contains from eight to ten thousand inhabitants, the progress of the Mantatees was the subject of so much alarm, that, at the moment of Mr. Thompson's visit, a "Peetsho," or Parliament, or Grand National Council, was held upon the subject.

But the reader will rejoice to find that, at the first rencontre of the Griquas with the Mantatees, the latter, though (women and children together; for like all rude nations, ancient and modern, they take the field with their families,) they were fifty thousand strong, were defeated by the former, even without the aid of the Bechuanas, who, alas! with the basest cowardice, only watched the conflict from the neighbouring heights, and only came down, like ferocious vultures, upon the field of battle when they saw that the Mantatees had fairly taken to flight, "to plunder the dead and dying, and to glut their vengeance by murdering the wounded women and children." But this is a sad sequel to the promising scene of the "Peetsho!" The Griquas (of European half-breed, it will be remembered,) were but a hundred in number; but such is the power, and such, also, the comparative humanity, which accompany knowledge.

"Mr. Melville's Narrative of Transactions after the Battle, and of his Excursion to rescue the Women and Children of the Invaders," form the subject of the Sixteenth Chapter; but we must only add, from a subsequent part of the volume, an account of the origin of the Mantatees, who, whatever their real name, are a Caffer tribe. Their history belongs to a new view of the character of the Caffer King Chaka, whose virtues have been the subject of former panegyrics:

"Mr. Farewell, a half-pay lieutenant in the navy, proceeded with a party from the Cape, in a small vessel, to Port Natal; and having obtained a grant of the adjoining territory from Chaka, he erected a little fort with the view of commencing an establishment to trade with the natives. Notwithstanding the loss of two small vessels on the coast, the prospects of a profitable commerce appear so flattering as to induce the party still to per-

severe. Mr. Farewell and some other Englishmen recently paid a visit to King Chaka, at his chief residence of Zoola, about 140 miles from the English settlement; and from their accounts it appears, that this barbarian has sagacity enough to appreciate the commercial advantages to be derived from a friendly intercourse with Europeans. He cannot, of course, foresee that the admission of a few mercantile adventurers may perhaps ultimately lead to the subjugation of his kingdom and posterity. The despotic power of this savage conqueror is said to be supported by an armed force of about 15,000 men, constantly maintained under his direct command, and prepared to execute, without hesitation, the most hazardous or bloody orders of their chief. Failure or defeat are said to be punished with immediate death; and an instance is mentioned where one of his captains, and a band of 450 men, were condemned to indiscriminate execution, for having allowed themselves to be defeated by the enemy. Such, it seems, is the severe discipline by which he drills his soldiery. The whole armed force of the Zoola nation is estimated (though I apprehend on very uncertain data) to amount to nearly 100,000 men, including, of course, every male fit to bear arms. The object of Chaka's wars appears to have been originally the plunder rather than the subjugation of the adjoining tribes. In the present state of these people, territory is indeed of value chiefly for pasturage, and cattle are the only property. Latterly, however, uniform success has puffed up the heart of this despot to such a pitch, that he now avows his determination to destroy every tribe that yet remains between him and the colonial boundary. If he survives ten years longer, it appears not improbable that he may actually succeed in executing this threat; and in that event we shall have on our eastern frontier a far more formidable neighbour than has ever yet been known to the Cape settlement. Chaka seems to want nothing but fire-arms to rival a king of Ashantee in audacity as well as cruelty.

"The misery already inflicted by the wars of this barbarian upon the Caffer and Bechuana tribes is incalculable; and is far from being confined to the massacre and destruction directly occasioned by his arms. By plundering and driving out the adjoining nations, he has forced them to become plunderers in their turn, and to carry terror and devastation through the remotest quarters of Southern Africa. In short, the people dispossessed by Chaka, became the marauding and cannibal *Mantatees*."

Upon the "Second Part" of Mr. Thompson's book; or, "Excursion to the Country of the Bushmen, Korannas, and Namaquas, &c." we must forbear to enter. With the general interest, and able communication, of the matters contained in the work, the reader is now sufficiently apprised; and our limits forbid the extension of those remarks and quotations to which we are tempted by the perusal of almost every page. It is, indeed, quite impossible for us to do justice to the valuable contents of the volume before us, by means of any numbers of references, or liberality of extract. In geography, in natural history, in the pictures of life and manners, the author, in spite of his modest pretensions, has spread for the general student a rich repast.

Very many of Mr. Thompson's collections upon the subject of natural history, and other subjects—as the account of the Migratory Antelopes, Springboks, that of the habits of the Lion, and that of the calcareous caverns at Congo, would have agreeably detained us; but we must conclude by relieving the grave subjects which we have touched, by selecting a part of Mr. Pringle's poetic sketches of manners and scenery in South Africa, and by citing one or two additional anecdotes from the pen of the author:

"These Korannas do not differ very greatly in manners or appearance from the Namaqua Hottentots. Like them, they wear the old sheep-skin

dress, and preserve the original customs of their nation, which were described by Kolben a hundred years ago; but which the Hottentots in the Colony have long ago abandoned and forgotten. Some of their common customs which I myself witnessed indicated, certainly, a very low state of both mental and physical refinement—much lower than that of the Caffers. They are, however, a good-natured, and, on the whole, a good-looking race, having many of them fine-formed heads and prominent features. They lead an indolent, wandering life, living chiefly on the milk of their cattle, and seldom roaming far from the banks of the Gariep and its tributary branches. Their cattle much resemble those of the Bechuana and Caffer tribes, being smaller than the Colonial breed, or that of the Namaquas. Some of their kraals possess, also, goats and sheep.

“ I again borrow one of Mr. Pringle's African sketches to diversify my pages:—

“ THE KORANNA.

“ Fast by his wild resounding river,
The listless Koran lingers ever;
Still drives his heifers forth to feed,
Soothed by the gorrah's humming reed :*
A wanderer still uncheck'd doth range,
As humour calls, or seasons change;
His tent of mats and household gear
All pack'd upon the patient steer.
Midst all his wanderings, hating toil,
He never tills the stubborn soil;
But on the milky dams depends,
And what spontaneous Nature sends.
Or, should long-parching droughts prevail,
And milk, and bulbs, and locusts fail,†
He lays him down to sleep away
In languid sloth the weary day;
Oft as he feels gaunt hunger's stound,
Still tightening “ famine's girdle” round;‡
Lull'd by the sound of the Gariep
Beneath the willows murmuring deep:
Till thunder-clouds, surcharged with rain,
Pour verdure o'er the desert plain,—
And call the famish'd dreamer from his trance,
To feast on milk and mead, and wake the moonlight dance.”

We have now completed the hasty survey which alone we have permitted to ourselves, of a book which affords but little occasion for the bashful timidity of its author, who “ventures to hope that his work, though but little enriched by science, or embellished by style, will be found to possess at least the interest which plain sincerity may aspire to;” but we must not finally conclude our remarks without making mention of the elegant appearance which it presents, both as to typography and engravings, and of the valuable, because improved, Map of South Africa, and the plans of Graaff-Reinet and Cape Town, which it includes. The vignettes, which adorn the commencements of

* A musical instrument of very simple construction, peculiar to the Hottentot tribes. It is described both by Lichtenstein and Burchell.

† Locusts and white ants are eaten both by the Koran and Bushman tribes in seasons of scarcity.

‡ The “girdle of emptiness,” as the Arabs call it, is frequently resorted to by all the nomadic tribes of South Africa, who do not cultivate the earth, and whose means of subsistence are consequently precarious.

the chapters, are designed and engraved in the first style of art. Of the aquatint engravings, one or two of the drawings of the zoological subjects please us the least; it is certainly not the work of a pencil quite accomplished in that branch of drawing. The plate of the animal locally called the Wild Dog, but which is a peculiar species of beast of prey, partaking of the two-fold nature of the hyæna and the wolf, is particularly defective. On the other hand, the view of Cape Town, from an oil painting by Dr. Heartley, is as beautiful in its design and engraving, as it is novel and interesting in the aspect chosen. The portraits of the Bechuana chiefs, from drawings by Mr. de Meillon, are excellent; and the plates of the Peetsho, at Kuruman, of the "Missionary village at Kamiesberg," and of Table Bay in a gale, and the portraits of the Springbok and Koodoo, from drawings by Mr. Thompson himself, have our unqualified praise.

The volume concludes with valuable Appendixes, severally illustrating topics of Trade, Agriculture, Natural History, and National Customs and Manners.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TURKEY.—NO. III.

It may not be inexpedient to premise, that the account of the two revolutions of 1807 and 1808, such as they were given me by the brothers Dooz Ogloo,* and as they are stated here, have been since confirmed to me by a great number of other well-informed persons at Constantinople. Sultan Selim, who ascended the Ottoman throne in 1789, was a prince of mild and conciliating manners, with a mind susceptible of being highly cultivated. His natural good sense, and the progress of his experience in public affairs, soon operated in freeing him of the barbarous prejudices and fanatical notions almost invariably imbibed by the Turkish princes of the blood, who, under the superintendence of eunuchs, and condemned to the obscurity of the Kafass † from their childhood to the moment when they are called to the throne, are left in profound ignorance as to the principles by which the duties which are likely one day to devolve upon them ought to be regulated. The Ottoman empire had long been in a declining state, and Selim having discovered the causes of the decay, resolved to apply those remedies which alone seemed to him capable of stopping its progress, and enabling his country one day to retrieve its consequence, and be raised to a footing of equality with the first-rate European States.

The privileged body of Janissaries, who had long been linked together by a systematic spirit of anarchy and of mistaken opposition to the ruling powers, had acquired a consistence which enabled it to exercise a capricious and tyrannical influence in the administration of public affairs, and on certain occasions to assume the tone of absolute dictation to the sovereign himself. It was to the annihilation of this dreaded corps that the whole attention of Selim was first directed, being

* The history and tragic end of this family will, perhaps, be related in a future number.

† The Kafass is the name of the nursery in which the Turkish princes of the blood are brought up, and which they are not permitted to quit until their turn comes to ascend the throne.

assured that so long as its existence were tolerated, the objects of his laudable ambition would remain unattainable; and, like Peter the Great with respect to the Strelitzes, he determined upon the means which were most calculated to further his views. The plan he adopted was that of training by degrees, his irregular and rebellious militia to the European system of military discipline and tactics, and thus to raise an army of two hundred and fifty thousand regular troops, who, by being properly paid and treated, would not only enable him to cause Turkey to be respected by foreign powers, but also to strengthen his authority within his own dominions so as to facilitate his schemes of farther improvement.

The depth of his views was not easily fathomed on their first manifestation, by the description of persons to whom they were most directly inimical; and he was quietly suffered, through the assistance of well-paid foreign officers, to complete the organization of some regiments of infantry, artillery, and marines; as well as to cause barracks to be built in the capital and its neighbourhood. In his endeavours to give popularity to the new military system, called *Nizamy-gedid*, he was powerfully assisted by his faithful friend and counsellor, *Tshelebee-Effendi*, a man well known to, and universally esteemed by, the *Janissaries*, as well as others, and who, among various specimens of his zeal, wrote and published for the lower classes a treatise in which the advantages of the *Nizamy-gedid* were explained, in the plain and emphatical mode of expression, which was necessary to inculcate them on the unlearned understandings of his intended readers.*

Things went on according to *Selim's* wishes, up to the time when the progress of *Bonaparte's* encroachments on the Continent brought him into such close contact with the Turks, as to spread among them a sort of terror, which enabled him to exercise an almost unlimited influence over the policy of their government. The views of the Sultan were incompatible with *Napoleon's* ulterior intentions of conquest, and it became the principal business of his public as well as private agents at Constantinople, to counteract them by every underhand means in their power. Thus the chiefs among the *Janissaries* were secretly worked upon, and the overthrow of the *Nizamy-gedid* soon became among them an object of most anxious desire. Meanwhile, the suspicions of the credulous and good-natured *Selim* were easily kept back as to the machinations of his pretended friends, by the ostentatious assistance which the numerous French embassy, consisting almost entirely of military men, offered now and then to the officers employed in raising the *Nizamy-gedid*; whilst the efforts of the ambassador succeeded in involving Turkey in a war with Russia and England, which, among other important objects of *Bonaparte's* policy, was intended on his part to hasten the overthrow of the military institution of the Turks, yet in its infancy. It was at the commencement of warlike preparations in the capital, that the inconveniences of regular discipline were first complained of, both by the regular soldiers and *Janissaries*. The or,

* The translation of this curious production is to be found in *Wilkinson's "Account of Wallachia and Moldavia."* The ingenious translator has rendered it highly amusing, merely by adhering strictly to the idiom and language of the original.

ganized troops, at this time only amounting to ten thousand men, were, of course, insufficient to carry on the war against the Russians; and the Janissaries refused both to suffer any more of their own body to enlist with them, or to accompany them and assist in the military operations. Much time was spent in discussions in the capital; while several Pashas quartered on the right side of the Danube, opened the campaign with their own troops. The English fleet appeared before Constantinople, and necessarily so engrossed the attention of all parties that nothing else was thought of for several weeks; but by degrees public attention returned to the late object of dispute, and many of the regular soldiers, sure of having the support of the Janissaries, openly disbanded, and retired among their ancient comrades. Some of them were seized and publicly shot; but this ill-advised rigour, instead of spreading terror among the disaffected, became the signal of general revolt. All the soldiers abandoned their barracks, and hastened to the streets mostly populated by Janissaries. The city became at once a scene of confusion and anarchy, and the multitude, almost wholly composed of Janissaries, proceeded *en masse* to the open square of the seraglio, to require of the Sultan the immediate abolition of the Nizamy-gedid, the destruction of the barracks, and the heads of such of the ministers as had been the promoters of the new military system. The rage of the most turbulent was soon carried to a greater excess, and they added to the requisition the dethronement of the Sultan. The gates of the seraglio had been closed and barricaded on the approach of the rebels, and every attempt was made by good words and promises, either to pacify them altogether, or to enable the assailed to gain time. The impetuosity of the Turkish character is as difficult to check when first spurred on by a powerful motive, as it is easily spent and short of duration; but while it lasts, it is capable of leading to acts of the extremest violence and ferocity. Finding the delays resorted to in this instance, only had the effect of increasing their rage, which threatened the forcing of the seraglio, and the violation of that most sacred sanctuary itself, the *Harem*, Sultan Selim pusillanimously determined upon full compliance, and after giving up the obnoxious ministers (they had taken refuge in the seraglio) to the infuriated mob, who put them to death on the spot, deserted his throne, and retired to his private apartments, after designing his nephew Moustapha as his successor. Tshelebee-Effendi, with all his popularity, and in spite of his great age, might have shared the fate of his colleagues, if he had not happened to be on this memorable day at his country-house, several miles from town. He remained there some time, and until the fury of the Janissaries had abated, and then quietly returned to his town residence unmolested and unnoticed.

Sultan Moustapha was about twenty-eight years of age, when he was thus suddenly and unexpectedly called to reign. He was of a haughty and violent temper, which was soon evinced by several acts of cruelty in the exercise of his authority, and in every opportunity which enabled him to remind his subjects of his absolute power over them. In a Hatty-Sheriff, or autograph letter, which he wrote to the celebrated Ali Pasha of Epirus, soon after his accession to the throne, he addressed him in the following words, which, be it said *en passant*, of all occasions were here most out of place: "I who am the picture of the

great Prophet upon earth, called to rule the world according to my sole will and pleasure, and for whose special delight you and every thing in it have been created, command thee my trusty slave, &c." The first act of his reign was, as may be expected, the abolition of the Nizamy-gedid, and the full restoration of the corps of Janissaries to its former power and privileges.

Among the Pashas who had been stationed on the Danube, each with a division of his own troops, amounting to twenty thousand men, was a *parvenu* of the name of Monstapha Bairactar, who, like most of the people in power in Turkey, had risen from the lowest ranks to that of a Serasker, or general, and to the station of governor of Roudstchiouk. The extraordinary resolution of his character had rendered him a conspicuous individual in the regiment of Janissaries to which he originally belonged, and soon raised him to the rank of an ensign, in which certain instances of uncommon bravery, displayed by him on some occasion in the presence of Sultan Selim, attracted the notice of that prince, who gave him the honourable surname of Bairactar, or standard-bearer, and with it a confidential employment among his guards. The Turks, with all their faults, are by no means destitute of praiseworthy qualities, and the sentiment of gratitude is, perhaps, stronger and more lasting with them than it is found to be among the most civilized people. That of Moustapha Bairactar increased in proportion with the multiplied favours of his sovereign, to whom he soon became ardently devoted. Sometime after the dethronement of Selim, and on learning the true circumstances by which it had been occasioned, he ordered the twenty thousand men under his command, upon whom he knew he could rely, to march with him to Constantinople, leaving their place at the camp to be supplied by another Pasha and his troops, who were expected soon to reach the borders of the Danube.

The intention of Moustapha Bairactar in approaching the capital thus accompanied, was to insist at once on the restoration of Selim to the throne, and then to assist him in re-establishing the Nizamy-gedid on a solid foundation. The presence of his troops would, he was aware, either keep the Janissaries in awe, or prevent any effectual attempt being made by them to oppose his scheme. He was, however, induced to change his plan of operations whilst on his march to the capital, in consequence of letters addressed to him by the Sultan Moustapha, who, unable to guess at his purpose, and glad to avail himself of his protection against some recently suspected plots of the Janissaries relative to his own person, congratulated Bairactar on his march, and notified to him that the post of Grand Vizier had been expressly vacated in order to be offered to him. The Serasker found this turn of things better suited to his views, as it saved the risk of a contest from which bloodshed might have been expected. But many months elapsed after his arrival before he had the means of putting his design into execution; and when he believed the moment to be propitious, he found, to his astonishment, that Selim was not disposed to resume the troubles of sovereignty. This unexpected circumstance did not discourage him, and he trusted to the operation of time and to his own secret instigations for a favourable change in the dethroned Sultan's sentiments. Meanwhile he applied himself with zeal to maintain the tranquillity which his arrival had restored to the capital. The

police under his orders were active and unremitting in their endeavours to clear the city, through the summary means of the bow-string, of all such as had taken part in the late riots, and were likely to become again troublesome ; by these acts and others he succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good opinion of the reigning Sultan, who by degrees placed his whole confidence in him.

But although he was successful in stifling every symptom of disaffection, it was not in his power, nor was it his wish, to alter the course of the Sultan's unpopularity, which gained ground every day. He saw this, but he did not perceive that he materially shared in the hatred against the Sultan, who was considered to be entirely under his influence, and strongly suspected of having been prevailed upon by him to consent to the revival of the Nizamy-gedid.

The tranquillity which now prevailed over the surface of popular feeling, and a want of judgment which admits of no apology on the part of one who had so much experience, led him to the resolution of dismissing the greater part of his troops, and thus depriving himself of that support through which alone his great object could have been attained. I shall not enter here into an unnecessary disquisition as to his real motives in taking this ill-advised step, but will merely state the general opinion of the close observers of the events here related, which is, that nothing but a want of foresight and common prudence could have brought him to this fatal error.

The Vizier retained only three thousand men to act as his body guards, and the moment intelligence reached Constantinople that the remainder had arrived at Roudstchiouk, whither they had been sent as a reinforcement, the Janissaries of the capital rose again *en masse*. One strong division of them proceeded to the gate of the seraglio, vociferating execrations against Sultan Moustapha, and demanding either the restoration of Selim or the accession of Mahmood, the reigning Sultan's younger brother, and the last prince of the blood. Moustapha resolved at once to render compliance impossible. He proceeded with a few of his eunuchs to the apartment of Selim, attacked and overpowered him, and put him to death by strangulation. The body was, by his orders, immediately conveyed to the outer gate of the seraglio, and thrown over the wall among the multitude assembled in the public place, with this inscription attached to its back : " You ask for the de-throned Selim ? here he is : the Sultan sends him to you." Moustapha, in his eagerness to reach the Kafass, after dispatching his uncle, outstripped his attendants, who knew not where to follow him, and entered his brother's apartment alone. It appears he betrayed his intentions in time to allow of Mahmood's preparing to defend himself. The two brothers fought with small daggers for several minutes, and at last the youngest succeeded in throwing the other down, upon which he plunged the instrument of death into his heart, not however without having received several wounds in various parts of his face and body.

After Mahmood had been thus compelled to put his brother to death in his own defence, his first care was to apprise Selim of the fatal occurrence, and to consult him upon the most advisable measures that were to be taken. His uncle's fate decided the question at once, and he lost no time in causing the gates of the seraglio to be thrown open, a partial explanation to be made aloud in his name of what had oc-

curred within, and his accession to the throne, to be proclaimed throughout the capital. This intelligence was received with satisfaction by all those whom it concerned.

Let us now turn to the other division of rebel Janissaries. They proceeded to the palace of the Grand Vizier Moustapha Bairactar, which they attempted to set on fire. In this they did not immediately succeed, and they had recourse to other offensive operations, the immediate object of which was to batter down the outer walls of the palace, and take it by storm. So sudden and unforeseen had been their rising that the Vizier was unprepared for an effective defence, and he easily saw the contest must prove fatal to him. However, both he and his men, who now crowded around him, resolved to sell their lives dear, and they commenced a desperate defence. A sharp fire was kept up on both sides till the evening, when the Janissaries, finding they were losing many men without gaining much ground, brought some pieces of artillery, and soon succeeded in knocking down the walls. The Vizier, finding himself thus reduced to the last extremity, retreated with all his surviving men into a stone-built tower adjacent to his house, and which had been used by him as a store and ammunition-room for his guards. There were some barrels of gunpowder in the place, and he resolved to set fire to them rather than fall alive into the hands of his persecutors. Night brought on but a fruitless suspension of hostilities, and the next morning at daybreak upwards of sixty thousand Janissaries crowded the streets which surrounded the Vizier's palace. This being found entirely abandoned, was immediately filled by the rebels, and the crowd became immense round the tower in which he had taken refuge. Suddenly a dreadful explosion took place, spreading death and destruction on every side. Moustapha Bairactar was no more; but his fall was avenged by that of thousands of his enemies.

Such was the carnage which took place at this memorable conflict, that the removal and burial of the dead occupied three days' incessant labour.

It is a subject worthy of remark, that during the continuance of the disturbances, both on this occasion and on the dethronement of Sultan Selim, public criers were sent to all the districts of the capital inhabited by Christians, giving notice that these were quarrels which concerned no one but the Turks and their government; consequently all other persons were desired to remain free from the fear of being molested, and to attend to their affairs as usual.

The fatal dethronement of Sultan Moustapha, and the death of Moustapha Bairactar, having satisfied in the fullest extent the wishes of the Janissaries, tranquillity was once more restored, and every thing seemed to promise that it would not be hastily disturbed again.

Mahmood was the last male *rejeton* of the imperial race; and so sensible were the Janissaries of the dangers attendant upon its extinction, that he was more likely to be supported on the throne than many of his predecessors had been. The first time he showed himself to his subjects was on the Friday after his accession, in the usual solemnity of going to the mosque. Some wounds were still visible in his face, and bore testimony to the desperate manner in which he had defended his life. The whole population hastened to catch a view of the youthful

monarch, whose age was at this time about twenty-three. The reception he met was silently respectful, and would have been much more favourable if, contrary to all expectation and precedent, he had returned the salute of the people. However trivial this circumstance may seem, it had, nevertheless, the effect of impressing the Janissaries with an opinion of his character, which increased in no small degree the respect due to the free exercise of his authority. The stern expression of his face denoted the man of energy and decision; and the first measures of his government strengthened not a little the opinion which had been built upon appearances.

The most remarkable among the early acts of his reign, was one at the idea of which humanity may well shudder. The Sultan Selim's women had been suspected of participating in his murder, or at least of not exerting all the means in their power to save that prince, the scuffle between him and Moustapha and his party having taken place within their hearing. The poor women, most likely incapacitated by fright to act on this occasion, were, at all events, accounted responsible for the fatal result, and sentence of death was unhesitatingly passed over upwards of three hundred of them. Most of these were young and beautiful; but no consideration of the kind affected their doom, nor even could obtain for them a less terrific mode of dying than that which was pronounced—they had been condemned to be taken to a distant place at sea, tied up each in a sack, and thrown into the watery element! One morning at daybreak, they were embarked on board several boats, with a strong body of armed eunuchs; and accompanied, or rather surrounded at a short distance by the Bostangee-Bashee (a magistrate of high authority) and several hundred of his guards in other boats; they were conveyed to the back of the princes' island, a distance of fifteen miles from the capital, where their sentence was deliberately and regularly executed. One of my friends happened to be the same morning on that side of the island on a shooting excursion, and witnessed the whole execution from a short distance, where he had taken the necessary precaution of concealing himself behind some bushes. The description he gave of it was truly heart-rending. The poor victims rent the air with their screams. Some made a desperate resistance, while others broke loose from the hands of the eunuchs, and threw themselves into the sea to avoid the horror of being sewn up in a sack. A few among these who were able to swim, whilst making the best of their way to the shore, were overtaken by some of the guard boats, and killed by beating them on the head with the boatmen's oars.

Let the advocates of absolute power go to Constantinople, and become eye-witnesses of the tyrannical excesses to which despotism is but too apt to lead; and above all, let them witness a scene of this kind; and they will return with somewhat different notions as to the extent of power with which man is worthy to be trusted.

CONVERSATIONS OF MATURIN.—NO. I.

GENTLE reader, you and I have met to talk of Maturin. You have known him in print, as I have at the social table: you have communed with him in the embodied imaginings of his spirit—and I when the workings of that spirit were upon him: you have conversed with him at the dim distance of a poetic vision—and I when he was invested with its reality. We are both, therefore, under our different knowledge of him, equally entitled to devote an hour to his memory; so, without parade, let us begin.

There were few men of real ability more subject to vicissitudes of temperament than Maturin. The circumstances of his private fortune, which generally harassed his spirit, worked visible changes in the tone of his writings, and can be identified in that over-wrought excitement under which he sought to escape their influence. He chose the track of the marvellous and the terrible because they afforded an ideal refuge from the positive ills that surrounded him; and having freely indulged in the cup of romantic terrors and extravagant delusions, he was forced to continue the stimulants to keep up the tone of his mind. It is folly to say that our minds do not take the colour of the channel in which we permit our thoughts to flow: it cannot be otherwise. He who devotes his genius to the conjurations of romance, finally either believes in their horrors, or becomes irritable and nervous. So it was with Maturin. Without imbibing the superstition, he yielded to the effects, of a course of wild and abstract invention, and became in consequence credulous and uncalculating. Indeed Maturin's greatest fault was weakness: but it was a weakness that circumscribed its operations to his own actions and impulses. He had much of that amiable and reckless kindness which you anticipate from the ardent hero of a legend; who feels with oppressive sensibility the sorrows he cannot heal, and is duped by his easy submission to every tale that has a sprinkle of mystery or innocence in it. The diversity of Maturin's character, too, has naturally enough been visited by the censure and surprise of those who knew him, and would scarcely be credited by those who did not. But the cynical, who have no merits of their own, should be tardy in pronouncing judgment upon the talented and the ambitious: they cannot understand or develope the machinery by which such spirits are moved. No doubt, he weakened his powers by associating with inferior intellect, and prostrated his imagination before the unprofitable and the flippant. But as some men require to be provoked into exertion, so others require to be indulged; and Maturin was of the latter class. His foibles were common-place, and would, in another, never have attracted observation: but every thing Maturin said and did was converted into tea-table speculation, because the society in which he moved was composed of every-day people, to whom genius was unintelligible, and who attributed his peculiarities to the follies and the madness of the voluntary pursuits he adopted. Had it been his fate to have been cast among kindred beings—to have mixed with the intelligence of the day—the necessity of appearing, what he really was, a man of talent, would have placed his character in its proper light, and redeemed him from the frivolities he negligently permitted to gain an ascendancy over him. But he never had that

opportunity. Living in a quarter of the kingdom where literary fellowship cannot be obtained, his habits were assimilated to the idle company that courted him; and his pliability of temper and amenity of disposition contributed to confirm the modes to which his communion subjected him. But it is a question, after all, whether we have a right to draw aside the veil that conceals the private errors of those who have contributed to our enjoyments or our instruction; and whether we should take advantage of the prominent position in which their intellectual supremacy has placed them, and which exposes all those feelings that in obscure men are unnoticed. The purest poets are not poets at all moments: they do not speak in rhapsodies, or live amongst beings of air; they are men like ourselves, governed by the same domestic feelings, and liable to the same influences: we are not justified in contrasting their lives with their works, or in demanding why a strict parallel has not been preserved between them. On the other hand, it is rather a recompense to the common condition of mankind to know that the great and favoured amongst them are moved by the same weaknesses, and guilty of the same dereliction; and that high attainments are not always a protection against the current errors of humanity: and it must be some source of instruction to the best of us to read in the foibles of a distinguished genius the humiliating lessons of human weakness and imperfection. If a man lives for the public, the public have a right to him—they possess a copyhold in him—he is theirs; and if, when he is dead, it be considered that he was affected by any peculiar moral disorder, the public have a right to send him to the general anatomy-house, where he may be dissected for the improvement of the science of human nature, and the common benefit of all mankind.

Maturin's early circumstances strongly conduced not only to his becoming a writer, but to the character of his writings. He began his literary course under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties; and he followed it with little alleviation to the close. An incident, too, of rather a mysterious nature connected with his descent, gave a romantic turn to his mind, and the impressions it made upon him from childhood were never effaced. He often dwelt upon it with enthusiasm, and indulged in the dream of tracing, at one day or another, the mystery to its developement. Some twenty or thirty years before the French revolution, a lady of rank attached to the court is said to have been driving through a retired street in Paris, when the cries of an infant child caught her attention. The singularity of the circumstance in so lonely and remote a spot naturally induced her to inquire into the cause, and she drew up her horses, desiring her servant to ascertain from whence the cries proceeded. The man returned, after a very short search, with a basket containing a child newly born, which he found in an obscure corner of the street. The infant was dressed in the richest clothing, and seemed to belong to parents of distinction, whose motives for that inhuman abandonment there may be no great difficulty in guessing at; but although many exertions were afterwards made to discover who they were and the cause of their conduct, the whole matter still remains, and is likely to continue, an impenetrable mystery. The street in which the child was found was called the Rue de Mathurine, in honour of a convent which then stood in it dedicated

to a French saint of that name; and the foundling, consequently, was called Mathurine, *Anglicè* Maturin. The lady to whose maternal fosterage the child was thus providentially committed, sent it at a proper age to the convent to be educated, and never neglected an opportunity of promoting the future objects for which she designed it. But the boy, born under the caprice of Fortune, grew up under its inflictions, and was doomed to the trials of a very fluctuating life. He had scarcely reached manhood, when he became a victim to the political fury of the times, and was thrown into the Bastille, from which, after a long incarceration, he escaped into England at the period of the Revolution. Here he married and naturalized. From this individual, with whom the name of Maturin originated, the poet descended.

This incident formed an important feature in the exciting sources of Charles Robert Maturin's ambition. He long and devotedly cherished the thought that his ancestry, to whom he assigned places of rank and distinction, and whom he invested in his poetic ardour with all the pomp and paraphernalia of chivalry, would ultimately be discovered; and so deeply engaged was his mind upon the subject, that a short time before his death he actually wrote a tale upon the slight materials afforded by the circumstance above related. That tale has never been published, although hopes were entertained amongst the immediate circle to whom its composition was communicated, that it would appear shortly after his decease. The conduct of that tale was, I have some reason to think, governed by his own firm belief that the lady of rank who rescued the foundling was actually its mother: in which belief he persevered to the hour of his death.

Maturin's family in Ireland were respectably connected, and he was himself related to a dignitary of the Protestant church. His father was a man of sound understanding and refined taste in literature, to which it was his desire to have devoted his attention had not the death of a distinguished character arrested the patronage to which he looked forward, and blighted his expectations. This disappointment damped his enthusiasm, and diverted him from the pursuit of objects upon which he feared to launch without encouragement and support. Other prospects and other interests engaged his talents, and he was induced to forego the enjoyments of literary expectancy for the less brilliant, but more solid, occupation of a government office, to which he was appointed through the influence of his relatives. Years of arduous application were finally rewarded by an honourable advance to a station of high respectability in the Post-office, Dublin, where he latterly filled the rank of clerk to one of the provincial roads, I believe the Leinster. I should not have adverted so particularly to these circumstances, but that they are intimately connected with the first causes of young Maturin's authorship. At an advanced age, Mr. Maturin lost his situation in the Post-office, and became, with a small family, destitute in the winter of life. The poet, who was the seventh child, the pet, and the hope of the old couple, was roused to poetry by disappointment, and from that hour devoted himself to what a friend of mine, a punster, once called the black art—black in three senses—wit, legerdemain, and despair.

As I have spoken of a punster, I must mention that Maturin had a nervous dislike to punning: he had little of the grinning pleasantry of

Aristophanes or Rabelais about him ; and his antipathies, which were few, but vivid, might be fairly represented in the Commons of the House of Correction by a bad pun, which I have no doubt would do full justice to its constituents. I have heard him declare that he considered punning to have been originally introduced into society as a system of annoyance against those who were irascible or petulant, because puns, he considered, materially affected the nerves. But, however much he reprobated the crime of originating a pun, he thought that the guilt of repeating a pun, as you would an anecdote, for the amusement of your company, was infinitely more vexatious and unpardonable. Of course, he never made puns himself, either in his writings or his conversation ; yet in both, he occasionally fell into that species of conceit which resembles them very closely, and only want pungency to make them puns.

Maturin was essentially a poet. He possessed the great materials of poetry, and preserved an ascendent tone of inspiration through all his writings : yet it is to be remarked, that he did not always write in the same character of style, or keep legitimately to the standard which he seemed to have himself set up. This is partially to be attributed to the variations of animal spirits, and principally to his desultory mode of study. Raphael is distinguished by his brilliancy of colouring—Morland by his pigs : who could mistake the redundant regularity of Johnson—the dilated correctness of Addison—the elaborate energy of Gibbon ? It was not so with Maturin. He cultivated himself less than the example of others, and permitted the impressions of what he read to displace the memory of what he thought. He wrote less from permanent principle than immediate impulse, and too often sacrificed what he had to say to the consideration how he should say it. Like Rousseau, who was in love with the last petticoat he saw until he had seen another, Maturin unconsciously adopted something of the last book he read until its recollection was obliterated by the next. His passion for poetry was lofty and pure : he pursued it with an ardour that could not be restrained by the usages of composition ; and drank at the very spring-head of Helicon until he became intoxicated with the draught. But it was imagination, not thought : sparkling illustrations—fantastic descriptions—the lineaments of the horrible, the mysterious, and the unreal—were the materials upon which he worked : the externals of character he sketched graphically, perhaps too minutely : but the solid qualities of mind, the powerful operation of the passions, he rarely touched, and seldom successfully. Where he has succeeded, you find that, although the developement of the fiction engrosses your attention, the hero has been all along treading on the confines of the marvellous, with just enough of mortality in his changes to show that he is not quite superhuman. His characters are commonly in masquerade : sometimes depicted with a natural force and freedom, but in the next scene plunged into an enigma, and spun out into an interminable labyrinth of improbability. All this, however, if we can once abstract it from the notion of reality, is well and effectually done. That he possessed an original genius, we have sufficient testimonies ; but these testimonies are only the indications of genius, not its fruits. He would not permit the blossoms to ripen, but forced them into sudden expansion by a too luscious and overheated cultivation. Nor did he always

select with taste what he performed with ability; and hence we frequently turn with loathing from the figures he presents, while we carry with us a pleasurable recollection of the drapery in which he has clad them. Poetry was certainly his ruling passion; but it was the poetry of embellishment and the senses—wild, diffuse, and voluptuous. Conscious of the difficulty of confining himself to limits, he shrunk from the labour of versification, and rioted in the boundless region of romance. Two or three instances of this, singular enough, occur to my recollection.

A gentleman of musical ability, a relative and an intimate of Maturin, proposed that the poet should plan a lyrical work like the “Irish Melodies,” giving to him the department of adapting the songs to appropriate music. Maturin entered upon the project with enthusiasm: a spark from Moore’s lyre kindled up his soul, and with a desire too hot for constancy, he commenced the composition in ardent anticipation of fame and profit. But, alas! the licence that Maturin’s genius demanded was a *carte blanche*: his versification was perfect revelry: it knew no restraints; and was almost in form and substance a re-animation of the lyrist of the Olympic games. He just wrote enough to discover that he could write no more. The composer despaired of “marrying” to congenial music, verse that was so disastrously “immortal;” and ultimately the design was abandoned, to the great loss of the public.

Another instance is connected with the last novel he published, “The Albigenes.” When he conceived the plan of that work, he found that it would admit, or, perhaps, require the introduction of occasional pieces in verse; and unwilling to encounter a second time the chances of failure, he accepted the promises of some literary friends, who were eager to have a corner in his pages. They, of course, performed their undertaking, for they were ambitious to “see themselves in print:” but, as Maturin proceeded in his work, circumstances occurred which led him to change his mind, and he determined to fill up the blanks himself. He certainly did fill them up, but not with verse; that labour he evaded by the substitution of Ossianic prose, or rather an impassioned imitation of Rousseau, tricked out in the most gaudy and glittering habiliments. A song of this description, he makes some musical maidens sing to his heroine.

On one occasion, shortly after the publication of “Melmoth,” the King’s visit to Ireland inspired the patriotism of her poets with grateful sensibilities, and Maturin, amongst the rest, thought the opportunity a good one for a poetical compliment to the monarch. Accordingly he set about his poem, but was at a loss to fix upon a measure that would equally suit the purpose and his own taste. A continuous stanza would never answer: it should be something at least alternate, that would preserve him from the labours of perpetual rhyme;—he fixed upon the alternate octosyllable measure. But Maturin’s skill in this species of composition was certainly very inferior to his genius. In vain he endeavoured to check the exuberance of his fancy, and chain it down to eight syllables: the difficulty of producing four perfect lines alternately was insurmountable; and he at length determined on dropping the rhyme between the first and third, so that only the second and fourth should harmonize: ultimate, or pen-ultimate, or ante-pen-ulti-

mate were all one to Maturin; he despised the jingle, and could not accomplish it. He completed three lines; and a friend, who assures me that Maturin communicated the fact to him, has given them to me: they are,

Stars of Erin, shine out! shine out!
The night of thy sorrow is past,
And the dawn of a joyous day—

Thus far the poet proceeded: and it may appear perhaps incredible that he could proceed no farther. After many attempts he produced two final lines, but rejected them both. One was

Rises upon thee at last.

But the measure was incomplete, and he changed it to

Rises on thee and for thee at last.

And here the measure was superabundant. In a transport of rage he flung the paper into the fire. It is worthy of remark, too, that his principal reason for being dissatisfied with the last line was that its termination too closely resembled Moore, who, he said, had established a sort of copyright in the expression.

It was not inability to conquer the difficulties of rhyme that produced this aversion to it: it was rather a rooted aversion to it that produced the difficulties. He had a natural distaste to the constant return of sound arising from the restraints it threw upon his luxuriant fancy; and he required more preparation for a stanza than he would for a chapter of romance. I have heard that the chorus in "*Bertram*" cost him many sleepless nights, although it consists of but eight or ten lines, and contains nothing worth the labour of an hour. He was at length determined to overcome this disrelish, which he became persuaded was only a caprice; and sketched the materials of a poem to which he intended to devote much time and labour. The plan was grounded upon that of *Lalla Rookh* and the *Queen's Wake*, for the purpose of affording him the means of varying that which he most dreaded, and of adapting the work to the humours in which he wrote. The scene was to be laid in Ireland during the period of harps and minstrels, and to be diversified by an occasional relief from the clansmen of the North. But he did not live to fulfil his project; and nothing remains of it, but the knowledge of his intention. I should mention, however, that on one occasion he effected a splendid victory over this antipathy. Trinity College, Dublin, had offered an honorary prize for the best poem on the event which then engaged the attention of Europe, the battle of Waterloo; and Maturin, without much difficulty, carried off the prize in a poem of great power and beauty. He presented it in a most handsome manner to one of his pupils, Shea, who published it; and Maturin disinterestedly declined to accept any portion of the profits of the publication, which had a very successful sale.

Maturin's opinions of poetry, as of every thing else, were to be inferred rather than gathered. It was very difficult to draw him into literary conversation: like Congreve, he wished to be an author only in his study. Yet he courted the society of men of letters when it was to be had: but would at any time have sacrificed it to dally an hour in the drawing-room, or at the quadrille. Sometimes, however, amongst friends (particularly if he was in a splenetic mood) he freely entered

into a discussion upon the living authors of England, and delivered his opinions rapidly, brilliantly, and with effect. On one occasion a conversation of this description took place, in which I had the pleasure of participating: I will recall the substance of it as well as I can. Do not expect from Maturin the turgidity of Boswell's great man, or the amiable philosophy of Franklin: you will be disappointed if you anticipate any thing profound or speculative from him; for at the best of times he was exceedingly fond of mixing up the frivolity of a fashionable conversation with the most solid subjects.

I met him in the county of Wicklow on a pedestrian excursion in the autumn; a relaxation he constantly indulged in, particularly at that season of the year. It was in that part of the vale of Avoca, where Moore is said to have composed his celebrated song: a green knoll forms a gradual declivity to the river, which flows through the vale, and in the centre of the knoll there is the trunk of an old oak, cut down to a seat. Upon that venerable trunk, say the peasants, Moore sat when he composed a song that, like the *Rans de Vache* of the Swiss, will be sung amidst those mountains and valleys as long as they are inhabited. Opposite to that spot I met Maturin, accompanied by a young gentleman carrying a fishing-rod. We were at a distance of thirty miles from Dublin: in the heart of the most beautiful valley in the island: surrounded by associations of history and poetry, with spirits subdued into tranquillity by the Italian skies above, and the peaceful gurgling of the waters below us. Never shall I forget Maturin's strange appearance amongst these romantic dells. He was dressed in a crazy and affectedly shabby suit of black, that had waxed into a "brilliant polish" by over zeal in the service of its master; he wore no cravat, for the heat obliged him to throw it off, and his delicate neck rising gracefully from his thrice-crested collar gave him an appearance of great singularity. His raven hair, which he generally wore long, fell down luxuriantly without a breath to agitate it; and his head was crowned with a hat which I could sketch with a pencil, but not with a pen. His gait and manner were in perfect keeping; but his peculiarities excited no surprise in me, for I was accustomed to them. In a short time we were seated on the banks of the Avoca, the stream cooling our feet with its refreshing spray, and the green foliage protecting us from the sun.

"Moore is said to have written his song in this place."

"I don't believe a word of it," replied Maturin. "No man ever wrote poetry under a burning sun, or in the moonlight. I have often attempted a retired walk in the country at moonlight, when I had a madrigal in my head, and every gust of wind rang in my ears like the footsteps of a robber. One robber would put to flight a hundred tropes. You feel uneasy in a perfectly secluded place, and cannot collect your mind."

"But Moore, who is a poet by inspiration, could write in any circumstances."

"There is no man of the age labours harder than Moore. He is often a month working out the fag end of an epigram. 'Pon my honour, I would not be such a victim to literature for the reputation of Pope, the greatest man of them all."

"Don't you think that every man has his own peculiarity in writing, and can only write under particular excitements, and in a particular way?"

"Certainly. Pope, who ridiculed such a caprice, practised it himself; for he never wrote well but at midnight. Gibbon dictated to his amanuensis, while he walked up and down the room in a terrible passion; Stephens wrote on horseback in a full gallop: Montaigne and Chateaubriand in the fields: Sheridan over a bottle of wine: Moliere with his knees in the fire: and Lord Bacon in a small room, which he said helped him to condense his thoughts. But Moore, whose peculiarity is retirement, would never come here to write a song he could write better elsewhere, merely because it related to the place."

"Why omit yourself in the list? you have your own peculiarity."

"I compose on a long walk; but then the day must neither be too hot, nor cold: it must be reduced to that medium from which you feel no inconvenience one way or the other; and then when I am perfectly free from the city, and experience no annoyance from the weather, my mind becomes lighted by sunshine, and I arrange my plan perfectly to my own satisfaction."

"From the quantity of works our living poets have given to the public, I would be disposed to say that they write with great facility, and without any nervous whim."

* * * * *

"But Lord Byron—he must write with great ease and rapidity."

"That I don't know; I never could finish the perusal of any of his long poems. There is something in them excessively at variance with my notions of poetry. He is too fond of the obsolete; but that I do not quarrel with so much as his system of converting it into a kind of modern antique, by superadding tinsel to gold. It is a sort of mixed mode, neither old nor new, but incessantly hovering between both."

"What do you think of Childe Harold?"

"I do not know what to think of it, nor can I give you definitively my reasons for disliking his poems generally."

"You have taken up a prejudice, perhaps from a passage you have since forgotten, and never allowed yourself patience to examine it."

"Perhaps so; but I am not conscious of a prejudice."

"No man is."

* * * * *

"And which of the living poets fulfils your ideal standard of excellence?"

"Crabbe. He is all nature without pomp or parade, and exhibits at times deep pathos and feeling. His characters are certainly homely, and his scenes rather unpoetical; but then he invests his subject with so much genuine tenderness and sweetness, that you care not who are the actors, or in what situations they are placed, but pause to recollect where it was you met something similar in real life. Do you remember the little story 'Delay is Danger?' I'll recite you a few lines describing my favourite scene, an autumn-evening landscape:—

"On the right side the youth a wood survey'd,
With all its dark intensity of shade;
Where the rough wind alone was heard to move,
In this, the pause of nature and of love,

When now the young are rear'd, and when the old.
Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold—
Far to the left he saw the huts of men
Half hid in mist that hung upon the fen ;
Before him swallows, gathering for the sea,
Took their short flights, and twitter'd on the lea ;
And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done,
And slowly blacken'd in the sickly sun ;
All these were sad in nature, or they took
Sadness from him, the likeness of his look,
And of his mind—he ponder'd for a while,
Then met his Fanny with a borrow'd smile.

“ Except Gray's Elegy, there is scarcely so melancholy and touching a picture in English poetry.”

“ And whom do you estimate after Crabbe ?”

“ I am disposed to say Hogg. His *Queen's Wake* is a splendid and impassioned work. I like it for its varieties, and its utter simplicity. What a fine image is this of a devoted vessel suddenly engulfed at sea :

“ Some ran to the cords, some kneel'd at the shrine,
But all the wild elements seem'd to combine ;
'Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion,
And down went the ship like a bird of the ocean !”

But do not altogether take me at my word in what I say of Crabbe and Hogg. They have struck the chord of my taste ; but they are not, perhaps, the first men of the day. Moore is a writer for whom I feel a strong affection, because he has done that which I would have done if I could : but after him it would be vain to try any thing.”

* * * * *

“ Is it your opinion that the swarm of minor poets and writers advance the cause of literature, or that the public taste would be more refined and informed, if those who administered to it were fewer and better ?”

“ I object to prescribing laws to the republic of letters. It is a free republic, in which every man is entitled to publicity if he chooses it. The effect unquestionably of a swarm of minor poets is the creation of a false taste amongst a certain class ; but then that is a class that otherwise would have no taste at all, and it is well to draw their attention to literature by any agency. In the next age their moral culture will improve, and we shall go on gradually diminishing the contagion.”

“ I object *en masse* to the caterers for Magazines ; if they were capable of better things, they would throw off the security of disguise, and announce themselves singly.”

* * * * *

I am quite sure that many of his opinions will appear strangely contradictory of the character of mind to be inferred from his works ; but Maturin wrote, as I have before remarked, not from a permanent and deep sympathy, but from immediate feeling ; and some of his opinions were whims adopted without reflection, and grown inveterate by indifference. There is a strong, I should be disposed to say, remarkable resemblance between Manfred and Bertram : the same gloomy imagery

and mysterious management of the passions: the same intermixture of the beautiful and the repulsive, by which nature is made to adapt and mould herself to the very excesses of poetry: and the same light of indistinct revelation in which the machinery is placed, where the tempters pass dimly yet visibly before us. From this extraordinary similarity, it would be inferred at once that Maturin admired if he did not imitate Lord Byron; yet, marvellous as it may seem, he could not read him! A closer examination, however, will enable us to discover the great points of difference, which are lost on the surface, and lie in the depths and sources of their poetical perception. Manfred is exuberantly metaphysical, and develops one by one the sensations that are produced by a particular state of mind, operated upon by circumstances of highly-wrought, imaginative and unearthly horror. But this is done in such an elevated strain of poetry, and inanimate nature is made so to mingle in, and contribute to, the workings of the agonized spirit, that the superficial effect of Manfred is one unbroken impression of beauty and awe. In Bertram a fierce passion is wildly sketched: it breaks out like a torrent—interrupted, abrupt, overwhelming. All things yield to its power: it gains a master sway over your sympathies. Heaven and earth are invoked in their most desolate aspects to aid its course, and you retire with the same impression of undefined terror and beauty. But there is nothing abstract in Bertram: it possesses scarcely a touch of deep feeling: its pathos is language and situation; and they are powerful. The likeness is external, but the internal characters exhibit that sort of dissimilarity that exists between thought and imagination.

Of Sir Walter Scott I have heard Maturin speak in terms of rapture. He considered his extraordinary productions the greatest efforts of human genius, and often said that in the poetry of universal nature he considered him equal to Shakspeare. Indeed so sensibly imbued was he with the characteristics of those magic fictions, that he apprehended the publication of his last work, "*The Albigenses*," would expose him to the accusation of an intentional imitation of *Ivanhoe*. I believe the public, however, never perceived any imitation beyond that into which every novelist falls who happens to write after Sir Walter; a disadvantage, by the way, for which reviewers ought to make some allowance. It was generally understood, but how justly I cannot say, by Maturin's relatives after his decease, that Sir Walter Scott had undertaken the task of his biography, which was to be published with a full edition of his works, for the benefit of his widow and family. Two years have now passed away, and that expectation has not been realized; and I am disposed to suspect that the *Life of Napoleon* has become too laborious a project to admit time for the humble memoirs of an Irish dramatist. This disappointment is to be lamented for the sake of the amiable survivors, and the interests of Irish literature; but the materials of such a life would be slender indeed, and perhaps offer little variety to their compiler. His transitions of station, and change of scene and circumstance were few: his literary associations equally barren; in truth, his life would be little more than a thread upon which to hang the fictions it produced.

There was something exceedingly impressive and tender in his private character. It was coloured by the softest tints of domestic affec-

tion, and was full of amiability and kindness ; tempered by a dash of romantic devotedness, and solitary fidelity to the objects of his attachment. His love was a direct sentiment that borrowed no hue from the medium through which it passed, but came direct from the heart, warm and sincere. Of this singleness and purity was his long-cherished passion for Miss Kingsbury, sister to the present Archdeacon of Killaloe, to whom after years of attachment he was married while yet going through his college course. It was the first love of boyhood, and full of ardour and truth. His marriage, no doubt, gave the final turn to his speculations, and determined him to enter the Church, in the hopes that the interest of his wife's brother would advance him to future independence. On taking orders he was appointed to the curacy of Loughrea, where he had little to cheer or animate his spirits, and which to a man like Maturin was a moral expatriation. He endured it, however, for the sake of that dear partner of his affection, for whose sake he would have suffered and did suffer much : and to the honour of those glorious feelings of home and its sweet, sweet links, he retained that sentiment undiminished to the last hour of his life. He was not long in Loughrea : the unconscious efforts which a man in an uneasy position will make to extricate himself, procured for Maturin an exchange into Dublin, where he was nominated to the curacy of St. Peter's. In that situation he remained—a clergyman and a poet ; his profession drawing him one way—his genius another—and necessity both !

ODE TO THE LATE LORD MAYOR.

*On the publication of his "Visit to Oxford."**

"Now Night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Settle's numbers one day more."

POPE—*On the Lord Mayor's Show.*

O Worthy Mayor !—I mean to say Ex-Mayor !
Chief Luddite of the ancient town of Lud !
Incumbent of the City's easy chair !—
Conservator of Thames from mud to mud !
Great river-bank director !
And dam-inspector !
Great guardian of small sprats that swim the flood !
Lord of the scarlet gown and furry cap !
King of Mogg's map !
Keeper of Gates that long have "gone their gait,"
Warder of London's stone and London log !
Thou first, and greatest of the civic great,
Magog or Gog !—
O Honourable Ven——
(Forgive this little liberty between us)
Augusta's first Augustus !—Friend of men
Who wield the pen !
Dillon's Mæcenæ !

* See the published work of the Rev. Mr. Dillon, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, who in his zealous endeavour to stamp immortality upon the Civic Expedition to Oxford, has outrun every production in the annals of burlesque, even the long renowned "Voyage from Paris to St. Cloud."

Patron of Learning where she ne'er did dwell,
 Where literature seldom finds abettors,
 Where few—except the postman and his bell
 Encourage the *bell-letters*!—
 Well hast thou done, Right Honourable Sir,—
 Seeing that years are such devouring ogresses,
 And thou hast made some little journeying stir,—
 'To get a Nichols to record thy Progresses!

Wordsworth once wrote a trifle of the sort ;
 But for diversion,
 For truth—for nature—every thing in short—
 I own I do prefer thy own "*Excursion*."
 The stately story
 Of Oxford glory—
 The Thames romance—yet nothing of a fiction,—
 Like thine own stream it flows along the page—
 "*Strong, without rage,*"
 In diction worthy of thy jurisdiction!
 To future ages thou wilt seem to be
 A second Parry ;
 For thou didst carry
 Thy navigation to a fellow crisis.
 He penetrated to a Frozen Sea,
 And thou—to where the Thames is turn'd to *Isis* ! *

I like thy setting out !
 Thy coachman and thy coachmaid box'd together ! †
 I like thy Jarvy's serious face—in doubt
 Of "*four fine animals*"—no Cobbetts neither ! ‡
 I like the slow state pace—the pace allow'd
 The best for dignity §—and for a crowd,
 And very July weather,
 So hot that it let off the Hounslow powder ! ||
 I like the She-Mayor's proffer of a seat
 To poor Miss Magnay, fried to a white heat ; ¶
 'Tis well it didn't chance to be Miss Crowder !

I like the steeples with their weathercocks on
 Discern'd about the hour of three P. M. ;
 I like thy party's entrance into Oxon,
 For oxen soon to enter into *them* !

* The Chaplain doubts the correctness of the Thames being *turned into* the Isis at Oxford : of course he is right,—according to the course of the river, it must be the Isis that is turned into the Thames.

† "As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away."—*Visit*.

‡ "The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this way be tried."—*Ibid*.

§ "The carriage drove away ; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders ; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of real greatness."

|| "On approaching Hounslow, there was seen at some distance a huge volume of dark smoke." The Chaplain thought it was only a blowing up for rain, but it turned out to be the spontaneous combustion of a powder-mill."

¶ "The Lady Mayoress, observing that they (the Magnays) must be somewhat crowded in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat."

I like the ensuing banquet better far
Although an act of cruelty began it ;—
For why—before the dinner at the *Star*—
Why was the poor Town Clerk sent off to *plan it* ?

I like your learned rambles not amiss,
Especially at Bodley's, where ye tarried
The longest—doubtless because Atkins carried
Letters (of course from Ignorance) to Bliss !*—
The other Halls were scrambled through more hastily ;—

But I like this,—
I like the Aldermen who stopp'd to drink
Of Maudlin's "classic water" very tastily,†
Although I think—what I am loth to think—
Except to Dillon, it has proved no Castaly !

I like to find thee finally afloat ;
I like thy being barged and water-bailiff'd,
Who gave thee a lift
To thy state galley in his own state boat.
I like thy small sixpennyworths of largess
Thrown to the urchins at the City's charges ;
I like the sun upon thy breezy fanners,
Ten splendid scarlet silken stately banners !
Thy gilded bark shines out quite transcendental !

I like dear Dillon still,
Who quotes from "Cooper's Hill,"
And Birch, the cookly Birch, grown sentimental ;‡
I like to note his civic mind expanding
And quoting Denham, in the watery dock
Of Ifley lock—
Plainly no Lock upon the Understanding !

I like thy civic deed
At Runnymede,
Where ancient Britons came in arms to barter
Their lives for right—Ah, did not Waithman grow
Half mad to show
Where his renown'd forefathers came to bleed—
And freeborn *Magnay*, triumph at his *Charter* ?
I like full well thy ceremonious setting
The justice-sword (no doubt it wanted whetting !)
On London Stone ; but I don't like the waving
Thy banner over it,§ for I must own
Flag over stone
Reads like a most superfluous piece of paving !

I like thy Cliefden treat ; but I'm not going
To run the civic story through and through,
But leave thy barge to Pater Noster row-ing
My plaudit to renew.

* "The Rev. Dr. Bliss, of St. John's College, the Registrar of the University, to whom Mr. Alderman Atkins had letters of introduction."—p. 32.

† "The Buttery was next visited, in which some of the party tasted the classic water."—p. 57.

‡ "Mr. Alderman Birch here called to the recollection of the party the beautiful lines of Sir John Denham on the river Thames :—'Tho' deep yet clear, &c.'"—p. 90.

§ "It was also a part of the ceremony, which though important is simple, that the City banner should wave over the stone."—P. 144.

Well hast thou done, Right Honourable rover,
 To leave this lasting record of thy reign,
 A reign, alas ! that very soon is "over
 And gone," according to the Rydal strain !

'Tis piteous how a mayor
 Slips through his chair.

I say it with a meaning reverential,
 But let him be rich, lordly, wise, sentential,
 Still he must seem a thing inconsequential,—
 A melancholy truth one cannot smother ;

For why ? 'tis very clear
 He comes in at one *year*,
 To go out by the other !

This is their Lordships' universal order !—
 But thou shalt teach them to preserve a name—
 Make future Chaplains chroniclers of fame !
 And every Lord Mayor his own recorder !

DE VERE ; OR THE MAN OF INDEPENDENCE.*

THIS novel, and its predecessor, "*Tremaine*," may be considered as companions, in almost every particular. There is the same simplicity of design in both ; the same truth of delineation, no less in presenting abstract sketches of character, than in selecting and setting forth particular traits in illustration of those sketches ; the same habit of searching into real life and actual experience (and into these alone) for whatever the prosecution of the design may need in the way of character and illustration ; the same cheerful and healthful view of that life, and the same wise and happy use of that experience ; the same kindly and earnest, albeit somewhat too lofty and refined tone of sentiment ; the same temperate enthusiasm towards goodness and beauty of whatever kind, or wherever to be found, and the same humane and tolerant forbearance towards their opposites ; and, finally, the same extensive knowledge of society and the human heart, and the same delicate tact in applying that knowledge, which, together, make all these available to the writer's avowed end of deducing the purest instruction from the highest amusement. With this design, and with these powers for ensuring its fulfilment, the author, perhaps, does not conceive it to be necessary that he should bestow much time and invention on the construction of his plots—than which, nothing can be more inartificial. There is no development of intricate events—no mystery waiting for solution—no disguise (or scarcely any) in the actions of the characters. The course of the story may be at once anticipated ; but we are, nevertheless, led on irresistibly, in the perusal. If then, to parody some lines of Cowley,

————— the reader some great secret miss,
 Yet things well worth his time he gains ;
 And does his charge and labour pay
 With fine and wise experience by the way.

Beauclerk, a young man of family and fortune, finding himself, towards the end of the summer, grown tired of the town and the parks, "every leaf and lady of which he had got by heart," makes a tour into Warwickshire ; where, in visiting the ruins of Kenilworth, he encounters and makes acquaintance with *De Vere* ; who, on finding that their fathers had been fellow-soldiers, invites him to his house, situated in the heart of the forest

* *De Vere ; or, the Man of Independence.* By the Author of "*Tremaine*," vols. post 8vo.

of Needwood. We shall extract a portion of the description of this spot, as furnishing a locality for the imagination of the reader to connect with the after events of the story. The description of De Vere's person, &c., may also accompany it, with a view to the same end:—

“ For some yards, each had an undisturbed view of the other; and I was struck with a turn of feature and general physiognomy, in which reflection and reserve seemed at first to predominate, to the exclusion of every thing else. His dignified air gave me the notion of a person of the very first breeding. Yet it seemed not the breeding of London, but had evidently a stamp of its own. Had I been in Spain, I should certainly have saluted him with a ‘*Senor Cavallero* ;’ and I thought of the days of *Gil Blas*. ”

“ There was an interest about the whole manner of this person which I can neither describe nor account for ; so directly did it address itself to the feelings. Before he spoke, the first impression excited was that of great esteem, or rather respect ; but he had not uttered half a sentence before his countenance was lighted up with a play, if not a smile, about the mouth, which amounted to sweetness, and which, added to his voice, and the sparkle of an otherwise melancholy eye, converted one's reverence immediately into liking. But the moment he had done speaking his deep reserve was resumed, and he reminded me of the pictures of the great Prince of Orange, surnamed the Taciturn, who inspired Philip the Second with fear even in the depths of the Escorial. ”

Either our reading or our memory does not serve us well enough to enable us to say whence this last illustration comes. But it is very fine.

“ The evening now overtaking us, our ride was delicious, and we proceeded, not too briskly, though in unbroken silence, till we came to a large park-like gate of seven bars, opening through a rough palisade fence, which stretched across a broad avenue, (for it was too wide to be called a lane) which lay to the left. At this we entered. The trees seemed better timbered, and were more in line than the groups we had left. Every thing was grave and still ; and the loud rebound of the gate in closing upon us, occasioned an echo through woods and fields beyond, which appeared to my then humour peculiarly solemn and pleasing

“ The trees on each side formed the skirts of a forest road, on either hand of which lay a horse-path, over turf of the same elasticity with that which had rendered the open woods so agreeable, spite of even meridian ardors. The dew had now begun to fall ; the green hue of every thing was heightened, and there arose a coolness which was only the more delicious from the contrast it formed to the magnificent heat we had left. The freshness of the scene seemed caught by our horses as well as ourselves.

“ My companion's horse, indeed, began to neigh with pleasure, as I thought, at the agreeableness of the scene, and even quickened his pace, as if by secret impulse, till the trees which lined the road, terminating on the right, let in a fair seat or gentleman's residence, which I immediately stopped to examine.

“ What I at first thought a sunk fence before the house, displayed every thing to the best ; but I soon discovered that it formed part of a moat, which went entirely round the mansion and offices. They stood in the midst of gardens laid out in a very old-fashioned style. Two immense gates of iron, of a very massive pattern, having barbs to their pikes, which had once been gilt, rose at each end of that part of the moat which fronted us. They were flanked by stone pillars of proportionate magnitude ; on the top of one of which, the figure of a boar, cut in stone, supported a shield of arms of ancient simplicity, being quarterly Gules and Or ; while, on the other, a talbot supported the same sort of shield Azure, surmounted with the honourable distinction of a label of three points, and bearing a cinque-foil Ermine.

“ The whole place looked so venerably interesting, that I could not help wishing a longer examination of it ; but what chiefly struck me, was a large, and originally well-shaped obelisk or column, which rose in the open space before the moat, fenced round with iron pikes. It was of yellowish stone, (at least made so with age,) and in many places was crumbled so as to be defaced. On the pedestal, however, was a tablet which had been kept in sufficient preservation to make its inscription perfectly visible.

“ Curious almost to impertinence in these things, I jumped off my horse, (a

movement which my companion did not oppose,) to read the inscription: it was in old characters, rather dilapidated; bore the date 1572, and read thus:

‘ Trust in thy own good sword,
Rather than Prince’s word.
Trust e’en in fortune sinister,
Rather than Prince’s minister.
Of either, trust the guile,
Rather than woman’s smile.
But most of all eschew,
To trust in Parvenu.’

Under the tablet was a device, cut rudely enough, in the same crumbling sort of stone, consisting of the shaft of a column, broken from its base, and the trunk of a tree hollow with age, but from which one or two fresh branches seemed to sprout, with the motto of

‘ *Insuperata floruit.*’

We have given this extract partly on account of the above inscription; which, though seemingly attributed to “Edward De Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford,” who ranked among the minor poets of Elizabeth’s day, is no doubt imaginary; and we regard it as a very skilful anticipatory glance at the after events of the story, the effect of which on the reader’s mind is poetical. It is like the gift of the ancient seers, with whom

“Coming events cast their shadows before;”

or still more, perhaps, like the exquisite overtures to some of Mozart’s and other operas,—in which the chief melodies and *subjects* of the after work are touched upon, in a way to leave a faint impression of their character upon the hearer’s mind, without in the least degree taking from their freshness and novelty when they come in their proper places.

At Talbois, Beauclerk is introduced to Lady Eleanor De Vere, the hero’s mother,—a character which is drawn with a truth and precision of hand that cannot be too much admired. We do not scruple to pronounce this character perfect in its way. There is a sedate and solemn beauty about it, that is touching in the highest degree; and though never for a single instant either departing from, or seeming out of place in, the path of real life, it is fitted to move in the loftiest scenes and situations of the loftiest romance. Here also we meet with Harclai, a very effective and cleverly drawn character, who performs a conspicuous part in the story. He is a sort of humane misanthrope—a person who is induced to hate and rail at mankind by the sheer force of his natural love for them—a kind of prose Jaques,—as fond as *he* was of a forest and an oak tree, but without his gentleness or subtlety, and by no means disposed to imitate him in the particular of being partial to the company of fools.

One other important character is presented to us in this introductory portion of the work—Dr. Herbert, a dignitary of the Church, who had been one of the guardians to De Vere in his youth,—Harclai being the other. This character the author turns to a very marked account throughout the after story, by making him the medium of dispensing that excellent good sense, and those sound practical views of life and society, which form the staple of this whole work, as well as of all the merely moral portion of its predecessor, “Tremaine.” In the after society and intimacy of these and other persons of the work, and particularly of De Vere himself, Beauclerk gains an insight into the past life, and a thorough knowledge of the mind and character of De Vere; and he says, “Can I please myself more, or do better for others, than give a picture of this life and this mind to the world? I therefore proceed to do so; and henceforward the reader is to consider me no longer as an actor on the scene, but as a faithful biographer, whom he may trust as if it were my own life I was recording.” Vol. i. p. 83.

The early circumstances in the life of De Vere are described as of a nature to have almost necessarily impressed upon him the character which marks and modifies all the events of his after career in the world. Born of

the very highest blood, yet left in early youth entirely dependent on the will of a cold and calculating, yet proud, grasping, and ambitious elder brother; he is subjected to all the privations and indignities which such a situation, aided by the envious dislike, amounting almost to hatred, of that brother, can inflict. But amidst all this, and in the heart of that seclusion and almost poverty in which he passes his youth, he perpetually feels himself a De Vere, and delights to cherish and almost pamper that feeling, by pondering on the past glories and honours that have for ages been clustered round his name. He is early and perpetually made to feel, too, the bitter evils of dependence on any will but our own: and hence arises in him that high and honourable love of independence, which ever after becomes the marked feature of his character, and which the effect of these early feelings occasionally forces beyond those reasonable and practicable bounds of which it is one of the chief objects of this work to lay down a sort of chart. At length, however, by the exertions of Harclai, De Vere is placed with a tutor, almost as fond of independence as himself, and who, feeling himself "Passing rich with (little more than) forty pounds a year," can only be persuaded to receive De Vere as a pupil by a benevolent pity for his situation. Here our hero rushes at once, with all the ardour of youth, and all the enthusiastic admiration of a generous and noble nature, into the bright world of books,—from which he had been hitherto even more secluded than from the world of society itself. Having nothing now to depress the elasticity of his spirit, his progress is brilliant; and in the midst of it, his brother dies, and the youthful De Vere becomes most unexpectedly, at the age of seventeen, the head of his house, and the delight and glory of his noble mother, from whose society his late tyrant had hitherto interdicted him.

It appears that in the wreck of the once proud fortunes of the De Veres, the interest in one solitary borough, returning one member to Parliament, had been preserved. The knowledge of this circumstance brings upon the scene the Earl of Mowbray, brother to Lady Eleanor de Vere—an aristocratical common-place-man of the most approved order, who conceives that the judicious management of a borough interest demands and includes the highest possible stretch of human wisdom and foresight, and that he, Lord Mowbray, is the person who understands and practises that management in the most perfect manner. Accordingly, he immediately determines on taking under his patronage and protection the dear and deserving nephew of whose existence he was scarcely before aware, and of kindly preserving his interest in the borough pending his minority, by placing his own secretary in the seat as his *locum tenens*. We have now a long and pregnant discussion between the old friends and the new one of our hero, as to the line of education best to be pursued, in order to fit him for the brilliant career which his uncle's patronage and political connexions promise to open for him. It ends in the sensible Herbert carrying off his pupil to the college of which he is the head; where he very soon shows pretty unequivocal evidence, not only of his fine natural talents and disposition, but of that somewhat intractable spirit which the early events of his life had at least strengthened and confirmed, if not generated, within him.

"At the end of the very first week, he was called upon to read what is technically denominated a theme. Recluse as he had been, this had no doubt its terrors; he, however, addressed himself to it, in all simple straight-forwardness, as a mere duty, and had no difficulty but of voice to fill the hall. Now, it happened that the functionary who presided over this department was sometimes deaf, and always peevish. On that day he was both, and, not quite hearing De Vere, sternly called out from the chair of authority, '*Eloquere aut descendas.*' To the astonishment of the whole hall, the command was instantly obeyed, and the youth with perfect composure advancing from the desk to the high table, surrendered his theme, and quietly returned to his place.

"As this was in the face of the whole college, it was deemed by the tutors an act of most audacious rebellion, and a sort of drum-head court-martial was held upon it, in which it was determined that a formal charge of contempt should be laid di-

rectly before the President. Dr. Herbert was therefore surprised with an address from the tutors in a body against his young friend. The answer of De Vere was simplicity itself; he meant no disrespect; he had spoken out to the utmost of his physical power, and finding he could do no more, he had obeyed the order by descending from the desk, merely as a thing of course. The tutors smiled incredulous at this apparent singleness of heart, and almost urged it as an aggravation of the offence. No young man in the University, they said, was ever so simple; to which De Vere, with a sort of primitive calmness, replied,

“ ‘ If it is simple to tell the truth, I certainly am a simpleton.’ ”

“ The tutors were nettled, but it was more at his self-possession, contrasted with their own anger, than any feeling that he was acting a part; and Dr. Herbert dismissed the complaint. The affair made a noise, was criticised, and the character of the youth differently estimated; but somehow or other, from that time all ranks agreed in giving him credit for great firmness of character; and this character he never lost.”

We need not pursue De Vere's college career further. It however brought him connected, among others, with a person who afterwards figures in a very conspicuous manner throughout the work, and whose character we cannot do better than lay before the reader in the author's own words.

“ Though the principal college friend of De Vere was the nobleman just mentioned, there were others who had a share in his kindness, and, in some degree, in his confidence. Among these, was a gentleman of the name of Clayton; who, though not distinguished by any peculiar talent, and who did not even compensate the want of this by any remarkable suavity of manner, (except to his superiors,) was yet a most remarkable and highly gifted character. For he had an art, perhaps the most useful in the whole circles of arts, the art of rising. And though it must be owned that vanity, even the vanity that attends upon mere fashion, rather than any nobler aspiration, was the original impetus to this, yet such was its force, that he never rested contented on any one step, while another remained to be mounted. This may be noble or contemptible, according as it is managed; and as Mr. Clayton managed it, to some it may have appeared certainly not noble.

“ But never was there such a mistake. The qualifications for rising, as he chose to make the attempt, are of far more difficult attainment than are imagined. The devotion of self to the will of another, the immolation of one's comforts by the total surrender of one's independence—the destruction of one's hours—the sacrifice of tastes, opinions, pleasures, and pursuits,—the not choosing to say one's soul's one's own, when a patron says otherwise; and all this, accompanied by a forgetfulness of one's own family, or those with whom one has set out in the world, and a noble disdain of the good or bad opinion of those beneath us, when we have passed them: all this partakes almost of the nature of greatness; and all this is required to rise in the road which Mr. Clayton thought it best to take to preferment.

“ Yet, as has been hinted, his ambition, particularly at first, was of a strange colour; for it did not so much consist of that honourable aspiration after power which springs from the desire of using it nobly, and which really does make this dangerous passion virtue, as to mix with the great *because* they were great; to be numbered with people of fashion, *in order* to be fashionable, and to be employed on embassies from one titled personage to another, because they were titled. This had a charm for him almost equal to the acquisition of place and profit itself. This last, indeed, was at length the predominating object of his heart; but it was always gilded by the objects first enumerated, if indeed the first had ~~not~~ been the original spring that called his subsequently developed powers into action. In short, Clayton was from nature a tuft-hunter, from necessity a place-hunter, from habit an actor, from disposition a hypocrite.

“ Yet was this character not altogether unmixed with something that, but for his selfishness, might have made him in reality what he often appeared; amiable in feeling, if not just in mind. He was sensitively alive to what is called sentiment: the heroines of the stage drew from him real tears; Roscius roused him in imagination, at least, to the full swell of virtue. He has been seen to weep over Lear, and redden indignantly with Hotspur. A tale well told would electrify him with the passions of the story; in the senate he would catch the fire of the speaker; and in a cathedral, he could melt in rapture to sacred song. But all this could pass in the transition of a moment. The effect, however strong, never surprised him

into one single deviation from his main object. Never, as to this, was he off his guard; if, indeed, he was not able sometimes to make these emotions (according to the character of those who witnessed them) subservient to the point he at the time had to carry. Thus, everywhere true to himself, and master of the great qualities for rising that have been enumerated, let no one presume to despise him."

We conceive that in giving to Clayton this sensibility, and turn for sentiment,—which pursue him to the very end of his career, and do not quit him even when performing the basest acts of treachery and ingratitude to his friend and patron—the author has evinced at once a subtlety of conception and boldness of execution, which show his knowledge of human nature to be of the highest order, and his confidence in that knowledge correspondent. Having completed his college studies, De Vere proceeds to make the tour of the Continent, leaving his new friend, Clayton, not only the guardian of his interest in the borough, and holder of the seat, but also private secretary and confidential adviser of his uncle, Lord Mowbray; and in these situations he finds him on his return,—but with a brilliant addition of connexion and consequence in the world, which his tact and opportunities have enabled him to acquire. This success of his friend at first rouses the latent ambition of De Vere, and he begins to think of at once taking his seat in the House, and joining in those councils, the listening to which so stirs and warms his youthful enthusiasm. But this design did not exactly fall in with the views of either Clayton or Lord Mowbray,—both of whom, it presently appears, are much more disposed to keep in their own hands, and for their own uses, the interests of De Vere, than to let them revert to their right owner.—Here begin, then, the lessons of De Vere, as to the road he must pursue, and the mode in which he must pursue it, if, with his limited interests and appliances, he would succeed in the career of ambition; and in these lessons—admirable as they are—consist a great and striking portion of the merit and value of the work. And moreover, into these lessons the author has contrived, by his manner of setting them forth, to infuse an interest which, in minds a single step removed from the mere vulgar, will scarcely give place to that resulting from the most romantic relation of real or fictitious events. Nothing can be more admirable in their way, for instance, than all the conversations between De Vere and Sir William Flowerdale,—a gentleman who contrives to preserve as much private honesty as is consistent with the due exercise and retention of any "post of honour" but that of "a private station;" and who, in so doing, preserves his place through all changes of all administrations. We would willingly give an example of these conversations: but as they are all of considerable length, and all of nearly equal merit and value, we must pass them over for more available matter.

Another most potent obstacle to De Vere's success in the career of politics now intervenes. He falls in love: and love and ambition are each of them brides that are jealous, and require the whole man. It happens, however, that De Vere's love falls upon an object so situated, that circumstances impel him either to give up all hope of success in it, or else to seek success through the medium of that very ambition from which his love itself would naturally impel him to turn away. Lady Constance Mowbray is the only child of Lord Mowbray, and heiress to the joint wealth and political influence of the Mowbrays and one branch of the Cleveland; while De Vere himself is poor in every thing but honour and a high name. It is, henceforth, the struggle between that honour, carried to a pitch of (perhaps) overstrained refinement, and his humble and absorbing love, which constitutes the main feature of the work, and which gives to it a popular interest that will render it acceptable in the eyes even of the idlest of readers. And this struggle is necessarily kept up by the circumstance of Lady Constance being the cousin and constant associate of De Vere, and the consequent impossibility of his escaping from the influence of her mental and personal charms. We shall refrain from entering into much further detail, as to the mere events of the

story. Suffice it that, until towards the end of the work, they grow out of this struggle, added to the successful intrigues of Clayton to undermine De Vere, not only in his borough, but in the good opinion of his uncle, Lord Mowbray,—whose character permits him to be easily and most satisfactorily persuaded, that no one can be less fitted for his son-in-law, than a young person who conceives that independence and ambition are compatible with each other, and that at any rate, where they are not so, the latter should give place to the former. We have still to notice a most prominent actor in the after events of the story, and on whom the whole *dénouement* of it turns and depends. This is Lord Cleveland, “a magnifico of the first class.”

“The Earl of Cleveland was a cousin, only some once or twice removed from the Earl of Mowbray, who, through his mother, derived a very considerable proportion of his estates from the Cleveland family. Sprung from one of the most powerful and ancient lineages of the kingdom, he ranked, if not first, yet among the very first of the nobility; and to this he added a fortune, which, indulgent as he was to a very magnificent taste, he knew well how to preserve. It was observed, indeed, that however great his expenses, they were all of a personal nature, instruments of his power, or of his pleasures; and that no great public institution, or national establishment, and still less that private charities, had ever benefited by his vast wealth. He was endowed with great and comprehensive talents: had a shrewdness and reach of understanding which few could equal, and which was well turned to account, both on the turf and at the card-table, as well as in the closet, not merely of the minister, but of the highest personage of the realm. This, and a very active propensity to party politics, had made him, though not at present in the administration, all-powerful with the minister.

“It was said, indeed, that he rode the administration (as he certainly did their subalterns) with a hard and heavy curb, which he seldom relaxed, till he carried whatever object he had before him. In doing this, he had not unfrequently changed his line of action, and was court to-day or country to-morrow, with a most fearless contempt of the animadversions to which such conduct exposed him. Nor did this proceed from meanness, so much as from the absolute loftiness of his spirit, which laughed at the fear of offending any one, since to every one he thought himself superior.

“It was whispered that his advances towards De Vere were occasioned by his knowledge of the family interest that was to return him to parliament; being very intent, and losing no opportunity where he could make one, of enlisting young men among his followers. And in this, though of a proud and repulsive spirit, neither birth, nor figure, nor high sense of integrity, such as De Vere’s, were the chief considerations that swayed him; his object being political influence, no matter through whom.

“Thus ambition might be said to have been his greatest passion, had it not held a divided empire with another, which governed him quite as strongly, and, indeed, absorbed more of his time: we mean a devotion to the fair.

“It is inconceivable with what eagerness he pursued this; into how many engagements it plunged him; how many emissaries it forced him to employ, and what expenses—but no! we should wrong his prudence if we did not confess that eager as he was to gratify his wishes in this respect, he never suffered them to surprise him into any thing like what he called a profligate profusion.

“And yet, to speak of the person of the magnifico, an eye observer would look in vain for the graces of Antinous, or the features of Apollo. His features, indeed, were, from nature, unexpressive, and his person far from attractive; so that when we consider this part of his history, and how successful he was in enslaving the admiration of the sex, we are tempted to exclaim with one, who was as observing of nature, as poetical in description:—

* Unseemly man to please fair lady’s eye,—
Yet he of ladies oft was loved full dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen bye.
Oh! who does know the bent of woman’s phantasy?*

“To do Lord Cleveland justice, however, we are bound to own, that what nature

had refused, education and habit had supplied. The loftiness of his mind, ill-directed as it was, had communicated itself to his manner; and this, aided by the air of the court in which he had been bred, had given him an imposing look, and, when he pleased, a dignity of demeanour which seldom went unremarked; so that, on seeing him, you could not help admitting there was the air of a man of quality about him. In short, all fashion bowed to him, and had chosen him for her monarch, and we know what that will effect in a woman's heart. But he had also another property which always makes its way with the sex; that of great personal bravery, when, as had been the fact, either the passion we are upon, or the disdain with which he often treated others, had exposed him to be called to the field. My Lord Herbert (himself a great knight) tells you of a Monsieur de Balagny who was the ugliest man in France. But he was also the bravest, and Monsieur de Balagny was accordingly the greatest favourite with the ladies."

Such was the person destined to be De Vere's rival with Lady Constance; and he is the more dangerous one, inasmuch as the (perhaps) overstrained delicacy and refinement of De Vere, (overstrained, if at all, by the influence of his pride and sense of independence) were perpetually urging him to repress the slightest direct indication which might speak his deep-seated and humble love. It should be observed, that during all the events and changes arising out of the ambitious views of De Vere, and his passion for Lady Constance, another set of events are in the course of proceeding, and are in some measure linked with the above-named, so as to give a unity of interest to the whole. These are the great political changes that are supposed to be taking place, in consequence of the failing health of the premier compelling him to retire from office. This gives occasion to the introduction of another very strikingly drawn character, under the name of Wentworth, who is represented as a man of splendid talents and acquirements, and alone capable and fitted, at the supposed period, to wield the powers of the government, but whose truly patriotic and enlightened views of policy are altogether contemned and opposed by the most powerful party in the state. The intrigues of that party succeed in ousting Wentworth for a brief period, during which he and De Vere make a tour together in the Pyrenees; and here occur what must unquestionably be considered as some of the most charming and valuable portions of the work. These intrigues, however, succeed but for a day; and at the end of the third volume we find the friends returning to England, ready to avail themselves of the happy change which is on the point of taking place in the views of both of them; in the one case, by the unexpected influx of a fortune and influence, which at once put him on a level with the object of his love, and destroy the restraint which had hitherto prevented him from avowing that love and finding it returned in all its force and delicacy; and in the other, by the sheer force of his talents and character, breaking down all the interested opposition which had hitherto kept him out of that power, which he would only consent to accept with unfettered hands.

This hasty and most imperfect abstract may perhaps suffice to give some general idea of the plot of *De Vere*. With respect to the details and conduct of that plot, they afford an almost unbounded scope for the introduction of those sketches of character and manners, observations on life and society, reflections on the qualities, habits, and passions of the human heart, and opinions and feelings in regard to general and particular moral ends and tendencies,—in the setting forth of all which, the author had already (in "*Tremaine*") shown so much skill and judgment. And assuredly, in the present instance he has availed himself of his materials and his powers to a no less valuable and praiseworthy end: so that we can scarcely imagine any class or condition of readers, always excepting the ultra-liberals, who may not be bettered and delighted by his lucubrations. Where, for instance, can the philosophic observer of nature and manners, as they reciprocally act and re-act upon each other, look with better success (except in real life itself) for that bitter-sweet food on which he so loves to regale and pamper his somewhat

dangerous appetite? We should be puzzled where better to direct the ambitious in their inquiries (if indeed the ambitious man ever stopped to make inquiry) as to the true uses of ambition, and the best mode of making it subservient to that happiness which is, and ever must be, the true end of all human endeavours that are directed by a sane mind. As to the lover, where shall we point out a more striking and instructive example of his noble "art of ingeniously tormenting," than will be found in these pages, where two young persons, who are expressly made for each other, and who know and feel that they are so, pass three whole volumes in perpetual and imminent peril of rendering the purity and delicacy of their passion the very means of subverting all its hopes? Even the unworldly among mankind—those single and simple-hearted people who would persuade themselves and us, that happiness is an end, not a means, and that the best way of reaching an end, is by the surest and shortest road—even these will nowhere find (except in their own hearts, perhaps) such touching proofs of the value and virtue of "a contented mind," and its proverbial synonyme, "a continual peace," as in the exquisite episodes of this work, entitled, "The Man of Content," and "The Man of Imagination." And as for the opposite of these,—"the world's true worldlings," even they need not rise disappointed from these pages; since they will scarcely fail to turn to their own account those "wise saws and modern instances" which Herbert and Plowderdale scatter about with so different a view. Finally, even the mere searcher after amusement would be troubled to find it in greater proportion, or of a more piquant and popular quality, than in the numerous scenes from high life with which *De Vere* abounds, and which are drawn occasionally with a fine sense of the ridiculous, and always with a truth of hand that has rarely been surpassed in this class of writing.

That no doubt may be entertained by general readers upon this latter (to them) most important point—we mean the mere amusement with which *De Vere* abounds—we must extract a passage or two: though, to say truth, we do this in any thing but accordance with our own tastes,—since, in doing it, we are obliged by our limits, to pass over matter infinitely superior in every respect, except that of truth of delineation. We extract, almost at random, a passage introductory to the great Fête that is given at Castle Mowbray, on the birth day of Lady Constance.

"Upon their return, therefore, they all took their station upon the terrace, along which the state rooms of the Castle opened, and which was accessible at one end by a flight of stone steps. At the bottom of these, the visitors who approached that way without driving into the great court-yard, alighted from their carriages. The steps of the terrace were lined by a double row of orange trees and citrons, which now, in full fruit, extended themselves to the door of the guard-room, where the lady of the Castle stood with her relations, to receive her guests.

"In truth it was a goodly sight to see the gay company ascending in groups, and moving through odoriferous shrubs and flowers, till they arrived at the most beautiful flower of all, the youthful Constance, to whom having paid their compliments, ceremony ceased, and all was ease.

"It wanted an hour to dinner, and half an hour to dressing-time; and this odd half hour was dedicated to the reception of such guests as, coming from town, or a great distance, were to sleep at the Castle, and dress for dinner. Some of these (as no introduction was expected before dinner-time) remained below; others sought their noble hosts.

"Among these, the earliest arrived (she never failed of being in time) was a Mrs. Oldbury, the whimsical wife of a neighbouring and reverend gentleman, who, from being bookish and indolent, preferred residing in his prebendal house at Lichfield, to either their own mansion-house on his own estate, or a town life. Mrs. Oldbury, therefore, was one of those amiable little aristocrats of a cathedral town, to whom we formerly alluded, as being most exact in enforcing the line of separation between the provincial beau monde of the Close, and the vulgar thriving people composing the trading part of the city. Her husband was a high Tory,

and as firm a political supporter of Lord Mowbray as his disposition would let him ; he was, however, too indolent or too shy to attend his public days.

‘ Seldom at *fête*, ’twas such a busy life,
But duly sent his family and wife.’

“ We have called Mrs. Oldbury whimsical, and surely she was so ; for, being really as we have described her, a woman of respectable rank and consequence, who might have received as a right those attentions from the great and fashionable which really well-bred people never refuse where they are merited, she seemed to prefer suing for them as an alms, by a pertinacity of humiliation, and a too obvious flattery, to which a mere dependant would hardly have submitted. She watched the eye of a person of fashion, with a sort of feline anxiety, and calculated the exact advances or retrogrades in favour which she made, or thought she had made, with those who really were, or assumed to be, higher bred than herself.

“ But a very high-looking personage was presently seen mounting the steps of the terrace, much entangled with his travelling pelisse, which, to Lord Cleveland’s horror, he found to be the counterpart of his own. Colour, pattern, wadding, and above all, the braided Brandenburgs, were precisely the same ; only there having been a hot sun, the house-party rather wondered at its having been worn. Mr. Freshville, the new arrival, declared, however, it had been very cold, and he was glad to put it on.

“ ‘ But how the devil did you come by it ? ’ said the Earl, giving him a finger, rather than a hand ; ‘ I thought mine had been the only one in England, and it came from Paris but three or four days ago.’

“ ‘ Exactly the time of mine,’ answered Freshville ; miming his words, but with an assumption of dignity.

“ The Earl looked displeased, and said he had already found it such an ugly affair that he had resolved to give it immediately to his valet. ‘ It may, however, keep *you* warm enough,’ added Lord Cleveland.

“ Both Constance and her aunt marked this little piece of insolence, but to their surprise, the Marchioness, who with all her rectitude, as it has been hinted, loved a little badinage, where she thought it fair to indulge it, was most diverted with the solemnity of astonishment with which Freshville received it. In fact Mr. Freshville’s pride was cruelly affronted as he bowed his thanks for this speech, which was more mortifying than it seemed : for Freshville, a new man, though of fortune, had made his way into most of the fashionable classes, only by the studied stiffness of his manners. It was not that this was exactly the disposition of his nature ; but having resolved to be fashionable, he had viewed the different roads to that enviable lot, and finding all others pre-occupied, had pitched upon a well-pursued, though artificial fastidiousness, as the best means of success. All his deportment therefore was serious ; he seemed to be governed by rule and line ; his looks, manner, voice, and speech, were wrapped up in a gravity worthy a Spaniard. His dress was always most fashionably exact ; he took snuff with peculiar grace ; and his bow was as if from the height of elevation. The speech of the Earl, therefore, was a blow to him, and a severer one than at first appeared. For whether from his want of pedigree, or want of genius in the walk of ambition he had chosen, he still was at a great distance from the enviable point of supreme *bon ton* ; a distinction higher than mere fashion, of which all, even of the fashionable, are not always aware.

“ But Freshville, unlike many other coxcombs, had made this discovery ; and, as a remedy, he thought, that being admitted to the companionship of the Earl of Cleveland, he could not do better than become the double of that illustrious person. Accordingly, he copied him at least in the fastidious part of his manner, it not being convenient to imitate his *agréments* ; and not only in London, but even in Paris, he employed the same tailor. On the present occasion, therefore, the French operator had only (according to a general order when any thing particularly rich or new had been commissioned by Cleveland) obeyed his instructions ; and hence the travelling pelisse.

“ Lord Cleveland, however, soon resumed his good humour ; for in fact Freshville was his devoted follower in politics, and not only gave him his own vote in parliament, but often aided him in elections,—all which was cheaply repaid by Cleveland, though sometimes in a manner unpalatable to his pride, by suffering his *political*, to give himself the airs of a *fashionable* friend.

“ ‘ I have just received a letter from him,’ said Freshville one day, on the eve of

a ball which Cleveland was about to give at Richmond. 'I wanted to go to Paris, but he says he must have me: indeed, I know he cannot do without me. This is a little unreasonable; but it is a debt of friendship, and I suppose I must pay it, still, it is really a great bore.'

"The sufferance of such language by the Earl, secured Freshville's vote upon every question during the whole of that session.

"A landau now drove up, from which landed a gay bevy of a mother and daughters, who challenged all eyes. These were the females of a family nothing less than Right Honourable. Mr. Partridge, the father, had advanced through a long political life to his dignity of a Privy Counsellor; which, in truth, was enjoyed much more by his wife and daughters, than himself; for it had been bestowed upon him, by way of (not letting him down, but) gently pushing him out of an appointment of value.

"The lady of this gentleman had the *misfortune* (as Harclai once shocked her by saying) to be the daughter of an Irish earl, though nowise connected with Ireland. He called it a *misfortune* pretty much upon the principle of the Lady Lydia Loller, of Addison, whose chief reason for desiring to be sent to the infirmary for bad temper was, that she had the *misfortune* to be a lady of quality married to a commoner. It is very certain, that the inequality of birth and connexions, to say nothing of dispositions, between Mr. Partridge and his lady, occasioned some little mortification to the latter, and a great deal to her daughters; as they, through their mother, looked to be considered among the first ranks of fashion; while, through their father, they were reduced to fear (for they did not confess it even to themselves) that they might be thought a little too plebeian. This must account for the extreme jealousy which both mother and daughters showed, lest their pretensions should be called in question; and, in particular, for a sort of studied and contemptuous distance, at which they all agreed in keeping persons either on a level with their father's family, or any way approaching to rivalry with themselves.

"Both Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Partridge were the great allies of Lord Mowbray, who had more than once entreated their assistance in doing the honours of his Castle parties, and putting the natives (as Lady Elizabeth called them) into good humour with his lordship.

"As, however, her ladyship, and still more, her daughters, were really of extremely high *monde*, and the higher, from being reduced sometimes (for the reasons above stated) to fear it might be disputed, this was a favour not absolutely conferred without sacrifice. Lady Elizabeth, who had points to carry with Lord Mowbray, and was moreover his relation, consented to it with tolerable grace; but her daughters were by no means so complying. For though they liked the Castle parties sufficiently, it was, perhaps, more because they there felt themselves to be members of a privileged few, who could indulge in the exaction of almost divine honours from the many, than because they felt under any obligation to submit their cloth of gold to the cloth of frise of country families. The political considerations which led to it, they were too young to understand, or to care for them if they did. Their mother had indeed given them very proper lectures upon this subject, which they heard with about as much attention, as they heard all other lectures, to which in the course of their education they had been obliged to listen.

"This party had now begun to ascend the terrace steps, and Lady Elizabeth passed through the lane made for her at bottom, bowing to those of her acquaintance whom she recognized, with distant condescension, till she reached the high personages who waited for her at top. Her daughters (two in number) followed her, with a most assured air, seeming to think that several persons who saluted them as they passed, were mere statues, whom it was not in the smallest degree incumbent upon them to notice.

"They were in a very fashionable *deshabille de voyage*, consisting of loose travelling gowns of scarlet, well trimmed and flounced, and clasped with gold. The face of one at least was blooming, and the figures of both tall and striking; of all which advantages they seemed to be fully sensible. There was, however, a difference between them. For, while Miss Zephyrina, the youngest, was sweet seventeen, the eldest, Miss Partridge, was at that uneasy (we had almost said unhappy) age, when the world pronounces a lady's girlhood to be gone, and the patient is not disposed to agree in the decision. What that age is, we dare not say; for it is different in different subjects, and every one must apply it for herself. '*Il n'y a qu'un printemps dans l'année*,' says an old French proverb—and Miss Partridge thought so too; but then she also thought that the *printemps* lasted longer with her than it did with any

body else. In short, that bloom and alacrity of spirit, which render a young girl so charming to herself and others, had left her; and she had not (yet) acquired those other graces, from sense and manner, which, by making a woman more estimable, cause her to be infinitely more attracting.

"Nothing pleased the elder Miss Partridge so much as when she was classed with her sister, under the name of 'the girls.' She was fond of telling stories wherein her father would say, 'Come along, girls;' or talk of his girls; and she was even once known to be civil for ten minutes to a man she had determined to cut, because she heard he had spoken of her as a 'charming girl.'

"These sisters advanced with a quick step, laughing loudly with one another, and staring through their glasses at the persons who made way for them, to the right and left.

"Do Vere, who met their view, was honoured with most radiant smiles; while, as to Harclai, who was standing by him, and perfectly well known to them, they almost laughed in his face. But the attraction of the great magnet, the family party above, increasing (like other attraction) in increased proportion as they approached, they were at last drawn into its focus with irresistible velocity.

"But, horrible to relate! Mrs. Oldbury, whom they had settled in their way down not to speak to, was almost close to them; though, having watched long, and in vain, for their eyes, which were somehow or another always averted, she was forced to console herself as well as she could, by talking to her neighbour, the unpretending and happier wife of the clergyman of Mowbray.

"In time, however, and by dint of most pertinacious endeavours, Mrs. Oldbury succeeded so far as to nestle close to the objects of her envy and admiration, and deprived them of all pretext to avoid returning a part, at least, of the very low courtesy she made them. But having now advanced with an absolute threat of conversation, these daughters of fashion and ill-breeding looked at their watches, and declaring they had not a minute to lose, scudded away to their room to dress; leaving Mrs. Oldbury in possession of mamma.

"Lady Elizabeth, to do her justice, carried off the misfortune with fortitude; and knowing that Lord Mowbray had reason for courting the Oldbury's in the country, as well as that Mr. Partridge had reasons for courting Lord Mowbray in town, she deigned to speak several sentences to Mrs. Oldbury, one of which actually was, 'Is that pretty-looking young woman with you, your niece?'

"Mrs. Oldbury was charmed; and beckoning her niece, she was presented to Lady Elizabeth in all due form. Nor did the high town lady leave it, even here; for looking at Miss Oldbury, with the utmost force of condescending protection, she added, 'I hear you are very accomplished, and play, sing, and dance, as if you had never been out of London.'

"Miss Oldbury blushed, and made a modest retreat behind her aunt, who almost bent double with acknowledgement; when Lady Elizabeth, sidling off to Lord Mowbray, whispered him, loud enough to be heard by Lady Eleanor and Constance, and all but loud enough for Mrs. Oldbury herself, 'There, my Lord, you surely owe me something for that. I think I have complied with your wishes to a tittle.'

"While, therefore, Constance, on the arm of her father, moved through the throng, in order to be presented to her country neighbours, a ceremony which she went through with exquisite grace, the Misses Partridge crowded round the Marchioness and Lady Eleanor; and with the still more powerful support of the two noble Lords, and Freshville, and Clayton, formed a coterie which was considered by Mrs. Oldbury, and others of her class, as the Garden of Eden, which they all would have rejoiced to enter, had it not been guarded by the flaming sword of Exclusiveness, which precluded even the attempt.

"Harclai, however, had more courage, and, presuming on a very old acquaintance with Mr. Partridge, (we will not absolutely acquit him of malignity in the adventure,) broke without ceremony into the circle, and with not very welcome familiarity, inquired of Lady Elizabeth after the health of her husband:—possibly this might have been borne, but he added with sufficient abruptness to be more than very disagreeable:—

'I was sorry to hear he had lost that fine appointment he had. I suppose he considers the Privy Council as a sort of kick up stairs.'

"The provoking coolness, and possibly designed coarseness of this speech, were heightened by his taking out his snuff-box and feeding his nostrils with a most determined air of remaining where he was.

“ Another gentleman now approached the forbidden circle, who occasioned still greater dismay, not only to the Partridge family, but to some of the male wizards who defended it. This was Sir Bertie Brewster, another *ambitieux*, whom Le Sage has described as one of those *bons roturiers*, whom the king converts into a “ *mauvais gentilhomme, par d'excellentes lettres de noblesse.*” And yet, if originality of design and perseverance in pursuing it, can entitle a man to the praise of genius, he was one of the most considerable geniuses of the age.

“ This gentleman, being the son of a great manufacturer of that day, was, for his sins, smitten with the love of great people, and the court. How to get among them, was a question which might have puzzled a less aspiring man than himself: however, his father being dead, his first step was to dispose of all his commercial concerns; his next, to whitewash himself as well as he could by a title. He tried in vain for a baronetcy, but luckily being made sheriff of the county, where, among the potteries, he had an estate, he succeeded for a knighthood. It was going up with an address that first kindled his love for the Court, which he worshipped afterwards like an idol. No levee, or drawing-room scarcely ever took place without seeing him, sometimes in embroidery, sometimes in his militia coat, surrounded by persons of superior rank, not one of whom he knew, much less dared speak to.

“ Here, however, he had a resource which we confess was original, and bespoke that felicitous genius on which we have so deservedly complimented him. For he fell upon the happy expedient of engaging in a sort of make-believe acquaintance, by inducing people to suppose that he saw friends at a distance whom he did not see, and received bows which he did not receive. With these, therefore, he pretended to engage in an interchange of nods and smiles; nay, a “ How do you do, my Lord?” has frequently been heard to escape him in a low voice, as if he could not prevent it, though the noble addressee was (luckily for Sir Bertie) so far off that he knew he could not hear him.

“ But there was another still finer trait in his history, which made us both call and think him a man of genius: we mean the manner in which he acquired the aristocratic Christian name of Bertie, by which he was latterly known. We say latterly, because (believe it who will) the name given him by his plain and primitive god-fathers, was the plain and primitive one of Bartholomew; of which growing ashamed, somewhere about his seven-and-twentieth year, he actually applied to the bishop of the diocese to know whether it might not be changed, and was mortified to be told that no power in Christendom could effect it. He therefore made a virtue of necessity, and remembering that in his extreme youth, the long, old, scriptural Bartholomew had been, *per syncopen*, shortened into Barty, the transition from that to the noble name of Bertie was so easy, that he contrived not only to call himself, but to make his friends designate him also, by that high sounding appellation. He was even knighted by it, by the sovereign, and was so recorded in the Heralds' College when the fees came to be paid: and thus originally vamped up, he was now universally known by the name Sir Bertie Brewster.

“ Upon the whole, this personage reaped some of the benefit which surely his genius and perseverance deserved; for, by dint of his regular appearances at Court, he at least got his name enrolled in those high lists of fame—the lists of the persons who frequented the drawing-room. He even obtained a bowing acquaintance with two or three old lords, one of them absolutely of the bed-chamber, and once had the glory of being serviceable even to the Partridge family themselves. This happened when their coach broke down in drawing up to the gate of the palace, when, alas! no acquaintance was at hand, and it was impossible to get chairs for so many. To complete the ill-luck it rained hard, and the crowd prevented their making their way back. In this emergency, their ill (and Sir Bertie's good) star ordained, that his own fine roomy coach stopt the way. It was impossible not to offer it, and scarcely possible not to accept it, and Lady Elizabeth and two of her daughters were thus conveyed to Berkeley-square in the carriage of Sir Bertie Brewster.

“ We may be sure, a circumstance so joyful did not fail to be blazoned to the world. It appeared in the finest colours of a Court Circular, in all the papers of the next day. What was worse, the incident produced a call of inquiry; cards were left, which Mr. Partridge was forced to return; and, worst of all, Lady Elizabeth was obliged by her husband to send an invitation for her earliest rout, (it was, luckily, when few people were in town,) which Sir Bertie joyfully and thankfully came fifty miles from the country on purpose to attend. 'Tis very true, that none

of the Misses Partridge spoke a word to him, Mr. Partridge very little, and Lady Elizabeth less. But he went early; stayed to the very last; and made himself familiar with the face, air, and dress, of one or two persons of fashion, who happened at the time to be in London.

“Such was the redoubtable person who now approached the females of the house of Partridge, and (to their horror) with all the ease and intimacy of an old acquaintance.

“The young ladies had no resource but to turn their backs upon him, which they did as suddenly, and with as much precision, as a rank of soldiers ordered to face about; so that Lady Elizabeth was forced to bear the brunt of the attack, as she had just sustained that of Harclai.”

It is scarcely possible, under present circumstances, to close our notice of *De Vere*, without alluding to the numerous political scenes and characters which it includes, and to the singular and striking manner in which some of those scenes and characters find seeming prototypes, not only in the present day, but literally at the present moment. The remarkable and momentous struggle for political power which is going on now, while we write, is described in the pages of *De Vere*, as if with the pen of prophecy; and several of the mental qualities and attributes of the principal character who is engaged in that struggle, are shadowed forth with a force and spirit of resemblance, that can scarcely be supposed to result from accident: though the correspondence in regard to mere *events* can only have been fortuitous; since the novel must have been finished many months ago. The truth is, that, in regard to character, the author of *De Vere* has painted,—in the particular instance just alluded to, as in almost every other,—chiefly from what he has seen, felt, and observed. This is one of the great merits of his work, and one from which its chief value arises. *All* the characters in *De Vere* (and in “*Tremaine*” too) are drawn from real life; but none of them are drawn from real persons. And in this important particular, among many others, it is, that “*De Vere*” and “*Tremaine*” differ from, and rise immeasurably above, other productions which have lately attracted popularity. Any painter can make a likeness, and one that almost every body who knows the original shall recognize; but to paint a work that shall possess an historical and moral truth, is a very different matter, and achievable only by a real artist. This is done, not by imagining, but literally by copying, real traits and features, but so putting them together, that though every part shall be true to nature, and consistent with itself, yet the whole shall be an ideal work. And this is what the author of “*De Vere*” and “*Tremaine*” has done in various instances; and, in so doing, has shown his unquestionable title to rank among the true Historical Painters of manners and human nature.

TO LOVE.

★

After the Italian.

OH, Love? e'en in thy happiest hours, thou art
 A troubled dream of restless hopes and fears,
 A scorching fire that feeds upon the heart,
 Blanches the cheek, and fills the eye with tears.
 Ah! but for thee how many a joyous spirit,
 Now crush'd and quell'd, had still been light and free—
 How many a gentle heart, that well might merit
 A happier fate, hath been undone by thee!

L. •

THE OPERA BOX.—NO. II.

Sir Felix Dilletante enters a box on the pit tier, deposits his brown fur-lined pelisse—throws himself indolently into a chair, and takes out his glasses from their case.

Sir Felix. Foregad, a most excellent house! As I live, a most populous pit! Galli proves an irresistible loadstone; and the pert and pretty Fanny seems to have friends. I am all impatience to hear my old Paris acquaintance. Quite sure he must take—so much science, and so grand a voice! What a charming contemplation is an Opera-pit in breathless expectation of a wonder!—the bustle of dandies in the intersecting alleys—the serenely placid composure of elderly musicals who have settled themselves on the second row—the whispers of the cognoscenti—the animation of the ladies in the choice of seats—the rapid increase and concentration of the mass—the final occupation of every inch of room!

Enter the Marquis and Marchioness of Trent.

Marchioness. Ah, Sir Felix! you are a true connoisseur, I see, and are determined to be in time. We ourselves are unfashionable to-night, and mean to hear “*La Gazza Ladra*” from the beginning. The overture, I am told, is very brilliant.

Sir Felix. Had your Ladyship been living twenty years ago, you might have been considered vulgar in coming thus early; but I assure you it is *now* a different matter. Then the pit was never full, at least never to such an excess as you now see. No one thought of taking his seat till about ten o’clock or later. Now indeed all must present themselves early, or they will get no room either for sitting or standing. This, at any rate, is a proof of some improvement in the administration of affairs, for I am loth to think that it is merely the consequence of an advanced state in the musical taste of what is so complacently called “the discerning public.” The fact is, that the *opera*, exclusive of the ballet, is better managed now than it was formerly, when Righi and Mad. Collini were the everlasting hero and heroine of the Dramas which were set to the drowsy music of Guiglielmi and Nicolini.

Marquis. Yes; with poor Colombati shivering and shrieking about the stage.

Sir Felix. Even Billington, Grassini, and Viganoni, in Winter’s delicious Opera of *Proserpina*, failed to attract such houses as we now see. It was that splendid creature, Catalani, who first brought about so alarming and vulgar an innovation on the indolent decorum of the King’s Theatre as a struggle at the pit doors. I shall never forget her first rush upon the stage in Portogallo’s *Semiramide* (a finer work, by-the-by, than Rossini has given us on the same subject) nor her swelling and triumphant and queen-like paces, when she sang the exulting air “*Son Regina*.” She looked as if possessed, not merely by the towering spirit of royalty, but by something even more lofty:—one might have taken her for a vision of Cybele, or an incarnation of the wife of Jove.

Marchioness. It seems to be not the least of Catalani’s achievements that she should have turned our sarcastic friend here into

an enthusiast. Positively, Sir Felix, you are getting quite rhetorical.

Sir Felix. I thought that your Ladyship had sometimes spoken of me as a *preux chevalier*. But the recollection of Catalani always puts me in raptures. Upon her secession the audience relapsed into their old easy and migratory state; one individual would monopolize a whole bench in the pit for nearly an hour, when he would depart either on an excursion to the gallery, to some remote box, or to the labyrinths behind the scenes, secure on his return to the pit to find his original seat, or some other quite as good; and thus it continued even under the united Queenships of Fodor and young Miss Bartolozzi, and the subsequent government of Bertinotti Radicati, notwithstanding the taste of the latter lady for the noble school of Mozart. We should still have the same convenient room, were it not for Ebers's eternal novel-ties, which force every body night after night into the house.

Marquis. Pasta is the chief glory of his administration.

Sir Felix. Certainly. Even Catalani, with all her grandeur, was inferior to Pasta. Indeed, in tragedy, Catalani's chief merit consisted in a certain stateliness and regality.—She could not, like Pasta, penetrate the mysteries of nature, and lay bare to our view the human heart in its simple graces, its sorrows, its weaknesses, its love, its parental yearning, and its untutored dignity. Catalani commanded our admiration; but she had no dominion in our heart, nor did our tears obey her bidding.

Marchioness. We must positively procure Pasta's return, if for no other reason than that she should inspire Sir Felix yet further, and make him write a poem.

Sir Felix. It would be in vain, Madam, I assure you. If female beauty and genius could have transformed me into a poet, your Ladyship knows that I should long since have been a rhymers. My literary propensities are confined to reading, which, I take it, is far pleasanter than writing. Your Ladyship, as a blue, will no doubt be celebrated in "May Fair."

Marchioness. Do tell me, Sir Felix,—have you seen any thing of that poem? What is it like? What is it about? Do you know the author?

Sir Felix. To all your questions, I have only one answer. I must not violate the confidence reposed in me.

Marchioness. Ah! that is all very well, and very diplomatic, Sir Felix; though I really believe that you yourself are the author. But take care what you are about. We shall find abundant means of plaguing you.

Sir Felix. No doubt.

Marquis. One of the pleasantest books I have lately seen, is "The Sketches of Persia."

Sir Felix. Extremely so: you have of course read "De Vere."

Marquis. Certainly. I know Mr. Ward very well, and dined with him last week. Peel tells me that he is astonished beyond measure at the picture drawn in "De Vere," of the present most extraordinary state of the administration, though the novel was written long before the illness of Lord Liverpool, and consequently when nothing of what

has since happened could have been anticipated. Some of the latter scenes of "De Vere" comprise, indeed, a most remarkable prophecy, complete in all its parts. The wonder is in every body's mouth. I questioned my friend Ward, as far as I could venture, in the hope of obtaining some elucidation of the mystery, but he declares that the coincidence is purely accidental, though he admits——

(*The conversation now takes a private turn, and gets rather personal about some of the old Ultras,—female as well as male. We shall, therefore, close the box, and leave the party to the undivided enjoyment of their scandal.*)

The evening of the Twenty-first.—A Box in the Second Tier.—Present, Lady Augusta Manners, Miss Julia De Lisle, the Honourable Euston Cambray, and Captain Birkett.—Time, the Second Act of Pietro.

Birkett.—(*After vehement applause.*) How admirably that duet was executed—*Bravi! Bravi!* I shall never cease applauding, I am so much enraptured. Curioni acquits himself well, and Galli is magnificent—*Bravi! Bravi!*

Lady Manners. Admirably executed indeed. How extremely well Galli acts!—What dignified and majestic feeling! I never saw a face capable of more powerful expression. Did you observe the depth of gloom which overshadowed his brow, after the denunciation of vengeance, by Pietro, in the first act? It was very fine.

Cambray. Your Ladyship may remember comparing him in Fernando to Napoleon. I have heard the same observation made frequently since your discovery.

Lady Manners. I am not surprised. The resemblance in the upper part of the face is very striking. Galli is a very handsome man; not, I confess, of the common order of beauty (of beauty, indeed, he does not possess a particle); but as far as an interesting intelligent marked face goes, which is quite sufficient to authorize my assertion, he is a very handsome man.

Miss De Lisle. I should agree with your Ladyship entirely, if he had not disfigured himself with those frightful *moustaches*, and those most portentous eyebrows.

Birkett. Your's is not an Ottoman taste, fair Lady, in which whiskers are indispensable, and beetle brows of inch latitude a *sine qua non*. Galli, it must be owned, is truly Turkish in that particular. But to pass from his external qualifications, what do you think of his voice, Euston? Do you like his singing as well as Zucchelli's?

Cambray. Much better; and knowing, as you do, my high opinion of the former, you will appreciate my praise. His voice is magnificent. It rises and falls, and swells in its modulation like the waves of the sea. At last it bursts forth in one strong overwhelming gush that carries all before it.

Miss De Lisle. Bravo, Mr. Cambray!—extremely well. What would I give for my note-book? Why you are quite an *improvisatore*. I once heard Coleridge the poet talk of something he had seen much in the same large style.

Lady Manners. Mr. Birkett, you are quite an Opera oracle. What intelligence have you of novelties and debuts?

Birkett. Abundance. A new singer is engaged ; a great beauty, Signora Something Brambilla. She is quite a counterpart of, only handsomer than, Toso. Brambilla is from the same school, the Conservatorio of Milan, and of course a pupil of Banderalli. Puzzi tells me she is an exquisite creature. No doubt we shall have all the town after her.

Miss De Lisle. How delightful ! What will she appear in ?

Birkett. In the Semiramide with Pasta. (At least, so I have heard.) It is now in rehearsal under Galli's surveillance, and will be produced with great splendour.

Cambray. I must say we never had a season of such fulfilment as the present. Ebers deserves great praise. He has difficulties in abundance to encounter : so many people to please ; so many tastes to consult ; my Lady This to accommodate, and my Lord That to oblige ; Signora So and So to engage, and Signor Somebody to arrange with. When engaged, they are all the most captious, rebellious, discontented, caballing set in the world ; giving infinite trouble, and being careless of every one's convenience except their own. The other day, you know, Caradori refused to second Toso, leaving the manager in the lurch with Biagioli, who, by the by, acquitted herself very well in her part ; so well, that it is not easy to find out what we gain by the accession of Caradori. In some of the scenes of *La Vestale*, Biagioli's* singing was of a very fine kind. Indeed much more to my taste than the style of Caradori.

Miss De Lisle. Captain Birkett, is there any truth in the report of Toso being about to be married to Puzzi ?

Birkett. Most undoubtedly ; the thing is settled. It will take place some time, I believe, in the course of next week. What a happy little fellow he must be ! positively I quite envy him. She is such a superb creature :

Toso is music's brag, and must be heard
In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities.

You will find the rest in Comus. I wish she was not quite so tall, for at present there is no looking into her eyes, which are the finest, always, excepting those of Miss De Lisle, I ever beheld, and her *tenue* so extremely proper and perfect, that I cannot sufficiently admire her. What a pet she is of the Countess St. Antonio's ! She seems quite to have adopted her, *chaperons* her—dresses her—introduces her, and all that. In short, they are inseparable. *La Toso*, however, will not be spoiled, for the Countess is a charming person, the best-natured and most amiable creature breathing, to say nothing of her comeliness, which with me, you know, is every thing.

Lady Manners. Well, I trust Puzzi will make a good husband. He has got a treasure. At Lady Flint's the other evening, she was the admiration of the whole room. Worcester never took his eyes off her, and the General haunted her like her shadow.

* Madame Biagioli is, if we are rightly informed, the wife of M. Biagioli, late Professor of the Italian Language in the College of Louis Le Grand at Paris, and Editor of an edition of Dante, with ingenious and learned notes. Madame Biagioli is a lady of very good family.

Miss De Lisle. What has induced my little friend, Fanny Ayton, to go to Drury Lane? For her own sake I am sorry for it, for I fear it will not advance her reputation. I say sorry, because she is a favourite of mine.

Cambray. I know not. She is a little unaccountable thing. *Mais, adieu ! Mesdames,* I have a call or two to make.

(Exit the Honourable Euston Cambray.)

Birkett. Almost all the people one cares to see, are in the Boxes to-night. The beauty and the chivalry of England's capital. Some of the New Administration, too. The new Lady Chancellor in her high Box, removed from vulgar gaze. You agree with me in thinking her a very fine woman—*n'est-ce pas, Miss De Lisle?*—dresses so very well, and has such extremely beautiful eyes, and the darkest of all possible hair. Do you know, I frequently lose my heart to a curl, re-acquire it by a mouth, abandon it again to a chin, and irrecoverably lose it to an eye; especially if it be as large and as dark as Lady Copley's, or Miss De Lisle's.

Lady Manners. Your saving clause was quite requisite, Captain Birkett.

Birkett. What very pretty French hats Lady Augusta Wentworth and her sister wear. I like them better than the Miss Chambré's; both of them, however, are very much to my heathenish taste. I am glad to see the Duchess and the Princess here. They are quite ornamental to the Opera. The Princess Esterhazy looks very beautiful beside her Lord—very beautiful indeed—a monstrous fine woman! Lady Gwydir is ever interesting; one of the most ladylike women in the world. So, the Marchioness of Clanricarde honours us with her presence. What a pensive, pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired creature! Who would not bend the knee to one so sweetly, softly fair? Miss De Lisle, *qu'en pensez vous?*

Miss De Lisle. That she is perfectly beautiful. See, she is chatting with Lord Bristol, whose sweet daughter is sitting near him. What a very pretty creature! as fair-haired as the Marchioness. What a dear little bouquet she has got! Quite a Saxon sort of face. One could fancy her the daughter of Rowena.

Birkett. I can echo your praises, but as the curtain has fallen some minutes, with your Ladyship's permission, (to Lady Manners,) I will just take a peep at the arrangements behind the curtain, and leave the field to the influx of men who are just making their *entrée*.

Captain Birkett takes his leave. A number of Exquisites make their appearance. The subject of Galli's performance is reconsidered; Tosca re-admired, &c. &c. &c. At last, Lady Manners and Miss De Lisle are escorted by their Exquisite friends, through the private room, to their respective carriages.

THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH IN THE PAPAL STATES.*

It was not long after this period a report was spread, that in the burgh of St. Peter there was another woman possessed by a devil. She was supposed to be so because she refused to see the priests, and because she attacked them with blows whenever they had the imprudence to present themselves before her. The curate was sent for, and carried me along with him. On entering the chamber of the supposed demoniac, we found her in bed. As soon as she saw us, she uttered a thousand imprecations against the curate, who ordered the devil within her to lift up the left hand. The possessed woman, however, instead of lifting her left hand, lifted her right, and applied therewith a vigorous blow on the cheek of the exorcist. The poor conjuror was obliged to bear this in patience, lest he should suffer in the public opinion: but he afterwards revenged himself for it in a most cruel manner, as we shall have occasion to see. At last, the exorcist seeing that the devil did not yield to any of his conjurations, and that the woman being in her shift only caused a great scandal to the beholders, he sent for the officers of the Romish vicar, for the purpose of conducting her to the Holy Office. As soon as they arrived, they seized upon her, though she defended herself vigorously, and distributed several blows among them. At last, however, they stopped her mouth with a handkerchief, tied her hands, forced her into a coach, and carried her off to the Inquisition. When the young woman was taken away, the curate turned to me, and asked me, whether, during the time of the exorcism, I had fixed my gaze upon the possessed woman. I replied that I had looked at her. "Did you experience any more than indifference from looking at her?" said he.—"I did."—"And do you not know that in doing so you have committed a mortal sin?"—"I fear I have."—"It is but too true," replied the curate, "and if by chance you were to die now, you would be necessarily and irrevocably damned. Nay, for having looked at that woman a moment in her exposed state with the eye you did, you would have been condemned to gaze upon the devil quite naked during a whole eternity—the devil, I say, whose ugliness is so great, that no serpent, or wild beast, or reptile, or monster, approaches him in hideousness. Know, then, that this woman is not possessed by the devil, though he tempts her to commit those enormities in order to seduce others into sin, as it has happened to you. See what you have gained thereby." I began to cry, and entreated the curate to confess me immediately on our return to our own parish. In short, we were scarcely arrived at the church, when I began to confess; but while he was exhorting me earnestly to turn my eyes away from such sights, there came into my head a very droll idea. I could not help thinking, that if I felt pleasure in looking at the lady, the curate, it was most likely, did not gaze upon her with indifference. This thought was, doubtless, rashly conceived; it was a sin of rash judgment, and of course ought to have been confessed: but how could I venture to mention it to the confessor? Commit a sin in the very confessional! And what a sin! No less than that of conceiving the minister of God capable of committing the same sin of which he was accusing myself! I felt all the enormity of my offence, but did not know how to set about avowing it. After a great many attempts, I concluded by saying to the confessor, that I had still one sin more to acknowledge, but that it was one so great that I did not know how to declare it. The confessor told me to be under no difficulty about acknowledging it, because God, who read our hearts, knew it already, and that it was a folly to blush at relating to a man that which we did not scruple to do in the sight of God. I accordingly took courage, and told him plainly the notion which had entered into my head—that while he was sprinkling that pretty woman with holy water, I could not help fancying that he must have experienced the same feelings as I did.

* Concluded from page 322.

He blamed me for my hasty judgment, and added: "It is true, we are men, and for that reason feeble and fragile; and of course such a sight cannot be quite indifferent even to a priest. But you know that we are all consecrated to the service of God, who assists us in a special and peculiar manner to resist sin." He then gave me various examples of priests and saints who had encountered all kinds of temptations from women, but who, instead of falling, had converted their seducers.

After having thus addressed me, he gave me absolution, and presented me with a chain covered with little spikes of iron. As a penitence for my sin, I was to wear this chain round my waist whenever I went to bed. I put this chain about my body that evening on retiring to rest, but I soon found that the girdle was not the cincture of love. I had scarcely put it on, when the points entered my flesh, and far from being able to sleep, I experienced pains so acute that I was forced to take it off. However, I was not to pass the night without wearing the chain about my waist, and after having profoundly reflected on the means of reconciling the penance imposed on me by my confessor, with the necessity I felt for sleeping, I took some pieces of cloth and wrapped them about my chain in such a way that I could wear it without its pricking me. I felt a little annoyed at my confessor for having omitted to mention to me this method of wearing my penitential chain without feeling pain; but I soon excused him in my own mind, when I reflected that the thing was so plain of itself, that he must have thought me an idiot if he had supposed it necessary to remind me of it.

A short time afterwards having gone again to confess, the first question which the curate put to me was, if I had undergone the penitence which he had last prescribed to me? I told him I had; upon which he expressed great satisfaction, for the penance, he remarked, was rather severe, but that, if he had found I was unable to endure it, he would have softened its rigour. However, since I had been able to endure the pain, it was clear that my strength was equal to it; and that I must continue to sleep with my girdle fifteen nights longer. I assured him I did not at all find the penitence a difficult one; that indeed I did not feel quite at my ease the first time of putting it on, and that, nevertheless, I had slept pretty well; and that now I was habituated to it, and that in fact I did not suffer from it at all. "How is that possible?" cried the confessor: "your complexion and skin seem to me very delicate; then how can it be that the points of the iron have not entered your flesh? Why, such spikes would penetrate even the skins of peasants, which are harder than those of asses."—"They would have torn mine to pieces too," replied I, "if I had not wrapped them up in cloth: without this expedient I should not have been able to sleep a single minute. If I have been able to undergo the penitence, it is to God that I owe it, for he it must have been that inspired me with the idea of wrapping up the chain as I did." The confessor looked at me with anger and astonishment, and cried out,—“What do you call the inspiration of God? Is it thus you style the fraud you have employed to render illusory the penitence prescribed by your priest? Say rather it is the devil who has put this idea into your head. It was precisely because I knew the iron spikes would prick you that I had them put on the chain. Had it not been for this, I should have given you a woollen band, or a silk riband to put round your body. Learn that it is only by mortifying our bodies that we can save our souls.” I begged pardon of him for my invention, and requested him to impose on me a penitence as severe as he pleased, provided that I could sleep at night—a thing quite out of the question with the chain which he had given me. The curate then gave me another penitence, which consisted in lashing my back with a scourge with spikes at the ends. This I was to do every Sunday before going to bed until the blood flowed: I was then to put tobacco and pepper into the wounds which I should inflict upon myself; and this, the priest assured me, was a remedy which was certain to cure them in a very few minutes.

I found from some enquiries relative to the woman who had been exor-

cised at St. Augustine, that she had been a servant, to whom the curate had taught a little Latin, in order that she might make replies in the farce of the exorcism. I also enquired about the other pretty woman, for whom I had had the misfortune to incur penitence, and was informed that after being carried to the Inquisition she still continued to abuse the priests, and was as disobedient as ever to the exorcists: that the inquisitors had made her undergo the torture, in order, as they said, to deliver her from the devil; but finding her incorrigible, they chose to pronounce her mad, and in consequence despatched her to the Strada della Lengana, where the madhouse stands. The poor woman, however, was no more mad than possessed; however, as the inquisitors thought proper to say so, they tied her hands and feet and imprisoned her in a solitary chamber. Seeing how she was likely to be used, she thought it now advisable to change her manner, and assumed an air of the greatest calmness. She talked with the female keeper in the most sensible way imaginable, begged her to remove her chains and grant her a little liberty; assured her that she was not mad, as had been asserted, and that she did not merit nor require such treatment. At first this was supposed to be only a lucid interval; but the keepers of the hospital finding that she continued the same peaceable conduct and talked in the same rational manner, she was allowed the full use of her limbs, and the confessor was assured that the woman might be confessed, as she was now completely cured. The priest at first hesitated to visit her, apprehending a treatment similar to that which the exorcist had suffered; but, being assured of her complete recovery, he ventured into her room. The woman allowed him to enter, and even to approach her; but the instant he began to talk to her, she flew upon him in a fit of fury, and seized him so firmly that it was with great difficulty they could disentangle him from her grasp, in which he had been half-strangled. After an attack of this kind it may easily be imagined that the young woman was anew placed in irons, and treated as downright mad. The female keeper was exceedingly distressed at the error of which she had been the occasion, and asked the woman why she felt such an aversion to priests. She replied, a priest had caused her ruin; that a priest had been the source of all the evils she had suffered, and which she was then suffering; that she was not mad, but that if they did not wish her really to become so, they must not allow a priest to come into her presence, for that she would treat them all in the same manner. The keeper hearing her talk calmly, and being desirous of having an opportunity of examining more at leisure the state of her mind, and of learning the particulars of her story, invited her to breakfast with her, ordered her chains to be taken off, and allowed her entire liberty. The woman, rejoiced to find some human creature who felt compassion for her woes, willingly related her melancholy story.

She was born at Albano, fourteen miles from Rome. At the age of twelve she lost her father and mother, and was left in the hands of a priest called Matteo, who had been the confessor of her parents. The entire object of this hypocrite had been for many years the seduction of the unfortunate girl, who easily fell a victim to his arts. For some years she lived with him in complete solitude, or rather imprisonment, within the walls of a small house; but at length the priest grew weary of her, and having seduced another and a still younger girl, he determined to disembarraas himself of the first, and procured an old woman who was devoted to him, to propose to the girl another lover. She shuddered at the proposal; and her seducer, finding that he could not succeed in his object, treated her with the utmost insult and neglect, and finally deserted her. In her despair she flew to the confessional: there another priest threatened her with irremediable damnation for having been an accomplice in sin with one of the ministers of God. Others came to her house, and inflicted upon her insults of various kinds: at last her anger and despair were taken for demonic possession, and the priest who came to exorcise her, had been treated in the way I had wit-

nessed. She had then been carried to the Inquisition, and from thence to the madhouse.

I ought here to mention that these particulars of this poor woman's history were not known to me at that time; I became acquainted with them afterwards, through the brother of the female keeper, to whom the woman was in the end married.

The reader may judge from what I have stated how completely the minds of the young were imbued by the priests with religious absurdities and prejudices. when all at once the lights of science and of reason, at the time of the French Revolution, broke suddenly on the chaos that overwhelmed the Country of the Fine Arts and the Tomb of Liberty.

All the young men of the time were now anxious to learn the great truths of which they had been suffered to remain ignorant. They absolutely devoured the books which contained them. Then it was that we saw spring up, with a rapidity quite astounding, a striking contrast between our past education and the new doctrines. Then it was that the questions of the licentiate Zapata succeeded to the reading of the Latin homilies, political conversations to our paters and rosaries, military exercises to religious processions, the protection of the laws to the tyranny of the Inquisition, and lastly the philosophers to the exorcists.

My father, who, as I stated at the commencement, was a slave to the despotism of prejudice and early habits, saw with pain the rapid progress I was making in the new principles; and the friendships I subsequently formed with the French still more contributed to annoy him. He had frequently recourse to the fables with which my head had been stuffed while it was empty of good sense; but neither devils nor phantoms, nor the image of Pelagio himself, had any longer power over me: and I believed in no other purgatory but my father's own house, where I suffered all the torments of a martyr on account of my new opinions.

But things became still worse when I was employed in the suppression of the convents, and when I attempted to open my father's eyes to the instances of injustice and oppression which the priests not only authorized but actually committed. So many young ladies cloistered during their whole existence, without any other cause than the ambition of their parents, who sacrificed one daughter to increase the fortune of another, destined to marry some great lord and thus heighten the rank of the family alliances! What a delightful spectacle it was to see these victims of pride and interest tear off the veils they had been forced to put on, with the same transports of joy as the slave casts off his chains! And what a contrast this presented to the old religious ladies, and the prioresses who had exalted themselves into queens, and who now lost all the sweets of the most absolute dominion! What a contrast it was to those priests who had exerted all their sacred influence to condemn a young girl to a convent, under the pretext of securing her eternal salvation, by withdrawing her from the seductions of the world, and who afterwards took advantage of her conscience to abuse their power over her! Unhappily my father saw not with the eyes of the understanding: faith, blind faith alone, enlightened the darkness of his way.

On the departure of the French, the Court of Rome hastened to restore old things, to resume its ancient influence over the minds of its emancipated population, and to recommence its vexatious endeavours to prevent all connexion whatever, especially all secret associations, with our deliverers, or among ourselves; in short, to revive again the "social order" of bigots and serviles. The secrets of families were again sought to be penetrated into. For this purpose the agency of the priests was again brought into action. All the curates, confessors, and ecclesiastics in Rome, of whatever rank, were charged to acquaint themselves with the conduct and opinions of every family in Rome, and of every individual of which those families consisted. Each curate was to have a list of all his parishioners, in order to be able to render an account of their behaviour, and particularly to ascertain if they

were scrupulously exact in performing the duties of good Catholics. If any person neglected his duty at Easter, he was immediately excommunicated; and in that case no one durst frequent his house, lodge under the same roof, nor even look at the individual. This misfortune happened to myself at Easter. I was far from suspecting that the curate of our parish had his eye upon me, and I did not think of going to communicate, when a friend came to inform me that my name was posted on the gate of the church as an interdicted person, and that it was to remain there until I had performed my religious duties. I instantly flew into a rage, and went to the curate: I reproached him warmly with his conduct, and told him that the religion of Christ did not authorize defamation of any individual, especially in a country where prejudice abounds, and where the mob is governed by the most absurd maxims, and false and ridiculous sentiments. I added that I was aware that the curate himself was not the dupe of these doctrines, and that he knew within his own breast that he attached no greater importance to my fault than I myself did.

The curate saw that I was in a furious passion, and thought it best to allow me to speak without interruption. At last, seeing that I waited for his answer, he said with the utmost coolness, "My son, what you have now been saying is quite sufficient to cause your complete ruin, if I were disposed to denounce you to the holy office; but I am too kind to do this; and as I believe that you can with a little reflection see what risks you have run, I am willing for this time to forgive you, on condition that you go to-morrow morning and repair your neglect of the obligations of a Christian. Unless you do this, I tell you plainly that the reparation of your fault no longer depends upon me; for in acting as I have done, I have only obeyed the commands of my superiors, who have rigorously imposed this duty upon me." I began to think that after all the curate might not be so very culpable in the affair: and seeing the necessity of reconciling myself with him, I made him the best excuses I could with regard to the language I had used towards him. The next day I remedied the matter by performing my devotions: but afterwards I got rid of the thing by means of a little money, having become acquainted with several women who confessed very often and carried on a sort of trade in selling the tickets they obtained of the priest each time—a ticket which every parishioner is obliged to show in order to keep in the good graces of his curate.

The circumstance I have just alluded to occasioned great regret to my father. I saw that, in spite of his paternal affection, he was greatly annoyed at my conduct, and that my principles gave him a very bad opinion of me. On my part, I suffered fully as much from seeing him so obstinately attached to his ancient prejudices. Our friends and the priests, who were constantly on his side, annoyed me continually with their sermons. I was, moreover, destitute of employment; all those who had served under the French, being, after their departure, dismissed from their places under government.

All these domestic troubles, joined to the tyranny of the government, and to a state of idleness which I could not endure, made me determine to quit the paternal roof in my own country, and I accordingly proceeded to Naples. It is not my intention here to give the memoirs of my life: therefore I only allude to this journey for the purpose of relating an anecdote which was told me three days after my arrival there, by a person of indisputable credit.

Among all the saints, male and female, who are daily working miracles at Naples, the Madonna del buon Consiglio had been for some time in the highest credit, having recently cured many of the sick, lame, &c. &c. As often as one of these unfortunate persons recovered his health through the benevolent intercession of the favourite Madonna, all the populace flocked to the church in a body, bearing offerings of silver, ornaments, &c. &c. which the servants of the said Madonna never refused, but applied to the purpose of keeping the poor believers in the saint's good graces. It happened unfortunately that in the last miracle she had wrought, an unlucky spectator chanced to recognize in the person of the lame man who was waiting the

cure of the Madonna, the coachman of the President of the Vicaria (one of the tribunals of Naples). Without staying for his miraculous cure, he immediately proceeded to inform his master of what he had seen. He told him that he had met with his coachman in the street, at a little distance from the church, supported upon crutches, and making the most grievous contortions of face; that he had scarcely entered the church when he attracted the notice of all the auditory by the exclamations which he addressed to the Madonna for her assistance; that the curate had approached him and exhorted him to fervour in his prayers and faith in the infinite goodness of the Madonna, and recommended the people to join their solicitations to those of the poor lame man, who pretended to weep. The president, who could scarcely believe the story, left his affairs and hastened to the church of the Madonna, to verify the fact with his own eyes. He had been previously persuaded that the Madonna worked miracles, but he had no sooner arrived at the church than he was undeceived. He saw his coachman, with his arms raised to heaven, and sustained by crutches placed under his arms, making all sorts of grimaces and shedding burning tears. The curate stood near him, and after some prayers he told him to have faith in the Madonna, and to throw away his crutches: the coachman pretended that he durst not deprive himself of their support, but at last he threw them away, and lay down on the ground. The priests present then advanced, lifted up the lame man, and placed him on his feet, of which he made good use in the sight of the astonished multitude to prove his cure. When the farce was over, the curate conducted the coachman to his house, where they ate and drank together in the sight of the faithful. The president in the mean time addressed himself to the minister Medici, to whom he related all he had seen. The curate was immediately sent to finish the digestion of his meal in a prison, together with all his accomplices, except the coachman, whom his master reclaimed. The rogue, being questioned by his master, confessed that he had played the part of a lame man several times, and that the curate paid him twenty ducats a time. However, the clergy employed all their interest to hush up the affair; and as it was not the interest of government to divulge it, the matter was enveloped in mystery. The curate, who had enriched himself by his depredations, set out for Spain, and soon after the miracles recommenced in other churches.

I did not remain long at Naples. After various vain attempts to procure myself some employment, I returned to Rome. I there had the good fortune to meet with a person well known in the higher circles, who treated me with great kindness. He informed me that since my departure all the affairs of government were decided at the house of the Marchioness of V——, and that, if I wished to have any employment, it was absolutely necessary that I should pay my court to her. At the same time he offered in the most obliging manner to facilitate my introduction to her, and the following day he presented me.

It was not long before I clearly saw that the lady in question was in reality the dispenser of the favours of all the great men in place. The first day that I was at her house, I saw there all the mitred adorers of the Court of Rome.

This was a new school of the world to me. I shall not here describe the effect which the awkward attentions of these saintly men to the lady produced upon me, nor the scandal which they caused in the world. I shall content myself with remarking that I never saw such odd-looking personages, with a more comical appearance, or more singular manners, than these sighing adorers. Their drollest appearance, in the eyes of the malicious Marchioness, was when they threw themselves at her feet to catch a glove, which she had purposely let fall. She tormented them with various tricks of this kind, and indeed seemed to feel a malignant pleasure in making them resemble as much as possible a pack of spaniels taught to fetch and carry. For my own part, aided by the counsels of my friend, and seeing that some little attentions on the lady's side authorised me to speak, I at last ventured

to hint to her, that my fate depended altogether on one of her glances. She did not make me wait long; for the following day she had the goodness to send me a note addressed confidentially to the Cardinal Calcagnini, containing a recommendation of me so strong, that it very speedily procured me a place.

I have only spoken of my return to Rome, and of my introduction to Cardinal Calcagnini, for the purpose of relating an anecdote of this prelate, of which the *dénouement* is certainly one of the finest tricks that ever was played off on the ecclesiastical government.

Monsignor Calcagnini belonged to one of the richest and most distinguished families in the country, and bore the title of Marquis of Milan. He was still young when he returned from his travels; and as soon as he arrived among his family, his parents wishing to have a son in the church, cast their eyes upon him. Without consulting his inclination, as is often the case in Italy, they succeeded by means of their influence and wealth to get him nominated prelate, and moreover a considerable place in the law.

The young prelate, who did not much like the trade he had taken up, was not very scrupulous about his duties; and consulting only the tastes which he had received from nature, boldly overleaped all the barriers of decency and public opinion, and began to lead a kind of life more distinguished for its splendour and luxury than its piety. His amiable manners, his information, and his rank, aided by the efforts of those friends who were interested in the continuance of his debaucheries, contributed to turn the eyes of the world from his conduct; and his father, blinded by the desire of seeing a cardinal in his family, furnished him largely with the money which his expenses demanded. He had led this profligate life for a considerable time, and with the most perfect impunity, when a certain Madame Majatti, a young woman of seventeen, and of striking beauty, dazzled the eyes of the youthful prelate. It was well known at Rome that this young lady had already received the attentions of the hereditary Prince of Bavaria, and that he had procured for her husband, through the Cardinal Gonsalvi, a pension of twenty-five crowns per month. This same worthy husband had, after the departure of the Prince of Bavaria, cast his eyes on Monsignor Calcagnini; and hearing that the latter wanted a *maitre d'hôtel*, presented himself at his palace with his wife on his arm. As he required no other recommendation than that of being the husband of so pretty a woman, he easily obtained the place. Monsieur Calcagnini lost no time in declaring himself the *cavalier servente* of his new conquest, and commenced his career of liberality by presenting her with a magnificent equipage, and placing her establishment on a footing worthy of the rank of her benefactor.

In the mean time the public began to talk of the new *liaison* of Monsignor Calcagnini, especially as he was seen daily in the carriage with her, and at her house, without the least regard for public opinion. Nevertheless, in spite of this apparent intimacy, the public was wrong to talk: for Madame Majatti was not a woman to disobey the instructions of her husband, who insisted, as a preliminary, that the Cardinal should settle upon him a pension for life of sixty crowns a month. Upon this the connexion became stronger; and to such a length did the folly of Monsignor go, and his affairs became such under the management of the ingenious Majatti, that Calcagnini incurred the censures of the government. The public scandal became so intolerable at last, that the cardinal vicar summoned Monsignor Calcagnini, and reproached him vividly with his excesses, assuring him that, if he did not keep within due bounds, he would be most certainly punished. But these remonstrances had but little effect on the impassioned prelate. At the same time the curate of Madame's parish summoned her husband before him, and signified to him that if he continued to receive Monsignor Calcagnini at his house, and to authorize the irregularities of his wife, he would be constrained to adopt harsh measures. Majatti, trusting to the influence of the Prince of Bavaria and of Monsignor Calcagnini, treated with as little ceremony as his master the menaces of the curate.

All this interference on the part of the authorities served but to increase the scandal, and as no farther order was observed than before by either party, the Cardinal Vicar in anger determined on adopting more efficacious measures. For this purpose he sent for the Major della Piazza Secca, and ordered him to proceed at ten in the evening to the house of Majatti, to arrest the husband and wife and all who should make any resistance, and imprison them in the new dungeons of the Strada Giulia. The Major did not fail to do his duty, and at the hour appointed went to Majatti's house alone, in order to make no noise. There he found Madame at the piano, Monsignor sighing by her side, and the husband snoring on a sofa. The appearance of the Major surprised them; and all at once asked him what he wanted. But he did not give them much time to ask questions. In a few words he informed them of the orders for the arrest of the interesting couple; intreating them at the same time to make no resistance, in order that he might not be compelled to summon assistance.

Monsignor indignantly said that force should never insult a house which he honoured with his presence: but the Major very speedily made him silent by intimating that, in case of remonstrance, he might share the fate of his *Dulcinea*! He accordingly took the safer way, and departed. The husband attempted to urge his high interest, and his wife shed her more prevailing tears; but all in vain! The cruel Major loved his duty too well to yield.

The next morning Monsignor Calcagnini waited upon Cardinal Gonsalvi to demand reparation of the affront which he had received: but Gonsalvi told him that he could not interfere with the actions of the Cardinal Vicar, and that all he could do was to endeavour to mitigate the punishment of the two Majattis; who were three days afterwards exiled from the Papal states, and took shelter in Tuscany.

In the mean while Monsignor Calcagnini, inconsolable for the loss of his belle, and indignant at the affront which he himself had received, ventured to complain to the Grand Vicar himself; and told him that he considered the treatment of the Majattis, which he had authorized, as an insult offered to himself. This style of complaint, and the haughty manners of Calcagnini himself, offended the Cardinal Vicar to such a degree, that he ordered Monsignor a month's confinement in the Convent of St. Andrew della Valle. This last affront altogether overthrew the patience of the young prelate, and determined him to go to the utmost extremities in order to obtain satisfaction. At the same time he wished to withdraw himself from the power of the Roman government. In the mean while the Archduke Michael of Russia arrived at Rome; and Monsignor Calcagnini thought no means more likely to obtain his object than his nomination to the rank of a superior Russian officer, if he could procure such a favour, through the interest of his friends, from the Archduke. The latter, finding that Monsignor Calcagnini was backed in his efforts by many of the highest nobility in Rome, made no hesitation of sending him the commission of Colonel in the service of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. Monsignor immediately sent for a tailor, and ordered the uniform of a colonel in the Russian army. A short time afterwards he found means of escaping from his convent; and transforming himself into a Russian colonel, he abandoned to the Jews the whole of his ecclesiastical wardrobe, on condition of their selling about the streets every article of his church habits and equipments. He was no longer anxious to hide himself, knowing that he was now under the protection of Russia. But Cardinal Gonsalvi and the Cardinal Vicar took the affair so much to heart, that they sent a message to the ambassador to inform him of the facts of the case. The only answer they got, however, was that his Majesty the Emperor of Russia had granted the rank of colonel to the Marquis of Milan at his own request, and did not care whether he had previously been an ecclesiastic or not.

The Marquis of Milan lived a month longer at Rome, in order to enjoy his revenge, which consisted in making every one laugh at the expense of the sacred college. The persons who suffered most on the occasion were the

unfortunate Jews, who were imprisoned for a long time in recompense for having profaned the sacred habits of an ecclesiastic, by selling them in the streets to their own profit.

A short time after this scandalous affair, the political fermentations which presaged the revolution of Italy, again began to menace all the church institutions. At last the revolution of Naples burst forth; and the interval between it and that of Piedmont furnishes us with only a long list of unjust persecutions, of revolting vexations, and base intrigues springing from the vile agents of Papal tyranny and of Austrian despotism.

My readers know with what rapidity the events of that time succeeded each other, and what was the fate of all those who took part with liberty. Some suffered an ignominious death; others are still groaning in dungeons; and those who had the good fortune to escape the gaoler and the executioner, are now wandering over the earth, and suffering all kinds of privations.

BRUTUS BEFORE PHILIPPI.

It is the high midnight,
No solitary star
Casts through the gloom a languid light
Upon the fields of war,
Where sleeping soldiers lie,
Who shall not sleep again,
And the night-clouds sail sullenly
Over the armed men.

The lonely sentry stands
Leaning upon his spear,
And thinks of scenes in distant lands,
And wishes day-dawn near;
The camp hush'd fearfully
Seems dreading day begun,
As guilty prisoners doom'd to die
Dread the returning sun.

But he the daring chief
Is in his tent alone;
No sleep his senses brings relief,
His living sleep is done,—
His dream of liberty
Is well nigh pass'd away,
His hopes from aspirations high
Must all be quench'd to day!

His silent lamp is dim,
His soul is steep'd in thought—
Will home and freedom be for him,
Or must he drink the draught
Of Cæsar's slavery—
Of a vain victor's chains!—
Shall fortune from his standard fly—
What then for Rome remains!

That was an awful hour!—
Earth's freedom on it hung—
He felt what language hath no power
To put into the tongue:

He felt no selfish fear,
 For he with Rome could die ;
 But Rome's unborn in throngs appear
 Before his fancy's eye.

He sees the Cæsar play
 The tyrant's antic game,
 Sees patriots led in yokes away
 To bend the neck of shame :
 Yet wherefore should he fear ?
 Victory may still be his ;
 His cause is by the Gods held dear—
 Perhaps by the Destinies.

Around him as he sits
 The canvass walls wave slow,
 As with a breeze that intermits,
 And yet no breezes blow.
 He slowly lifts his eyes,
 A phantom form is there—
 A sister of the Destinies
 With horror-striking hair.

"Who art thou—what the sum
 Of thy commands on me?"
 "I am thy evil Genius come
 Again to gaze on thee."*
 "'Tis well!" the chief replied ;
 The phantom pass'd away—
 And Rome with iron hands was tied,
 And Brutus died that day !

PARENTAL SOLILOQUIES.

SCENE I.

No. —, Berkeley Square.

The Marquis of Gormantown's dressing-room.

Hour—half-past eleven at night.

The Marquis, solus (in a purple silk douillette—slippers—his neckcloth thrown aside—holding with both hands his left leg crossed over his right knee, eyeing stedfastly an expiring fire, and after a sigh saying)—

LET me think—it is now six years since poor dear Lady G. left me the sole charge of my three girls, and here they are still, and as far as I can see, little hope of their getting off. No man in decent circumstances has thought about them even! and as to the other ragamuffins whom they are pleased to encourage, I count them for nothing; I have done my best to understand their dispositions, and to ascertain their capacities—have had Velluti for Margaret—Prout three times a week all last spring for Georgiana, and two courses of Foscolo for Anne—

* The writer has used a little more licence here than the story in Plutarch will bear him out in doing, blending the two appearances of the spirit together.

never grudge them a box at the Opera—and the last to propose coming away from the balls—in short, I have discharged every duty of a father, and yet cannot get my children off my hands!

First, there is Margaret—an excellent girl, but people don't seem to find out her value. What can be sweeter than her voice, prettier than her figure, more enlivening than her hearty unrestrained laugh; yet there she is, still helping to crowd the family-coach, still coming upon me for 150*l.* annually of my small income, pinched enough as it is; and I begin to despair now, for she has got into her head a wild sort of romance about Charles Borradaile—that reckless young fellow, who goes on drinking and doing all that is most unmarital, without giving a spark of thought to Maggy; well, she is a good girl though, and I wish I could see her at the head of a good establishment—(*After looking round to see if the newspaper is on the table, rings the bell*) I cannot think why they will not leave the newspaper alone.

(*Enter Sampson.*)

Lord G. Sampson, I request you will not be in such a hurry to take away the Courier—bring it here. (*Sampson goes out—while he is absent, Lord G. continues in the same position, occasionally patting the calf of his leg.*)

(*Re-enter Sampson with the newspaper.*)

Samps. The *Currier* was in Lady Margaret's room, my lord.

(*Exit Sampson.*)

Lord G. What can the girl want with the Courier! She was not at dinner to-day, and her sisters said she had a bad head-ache. I should hardly have thought poring over the cramped type of a newspaper the best cure—(*After putting on his spectacles, casts his eyes over the paper*) Whew! what have we here! (*reads*) “Married—Friday—special licence—St. George's—the Hon. Charles Borradaile, of the Scots Greys, to Miss Fortinbras, only daughter of the rich jeweller of that name.” Well, this explains poor Madge's loss of appetite—(*After a short pause*) On the whole I am very glad of it. Now she will see the ill effects of attaching herself to a young scapegrace like that—a pennyless fellow too! Much luck I wish him with his rich bride—what a service of plate the fellow will have out of the shop! I hope now she will have the good sense to look out for some suitable partner for herself. I think Castlemaine would not be sorry to take her—he is an oldish chap, to be sure. I remember his coming to Westminster just before I left it; but then I understand his property is in admirable order, and altogether I think he would make her a capital husband. I'll ask him to dine here next Saturday. (*Here Lord G. changes his position, by putting down his left leg, and leans back in his chair.*) As to Georgy, I never could make any thing of her; she is far too high-flown for me—talks of marrying no one to whom she is not sincerely devoted—a parcel of stuff. I can tell her she won't get me to join in her devotion! (*Lord G. gets up, and takes two or three turns in his room, and then resumes the position described in the opening of the scene, excepting that his right leg is now crossed over his left.*) I always thought Anne a sensible girl; and though she is the least well-looking of the three, I think she will make the best match for herself after all. She doesn't study political economy for nothing, I suspect. I have long thought she has some little plot of her own for catching

young Brinkelmann; I heard her the other night overpowering him with metaphysics—he listening in profound incomprehension of what she said, and in equally profound admiration of her learning; for I hear he is determined to have an *intellectual* wife:—well it is perhaps going rather far into the city for a husband; but still, when his father wound up his accounts the other day, I hear 900,000*l.* in the three per cents. was one of the items of his balance, and that will buy out most of our pedigrees. I am sure Anne is a sensible girl:—well, I see the fire is out, I may as well go to bed.—(*The Marquis walks into his bed-room, puts out the candle, and gets into bed.*)

SCENE II.

No. —, Harley Street.

Lady M'Taggart's Drawing-room.

(*Lady M'Taggart having ordered the carriage to come round, is waiting in seeming impatience, ready dressed to go out.*)

Lady M'T.—If they are so long, upon my word I am sure my dear little Augustus will think I am going to cheat him to-day. I long to see the lovely boy. What a sweet little dear it is! I haven't set eyes on him for a fortnight. Amongst all the boys at Mr. Clarentini's, I don't see one that comes near him in point of looks. To be sure, he is rather short of his age, but then the dear child has so much natural elegance about him, such charming quickness of manner too, never at a loss for an answer, ay and a pretty sharp one too; but then, to be sure, we do give him every possible advantage in the way of education. Quite the very highest people send their children to Monsieur Clarentini's: there is young Lord Garnton, and the Duchess of Greenwich's three boys, and the little Fitz-Orvilles. Oh! I am sure that is the way to bring up a boy well, and to teach him to be familiar with high company. Sir Alexander wanted to have sent him to a day-school in the Regent's Park! but I wouldn't hear any thing of the sort; nobody does that, I understand: No! no! I know better what is the right thing than all that. Besides I couldn't think of doing otherwise, after what passed last spring at Lady Merionville's, when that dear Duchess, in her sweet familiar way, said, "Now, Lady M'Taggart, mind you send your boy to Clarentini's, it is the only place." Poor Sir Alick doesn't understand those things; but I will say for him, he has too much good sense to think of doubting my judgment in them.

Well! (*looking at an enormous plum-cake upon the table, carefully packed up in white paper, and directed to Master M'Taggart, at Mr. Clarentini's school, Fulham, with Mrs. Carraway's kind respects*) my housekeeper is a thoughtful soul. She is so attentive to that dear child. What should I do without her! I must not forget what she reminded me of about Augustus's flannel waistcoats, that he must have them cut by degrees, and not leave them off all at once. How the dear boy will enjoy his cake! to be sure, Madame Clarentini told me that he ate all the last I took him himself, and was not very well afterwards; and then that odious young Rumbold teased him so about

it! I wish that boy would leave, and then dear Gussy wouldn't be mauled and pulled about so as he is. Big boys are always so boisterous! I begged him always to complain to Madame, whenever any of them plagued him. Well! I wish the carriage would come, for I want to leave my name with Lady Trentham in my way.—(*Here the carriage is announced.*)

SCENE III.

Wilmington Vicarage.

Archdeacon Pottinger's Library.

(*The Archdeacon in a gouty chair, his legs wrapped up in flannel.*)

Archdeacon P.—Well, I suppose in a few days my two boys will be home from Cambridge for Christmas. I expect to hear from their tutor this morning. As to Pelham, I suppose we shall only have a short glimpse of him, for he must go back at degree-time. Ah, he is a steady fellow, I have no anxiety about him; ay, and a clever one too; he is sure to do well; and then he is to succeed me here—1200*l.* a year is a pretty snug thing to begin the world with. Not just yet, I hope though. Ah! what a deuce of a twinge that was! (*Here the equilibrium of the Archdeacon's Christian endurance is so completely disturbed, that he communicates his agitation to the writing-table, so as to overturn the inkstand, and to spill the ink upon the John Bull newspaper.*)—But then his younger brother William Pitt, I don't feel so easy about; he has no great turn for mathematics, and there is no getting on at Cambridge without them. To be sure, the bishop has promised me that small living of Ashdown for him; but that will be but 400*l.* a year, when the tithes are forced up to the utmost. I made some favour of giving my vote to the Solicitor-general at the last election, and they say he is a likely man enough to be chancellor! Well, I shall make no bones of asking for something, if he is.—(*The Archdeacon's servant brings in the letter.*)—Ay—there is the Cambridge post-mark, I see. Now for some tidings of the young academicians.—(*Reads.*)

— Coll. Cam.

Dear and Rev. Sir,—It is with great regret that I communicate to you that yesterday Mr. Pottinger jun. met with an accident which is likely to confine him to his room for some weeks. Having imprudently ventured in one of those dangerous vehicles called tandems, he was overturned near Barnwell, in consequence of the foremost horse having taken the alarm at some object in the road and refused to obey the control of the reins: Mr. Pottinger jun. was precipitated to the ground with considerable force, and sustained a severe shock in the shoulder, but dislocation did not take place. I am afraid that it will not be possible to give Mr. Pottinger sen. an *exeat*, as the time for going into the senate-house so nearly approaches; he is by no means master of his Euclid, and is so backward in his algebra, that I fear he will have great difficulty in obtaining his degree.

I am, dear Sir, with much respect, your faithful servant,

THEOPOLIS CAPPERSON, senior tutor.

P. S. I shall shortly trouble you with the quarterly college bills of

the two Mr. Pottingers. I think it right to mention that Mr. Pottinger sen. has in the course of the last term drawn upon me for 50*l.* over and above the regular allowance which you wished him to receive.—(*The Archdeacon drops the letter, being seized with a violent paroxysm of the gout.*)

SCENE IV.

The corner house of Russell Square.

Door opens into — Street.

Mrs. Serjeant Frampton's bed-room.—(*a rushlight burning, and Mrs. Serjeant F. sola, sitting up in her bed.*)

Mrs. Serjeant F. Heigho! it does not signify, but I cannot get to sleep! Ever since the Serjeant has been on the circuit, I have been in constant anxiety about our Alicia—I am sure she will be off some of these days with young Collinson! What a thing it is to have only one child: I half think sometimes that it would be better to have none at all:—to think of the trouble this dear child has given us first and last! For the three first years after she was born I didn't feel sure that she wouldn't turn out to have a decided squint—and even now I think she has a kind of a cast—nothing disagreeable though—and then the Serjeant took it into his head that she would stutter!—and now after all the pains that we have taken, and all the care with which we have watched her, she wants to throw herself away upon this idle fellow! He is only just called to the bar, and of course can't make any thing for years to come; besides, I hear he never did any thing whilst he was a pupil; for he was in Mr. James Field's chambers, and I made Mrs. Field ask her husband about him—and he says he didn't learn a word of pleading with him—and the Serjeant tells me no young man can get on at the bar who is not a good pleader. Let me try and remember where it was that Alicia first became acquainted with him—(*a pause—Mrs. Serjeant F. nods as if drowsy*)—I think it was at the Solicitor-general's—or was it that day that we dined with the Chaff-Wax?—(*another pause—Mrs. Serjeant F. nods again*)—or, perhaps, at Mrs. Prothonotary Long's?—(*Mrs. Serjeant F. imperfectly drawling out the last name, drops into a gentle sleep.*)

SCENE V.

No. —, Old Broad-street.

Messrs. Gosmauchick, Furbish, and Co.'s Counting-house.

Mr. Alderman Gosmauchick's Private Room.

Quarter past ten A.M.

Mr. Ald. Gosm.—(*looking at his watch*)—I cannot think what makes Furbish so much behind his time this morning. I begged him to be punctual too; for I am in such a hurry to strike our bargain about my Heleonora and his Halgernon—they'll make a pretty pair, for he is a steady lad that, and a stylish-looking young fellow too.

Well! I'm sure a man has no slight job in 'and that 'as seven children to look hafter and to think about—not but what I can come down pretty

'ansomely for hall of them, but still I likes to do the thing genteel—why—there was Sir Christopher Blossom married his heldest girl last year to Lord Happleby—why, the wedding was well enough, to be sure, but the thing wasn't done helegant, to my mind—now my notion is, the morning that Heleonora is to be turned off, to slip a draft for 10,000*l.* between two slices of bread and butter, and lay it in her plate at breakfast—this I mean to be heextra, and after that, I think Furbish can't say I 'ave'nt hacted 'ansome by him.

I suppose we must hask the 'Obbses to the wedding—(*Here the alderman is interrupted by the entrance of his partner Mr. Furbish, with a large roll of papers indorsed.—Draught of Murriage Settlement of Algernon Furbish, Esq. with Miss Eleonora Gosmauchick.*)

SCENE VI.

Clare Street, Clare Market.

(*Mr. Andrew Richie, the Tobacconist, sitting in his back parlour, with a glass of toddy before him.*)

*Mr. Richie.—(his lane.)—*Weel, weel—I sall may-be no leeve to see Bonny Cupar again, but I wuss to insteell intil Jock's mind the propriety of his aye keeping up a regular correspondence wi' his aunty Jean in St. Margaret's Wynd. I'm thinking the auld lass will hae some to gie awa, and she maun be near-hand upon seeventy-four—at ony rate, she has the yaird down by the road gaun to St. Aundrews, which was never defeeshent in berries—very fine berries they had used to be, too—and then wha kens but she might mak owr to Jock that very house in the Wynd—weel duve I mind the house, though it will sune be saxteen year past sin' I was there!—wi' that bonny Jargonelle pear growing up forenent Baillie Thoms's gable—mony a cauld night hae I walked up and down before the Baillie's house to see if my Effie, puir Jock's mither, would come out for a bit crack wi' me. I did nar dar' speer for her, for the Baillie was a dour body—Ou! he's a canny lad that Jock—he's just a perfect comfort till me, and now that he's gaun to be a flesher, I've na doubts that he'll be a thriving man. He's nane of your wild stramashing chields—na, na! he gangs to the kirk baith fornune and afternune as constant as ony of the elders themsels, forbye whiles attending the exerceede in the evening:—I dinna mind of the day when I could say that I hae seen Jock ony-ways fou—'deed he is a wise-like lad; and that lass that he ca's his Sall, and that he's aye gaun a-courting, is a weel-faurd lass and a weel-guided yin too—it was but yestreen the puir fallow said to me wi' tears in his een,—“Indeed, father, if I could but marry my Sall, and had a corner-shop, and three South-downs to begin with, I should be a tight little covy!” I wuss the lad didna speak wi' siccan a rank English accent. But ae thing I am sure sertin of, and that is, be his language what it wull, Jock will aye speak the truth and shame the Deil!

A CANADIAN CAMPAIGN, BY A BRITISH OFFICER.—NO. IV.

IMMEDIATELY after our capture, and as we passed along the American line, the whole of their Indian force, consisting of about a hundred men, and the first we had hitherto beheld in the enemy's ranks, suddenly appeared before us. With the knowledge we possessed of the Indian character, their utter disregard of all authority, and the almost impossibility of restraining their barbarous usages, there were few of the officers who did not expect to experience in themselves a repetition of those atrocities of which they had more than once been pained and unwilling spectators. Much to our surprise, however, instead of warriors with eyes expressing a thirst of blood, and hands upraised to wield the murderous tomahawk, we beheld a body of men, on whose speaking features might be traced the deepest sympathy and commiseration for our fate. Several who had been at Amherstburg previous to the war, and had had daily opportunities at that period of seeing both officers and men, smiled and nodded their heads in token of recognition as we passed, and the general conduct of the whole, as they stood calmly leaning on their rifles, was confirmatory of the fact long since conveyed to us, that the services of these men, under the American banners, were entirely compulsory; they having been reduced to the necessity of preserving the lives of their women and children, detained as hostages in the United States, by an appearance of devotedness to the cause of a people for whom the natives have ever entertained the most rooted and unqualified aversion. Notwithstanding this fact, however, it would be an injustice to the character of General Harrison not to state that every precaution had been taken by himself, and that any attempt at the wanton destruction of prisoners would have been visited by him in the severest manner; so that had the Indians even evinced a hostile bearing towards us, the conviction of their being rendered completely subject by their numerical inferiority to the American power, must have had the effect of curbing, if not wholly repressing, their natural ferocity—an advantage, which for the sake of humanity it is to be regretted we never sufficiently possessed, since it will be recollected that the warriors attached to our division were more than trebly superior to us in numbers, and many of them taken from those wild and ungovernable hordes which knew no law but their own will, and held the whites, both friends and foes, in the most sovereign contempt.

The officers were received by General Harrison and Commodore Perry, who had volunteered his services on this occasion in the capacity of aid-de-camp to the American commander, with a politeness and cordiality which, while reflecting credit on themselves, proved no less gratifying to their prisoners. Our troops had not tasted food during the day; a circumstance of which General Harrison was no sooner apprised than he caused several bullocks to be instantly killed and distributed. Neither the victors nor the vanquished were in possession of a single tent; and as the evening drew on, enormous fires were kindled in the forest, around the principal of which we remained grouped during the night, squatted like savages on the ground. Large pieces of meat were thrust on pointed sticks, and held before the fire until sufficiently warmed to be eaten without inconvenience, and these, unaccompanied by the luxury either of salt or bread, were devoured with no common appetite, the young Aids-de-camp of the General kindly officiating as cooks, and supplying our wants in succession.

The American bivouac was kept in a state of constant alarm during the night, by repeated slight attacks on the part of the Indians, who, although dispersed in the first instance, were speedily enabled by their familiarity with the woods to reunite in small bodies, and renew their desultory warfare. At a late hour a detachment of horsemen that had been despatched by the governor of Kentucky in pursuit of General Procter, returned in undisguised ill-humour at the ill success attendant on their mission. Mounted on an excellent charger, that officer had fled early in the engagement, and was consequently at the outset much in advance of his pursuers; but encounter-

ing numerous obstacles in the baggage-waggons and gun-carriages which obstructed his passage into what is called the Twenty-four Mile Wood, at a distance of five leagues from the scene of action, he had not made much progress in the deep heavy road by which it is intersected, when the Kentuckians appeared at its skirt. Despairing, however, of eventual success, as their horses had become incapable of much farther exertion, and deeming the fugitive considerably more in advance than he actually was, they here relinquished the pursuit; and after plundering the waggons, returned to the main body of the army. Fortunate was this circumstance for General Procter, since the Kentuckians had sworn his destruction; and General Harrison assured us that, however deeply he might have deprecated and lamented the act, no quarter would have been given him. Impressed with a false idea that the several cruelties inflicted on their countrymen by the Indians had ever borne the sanction of the officer commanding at Amherstburg, the irregular troops composing the majority of the invading army had resolved on his death; and as they had the tacit, if not avowed sanction of their butcher-like governor and immediate commander, the hero already alluded to, the authority of the general-in-chief would have been utterly disregarded.

Among the number of those whose deaths the Americans were most anxious to avenge, was a Captain Hart, a native of Kentucky, and an universal favourite. This officer had unfortunately perished in the affair of the 22d of January at Frenchtown, but whether during the engagement, or subsequently in cold blood by the Indians, was a question which could not be satisfactorily decided. The Kentuckians obstinately maintained the latter. On retiring from the field with his prisoners, General Procter had been compelled to leave several Americans, too severely wounded to admit of their being transported to Amherstburg, in one of the block-houses, which had been so gallantly defended, and a small party of militia were left to protect them. These, however, were too feeble to oppose any resistance to the large bands of Indians returning from the pursuit and slaughter of the discomfited enemy, who proceeded to fill up the measure of their cruelties by the destruction of these ill-fated men. The block-house was set on fire, and most of those within perished in the flames. Such, the Americans declared, had been the end of Captain Hart; and the vengeance they had vowed to take on him whom they conceived the author of this calamity, was at once summary and severe. Another individual devoted to their wrath, was Captain Elliott of the Essex Militia, a gentleman long resident at Amherstburg, whom they unjustly accused as having been accessory to this melancholy catastrophe; and we subsequently heard his own brother, a captain in the American navy, and the second in command of their fleet in the action of the 10th of September, declare at a public dinner-table, that, in the event of his brother falling into his hands, he would be the first to apply a halter to his neck! Had he or any of his countrymen been aware of the circumstance of my having a pair of boots on my legs at the moment with the name of Captain Hart written at length in the lining, they might have been disposed to render me the same service as one equally implicated in the transaction; and so strong was their feeling in this particular instance, that to have accounted for their being in my possession, by stating the fact of their having been purchased from one of the Indians, into whose hands the whole of the baggage belonging to General Winchester's army had fallen, would not, I am persuaded, have been considered a sufficient plea to prevent the infliction of some personal violence.

During their return to Detroit, the army continued to be harassed by the Indians, who, anxious to avenge the death of their favourite chieftain, hung upon the American rear, and, although incapable of making any serious impression, occasioned them some loss. Wearied with fatigue, and nearly exhausted with hunger, we at length reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Mackintosh, on the Canadian shore, and nearly opposite to the American fortress. This gentleman, the first in wealth and respectability as a merchant, had some years previous to the war married his eldest daughter to an Ameri-

can residing at Detroit, the son of an officer of rank, much distinguished throughout the revolutionary contest. This connexion naturally served as a guarantee for the preservation of his property ; and while we beheld on every hand the most cruel traces of devastation and wanton destruction, effected by the hordes of irregulars, even during our short absence, the flourishing fields and rich establishments of Mr. Mackintosh remained unharmed. The hospitality of this gentleman had for a series of years been experienced by the officers successively stationed at Amherstburg, many of whom had been received into his family on the most friendly terms—an intimacy which had recently terminated in the marriage of his third daughter with Lieutenant Troughton, commanding the artillery attached to the right division. Placed in the singular position of having two of his children united to subjects of powers in a state of active hostility, serving on the same theatre, and under his own immediate observation—to have beheld one a prisoner beneath the banners of the other must have excited feelings of a very contradictory and disagreeable nature. This mortification was, however, spared to Mr. Mackintosh, Lieutenant Troughton being one of the few who escaped. His young bride had preceded him some days previous to the affair ; and after having, in common with the other officers' wives, endured every species of privation and difficulty on the road, finally succeeded in reaching the centre division with the remaining fugitives in safety. With a kindness in no way diminished, either by the change in our position or the presence of several American officers of rank quartered on his house, Mr. Mackintosh received and welcomed us to his table, endeavouring to make up in attention what circumstances and the occasion caused to be deficient in convenience. After having been provided with an abundant repast, we found a large field-bed prepared in the principal drawing-room ; and here for the first time since the commencement of our retreat, did we enjoy the luxury of a few hours of undisturbed repose. While seated round the large blazing fire, which threw its cheerful beams along the walls, as if in mockery of the bleak October wind that whistled against the casements, we essayed to divest us of some portion of our apparel. No small difficulty was experienced in the attempt to free our long-imprisoned legs and feet ; the latter being much swollen with constant exercise, and identifying as it were with the elastic substance. All were, however, finally successful save myself. Neither art, effort, nor perseverance availed me aught, and Captain Hart's boots, like avenging spirits, clung to my aching limbs with ill-boding pertinacity. Yet of the danger incurred by their possessor, in the event of discovery, I was too well aware, not to employ a final and efficient means. A penknife drawn, though not without some risk, from the extremity of the foot to the top of the leg, divided the tenacious leather, and compelled it to yield the guardianship of my feet to a pair of large ammunition-shoes, which I had picked up the day after the action among the scattered remains of our plundered baggage. This point effected, my next precaution was to burn that part of the leather which bore the fatal name, in order that it might not be brought forward at any future period as "damning proof" against those in the neighbourhood of whose dwellings the remaining relics might be found.

On reaching Detroit, we found that the route intended for the march of the prisoners into the state of Ohio was that of Fort Meigs. The officers, having pledged their parole to General Harrison, were suffered to take the advance, mounted on pack-horses provided by the American government. A few only, reserved for the Sandusky route, were embarked in a small vessel of war, and conveyed to Put-in-bay Island, where we had an opportunity of seeing our friends on board the different ships of the squadron. Captain Barclay was still confined to his bed by the severity of his wound, and the number of sufferers scattered throughout the fleet was much greater than we had anticipated. Of the fury with which both parties had maintained the contest, there was sufficient evidence in the crippled state of the larger vessels, which still lay with masts, guns, and

cordage encumbering their decks, and affording a melancholy proof of the enemy's superiority in weight of metal. On the second morning of our arrival at this island, after having taken on board such of the naval officers as were not prevented by the severity of their wounds from performing the journey, we continued our course for Sandusky Bay. We had nearly made the spot intended for our disembarkation, when one of those dangerous and sudden hurricanes, peculiar to the lakes of Canada during the autumnal months, drove us back under bare poles to the port we had just quitted, and along the sheet of foam with which the broad expanse of water was literally covered. At length we finally separated from our companions in misfortune, and after a few hours' sail were enabled to cast anchor in the bay, where being immediately landed, we were conducted to the fort of Sandusky.

During our stay at this place we had full leisure for examining not only the defences of the fortress, but the various positions occupied by our troops during the assault; and the result of our observations was, that an attack on a stockade work of this description, without the aid of ladders, must inevitably entail discomfiture. The nature of the fortification, and the manner in which the enemy were protected from our fire, may be judged of from the fact of their having had only one man killed in the affair.

That which most excited my own immediate attention was the ground occupied by the left column of attack, consisting chiefly of the light company of the 41st, to which I was then attached, and which having forced their way to the very batteries of the fort, had consequently sustained the greatest loss. My escape from the ravine, where we had continued so many hours, was truly providential. When the order for retiring was, in order to deceive the enemy, given in the Indian language, it was immediately explained by several interpreters present with the grenadier column on the right, and conveyed by them in a low voice to the remaining divisions. Covered by the brow of the opposite eminence, they followed the course of the ravine in safety, until they emerged from the defile, at a distance sufficient to admit of their forming unperceived by the enemy. Nearly all the men of the light column, having received the order, had retired with the main body; but those on the extreme left, having been separated from the line by the brushwood and other obstacles they had encountered in the ascent, remained in utter ignorance of what was passing on the right; and such was the caution observed in retiring, that neither the enemy in the fort nor ourselves could distinguish the slightest sound to justify the supposition. It was now half-past nine o'clock. We had continued since half-past five lying extended on the wet ground, where the mud was ankle-deep, and most of the men were chilled with cold. At this moment we heard, though indistinctly, various orders given in the direction of our encampment, and then only did we surmise the fact of the troops having been withdrawn. In this belief we were speedily confirmed, by hearing a command issued in a suppressed tone of voice in the fort, to open the sallyports. Perceiving that no time was to be lost, I proposed in a whisper, which the rising ground prevented being overheard by the enemy, that we should brave every risk, and attempt our immediate retreat. The men, however, refused to move, until the moon, which was then in the first quarter, and reflecting its beams every where but in the bed of the ravine, was set, or should be obscured by some passing cloud. Leaving them to their fate, I therefore prepared to effect my escape alone, and immediately in front of the fortress; but notwithstanding all my caution, I had not advanced many paces, when I stumbled over the dead body of a soldier, who, after having received a mortal wound, had evidently crawled on his hands and knees to rest his bleeding form against a clump of bushes, and had died in that singular position. The noise occasioned by my fall put the enemy once more on the alert; and as the moonbeams reflected on my arms and regimentals, I had no sooner ascended the opposite side of the ravine, than the whole front of the fort was lighted up with their fire.

Not an individual, save myself, was exposed to their aim, and the distance did not exceed fifty paces; yet, although the balls whistled round my ears in every direction, and hissed through the long grass with which the plain was covered, I did not sustain the slightest injury, even though a second volley was fired after the interval of half a minute. On reaching the spot where the columns had been originally formed for the assault, I found that my retreat had been well-timed, for the troops were already in motion towards the boats, the guns having been previously embarked. In that which contained my provision-basket, I discovered a few bottles of port wine, which had arrived that very morning from Amherstburg. This was indeed a luxury that I would not at the moment have exchanged for a throne; and so thoroughly exhausted was I with hunger, thirst and fatigue, that placing a bottle to my parched lips, I did not abandon it until the whole of its contents had been emptied at a draught. The effect was instantaneous, and I lay in the bottom of the boat all night enjoying the most delicious moments of repose I recollect ever having experienced. When I awoke at a late hour on the following morning, a mild September sun was glancing its golden rays along the tranquil bosom of Lake Erie, in the centre of which our boats were all assembled, and gliding along its surface with a speed proportioned to the vigorous efforts of the rowers, the men alternately singing and indulging in rude jests, reckless of the comrades whose dying groans had assailed their ears a few hours before, and evidently without care or thought for the future. Every individual of those who had refused to accompany me were made prisoners by the American party despatched through the sallyport.

Some difficulty was experienced at Sandusky in procuring the means of conveyance: at length, however, on the morning of the third day, mounted on miserable pack-horses, scarcely able to sustain their own weight, and tottering at every step beneath their additional burden, we commenced our route for Chilicothe, the place selected for our detention. A single officer of infantry composed our escort, and he had been appointed to the service chiefly with a view to protect us from insult, and to procure lodgings and other accommodations on the road. To describe the fatigue and privation which we endured during this tedious journey, would require more time and space than it is my intention to bestow upon this narrative. The rainy season had already set in, and scarcely a single day passed by without our being literally wet to the skin. Our route lay through an inhospitable tract of country, consisting alternately of gloomy forest and extensive savannah, the latter often intersected by streams fed from the distant mountains, and swollen by the unceasing rains. Sometimes a solitary hut, vying in filthiness with the beings by whom it was tenanted, afforded us shelter for the night, but more frequently we found that repose which absolute fatigue and exhaustion ensure to the traveller near the fires we were compelled to kindle in the forest. At length our jaded animals, slipping at every step, and threatening momentarily to sink beneath their efforts to advance, brought us to Fort Wayne, the object of our expectation in the autumn of the preceding year. Here we were provided with fresh horses, but of the same miserable description: their backs cruelly galled by the ill-stuffed saddles, and their ribs almost protruding from beneath their hair-divested hides, the appearance of these unfortunate animals was pitiable in the extreme; and few of us on leaving Fort Wayne entertained the slightest doubt of their sinking successively beneath us before our destination could be gained. The rain still continued to fall, and during the latter part of October and the commencement of November we never once beheld the sun. Many of the officers were without great coats, having been plundered of every thing, as well by the followers of the division as by the enemy themselves; and although we each possessed a change of linen, during the whole journey we had no opportunity of having any thing washed, so that in a short time we were infested by vermin, which gave the finishing stroke to our calamities.

Still we proceeded on our journey, and through a country of the same character with that we had previously traversed. On one occasion we found ourselves stopped by a river of considerable depth, the bridge of which had been broken down by the torrent. No other alternative remained than to swim our horses across, or run the risk of their breaking their legs in the interstices of the bridge, which had partly sunk beneath the surface of the water. The former was after due deliberation adopted; and lots having been drawn, the first attempt devolved on Lieutenant Stokoe of the Royal Navy.* Spurring his horse into the current, this officer with much difficulty reached the opposite bank; but, unable to effect a landing, was thrown from his seat in consequence of the violent struggles made by the animal, and, with one foot fastened in the stirrup, lay for some moments in imminent danger of perishing. At length, after much exertion, he succeeded in disengaging himself, and, clambering up the steep, soon drew his horse after him. This experiment being considered too dangerous for repetition, we decided on effecting our passage across the bridge; and owing to the caution we observed, no accident occurred to the horses—a circumstance peculiarly fortunate, since we could have found no means of supplying our loss. After several weeks of tedious travelling through this dreary region, some few traces of civilization and cultivation were perceptible, and we finally beheld the banks of the Scioto. On the opposite shore of this small river stands the town of Chilicothe; and after having for the last time committed our steeds and persons to the water in default of a bridge, we found ourselves at the termination of our journey, overcome with lassitude, and in a state which might have caused us to pass for any thing rather than British officers. The party which had taken the route of Fort Meigs was already arrived, and with it the troops of the division.

At Chilicothe I was singularly fortunate in meeting with a gentleman who, in consideration of some distant branches of my family with whom he was acquainted, exercised the rites of hospitality in my favour to the fullest extent; and it is with peculiar satisfaction that I find myself thus enabled to express my obligations to Henry Brush, Esq. for the uniform attention paid me during the few months we were suffered to retain our liberty on parole. No sooner was he apprised of my arrival, than an apartment was prepared and appropriated to my service, a cover daily laid at his table, and his horses declared at my command. In short, no individual in the character of a prisoner of war had ever less reason to inveigh against his destiny. This ray of sunshine was, however, of short duration. Soon after the arrival of the Sandusky party at Chilicothe, the officers captured at the Moravian village were, in consequence of an order from the American government, despatched to Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, those of the naval party alone being suffered to remain, and, through the influence used by my kind host, my name was included in the list of the latter. At the moment when we began to reconcile ourselves to our situation, and to appreciate the attention paid us by the more respectable inhabitants, an order suddenly arrived for our close imprisonment. This unexpected measure owed its origin to the following circumstance. Among the prisoners taken at the affair in which the lamented General Brock lost his life, twenty-three men, recognized as deserters from the various regiments in Canada, had been sent to England, and subsequently tried and convicted. The execution of the sentence had, however, been deferred. The American government was no sooner apprised of their impending fate, than, acting on that system of naturalization which, in defiance of every principle of equity, would preclude the hitherto undisputed right of nations to punish their criminal subjects, they caused an equal number of British soldiers to be kept closely confined to answer as

* This gallant officer has since fallen a victim to his enterprising spirit, having perished in Africa while forming one of an expedition destined to explore the source of the Niger.

hostages for the safety of the convicted deserters. This unjustifiable proceeding was followed by the seclusion of twenty-three commissioned, and an equal number of non-commissioned American officers, and retaliated by them in a similar manner ; so that finally nearly all the officers of both parties were deprived of their liberty, and liable at any moment to answer with their lives for the apostacy of three and twenty individuals America should have blushed to claim as subjects of her republic. That the threat of retaliation would have been carried into effect by the government, it is scarcely possible to believe, since, exclusively of the blot such a proceeding must have imprinted on their character, the disproportion of prisoners was greatly in our favour, as well in regard to rank as numbers ; but we had too much reason to apprehend, from the unqualified hatred manifested towards us by the populace in the states of Ohio and Kentucky, that the will of their rulers would have had little effect in restraining the ebullition of their rage, had the original sentence been carried into execution. Let it not be imagined that this idea arose simply from surmise, or had its being in the vague apprehension of men who, more immediately interested in the result, might be deemed ready to admit the agency of fancy in their impressions of impending evil. Several gentlemen estimable for their rank and character in these states, warned us, during their occasional visits, of the fact ; and with every opportunity of ascertaining the public feeling, they communicated circumstances which left us no reason to find that their fears for the result should be disregarded. Our sensations in consequence were not, it will be imagined, of the most pleasing or enviable description. The common gaol of the town had been fixed on for our abode, and we were distributed into two small rooms in an upper story, communicating with each other, and containing each ten persons. During the day they were left open, but carefully locked and bolted at night, and sentinels were posted in the corridor into which they opened. The height was upwards of sixty feet from the ground ; and through the strong bars with which the windows were furnished, we beheld others pacing to and fro and exercising their vigilance so far as to direct their attention repeatedly to our rooms. Thus guarded and unprovided with instruments of any description whatever, we had no hope of effecting an escape ; while, to crown our misery, Fortune had thrown us into the hands of a gaoler of the most ruffianlike character. On one occasion, in consequence of some trifling misunderstanding with an interpreter who had been confined in the adjoining room—a man remarkable for the mildness and forbearance of his nature,—the wretch inflicted so severe a wound on his head with a ponderous key, as to cause the blood to gush forth with extreme violence. When visited by the officer of the guard, a complaint was preferred by the injured man ; but the liberal republican, with true patriotic feeling, justified the act of his countryman, and concluded by threatening a repetition of the punishment.

We had now been some time in this disagreeable situation, when a project was formed which promised to throw a more favourable colouring over our destiny. The whole of the captive division, including the seamen, and to the number of fifteen hundred men, had been confined, since their arrival, in a fortified camp erected for the purpose on the skirt of a wood adjoining one of the suburbs of the town, and were guarded by a considerable detachment of regular infantry. These noble fellows were no sooner apprised of the ignominious fate with which their officers were threatened, than with the generous devotedness characteristic of their respective professions, they deputed two sergeants who had been suffered to communicate with us on subjects relative to the clothing of the men, to express their determination to effect our liberation or perish in the attempt. Accordingly, the following plan was adopted, and fixed on for execution at a certain day. At midnight, or some hours later if found necessary, the men were to rise and overpower the guard, and having secured them, and possessed themselves of their arms, to separate into three distinct parties. The first of these, headed by one of the deputies, was to advance on the prison, and having effected our libe-

ration, to hasten to the boats on the river, which the second division was to have secured, while the third, patrolling the streets in silence, was to prevent the inhabitants from assembling and impeding the operations of the first. This scheme, hastily adopted from the circumstances in which we found ourselves placed, was at best a wild one, since, had it succeeded in all its primary stages, we must have been eventually destroyed in descending the narrow river of the Scioto, by the fire from the numerous riflemen the enemy would have collected on the first intimation of our departure. We were then, however, sanguine of success, and none paused to consider the difficulties that awaited us after our liberation, in the heart of an enemy's country, where ammunition and provisions were alike beyond our reach. We spoke of our descent of the Mississippi from the Scioto, and the Ohio, and our final reception on board the English fleet we knew to be cruising off New Orleans, as a matter of course, and discussed our meditated movements with all the confidence of the soldier, but certainly with little of the prudence or foresight of the general. Such was the plan decided on for our escape; but, while awaiting the completion of the necessary preparations, a circumstance ludicrous in itself, yet alarming in our actual position, threatened to blight every hope by which we had lately been sustained. One morning about daybreak, the noise of workmen was distinctly heard beneath the windows of the room in which, covered with a solitary blanket, and huddled together without order or ceremony, we contrived to enjoy a few moments of repose. One of the party immediately jumped up, and running to the window, beheld a number of men engaged in the erection of a scaffolding. The exclamation wrung from him by the sight, drew us all to the spot, and then, indeed, we might be said to have experienced the sensations of men who behold for the first time, and without a hope of reprieve, the gloomy preparations for an ignominious end. The predominant sentiment with us was, however, less regret for the existence we considered ourselves about to forfeit, than rage at the idea of having surrendered ourselves prisoners of war to an enemy capable of violating every principle of justice, for the sake of shielding a few perjured and despicable criminals from the laws of their offended country. In this state of cruel suspense, we continued until nine o'clock, the hour at which the bolts of our prison were usually withdrawn for the day, when the explanation given by the gaoler dissipated our alarm. The scaffolding was erecting for the purpose of sinking a pump for the use of the prison; and the indistinct view we had obtained of the construction through our bars, had given rise to an error which afforded subject for much subsequent pleasantry.

At length the much wished-for day fixed on for the execution of our enterprise arrived, and we arose, as we fondly hoped, from our couch of misery, for the last time. To persons in our situation, it may easily be imagined, the hours appeared to move on leaden wings, yet we doubted not an instant of a favourable result. Fate had, however, ordained otherwise. At four in the afternoon, while yet partaking of our wretched meal, the trampling of horses' feet, and a confused sound of drums and voices, drew us suddenly to the window, and in a few minutes we beheld the governor literally armed to the teeth, a rifle on his shoulder, and accompanied by a numerous staff, riding up at full speed. We were for some time lost in astonishment and unable to account for this singular appearance; but a clue to the mystery was soon afforded by the entrance of an American officer, who, leaving his guard in the corridor, advanced into the outer room accompanied by a formidable cyclop, bearing certain insignia of his trade, with which we could very willingly have dispensed.

For the better insurance of success to our enterprise, it had been found necessary to admit two individuals in the town into our confidence—certain essential and preliminary arrangements remaining to be effected. These gentlemen were of the federal party, and entered into our views with a willingness which gave every fair promise of a favourable issue. We had been rather intimately known to them prior to our confinement, and with

their sentiments, both political and private, we were well acquainted. The measures necessary to forward our undertaking were faithfully executed by them, and on the morning of the night which was to give us to liberty as we fondly imagined, nothing of a preparatory nature remained to be done. Seized however by a sudden panic, and anticipating the consequences of a discovery of co-operation with the enemies of their country, they resolved to elude the danger they feared by a voluntary and unreserved disclosure of our intentions to the governor of the state, who resided in Chilicothe. This was accordingly done, and the active and precautionary measures consequent on this alarming intelligence, had given rise to the bustle and tumult which assailed our ears from without, and carried disappointment and despair to our hearts.

This latter information was conveyed to us by our new visitor, Lieutenant Harrison, of the 19th infantry, a gentleman whose name I feel peculiar pleasure in recording, who now proceeded to communicate the disagreeable duty with which he was charged, and which the equipment of his forbidding attendant, armed with a hammer, anvil, and about twenty pairs of handcuffs, sufficiently explained. With a tearful eye and in a faltering tone, did this gentleman intreat us to lose sight of the man in the subordinate, and to believe how much it pained him to be the instrument selected for the purpose. Such an indignity, he said, he deplored being compelled to offer to British officers; but he trusted that with men to whom the rigour of military duty was familiar, the public act would be forgotten in the expression of private feeling. The delicacy of such conduct was felt by all, and we hastened to assure him of our grateful sentiments in return. He then desired the man to proceed to the execution of his office; and in less than an hour, the hands of the whole party, myself alone excepted, were fettered with irons, which the rough and malignant-looking son of Vulcan seemed to feel no little satisfaction in applying. On inquiry, I learned that I had been excepted at the express desire of Colonel Campbell, commanding the troops at Chilicothe, from whom the order had emanated. For this favour I felt that I was indebted to my kind friend Mr. Brush, but as I had little inclination to be exempted from a participation in the fate of my companions, I expressed myself to that effect to the American officer, requesting at the same time that he would impart to the commandant, who was the colonel of his own regiment, the utter disinclination I entertained to owe him any thing in the shape of obligation, while my brother officers were manacled as felons.

On the departure of the officer, we had full leisure to reflect on the hopelessness of our situation, and we inveighed not a little against the defection of our American friends, though, in fact, our own folly alone was to be taxed in having made the subjects of a country so interested in our detention accessory to the design. These reflections, however, finally yielded to a feeling of mirth excited by the ludicrous appearance we exhibited stalking about the room like spectres, and deprived of the usage of our arms, and we began to enjoy the panic partly visible to our eyes, and principally ascertained from our gaoler, from whose account it appeared large bodies of the inhabitants were already assembling to the sounds of the alarm drums and bugles. The guards and sentinels of our prison had been doubled at the first rumour, and the militia of the adjacent country were flocking in to strengthen the troops intrusted with the security of the men. It was not until a late hour in the night, that these warlike preparations appeared to be completed, the rolling of the drums frequently breaking on our ears, as we lay extended on our blankets, to which, after a close examination of our apartments by the gaoler, followed by an unusually careful application of bolts and keys, we had long since consigned our aching limbs.

In the state of utter helplessness to which my companions were reduced, we found the advantage of the exception made in my favour, since I was thus enabled to perform many little offices which the brutality and remissness of the gaoler left us no hope would be attended to by him. Three

days had now elapsed since the visit of Lieutenant Harrison, when the situation of the sufferers had become irksome to a degree. Not once during that period had they been permitted to throw off their clothes, or perform their customary partial ablutions; and when they descended to the court, which was rarely and but for an instant, a sentinel followed with his bayonet extended, and within a foot of the prisoner. Their hands and wrists had also become extremely swollen by the compression of the irons, and the extremities of the fingers of several were discoloured with the quantity of blood propelled to those parts. Under these circumstances, I wrote a polite note to Colonel Campbell, detailing the several inconveniences sustained by my brother officers, and requesting that he would cause the fetters to be removed under the inspection of an officer, and merely for the time requisite to clean their persons and change their linen. To this communication I received a negative reply, couched in the most positive and unfeeling terms. I immediately wrote a second, expressive of our united sentiments in respect to his conduct, which I had no doubt would have brought down the wrath of the generous commandant on my head; but no notice whatever was taken of the letter. Finding it vain to expect any relief from this quarter, we adopted an expedient which answered all the intention proposed. With an old knife, we contrived to divide the nails by which the irons were riveted around the wrists, and substitute others of lead, a small quantity of which article one of the naval officers happened to have in his havresack. The relief afforded by the removal of the fetters, which was only effected by stealth, and at those moments when we considered ourselves free from interruption, was grateful to all, though the fingers were so much cramped by the extended position in which they had been kept, as to render it difficult and painful to move them. The leaden pins had been blackened to imitate iron, and as the sleeves were carefully drawn over the wrists, the deception could only be discovered on a minute examination. Thus were the officers enabled not only to enjoy some little cessation from suffering, but to attend to the comfort and cleanliness of their persons, an advantage for which they certainly were not much indebted to the humanity of the public authorities of Chillicothe.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring?—sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Ev'n as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south-wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call—
Spring, the Awakener! thou hast burst their sleep;
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours
And pencilling the wood-anemone;
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring?
 The human heart with all its dreams and sighs?
 Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
 Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
 Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art—
 What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much!—We know not well
 Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
 What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
 Gush for the faces we no more shall see!
 How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
 By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
 Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
 Past words of welcome to our household door,
 And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
 Spring! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
 Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the Dead!—why come they back
 With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
 —Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track,
 Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
 Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
 Breathed by our loved ones *there!*

F. H.

A NARRATIVE OF AN ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF
 MONT BLANC,

By H. H. Jackson, Esq., Sept. 4, 1823.

[Allusion having been made in one of our former numbers to Mr. Jackson's ascent of Mont Blanc in 1823, that gentleman has kindly favoured us with the following account of his hazardous undertaking.]

HAVING left Geneva without the least intention of attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc this year (1823) owing to the lateness of the season, I was totally unprepared for it, in every way but that of having been much in the habit of walking. My dress consisted merely of nankeen trowsers, and a jacket of the same materials. I had a knapsack with me, containing linen and other necessaries, sufficient for any pedestrian enterprise less arduous than the ascent of Mont Blanc. On my arrival at Chamouni, I heard such a favourable report of the state of the snow upon Mr. Greenwood's attempt about three weeks before, that I thought it advisable to avail myself of the present favourable opportunity for accomplishing my object, rather than wait for the next year, when the difficulty of passing the glacier might be much increased. For this reason alone I resolved to make the attempt now; and as the season was rapidly advancing, I was anxious not to lose a moment more than was necessary to make my arrangements. I had debated a short time in my own mind, whether I should wait the result of the new moon, which would take place on the 4th, and which frequently has an effect on the weather; or whether I should start immediately and take my chance. I decided on the latter course;

and perhaps unfortunately, as I should have had a much finer day to have gained the summit and enjoyed the prospect from it; had I deferred my departure for twenty-four hours.

Having determined, however, to make the attempt immediately, the first thing to be done was to procure the best guides. I wished very much to have had some of those who accompanied Mr. Clissold in his ascent last year; particularly Marie Coutet, who has generally been the leader in these expeditions. But it so happened, that not only Marie Coutet, but every other of them was engaged out of Chamouni. However, though I failed in getting exactly the guides I wished to have had, I must say, in justice to those whom I did employ, that I have no reason to find fault with one of them; and that I could not have been better provided, if I had had the choice of all the guides of Chamouni. Their names were:

1. Alexis Desouassous, aged 29, who had been to the summit twice before, and had made several other attempts, the last of which was that with a party in 1820, which was fatal to three guides; he was not present when the accident happened, having returned to Chamouni from the Grands Mulets with one of the party who refused to proceed. This man was generally my captain; to cut holes in the ice, prepare the road, and prove the strength of the bridges.
2. Joseph Charlet, aged 47 years, was the next. He had been to the summit, but not lately. He had accompanied Mr. Greenwood in his late unsuccessful attempt.
3. Anselm Trouchet, aged 38; commonly called Trouchet le Grand.
4. Jean Pierre Tairraz the younger, aged 37.
5. Simon Desouassous, cousin to Alexis, aged 27.

These three last had never been to the summit. My agreement with them was this: If we reached the summit, they were each to have sixty francs. If we only succeeded in getting as far as Mr. Greenwood had done, which was within about three hours of the summit, they were to have forty-five francs; and if we should be unable to ascend higher than the Grands Mulets, they were to have only thirty francs. This agreement was, I think, fair enough, considering they must be occupied at least two days, and possibly three; besides which there certainly was a chance, however small, of their losing their lives, and leaving their families bereft of every resource. Upon my return I made each of them a present of an additional five-franc piece, with which they were all perfectly content.

Having engaged guides, the next thing to be done was to procure clothes somewhat more substantial than those I had lately worn. With these M. Charlet, the master of the Union hotel, was so good as to accommodate me. He produced a pair of thick cloth trousers, a double-breasted woollen waistcoat, with long sleeves, to wear over my shirt; a sort of spencer made of the strongest cloth, which served as a surtout; two pair of very thick woollen stockings, which are quite indispensable, one being required for walking, and another for sleeping; and a pair of cloth gaiters, which are also indispensable to button over the trousers. With shoes I was provided. It is necessary to have one very strong pair, studded with large nails, particularly at the heels;

and another dry pair to put on at night. Two pair of very warm gloves are also quite necessary ; because those worn in the day generally get wet, and would be uncomfortable at night. A pair of green spectacles and a green veil are also highly needful.

We took with us provisions for three days, consisting of bread, meat, cold fowls, cheese, butter, wine, brandy, vinegar, &c. and this in pretty good abundance for six men in high health and vigour. Other articles necessary to be taken were, two blankets, a long sheet for a tent, a saucepan to dissolve the snow for water, ropes about fifteen feet long, to secure each other in passing dangerous places ; a hatchet for cutting steps in the ice and frozen snow ; and for each of us a pole about six feet in length, with a spike in the end. It is unnecessary to take any kind of fuel, as a sufficient quantity of dry wood to make a fire may be picked up before crossing the glacier. I much regret I was not able to procure in the village either thermometer or barometer ; Marie Coutet was the only person who possessed any thing of the kind unbroken, and he was not returned. I made enquiry of every other person without success ; and was therefore obliged to ascend without either.

Having made my arrangements, I desired my guides to be in readiness to set off the following morning at five o'clock, if the weather should be favourable. Accordingly at five in the morning, Sept. 3d, they were all assembled ; but the weather, which had been very fine the preceding day, had somewhat changed during the night ; and we began to be rather alarmed. The wind had shifted to the south-west ; the atmosphere was much warmer than it had been for some days past, which the guides considered by no means a favourable circumstance. The tops of the lower mountains were entirely obscured, though the summit of Mont Blanc still remained tolerably clear. But what still gave me hopes was that the barometer had remained quite steady. For some time we were in a state of suspense, not knowing whether to venture or not. At length we resolved to wait till eight o'clock, as we should even then have time to reach the Grands Mulets before night.

Soon after seven the clouds began to disperse. I met Balma, surnamed the Mont Blanc, upon the bridge ; and after a little conversation with him, I saw he was rather inclined towards our starting, though he did not venture directly to advise it. I took the hint, and immediately summoned my guides, who were instantly on the alert.

It was at a quarter before eight that I left Chamouni with my five guides, and two or three other persons, whom the guides had procured to carry their knapsacks to the foot of Aiguille de Midi, in order to be in full force to pass the glacier. Having given myself an entire rest the preceding day, I felt particularly strong and well ; and as far as these two points were concerned, I promised myself success. The weather continued to improve a little, though there was still a heavy mass of clouds hanging over Mont Joli in the south-west.

We traversed the valley for the distance of half a league ; when, arriving at the foot of the Pine Forest, we began to ascend with a slow and regular step. In about half an hour we passed Favret's cottage ; near which we sat down for a few minutes ; though I confess that for myself such was my eagerness for advancing, that it was never without reluctance that I could prevail upon myself to tarry more than a second

or two to take breath. As we gradually emerged from the forest, the ascent became more steep and troublesome. At length we found ourselves upon a narrow path, which conducted us along the side of a hill in many parts extremely precipitous and rugged, and by no means a bad preparatory trial of our nerves—in one place particularly, where it was necessary to clamber over a rock, a fall from which would have precipitated me down a steep declivity of several hundred feet. •

Our route by no means improved as we advanced, leading over loose stones and fragments of rock, which were continually falling from the aiguilles above. At half-past eleven we arrived at a rock near the base of the Aiguille de Midi, where we seated ourselves and partook of some of our refreshments; filling our saucepan with water from a neighbouring torrent. We rested half an hour; when having made a hearty repast, and the guides having dismissed their assistants, we proceeded on our march; and in a quarter of an hour gained the edge of the Glacier of Bosson. These enormous crevices seemed to interrupt our course in every direction. Alexis Desouassous went first; ascended a tower of ice to reconnoitre the route, and in a short time hailed us, having found a passage. We followed; our leader having previously cut steps in the ice with his axe. Although at the first appearance of the Glacier, to an eye unaccustomed to such a sight, it appeared totally impassable by any human being; still by good guidance, stepping over some of the crevices in places where the width of them would allow of our doing so, and avoiding others by making a little deviation from the direct line of ascent, we soon found ourselves considerably advanced without having encountered any very alarming difficulty: though several times the least false step, or a slip, might have precipitated us perhaps some hundreds of feet into the icy regions below. The width of the larger crevices is generally from about four to eight feet, though sometimes much wider: the depth of them varies from about forty to perhaps five or six hundred feet. The spaces between the crevices are extremely uneven, and in some parts slippery. As we advanced towards the centre of the Glacier, our difficulties rather diminished: the spaces between the crevices became more level, and covered with hardened snow; so that for some time we proceeded very leisurely. About one o'clock we were surprised by a violent storm of hail and rain, and were enveloped in a thick *brouillard*. By the time we were nearly wet to the skin, we found shelter under a beautiful grotto formed in the side of a huge mass of blue ice, which rose from twelve to fifteen feet above our heads, and was capable of containing several persons. Here we remained about a quarter of an hour; when the rain ceasing, and the clouds in some measure dispersing, we proceeded on our journey. We now found ourselves approaching the Grands Mulets; but had still some difficulties to encounter before we reached that point. The crevices opened wider than any we had seen; our route became more irregular; lying in some places under a terrific precipice of ice, which threatened every instant to fall on our heads. Sometimes we had to scramble about among masses of ice of various shapes, which had lately fallen from the still impending cliffs. The rope was tied round me, as a precaution against the consequence of an accidental slip. The axe was in continual requisition for some time, chopping holes for our feet. But the great point was always to have our poles firmly

planted in the ice before we moved a foot;—this was of great assistance. The crampons I had not yet made use of; as where the ice is very compact, which is the case in some places, they are rather inconvenient; but I found the large nails in the heels of my shoes of very essential service. At length we arrived at an expanse of snow, which led us to the edge of an immense crevice, at least ten feet wide, and to all appearance unfathomable. Over this we fortunately found a pretty substantial bridge of snow, about four feet wide, and two or three thick in the smallest part. Had it not been for this bridge, we should probably have experienced much difficulty in proceeding; and perhaps should have been obliged to have made a long circuit to avoid it. We had traced Mr. Greenwood's route in several places—the snow not having yet entirely effaced it,—particularly across this bridge. In about ten minutes more we arrived at the foot of the Grands Mulets.

The Grands Mulets (so called from the resemblance they are said at a distance to bear to mules following each other up a mountain) are a line of irregular rocks dividing the upper extremity of the Glacier of Bosson from the Glacier of Taconnay. The highest point was nearly three hundred feet from the surface of the Glacier. They are in some parts too precipitous for the snow to lie on them; though near the summit, and upon the western declivity, there is a great quantity of snow, which never melts. The ascent is by no means easy, and to any person subject to giddiness in the head would be dangerous, as you have sometimes to clamber round their steep sides, where you can find no footing but the sharp edge of some piece of rock; whilst below you is a precipice of eighty or a hundred feet. My guides were anxious to fasten the rope round me; but as I had enough confidence in my own dexterity to proceed without fear, I preferred going alone.

At a quarter after three, we arrived at the usual resting-place. The weather had now somewhat improved; the sun shone bright, and the reflection of it from the snow beneath was excessively powerful. The clouds had nearly dispersed, and I hoped to have seen the sun set with a promise of a fine day on the morrow. Our first occupation now was to take off our shirts, and to dry them on the rocks, and to put on a dry pair of shoes and stockings. The guides then indulged themselves with a salutary nap, with their hats over their faces; whilst I, seated on a rock, with a pencil and paper in my hand, took down the adventures of the day. As the evening advanced, we began to make arrangements for the night. Our resting-place was upon a tolerably level spot, about four feet wide and eight long. Above us was a rock, nearly perpendicular, which sheltered us from the north wind, though it did not project at all to protect us from the rain. Below us was a steep precipice; but to obviate the danger of falling down it, former adventurers have piled up a wall of stones about a foot high; on the top of which is laid a ladder, which has sometimes been made use of, in order to pass the crevices of the Glacier. From this ladder, against the face of the rock, which formed the back of our rude habitation, we fixed our poles in a sloping direction, at a little distance from each other, and over them we spread a sheet which we had brought for this purpose. Such was our tent; and here we proposed to spend the night. Upon the stones which formed our floor we laid down an old blanket, which served for our bed; and we had another blanket to

throw over us. I cannot say much for the comfort of our lodging. It was not long enough for us all to lie at full length, neither was it wide enough to admit of our lying across. But we were obliged to make the best of the space we had; for no place more roomy could be found. There are indeed two other spots occasionally occupied in the same way, but they were even less convenient than ours. One in which Saussure passed the night, was certainly inferior to it. About six o'clock we took our supper, to which I may safely say we all did justice, in spite of a storm of snow and rain which was beating against our tent, and threatening to deprive us of every hope of reaching the summit. I resolved, however, if there was no possibility of proceeding the next morning, to remain till the following day, which our stock of provisions would allow us to have done. But in less than half an hour our fears were dissipated by the cessation of the storm; and shortly afterwards one of the guides who had sallied forth to make observation, returned with the joyful tidings of a bright star-light night.

Towards nine o'clock we all endeavoured to sleep. My attempts were in vain; those of my guides were, I believe, more successful. Between twelve and one I began to feel restless and wearied of my bed: my mouth and throat were parched with thirst, which the wine rather increased than relieved; and our stock of water was exhausted. Alexis Desouassous went out, and with some pieces of wood which we had collected before we passed the Glacier, made a fire and dissolved in the saucepan some snow, the water of which I drank plentifully. During the night we continually heard the avalanches pouring down upon the Glacier of Bosson, with a tremendous noise, like that of a long peal of thunder: and more than once I congratulated myself upon being far out of their reach.

At daybreak we began to make preparation for our departure; the weather was fine, and the sky clear overhead, but a thick *brumilard* hung over the valley of Chamouni, which the guides considered a favourable circumstance. Our tent had frozen during the night; but our quarters were too confined to allow of our suffering from the cold. We merely put up what provisions were necessary till our return; consisting of a breakfast, some wine, brandy, and vinegar. At five we commenced our march, Alexis having started a little before us to chop holes in the snow, which we found quite hard and slippery. As soon as we were off the rock, I put on my crampons. The crampon is made of two pieces of iron crossing each other. One is about the breadth of the foot, the other somewhat longer. The four extremities of these irons are turned down, forming short spikes. These tie under the foot, and can be taken off or put on as occasion may require. I found them of so much service upon the hard snow, that I could walk upon any part of it without the least difficulty. I had no occasion even to make use of the holes which had been cut with the hatchet. The first part of our ascent was not steep: we proceeded nearly in a straight direction, afterwards skirting along the base of the Dome de Goutet. The crevices here are of a prodigious width, much wider than those of the Glacier; but we had no occasion to attempt a passage of any one of them; and for three hours we proceeded without having encountered the least difficulty. I once accidentally dropped my pole; and before we could any of us stop it, it had slid down into

a crevice; fortunately, however, it was not a very deep one. Alexis recovered it for me, but not without some trouble; being obliged, at the risk of his life, to descend some distance into the crevice for it. The sun was now beginning to top the summits of the Aiguilles, and the ramparts of snow with which we were nearly surrounded, were suddenly illuminated with an indescribable brilliancy. At eight, we arrived almost at the extremity of an extensive plain of snow, called the Grand Plateau. Here we sat down and partook of our provisions under a large block of snow, which had been precipitated some time since from the neighbouring heights. I had not much appetite; but contrived to eat some of our cold fowl, with some bread. The heat of the sun was excessive; and I found the green spectacles and veil of the greatest possible service, not only against the glare of the snow, but also against a cutting wind which blew at intervals with great violence. We observed upon the summit, which was then free from clouds, several whirlwinds of snow, which had precisely the appearance of so many smoking chimneys. When asked what these phenomena were, old Charlet's exclamation, "*Ma foi! quel orage!*" certainly implied some degree of alarm, and, I confess, excited in my mind doubts of our ultimate success. As we sat at our breakfast, the loose snow which had fallen the preceding evening, once or twice drifted against us; *salting* our bread and meat rather more than we desired. It was here I first felt the symptoms of a head-ache; which increased as I advanced towards the summit. The guides told me it was no unusual sensation, and that they were frequently affected with it themselves more or less.

After resting about twenty minutes, we again proceeded, almost in a direct line for the Rocher Rouge. This is by far the most dangerous part of the ascent of Mont Blanc. The route lies immediately under a precipice of ice and snow, at the extremity of the Plateau. Here immense avalanches are continually falling. For the space of a quarter of an hour, our path led us over loose fragments of ice which seemed to have fallen but very recently. We made the best of our way across this part; marching the whole distance with a quick step. It unfortunately happened, that just at this spot one of my crampons came off. I endeavoured to stop a moment to put it right; but the guides urged me to get on as fast as possible; so that for some distance I was obliged to scramble along without it. Our exertions were not a little quickened by the reflection that near us was the spot where the dreadful accident occurred three years ago. An avalanche, or rather a separation of the snow suddenly took place; and the whole of the party were overwhelmed. Three of the poor guides, driven into a prodigious crevice, were never more heard of;—the rest of the party by degrees found their way out unhurt. I was so fortunate as to meet the gentleman who was the principal of the party at Chamouni before my ascent. He described to me exactly how the accident happened; and I believe it may in great measure, if not entirely, be attributed to the imprudence of Marie Coutet, who, although he was aware of the danger they had to encounter, still agreed to hazard it, without disclosing its extent to those of the party who were ignorant of it. An account of this accident was published in the New Monthly Magazine for 1821, Nos. April and May. The fatal crevice is now filled up with snow, and scarcely any traces of it are visible.

The ascent now became extremely steep ; so much so that we were obliged to take our poles quite short in the hand to be of any service to us. The snow was in most parts tolerably hard, excepting in a few places, where we found some drifts nearly knee-deep. The guides relieved each other in cutting the steps in a zig-zag direction ;—an operation which is attended with a great deal of fatigue. The rope was here fastened about me ; the guide who preceded me held one end of it ; and the other was held by a guide behind me. From the steepness of the ascent, and the labour of cutting the steps, our progress was now very slow ; stopping, as we did, to take breath every ten or fifteen paces.

In an hour and three quarters since our departure from the Grand Plateau, we reached the Rocher Rouge ; a rock upon the north-eastern side of the mountain, about one thousand feet from the summit, and looking towards the valley of Chamouni. It was on the summit of this rock that Mr. Clissold and his party slept in their ascent last year. At this point we were almost immediately assailed by a piercing wind ; forewarning us a little of what we had to expect on the summit ; which, since our departure from the Grand Plateau, had become clouded, and was scarcely perceptible. We rested for a few minutes, seating ourselves across our poles which we had driven firmly into the snow. Some vinegar and water, with a small quantity of lemon juice, (a bottle or two of which we had mixed and brought with us from the Grands Mulets,) I found a pleasant beverage, assuaging my extreme thirst. In another quarter of an hour we arrived at some rocks, called les Derniers Rochers, being the last before reaching the summit. These rocks are of the hardest granite ; and the grain of a small specimen I brought away, is, I think, the finest I ever saw.

Joseph Charlet was much fatigued ; he sat down upon the rocks, and, had it not been for Alexis Desouassous, would in all probability have fallen asleep. I waited here only a few minutes, when, leaving these two men to take care of each other, I proceeded upon my march with my three other guides, who were as anxious for success as I was myself. I thought, perhaps, the other two might have followed us ; and, indeed, they did once make an attempt ; I happened about a quarter of an hour afterwards to look behind me, and saw them slowly crawling up ; but either from indifference about it, over-fatigue, or fear of the hurricane, they thought proper to return. Alexis awaited our descent at les Derniers Rochers ; but old Charlet thought it was as well to descend altogether ; and I saw nothing more of him till we were again on le Grand Plateau. If the reason for their remaining behind was indifference about ascending farther, they were wise not to accompany us, for all our dangers were now over ; there were no crevices or difficulties by which we could possibly be stopped. The only thing we had now to encounter was the labour ; and as I was quite able to take care of myself, and did not stand in need of any assistance, there was no necessity for their going farther if they were not inclined to do so. In regard to old Charlet, I must confess I think, from what Desouassous told me, that he was excessively fatigued ; and I doubt whether he had it in his power to proceed, although he afterwards assured me to the contrary. Perhaps it would be hardly fair to attribute their staying behind to fear of the hurricane ; because, though

the wind was violent, and therefore doubled the labour of ascent, I do not think there was much danger to be apprehended from it.

The snow now became so very compact and hard, that the crampons, particularly when we approached the summit, scarcely made any impression. I was obliged to proceed very slowly in a zig-zag direction; and I found that the greatest number of steps I could possibly take without stopping to draw breath, was fifteen; and this with great difficulty; generally halting after every eight or ten. The difficulty of respiration arising from the rarefaction of the air, was no doubt much increased by the violence of the wind; for even in ascending a very inferior mountain, I have continually felt, when the wind has been high, the very same sensation, although of course in a much less degree. I now experienced a kind of faintness, hung down my head, and panted for breath; the summit seeming to recede as I advanced;—my headache had much increased, with a slight bleeding of the nose. A guide perceiving that I was somewhat distressed, thought it necessary to support me with his arms; but I very quietly told him I could dispense with his assistance,—“only let me take my time.”* Once or twice the mist for a few minutes cleared away a little; I turned round, and beheld a prodigious extent of mountainous country, but could distinguish nothing. After toiling on in this way for some time, I at length saw two of my guides lying down under a ridge of snow; I made towards them, and was agreeably surprised, when I reached them, to find myself at the top of Mont Blanc.

It was now exactly noon; and we had been seven hours ascending from the Grands Mulets. I say I was surprised, for not having ventured to look up for some time, I little thought I had made so much progress. I threw myself on the snow with my guides, and we congratulated each other, with a hearty shake of the hand, on the success of our enterprise. And here I may observe, that I do not pretend to claim any merit, but for the boldness of the undertaking. I did not ascend for any scientific purpose; since every such purpose had already been sufficiently attained by those who had preceded me. Neither had I set my heart on an extensive prospect, which from obvious reasons must in such a situation be always uncertain. Had either of these motives been the sole object of my ascent, I should of course have experienced much disappointment. From a love of hardy enterprise, natural to, and I trust excusable in a young man, I had determined to ascend Mont Blanc,—chiefly, perhaps, because the attempt was one of acknowledged danger and difficulty; and the succeeding in it would be rewarded with that pleasing recollection which always attends successful boldness. I gained my object; I stood on the top of Mont Blanc, and I was perfectly satisfied.

The violence of the wind was now beyond any thing I ever experienced. After resting a few minutes to recover my breath, I got up, and with the assistance of one of my guides, mounted the ridge under which we had been lying. This ridge or bank, formed by

* In the *New Monthly Magazine*, (Vol. XVI. p. 600.) in an account given of the ascent of Dr. E. Clark, one of the guides is stated to have said, “It was here Mr. Jackson stood; and falling into the arms of one of his guides, exclaimed, ‘Leave me here!—I can do no more!’” This is incorrect; the circumstance was exactly as I have above related it.

the drifting of the now, was, where we were standing, about three or four feet in breadth, and at the other extremity somewhat wider. I did not take the trouble to walk the whole length of it, neither can I give a just idea of its extent. Here we were on the very highest point; clinging to each other, and exerting our very utmost strength to maintain ourselves on our legs, which we succeeded in doing for a minute or two. The damp mist, which was continually settling and freezing on our clothes, produced the most intense cold; and we were nearly blinded by the drifting of small particles of snow which had fallen the preceding evening. I regret I had not a thermometer with me to ascertain the degree of cold: all I can say is, that, in spite of the labour of the ascent, and the consequent temporary perspiration which it ought to have excited, I never felt any thing at all equal to it in the coldest day in winter; and I doubt whether it would have been possible to have existed there for any length of time. All that I could see was a confused heap of mountains in the direction of the Shreckhorn and Jung Frau. Mont Rosa in the east was particularly conspicuous; and some part of Piedmont was visible at intervals. On the opposite side every thing was totally obscured. As the inducements to remain on the summit were not very great, we commenced our descent, after having been there about ten minutes. My spectacles had become so dim that I was obliged to take them off in order to see where to place my feet; and my veil being rendered unserviceable by the wind, I was obliged to dispense with that also. Thus I had to bear the unmitigated violence of the snow and mist, driving for some time directly in my face.

The descent is not unpleasant: by leaning back on our poles, which we pressed hard upon the snow, and suffering our feet to go, we came down with great rapidity. In less than twenty minutes we found ourselves at the Rocher Rouge, the ascent from which had occupied us upwards of an hour. We were joined at les Derniers Rochers by Alexis Desouassous; but old Charlet had departed. The descent to the Grand Plateau was more dangerous, though not so fatiguing as the ascent, which is generally the case where the declivity is very steep; particularly upon snow, which will sometimes slip from under the feet. We were obliged to proceed very slowly and with great caution, taking care to have a firm bearing upon our poles. The large nails in the heels of the shoes we found here very useful; more so than the crampons; as much depends upon throwing the heel well back into the snow. We discovered two crevices in our descent concealed by the snow: they were neither of them so wide but that we could step across them; though, had they not been detected, a broken leg might probably have been the consequence. A little before two we arrived at the Grand Plateau. We stopt for about ten minutes. I drank a glass of vinegar and water; but felt no inclination to eat. My headache had much increased, owing to the sudden transition from the extreme cold upon the summit to the comparative closeness of the air on the Plateau, where we were more sheltered from the wind, and exposed to a hot sun. From thence to the Grands Mulets we proceeded without much difficulty; and generally pretty fast, wherever the snow would admit of our sliding without danger of crevices. In approaching the Grands Mulets we came to two huge crevices, lying at right angles, but sepa-

rated from each other by a narrow wall of snow, over which we had to walk for the distance of several paces, flanked on each side by a chasm truly terrific. Soon after three we arrived at the spot where we had slept the preceding night. The guides regaled themselves with the remainder of the provisions; a pleasure in which I was not able to share with them, any farther than by partaking of some of the wine, which I was also obliged to drink unmixed, as our means for procuring water were exhausted. We took our departure from hence in about a quarter of an hour. The descent of the Grands Mulets is much more troublesome and fatiguing than the ascent; the rocks are so very precipitous in some parts, that it requires the greatest possible care and attention in descending them. The rope was again tied round my waist, and was held by two guides behind me. In several places, had I not been preceded by a guide, I should have thought it impossible to have descended; and from the difficulties we got into, I think we must have deviated rather from the usual route. At length we arrived safe at the base of the rock, and had now to repass the glacier. We crossed the principal crevice by the same bridge as before, which we fortunately found still substantial. After this we experienced no very great obstruction. Our route was uneven: we had to pass many crevices, which, with the assistance of my guides, I effected without much difficulty. The hatchet was generally employed in cutting holes in the ice and snow, which, by being exposed to the sun throughout the day, were become slippery. In crossing a bar of snow sloping down towards a crevice, both my feet slipped from under me at the same moment: I fell; and after sliding the distance of several paces, found myself upon the very brink of the crevice, my legs hanging over. The guides, who were behind me, immediately checked my progress by the rope, which was still attached to me; and Alexis Desouassous, who had preceded me, stretching out his pole to me, I was soon relieved from this very critical situation. The depth of the crevice I do not know; but I must have fallen at least thirty or forty feet, and perhaps much more. Soon after five we arrived upon terra firma, at the foot of the Aiguille de Midi, having got over all our danger. It was our intention to pass the night upon this spot, little thinking to reach it so early; but as we were only three hours from Chamouni, and had still two hours more of daylight, I thought it would be quite as well to get on to a comfortable bed at the inn, as to have another sleepless night upon a rock. My proposition to this effect was willingly acceded to by my guides, who exulted in the idea of being the first adventurers who had ever succeeded in making the ascent from the Grands Mulets, and the whole of the descent, upon the same day. After resting for a few minutes, we again proceeded upon our journey; but, as we were much fagged and our route very indifferent, our progress was proportionably slow. About seven we came within sight of old Favret's cottage; and as the night was now closing in, and our route was over a bad road through a dark gloomy pine forest, we struck a light for our candle, wrapping a piece of paper round it as a substitute for a lantern. At eight we beheld some faint glimmering lights, which greeted our approach to the village of Chamouni; and at a quarter after we arrived at the Union, after an absence of less than

thirty-seven hours ; the shortest time in which this expedition was ever performed.

I did not feel so excessively fatigued as I had expected to be : I was hot and feverish, had no appetite, and my mouth was parched with thirst, which I relieved with a little plain water ; my head was somewhat better, and my nose had ceased bleeding. I did not go to bed immediately ; and, indeed, so elated was I with my success, that I scarcely felt any inclination to do so. It was ten o'clock before I parted from Mr. Dornford, to whom I had been relating my adventures. He told me he had seen us to the summit of the Rocher Rouge ; but that afterwards we disappeared in the mist. I slept soundly for nine hours, and the next morning awoke much refreshed. My face, particularly my nose and ears, were in a slight degree excoriated, and continued to peel off for some days afterwards. I found cream of use ; and I have no doubt that by taking the precaution of besmearing the face with this before it is exposed to a cutting wind or a burning sun, the excoriation would be in a great measure prevented. Three of the guides were much affected in the eyes, from not having worn spectacles or veils ; but I was not at all so ; neither was old Charlet, from his having worn a light straw hat with a very broad brim.

I remained at Chamouni the two following days, exulting in my successful enterprise, and reached Geneva on the 7th.

The following is a correct list of the different persons who had stood on the top of Mont Blanc before I ascended :—

1. Dr. Paccard, and James Balma, a guide, Aug. 8, 1786.
2. M. Saussure, Aug. 3, 1787.
3. Col. Beaufoy, English, Aug. 9, 1787.
4. Mr. Woodley, English, Aug. 5, 1788.
5. Baron Doorthesen, Courland, and M. Forneret, Lausanne, Aug. 10, 1802.
6. M. Roday, Hamburgh, Sept. 10, 1812.
7. Count Mateyeski, Aug. 4, 1818.
8. Dr. Renselaer, Mr. Howard, Americans, July 12, 1819.
9. Capt. Undrell, R.N., English, Aug. 13, 1819.
10. Mr. Clissold, English, Aug. 20, 1822.
11. Mr. Jackson, English, Sept. 4, 1823.

TO THE FIRST OF MAY.

“ Hard his herte that loveth nought
In May, when al this mirth is wrought.”—*Chaucer.*

HAIL, thou rosy May ! with thy merry-dancing hours,
Thy eyes of “ dewy light,” and the fragrance of thy flowers,—
Hail, thou rosy May ! for the wintry winds are past,
And thy primroses and cowslips have shown their hues at last.
To life’s young hour of feeling the gales of Araby,
The odours of thy spicy breath in sweetness far outvie ;
They come with gentle colloquy, and whisper every heart,
Of mysteries, joys, and thy bright sun, as if they ne’er could part.
Let Summer wear her flaunting garb and shoot her parching ray,
Her lip is not as fresh as thine, mine own dear sunny May !

The star that gems thy radiant brow so sweet in lustris is,
It shines the beam of hope to earth, the herald of all bliss.

Thy pearls are flashing on the bough, the land is giving life,
The insect broods are swarming, and thy realm is free of strife,
The peacefulness of heaven's own reign is round thy flowery track,—
O pleasant this auspicious day that greets thy footsteps back!

The waters sparkle with delight, a buzz is in the air,
The ocean-waves curl softer now, and man hath less of care,
The low wind scarcely moves the wood, or sighs the leaves between,
Lest it disturb earth's harmony among the branches green.

Thou kindest month of all the year, pass not too fast away,
As hours enjoy'd are prone to do, for man is miserly
Of thy sweet presence, since to him thou art a boon indeed,
Slave as he ever is to gloom, in friendship, love, and creed.

Thou'rt come, bright May! with passion's glance to flush the Virgin's
cheek,
From feelings indefinable her tongue must never speak,
The sadness of affection's dawn is over her soft heart,
She sighs amid her solitude, and tears unbidden start—

She hears the mated bird's first song, when love is all the theme,—
Of thee, thou month of love, inquires, why she is not the same;
No songster comes to sing to her, and wile her hours away,
Cheering her wishing solitude with his congenial lay.

Welcome, thou rosy May! with thy merry-dancing hours,
Thy eyes of "dewy light," and the fragrance of thy flowers,—
Welcome, thou rosy May! for the wintry winds are past,
And thy primroses and cowslips have shown their hues at last!

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.—NO. VII.

Roman Society—the Princess Borghese, &c.

Ne le fu il cielo di bellezza avaro,
Nel volto giglio, e rosa le fioriva
Ed aggiunse ancor ch'aveva un dir preclaro,
Ed invaghiva ognuno che l'udia,
Tanto era pien di grazia e leggiadria,—
E ch'ella stava di presente in Roma,
Acclamata, aggradita.

Riciardello, Canto 5.

It was yet too early for dinner—for here every one dines either at two, or at the Ave Maria (sunset), and I thought I could not more agreeably fill up the interval than by presenting my letters to the Princess Borghese. I accordingly drove, on leaving Thorwaltzen's, to her palace near the Tyber, and in a few minutes found myself in the *Cortile*. The *Suisse*, or porter, a tall, bony, forbidding-looking person, in the exclusive service of the Prince, looked out at me as I entered, and without troubling himself with the answer to any of my questions allowed me quietly to pass on.

The Palazzo Borghese was once the most splendid at Rome. In the principal Casino of the celebrated Villa are still preserved several paintings illustrative of the series of masques, tournaments, processions, and other high festivities, of which it was formerly the scene. The Prince Borghese, though nearly two centuries have passed over his patent, is still considered a *novus homo*, and his family comparatively plebeian; but he possesses also the advantages of novelty, and contrasts in wealth, as well as origin, with most of the old Patricians of Rome. The Popes Paul V. (Borghese) and Cle-

ment XIII. (Aldobrandini) created his double house ; the fruits of two productive pontificates were soon conspicuous, in the sudden opulence of the new nobles, and displayed themselves, as was usual in Rome, in the elevation of structures which might rival the royal residences of other countries. The present edifice is a noble instance. It was surpassed by the Mandragone at Frascati. Their successors did not degenerate from the magnificence of their founders. The late Prince Borghese, by a fortunate speculation in corn, then less precarious a commerce than it is at present, realized at one sweep an immense property, and created, with a munificence rare in any age or country, the Villa Borghese or Pinciana. His son rather increased than diminished the patrimony. His marriage with the Princess Pauline added the revenues of Guastalla and Piacenza to his rentroll, possessions which were afterwards exchanged for an indemnity ; the sale of his statues (an act only to be palliated by the circumstances of the case—the Emperor was the purchaser) was repaid by an estate in Savoy ; and the emoluments of his government-general of Upper Italy had already produced him a very important accession to his inheritance. With the exception of the Prince Pombino, he is perhaps the richest subject in Italy.*

It is some time since the present Prince has retired from Rome. During the early part of the Revolution he was known only by his having filled, with many other noble names, the muster roll of a corps of the National Guards, raised by the patriots of the city. His brother Aldobrandini† was a soldier ; he contented himself with being an officer. He is, and has always been an aristocrat ; Aldobrandini, a republican, and strenuously so :

* When the Roman nobility, in pursuance of a decree of the Congress of Vienna, were permitted to surrender their feudal rights, the Prince Borghese presented a list of no less than twenty-six feudi, situate in the Roman territory, in one day to the Pope. His villas are scattered with profusion over the whole of the Agro Romano—the Mandragone and Aldobrandini at Frascati, besides a small villa (in the town) of the Princess, another at Nettuno, another at Tivoli, at Monte Porzio, Palo, &c. besides the cluster of villas in the Villa Borghese. Most of these indicate a neglect, which forms the characteristic of the Roman proprietors. The Palace (for which he is principally indebted to the Princess) is in a tolerable state of repair ; the Villa Borghese, since the removal of the statues, as well as its dismantled state will permit, is still habitable. The Mandragone, and others, are almost in ruins. The Prince Aldobrandini (the next brother) is in possession of the Villa Aldobrandini : it hardly forms an exception. As to personal inspection, it is not even thought of : when at Licenza, a small village delightfully situated in the Sabinnm, the Digentia of Horace, one of the feudi of the Borghesi, I heard from the inhabitants, that not one of the family had been seen in the neighbourhood, in the remembrance of the oldest man. They only knew the Prince through the benign medium of his agent. Like most Italian nobles, he began life a spendthrift. He took no note of his expenditure. The Vice-Prince, on his leaving Rome, paid debts to the amount of 60,000 crowns with the mere copper rubbish of the kitchen, which time out of mind had lain in the guarda roba. This accumulation is eccentric, but in the princely families common. On marriage it is usual to purchase large quantities of every material, from the *batterie de cuisine* to the wardrobe of the intended, and these treasures are displayed with much pretension in the anti-chambers. This system of unfeared expense soon entailed its consequences—he became embarrassed ; but the twelve millions of the Princess soon restored him to his former independence. With less prodigality, he is equally magnificent at present, and so completely at the head of the monied as well as landed interest, that he was lately invited by the Pope to combine in the plan, then under consideration, of founding a national bank at Rome.

† The second title of the family ; the third is generally a cavaliere Gernsalemitano, or of the Order of Malta ; the fourth a cardinal. The cavalierato ranks on an equality with the highest titles. The Prince Aldobrandini is married to a French lady, I think a Rochfoucauld, and has a considerable family ; resides near Florence, and occasionally in Paris, and is well known for his literary and domestic habits. He is next heir to the title and estates. His brother has no children, nor is he now likely to have any.

he slept with his soldiers on the benches of the Caffè Novo, whilst the Principe Cumillo was only remembered at Rome by the more than Roman indolence of his disposition, the perfect stoicism with which he drank his chocolate, and performed the duties of his military toilette in the midst of the crash of empires, and the dissolution of the entire frame of European society. A friend of mine saw him one morning with four valets engaged in this important service: he was then called the Citizen Borghese, but as far removed from the character, as at the moment at which I write. It was said (I should suppose by Pasquin) that he displayed a new coat every day, like the Egyptian Sultan, and sent his linen to Paris to be washed; but whatever be the fact, it is certain that his philosophy or dandyism prospered, and did quite as much for him as the activity and services of others. He passed unsinged through the furnace of the Revolution, and the Empire found him, after a pleasant sleep, in the full possession of all her honours. New dignities successively sought him without his seeking them. Fifty thousand a-year, the presumed rental of his Excellency, and the influence which it must command in such a country as Italy, was a better claim than his person or his manners to the hand of the sister of the Consul. The widow of the General Le Clerc brought with her dowry of twelve millions, the honours and passions of a splendid court. The government of Turin followed, and was enjoyed. He rivalled and excelled the sombre magnificence of the original sovereigns, and left recollections of the Napoleon dynasty, in the saloons at least, which will not be easily effaced. But the philosophy of the new governor, which had been proof against all the changes of his country, did not long resist the impetuosity of his beautiful bride. Nor was he altogether without his own errors. In the first months after his marriage, he reverted to the dissipated habits of his youth. The Princess soon had rivals, and the public decencies were not always preserved. In a few years a separation took place, which, notwithstanding various attempts to negotiate a return, continued uninterrupted, till within a few months of her death. The Princess remained at Rome: the Prince, notwithstanding frequent entreaties from the Pope, fixed at Florence, where he built palaces, drove horses, smiled at the downfall of his Imperial brother, received orders and decorations from the Bourbons, and gained his lawsuit in Savoy, to the astonishment of the King of Sardinia himself.

I was now at the entrance of the Cortile. It is one of the most happy adaptations at Rome, of the arcaded colonnade; the abuse of which is so frequent amongst the later architects. In the centre of the side, opposite to the entrance, is the usual fountain, and the niches are tenanted by the usual proportion of common-place statuary. A second court succeeds to the first, and the rear extends to the Ripa Grande, and overlooks the Tyber, beyond which it commands a fine view of the gardens of Cincinnatus, as they are now termed, the Monte Mario, St. Angelo, and the Vatican. The exterior, facing the Piazzetta Borghese, presents nothing remarkable; but the side which sweeps down to the Tyber, and from which its name of the Cembalo, or harpsichord, which it resembles, is derived, is a noble specimen of simplicity and continuity on the largest scale. The lower, or ground story, is once more occupied by the celebrated gallery, which seems to have gained little by its Transalpine excursion, besides an immoderate expenditure of injudicious repairs, retouches, &c.; the Prince Aldobrandini still lends his name to the entresol which he no longer inhabits; and the Princess reigns undivided sovereign of the remaining stories.

On ascending the marble staircase, I had to pass the open gallery of the two sides of the square before I arrived at the first antichamber. Here I found a group of servants, whose appearance and *tenue* indicated a very considerable superiority over the indigenous Italian. They were clean, dressed, and awake. The antichamber opened on a suite of saloons; we passed them rapidly, to the number nearly of ten—their furniture marked the line where the two centuries meet; and while the flowered damask of the walls, the quaint carving of the consoles, and fauteuils, the deeply-

cored and gilded ceilings, recalled you to the age and taste of the last courtly generation, all the luxury of or-molu, Sevres, and French glass, threw you into the splendours of St. Cloud, and the petite-maitresse elegancies of Neuilly. At each step some traces of the dethroned family were apparent. Portraits, miniatures, busts, increased as we advanced. The major-domo passed the last apartment with a more cautious step, and knocked gently at the folding-door, which opened into the saloon of the Princess. A *femme de chambre* answered immediately with the true Parisian accent, and I was introduced. The Princess was seated at the farther extremity; her dress was simple, but *recherché*; her attendant had been giving the last definitive elegance to her hair. Neither near, nor in any other part of the chamber, was there any appearance of luxury. It was the plainest apartment in the whole. Neither paintings, books, statuary, nor any of the usual toys or accompaniments of our elegantes were discoverable. The Prince had refused the transposition of any of the paintings of his gallery, or limited the permission to a Madonna. I am not aware that she ever availed herself of his generosity. The lithographic engraving of Le Fevre's portrait of the Emperor,* plainly framed, was the only ornament of the immense walls. I at the time imagined that the isolation was intentional;—perhaps I was right. She believed it the best likeness extant of her brother; and when, at a later period, the conversation sometimes turned on his fortunes, I have seen her more than once look up to it in tears. The Cavaliere Gozzani, the vice-prince, or head agent of the family, was at her side; a low and insignificant person, a meagre and sallow cheek, and a smile which bordered upon a sneer, is all I recollect of his presence. I was received with the accomplished ease, for which in all times she was remarkable; and the letters, which she held in her hands, and to which she warmly and frequently recurred, furnished the materials of our desultory conversation. She asked a host of questions at once, heaped without much order together, and answered them herself with nearly the same rapidity with which they were asked. They principally turned, after the usual preliminary inquiries on my stay at Rome, &c. on the state of society in England and Ireland, the contrast between our comforts and those of the Continent, the absurdity of the travelling mania—an epidemic then raging with peculiar violence amongst our countrymen,—the nakedness of the Italian palace, the good taste of the French, the disturbances which occasionally break out on the surface of our population, the misgovernment of Ireland, the ultraism of the English cabinet, and every other topic interesting or otherwise, which she found on the exterior of her correspondence. These and many more were successively exhausted—the hour of promenade had arrived; an aged priest tottering into the room at the same time, and who I afterwards understood was her confessor and

* This portrait, taken a little after the return from Elba, is amongst the few for which Napoleon ever sate. It has, in an eminent degree, the full forehead, the broad firm outline of head, the *bonhomme* of mouth, and the perfect calmness of structure and muscle, which is equally the characteristic of other distinguished members of his family. I heard from David, a short time before his death, in speaking of this very portrait, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to give his attention when before an artist: he generally broke out into questions on the art itself, and observations, which, the painter assured me, as much astonished him for their fine tact and metaphysical profoundness, as for the facility, and the apparent indifference with which they were pronounced. He seemed, as by an instinct, to have reached and pervaded almost every class of human knowledge, and to have attained by assault what had cost others years and labour. We were standing before the celebrated painting of the Passage of Mont St. Bernard; and in observing "that Napoleon had fallen for others, but not for him," David added, "that he owed much of the merits of that very work to the suggestions and critiques of the Emperor. But he always felt jealous of the horse, (he continued, smiling;) 'I am afraid it will altogether eclipse me with posterity,' was a remark which generally terminated our conversations."

almoner, come for his weekly charity, and the impatience of the cavaliere, who had not yet completed the business of his audience, were sufficient intimations to retire. I received an invitation to her Tuesday *soirées*, and, after an hour's conversation, took my leave.

I dined early, and waited with considerable impatience till seven, the reasonable hour at which society, of whatever *ceto* it may be, generally assembles in Italy. I found, on my arrival, a small *cortège* of cardinals, *cavalieri*, and artists, moving with the Princess in person, from the interior of her apartments to the *salon de musique*. The princess sacrificed to the national taste; and with little real sensibility to that delightful art, and less knowledge, affected both, without which—*point de salut*,—particularly at Rome. The pianoforte was at the extremity of the room; one side was lined with ladies, the other with gentlemen. The ladies were principally English; I had from time to time a *clin-d'œil* sort of view of the introductions, and was much amused by the perfect English accent perceptible in every one of their movements. The Princess, preserving still some tincture of the Imperial etiquette, was seated somewhat apart from the mass of the society, and after the first salute, which was sufficiently imposing, though mellowed by the natural graces of the woman, and accompanied by a few expressions of interest and inquiry, such as were suggested by her previous knowledge of the individual, seemed for the rest of the evening to be altogether ignorant of their presence. The honours were performed with due dignity by a diminutive German baron, and her *dame d'honneur*, a Swiss lady, not remarkable for a greater share of brilliancy than generally falls to the share of her countrywomen; and both went through their functions with the same solemnity as if they were engaged in some public ceremony, or had been regularly qualified as *huissiers* of the Tuileries, during the most gorgeous period of the Empire. The Princess allowed the machine to work without her, and every one but our countrymen appeared at their ease. The immediate coterie, or sofa circle, was formed as usual by her relations and intimate friends. Maury and Fesch, in right of parentage and official connexions, were admitted into the cluster. Maury then struck me (though my opinion was much altered by subsequent acquaintance) as a man of depth, energy, and strong clear mind; his square, squat-built figure, and roughly-chiselled features, with a dash of Scotch keenness shooting now and then about his lips and chin, gave the promise of any other character than the man who was facetiously characterized both as a statesman and orator, as little better than a "*tonneau d'eau tiède*."* He was merely suffered at Rome; but as he seldom came into contact, and never into collision, with the other members of the sacred college, he was permitted to add his person to the other performers of the public functions, to wear his purple with decorum, and to conceal himself, as well as he could in its ample folds, from the observation, and by degrees from the censure of his colleagues. It was a curious thing to see him, as I afterwards did, in the long line of these ecclesiastical princes, with his head bowed upon his breviary, his eye immovable, his attitude sternly orthodox, and his whole manner wrought up to a level with the most fervent model before him. The people gave him little credit for the performance, the church less; but every one was satisfied. It would be too much in such a city as Rome, where every opinion and principle

* "A tun of warm water"—rhetoric, but not eloquence. Maury died whilst I was at Rome. Various causes, as usual, were assigned. Some said he was poisoned; others, that he died of the antidote. Cardinal Fesch was almost the only cardinal who visited him during his last moments. It is not known (though there were not wanting the most uncharitable conjectures) in what opinions he expired. He was Cardinal of the S. Trinità de' Monti, a church belonging to the French nation; and I remember it was a matter of serious discussion, whether his remains, according to the usual etiquette, should be permitted to repose within its precincts. Had the wishes of the French Ambassador prevailed, it is not difficult to state where "the liberal" should have rotted.

meets, to insist on sincerity; external conformity is all that is required. Decorum is a sort of virtue; and if it be difficult to be good, it is at least easy to appear so. In the subsequent part of his short career, he had no other consolation but to have escaped from worse enemies, and to have enjoyed, if not dignity, at least repose. Near him, and next to the princess, was her uncle, the Cardinal Fesch. He was, I must own, a very ill-chosen figure for the personification of Antichrist; (for, notwithstanding any professions to the contrary, it is more than probable that Napoleon, fatigued with his struggle with Pius VII., designed him as his successor to the Papal throne:)—nothing can be imagined more perfectly the type of a mind at ease with one's self and with all mankind, and as little averse as can well be supposed to all those horrors which are believed to be the constant occupation of "the Man of Sin." The Cardinal was truly a dignitary of a peaceable, but not of a triumphant church. There was nothing stern, overbearing, or intolerant about him. In his person tall, but not commanding; in his manners, if not dignified, at least not arrogant; smooth faced and calm featured; personable and portly; with the sleekness of good humour and good situation, (though there is some difference between a cardinal and the meanest of our reformed bishops,) in every muscle—or rather, there is no appearance of muscles at all—it is all enamel and complexion, ruddy, unchanging, robust, like one of Hans Holbein's portraits, well preserved and varnished, and likely to endure, as it has endured, for years to come, uninjured and unimpaired. If there be any detraction from these peculiarities, it is, perhaps, in the occasional efforts of his voice, the sharpness of which now and then contrasts not a little with the round good-nature of his countenance. I was not then acquainted with his Eminence, and could not form any estimate of his intellectual and moral character; but it will be sufficient for the present to observe, that there was a tolerable fair shadowing of the elements of both in the sketch which I have just presented of the exterior man.

At no great distance from the group, with which he occasionally mingled, was the Cardinal Bivarola. He was known at Rome for his Platonic enthusiasm for "the first of the Romans," as he sometimes called the Princess, and used to go under the *soubriquet* of the "Corriere della Principessa," from his constantly announcing or preceding her in the few circles in which she deigned to appear. The Roman urbanity, with something of that obsolete gallantry which at times recalls you to the ancient provincial courts of Italy, blended very strangely about him; old age and its weaknesses, the tedium of his winter evenings, and a constitutional disposition to please and to be pleased—a quality of which almost every Italian more or less participates, were the links which first bound, and afterwards held together this spiritual connexion. He was a fair portrait of that indolent cheerfulness, of which Madame de Staël has given another delineation in her Prince of Castelforte. He was now nearly seventy; but years had made few ravages either in mind or person. The men gain in Italy as the women lose; old age attempers the harshness and heightens the flavour of the natural qualities; and no persons enjoy more, or are more enjoyable, than those very persons whose taste for enjoyment would be supposed altogether to have past. Ecclesiastics in France, previous to the Revolution, were noted only for an exaggeration, peculiarly their own, of the national fopperies. They are at present reduced to duties somewhat more serious, and to that level which, much more than riches, can render a religion or its ministers respectable. In England we hear of such appearances in society under aspects the most forbidding: either the haughty reserve of some ecclesiastical lucre-craving aristocrat, or the wheedling unction of some serious propagator of the Word, in search of a babe of grace, whom he may rescue from the devourer, that he may devour himself at his own leisure at home, immediately present themselves to our censure; and for a priest-ridden population, as the English confessedly are, it must be owned, such censure is not always spared. But the communication of the clergy with society in Italy bears no kind of

analogy to this ; there is much simplicity and much decorum ; and however we may hear of the worldly devotions of some young Mousignore, scandal itself, which, if less loud, is much deeper than in England, spares the purple, not from any subservience or regard, but because in reality the higher order of the prelacy generally is as unimpeachable in morals as it is unimpeached.

It may easily be conceived that the Princess differed little from most women, and not at all from all princesses, legitimate or ex-legitimate, who have also been distinguished for their personal attractions ; she could bear no sister near her throne. There were, therefore, with the exception of some two or three high-sounding titles, the announcement of which stirred all the recollections of the old Chronicles in one's imagination, scarcely any female visitors ; the few that were, though bearable, could create no alarms of rivalry, and were, moreover, admirers of the Princess, either real or professed. Another circumstance increased this solitude. Napoleon no longer reigned, the courtiers of yesterday were the enemies of to-day, and the Princess did not take the same pains as a London dowager to beat up, by a regular system of tactics and visits, for the furniture of her drawing-room in the evening. The deficiency of Italian was soon filled up with faces and politics of all complexions from England : the only condition was a sufficient acknowledgement of her supremacy ; and John Bull, though sufficiently stiff-necked at home, makes no difficulty, and retains no scruples abroad. Her saloon had the merit, like our own cabinet, of uniting in the same circle opinions and characters the most opposite. I saw side by side Whig and Tory, "*tigribus agni*," lying down in a state of peace and mansuetude, at which they themselves seem to be astonished. Nothing could be more bland and conciliating than the old dowagers of all parties. It was altogether forgotten that the lady was "a Corsican," and not much better than her brother, "the General." It is true, indeed, that Lord Bathurst, who, in his official notes, addressed her with the appellation of Highness, an implied recognition of her Imperial rank, in some degree justified this inconsistency ; but whatever may be the case, I never saw adulation in its perfection, until I met with its personification in the high-crested Englishmen who frequented the Palace Borghese !

In a more retired part of the chamber was seated the aged Princess Colonna, a near connexion of the Borghese family ; and close to her the Princess Santa Croce,* Ruspoli, &c. I have said they were not handsome ; but I should be sorry to say they were not interesting. Their features, manners, attitudes, contrasted vividly with those of our own nobility. The deep-toned colouring of their complexions, their dark velvety-looking eyes, the pale stateliness of their foreheads, and that peculiarly antique contour of head, which, if not the most striking, is the most constant characteristic of southern Italy, formed a rich relief to the sparkling freshness and lightness of our young visitors, "*di favellante carne, candidi pezzi*," says Alfieri, which was observable everywhere around them. But their voices were at still greater variance ; and instead of those silvery and liquid tones which we imagine must have naturally created or accompanied their language, there is a coarse screaming of the voice as if strung to its utmost pitch,—a defect which, common to all Italy, offends more particularly at Rome, from the peculiar drawling of its provincial accent. The softest lips, and the sweetest dialect are marred by this excess ; and when I turned round from this painful recitative, to the whispering of our English ladies and their demure gaiety at the other side of the room, I could not but feel that a gentle voice was indeed "an excellent thing in woman." Neither was the matter of their conversation much superior to the manner : if the vase was common, the wine which was presented in it was by no means precious : commonplace in Italy is doubly heavy ; the very emphasis which is lavished upon

* The title is Santa Croce, but the head of the family signs himself Publicola, and affects to be considered as descended from the great Roman of that name.

trifles, renders them still more insufferable. Their Italian admirers were little superior; I could only see a few cadets of the princely houses, who were allowed the daily piatto or cover at their father's or brother's table, and, under the shadow of some great historic name, had just enlisted in the service of the church and army, or still sauntered about, in the interval of their more tender engagements, in quest of some new adventure, some kind protectress, who might complete their education, and assist them in entering the world. They differed still more remarkably from each other, than the objects of their adoration. The Monsignore, or young prelate, in all the gay solemnity of his new clerical attire, was generally the *Merveilleux*, or dandy, of the circle. The propriety and fastidiousness of his costume was extreme—the purple stockings showed off with advantage a well-rounded leg—the *soutane* of the ecclesiastic, in nought detracted from the fascinations of the courtier. The officer was a secondary object of attention. The Italian soldier is of two classes: some of the existing force formerly served under Napoleon, and have carried back with them the remembrances of the Northern campaigns. They still stride and stalk about, silent and discontented, and smile at the very mention of the pope and his army; but much the majority of these gentlemen are merely a portion of the annual decorations at St. Peter's, or the outriders of the papal equipage. The Guardia Nobile is certainly the gaudiest display of scarlet, gold and feathers, I remember to have seen; but there their merit ends. Imagine something combined of the awkwardness of a recruit, the bluster of a soldier, and the whine and lounge of an indolent student: this with a vague tinge of aristocracy, as unlike ours as can well be imagined, is a rough casting up of their deserts; and when the machine is set snirking, bowing and complimenting, it is deemed to be in the *suprême bon ton* at Rome. For my part, I considerably prefer the Monsignore—he is a real species—his manner tastes of the country, and there is in the refinement of his saturnine and keen smile, a hint of all we read, or hear of the old courtly diplomacy of Rome. All that is passion in the man, is crouching and glistening about his eye, his face is as cold and marbly as an antique statue—but there is a frequent contradiction in his lips, like the rippling of a fountain, which shows what is boiling up from below. His conversation is stale enough, and unprofitable, less conventional, less vain than the French, but slovenly—few ideas and many words, pomp and ease; but nothing sinewy, masculine, or new. They have the art of talking much, and saying nothing—you may be acquainted with them for a year, and not penetrate beyond the surface; it is a thin layer of earth which covers a solid rock. They are not less the favourites with the fair sex. Discretion and the cloth are good securities for silence—an abbate and an Englishman are proverbial; and the Italian ladies are too sincere in their pleasures, to play and trifle as the French do around their meaning.

Whilst I was involuntarily running through this analysis, preparations were making for the music: and I found myself driven back into the lines of my countrymen. I once more got into England, and thought myself in the heart of an English rout. We remained standing and leaning on the consoles, fatigued and apprehensive of incurring or inflicting an acquaintance. *Hostis* with an Englishman, as with an ancient Roman, is only a synonyme for a stranger. The music at last commenced, and secretaries, chamberlains, all instantly niched themselves as they could. Every one here thinks it a duty to imitate the other; and the cardinal's red stockings and the Princess's *coiffure* were the grand points of observation, to which we rose and sate in mass. The music at last commenced, and gave something like the appearance of occupation, but a legion of English nobles with their ladies entering, again decomposed the arrangement. Etiquette and silence were restored, and at last the professor began in sober earnest; the last note was heard with regret; awkwardness rather than conversation, seemed returning upon every one. I could now and then hear a member of the Opposition whispering finance, or a country gentleman dilating upon sporting, but the generality were staid, sour, and taciturn. The chamber-

lain occasionally thought it his duty to edge in some pungent things touching the weather and the city — “*quum quidlibet ille garriret — vicos, urbem laudaret,*” — but for the most part he found them altogether inexpugnable. Crescentini, the lion of the evening, again exhibited the relics of his talents. His voice, once a good soprano, was then worn by age and infirmity into a sort of punchinello pathos, which to me was half ludicrous, half painful. Sometimes indeed, though seldom, he touched the heart; the ear never. The music ceased, and strong rum punch was handed round *pour se désennuyer*; and a little after we were invited to “*il thé*” for the English, in the next room. It was laid out with much magnificence in Sevre and vermeil; the ladies were seated, their chevaliers attending them in the rear. The Italians smiled, and sauntered up and down. In this apartment were the principal family portraits. General Le Clerc stood opposite the Prince Borghese, and they contrasted as much with each other as the two portraits in Hamlet. General Le Clerc bears the bold and gallant port of a warrior of the Revolution, young, daring, and handsome; the Prince, low and corpulent, in costume at least a soldier, claimed little merit on mere personal appearances. Near was a portrait of the Comte St. Leu, (ex-King of Holland) with his son, a copy from Wicar’s; and as well as I remember, another of Madame Mère. I was much surprised to find no memorial of Napoleon besides the portrait in her bed-room. In a few moments the ceremony was over, and the whole party, about forty, separated at ten, the Princess announcing, as I afterwards found was customary with her whenever she could no longer bear the weight of her society, that illness obliged her to retire. Her visitors took it as a matter of course, and the majority threw themselves on the hospitality of an English acquaintance for a dance and supper, which might occupy them till midnight. Such was my first evening at the Palazzo Borghese.

I was amongst the last who left the saloon; and in a few minutes I found myself altogether alone on the great marble staircase. A few dim lights twinkled before me. I was left to my reflections. I began slowly to collect them. The *soirées* of the Princess are hardly samples of Italian conversation, but may be considered as a fair specimen of the manner of grafting the three nations upon each other. Like her furniture, they were selections, though scarcely the best of each. But the great attraction of the evening was the Princess herself—but I reserve her for another communication.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

WHEN M. de Talleyrand was asked his opinion as to the best sort of education, his answer was, “*La meilleure éducation en Europe est celle qu’on donne aux écoles publiques en Angleterre, elle est détestable.*” Whether the first part of this opinion be a just one, we freely confess ourselves not sufficiently European in our knowledge of education to decide; but that the last part of it is true and just to the letter, we are prepared to maintain.

It is perhaps singular, but not the less true, that while every department of literature, every branch of art, science, and manufactures, has been improving for the last two hundred years in this country, and has kept pace with increasing civilization and knowledge, the system of education of the higher orders has remained stationary. Not only do the children of the great learn exactly the same things which they learned in the reigns of Edward the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth, but they learn them in the same imperfect and defective way. Not a grammar has been improved, not a school-book altered. The Westminster

boy toils through the unintelligible rules of the "*Grammatica Busbeiana*," while the Etonian is still taught to believe that the end of his creation is to make long and short Latin verses, to the prejudice of every other acquirement.

We think it is impossible that this can go on ; prejudice, and the cant of "venerable institutions," and "the wisdom of our ancestors" may carry people great lengths ; but they cannot for ever keep their sway, when unsupported by either sense or reason. We think that when the higher orders find how completely they are left behind by the increasing lights of the lower, they will begin to look about them. And that this is what is happening with regard to the generation that is now growing up, there can be no doubt. The lower and middling classes are now learning every thing that is most useful, every thing that can enlarge and elevate the mind of man ; and they are learning it in the best and most complete way : while my young Lord *This* and the Honourable Mr. *That* are going on in the old routine of having a little Latin and less Greek flogged into them with immense labour ; the consequence resulting from which is, that they enter the world ignorant of every useful science, and of every useful language ; ignorant of the advantages of learning and study (because they have only been forced upon their notice in conjunction with the most useless of all acquirements) ; and consequently (which is destined to be their curse through life) ignorant of the means of occupying themselves like rational beings. That to this education are to be mainly, in many instances, attributed the vices and follies of the higher orders, cannot, we think, be doubted — their minds are left uncultivated, and are consequently incapable of exertion and occupation. Hence the perpetual necessity of some external stimulus or excitement, which is found either at Newmarket, or at Crockford's, or in profligacy of various kinds, or in committing poachers, or in galloping over young corn, or in a thousand frivolous and useless, if not vicious occupations, to which the majority of people are led, not from natural vicious or depraved inclinations, but that in consequence of a defective education they have not otherwise the means of employing themselves.

Even if they acquired the things professed to be taught to them, useless as at best they are, it would be something ; but this is by no means the case. It is notorious that nine-tenths of the persons educated at public schools have never arrived at the knowledge of either Latin or Greek ; and it is equally notorious that of the one-tenth who do acquire the knowledge of these languages, far the greater part immediately forget them. And why do they forget them ? Because, from their being in no way applicable or useful to the affairs of life, they are by no chance ever called upon to remember them.

Oh, but, says the grave and sententious *noodle*, it is true that these languages are not useful in themselves, but then the learning them in youth gives habits of application. Now this is completely begging the question. No one ever proposed that habits of application should not be given to the rising generation ; but only that habits of application should not be given by teaching useless things. We apprehend the acquirement of modern languages, and above all of German, and of various sciences, would give more the habits of application, than the learning, frequently only by rote, the dead language, which the boy

who learns them, if he is not a perfect numpskull, must know are to be of no possible use to him in after life.

It is also sometimes urged on the side of public schools, that the system pursued there of teaching the ancient languages, does not preclude the acquirement of other knowledge—that there are vacant hours which may be advantageously devoted to the pursuit of various branches of learning. Now this certainly sounds very specious in theory, but the misfortune is, that in practice it is found to be untrue. The fact is, that boys at those schools do not learn any thing besides Latin and Greek; nor for the most part, from the knowledge of its impracticability, is it attempted to teach them any thing else. The French master, that unhappy sufferer! is generally the only exception attempted to this rule; and he, as every one knows who has been at a public school, is by no means the teacher of any thing, but the butt of the whole school.

Nothing certainly could be more natural in the days of the Plantagenet and Tudor sovereigns, when our great schools were founded, than the system of education which was then established in them. At that time, the Latin and Greek classics were the only works of literature that existed in any language; but now that each language of modern Europe possesses its own classics, which are not only equal in merit to the ancient ones, but possess the superior advantage of not having been mutilated, and in many cases rendered unintelligible, it is surely preposterous that the old plan should be still strictly adhered to. We go on teaching languages, which we neither know how to accentuate nor to pronounce, the literature of which has suffered irreparably by time and commentators, and the acquirement of which tends to no useful purpose, to the prejudice of every thing else. Not to mention that modern literature possesses the additional superior advantage, that its stores and riches are perpetually encreasing, which of course is not, and cannot be the case with that of the Greeks and Romans.

But it is not only upon the ground of its extraordinary folly that we wish this system of education changed—it is more particularly upon *political* grounds that we would urge its *reform*. The lower orders, in consequence of the sadly defective education of the higher, are outstripping them in learning—and when this fact is once generally known and felt, let the latter beware of the consequences. When the great body of the people come to look upon the two Houses of Parliament as composed of *ignoramus's* in comparison with themselves, they will not be quite so ready to pay respect and obedience to their laws and ordinances as they are at present. Perhaps they will then begin to complain of the frequent unintelligibility of Acts of Parliament—they will, perhaps, require something better from a Secretary of State than a circular about “*Cannon laying about the country*,”*—or very possibly humbly request his Majesty to afford the dramatic authors a more grammatical Lord Chamberlain than his Grace of Montrose.†

We are ourselves attached to the present order of things, “with all its imperfections on its head,” and are therefore anxious to avert such a

* See Lord Sidmouth's Letter, published in all the newspapers some years ago.

† See the Duke of Montrose's Letter to Mr. Shee.

consummation, which we believe to be only possible by a change in the education of the higher orders.

There are many other points, besides the defect of learning, in which the course at present pursued in our public schools is most objectionable; but the limits we have proposed to ourselves upon the present occasion will not permit our doing more than shortly alluding to them. Such is the ferocity of the boys in their quarrels, permitted, and even too frequently encouraged, and their treatment of each other. These sometimes are the occasion of loss of life, and frequently of maiming and wounds. The system of *fagging*, replete with mischief; and of which the effect is either to subdue and destroy the spirit of the sufferer, or to render him, when he himself becomes the tyrant, a cruel bully. Nor are the sad effects of fagging confined to the time of boyhood; but are seen and felt in the tempers and characters of the men in after life. The great neglect of the morality of boys at public schools is also much to be lamented; and indeed the entire absence of all control upon this matter on the part of the masters. In consequence, the boys are too frequently initiated into the lowest kinds of profligacy at an age when their minds are incapable of resisting vice, and their constitutions of supporting it.

“Though last not least,” the all-important subject of religion must also be alluded to; and sorry are we to be obliged to confess, that upon this point the state of public schools seems to us to be even more reprehensible than upon any other. In fact we may say that even morality is entirely neglected in them; or what is worse, that it only makes its appearance in the odious shape of roll-calls or punishments. We are not at this time of day to be told that translations of bits of the Greek Testament, or long and short verses made out of St. Paul's Epistles, are to teach a boy the great doctrines and truths of religion. Neither can we away with the old and lame excuse that the boys learn their religion at home. It is the duty of the masters of schools to make religion and morals enter into their system of education, ay, and to make it the foremost thing. To inculcate religious and moral precepts by every means in their power, should be their first and most constant care.

No one can more respect the memory of the late Dean of Westminster than we do; and yet we are forced to confess how completely O'Beirne* had the better of Vincens in their controversy respecting public schools, and especially respecting the state of religious instruction in them. Nothing ever was so inconclusive or so futile as the defence of the latter and the facts he brings forward on this subject.

Having now pointed out what appear to us to be the present defects in public schools, it is but fair that we should state how we wish to see them reformed and conducted; which we will, however, do very briefly, and without pledging ourselves not to admit of any changes in our plan, according to the peculiar circumstances of the case.

* In support of our own views upon these subjects, we would wish here to remind our readers that the Bishop of Meath's arguments are supported by those of the learned and conscientious Dr Rennell; and that the adversaries of the system of public schools number among them Milton, Cowley, Addison, and Cowper, besides many other names of eminence.

In the first place, with regard to the general system of treatment, we think the boys should be left less to themselves than they are at present; they should have less periods of time allowed them, undisturbed by the interference of masters and ushers, for the purpose of getting into mischief. At the same time that they would thus be more exactly watched and guarded, we would have the degrading habit of corporal punishment done away with, more particularly the indecent and disgusting exhibition of flogging. We also are of opinion that fagging should be abolished;* that very strict care should be taken of the morals of the boys; that the boys should be fewer, and the masters more numerous. It is impossible that five hundred boys, and we believe there are more than that number at Eton, can be kept under proper control. That the number of boys in the boarding-houses should in many cases be diminished, and for the future limited to what the houses can conveniently hold; and that no boarding-house, however large, be allowed to receive great numbers. Where the boys are numerous in a small space, they are sure to commit more mischief, and to be more idle and unmanageable than where they are fewer; besides the insalubrity of packing boys together as if they were in a slave-ship.

Secondly, with regard to the manner of teaching, we are of opinion that system should be adopted, which is found by experience to teach the best, in the easiest way, and in the shortest time, whether it be the Bell, or Lancaster, or Hamiltonian system; and that the elementary books upon the best plan, and which are the clearest and most easy of apprehension and comprehension, should be made use of for the purpose.

Thirdly, in relation to what should be taught in public schools, our wish would be to place the study of modern languages in the first line, then mathematics and other sciences,—the most abstruse and least useful last. Boys, in our opinion, should also be taught to read and write their own language—by write we mean compose; also to attain a legible hand, and to understand the rules of arithmetic. A slight acquaintance with geography, a study but little known or attended to in this country, would not be amiss. With regard to the Latin tongue, we should be inclined to teach about as much of it as is taught now, only in one twentieth part of the time. Our reason for this is, that a slight knowledge of that language might be found useful to all in consequence of the frequent recurrence of it in various acts, records, &c. relating to this country. Greek should not be taught, except to those, who feeling or having a particular vocation for it, desire to learn it.

Such is the slight outline of our view of rational, useful, civilized education; subject of course to any modifications or improvements, which farther consideration and more minute attention might point out as necessary or desirable. We are not, we hope, obstinately bigoted

* We understand Dr. Russell, the master of the Charter House, has introduced several of these reforms into the school over which he presides, with the greatest effect. In consequence of which he has received the double reward, of the approbation of the public, and the vituperation of his brethren the schoolmasters of the old or monkish system.

to our own opinions; but should be willing to change them, if better ones were offered to our notice. It is easy to be decided in the wish to change the present system, but it is not easy to be equally decided as to the most proper to substitute in its room.

Whether we ourselves shall live to see these our suggestions adopted, or whether, exactly as we have offered them, they will ever be adopted, may be doubtful: but of this we are certain, that the tendency of public feeling at present is in favour of a change on these subjects. Let then the pedagogues of the old school (and of the old schools) beware, lest, by resisting too obstinately the wishes of an enlightened age, they only bring ruin upon the institutions over which they preside, without being able to retard the march of civilization and improvement. E.

MEMOIRS OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.*

THIS is a work of deep political interest, and withal full of amusement and light matter, interesting alike the attention and sympathies of the reader, whatever his political creed or character may be. For the publication of the volumes before us, we are indebted to the author's son, whose early years were spent in the service of the Emperor Napoleon, and who is now a member of the American bar. Under the superintendence of Mr. William Tone these documents were collected, and printed in the United States. The edition at present under our eye comprises all that is contained in the American volumes, omitting only the pamphlets, some of which wanted the ordinary spirit and vivacity of the writer, and others, of which the interest was purely local, or merely temporary and evanescent. A considerable portion of the early part of Tone's life, the accuracy of which is fully attested in the present volumes, has already appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*. To this therefore we shall not refer so much in detail, as to the *Journal or Diary*, decidedly the most lively and interesting portion of the work. Tone was born in Dublin in the year 1763. He was the eldest of several brothers and sisters, whose fates were as diversified and unfortunate as his own. Obscure in his birth, and struggling with difficulties, his triumphs at the University of Dublin were not less brilliant than frequent. While yet a student he married a Miss Witherington, the daughter of a silk mercer in Grafton Street, Dublin, a lady whose beauty, good sense and fortitude, were the constant themes of Tone's eulogy, as they were often his only solace and support. Tone's wishes were for a military life, but his father destined him for the bar. In January 1787, he arrived in London, was entered of the Middle Temple, and, after due time, was called to the Irish bar. At the Temple he became acquainted with several young men distinguished for family and fortune, or the rarer merit of brilliant talents. Among the former were the Hon. George Knox (son of Lord Northland), Mr. Wharton, a member of the British parliament, with 14,000*l.* a year, and Sir Lawrence Parsons (afterwards Earl of Rosse). Among the latter may be numbered Mr. Marcus Beresford, Plunkett, Grattan, Curran, Peter Burrowes (now Judge of the Insolvent Court,) and Charles Bushe (now Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland.)

Shortly after Tone became a barrister, he went the Leinster Circuit, and pretty nearly cleared his expenses; but being, to use his own words, "one of the most ignorant barristers in the Four Courts, and not concealing

* *Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone*, written by himself, comprising a complete *Journal* of his negotiations to procure the aid of the French for the liberation of Ireland, with selections from his *Diary*, whilst agent to the Irish Catholics. Edited by his son William Theobald Wolfe Tone, in 2 vols.

his dislike of the profession, and his disinclination to *treat* the attorneys, he made no great exhibition in his profession. As the law grew every day more disgusting, he commenced pamphleteer, and in a few days finished his first pamphlet, entitled a "Review of the last Session of Parliament." This brochure procured him an introduction to Mr. George Ponsonby, then a leading member of the Irish parliament, and he was instantly retained in the Petition for the Borough of Dungarven, on the part of James Carrigee Ponsonby, Esq. Tone now looked on himself as a kind of political character; but in this he soon found himself mistaken, and having pocketed his eighty guineas fee and performed his professional duty, he bade adieu to the Whigs for ever.— He now began to think that the influence of England was the radical vice of the Irish Government, and on the appearance of a rupture with Spain wrote a pamphlet to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declaration of war, but ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for a neutrality. It was about this time, or shortly after, that Tone became connected with the Catholics. He was the first Protestant who engaged in their cause, and he experienced the greatest difficulty in rousing them to a sense of their wrongs. It is a fact as remarkable as true, that most of the leaders of the United Irishmen were Protestants—Tone, Emmet Russell, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, &c.; and of the twenty prisoners at Fort George only four were Catholics. To enlighten the prejudices of the Dissenters on the subject of the Catholic claims, Tone published a pamphlet entitled "An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland." The Catholics purchased this pamphlet with avidity, and spread it in all quarters. Tone's intimacy with several of the leaders of that body now commenced; and through his first friend in the body, John Keogh, he became acquainted with M'Cormick, Byrne, Braughall, and the whole of the Sub and General Committee. In the winter of 1791 it was that Tone, in company with Russell, went down to Belfast. The incidents of that journey he recorded in a kind of diary, a practice which he then commenced and ever afterwards followed. From it we make the following extracts:—

"Journey to Belfast, October 1791.

"Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1791. Arrived at Belfast late, and was introduced to Digges, but no material conversation. Bonfires, illuminations, firing twenty-one guns, volunteers, &c."

"Christened Russell, P. P. Clerk of this Parish. Sinclair asked us to dine and meet Digges, which we acceded to with great affability. P. P. very drunk. Home; bed.

"13. Much good jesting in bed, at the expense of P. P. Laughed myself into good humour. Rose. Breakfast.

"Home. Dinner at William Sinclair's, to meet Dr. Halliday, who could not come, being suddenly called out to attend a sick bishop. Much conversation about Foster's treatment of Macabe and Pearce. Sinclair in high wrath with Foster (the Right Hon. James Foster, Speaker of the House of Commons,) of whom he told scurrilous anecdotes. The loom now in America, and a capital of 500,000 dollars subscribed to carry on the manufacture of linen; workmen, the great want in America, which this loom goes precisely to obviate. America improving, silently and unnoticed, in manufactures; instance, in coarse linens, from 14d. to 8d., of which, seven years since, there was a large export from Ireland, but which they now are able to supply themselves. Danger, therefore, by the aid of Pearce's various and inexhaustible invention, that they may proceed in like manner in other fabrics. Washington has adopted Pearce as his protégé, and declares him to be the first man in America."

"24. Wakened very sick. Rose at nine. Breakfast at William Sinclair's, per engagement; could not eat. Mrs. Sinclair nursed me with French drams, &c. Rode out with P. P. and Sinclair to see his bleach-green. A noble concern. Anecdotes of the linen trade. Nearly independent of England. Seven years ago application made to Parliament for a bounty of 14d. per yard; resisted by England; carried at last. Before the bounty, not more than thirty or forty pieces shipped direct for the West Indies, now, always 50, 60, and 70, boxes in every ship. England threatened then to take off the duty on foreign linens, but did not venture it

Ireland able to beat any foreign linens for quality and cheapness, as appears by the American market, which gives no preference by duties, and is supplied entirely by Ireland. German linens preferred, out of spite, by some families in England, particularly by the royal family. All the King's and Queen's linen, German, and, of course, all their retainers. Sinclair, for experiment, made up linen after the German mode, and sent it to the house in London which served the King, &c.; worn for two years, and much admired; ten per cent. cheaper, and 20 per cent. better, than the German linen. Great orders for *Irish German* linen, which he refused to execute. All but the royal family content to take it as mere Irish. *God save great George our King!*"

In July 1792, Tone proceeded a second time to Belfast, from whence, in the middle of that month, he returned to Dublin. The following is a sample of his Journal in Dublin.

"21. *Dublin.* Ride out with Gog* to Grattan, and tell him of the state of things in the North and in the South, which he approves. Talk of next winter. He apprehends Government will make a blow at the Catholics, by committing their chairman.† Mr. Hutton of opinion that the whole body should rise and go with him in that event. Grattan advises to let him go, and immediately elect another. If he be committed, elect another, and so on, but never to recede. Mr. Hutton says that is very hard, which Grattan admits; but says the reason is obvious, that we have *no Parliament in Ireland.*"

"22. Meet Gog in the evening, who is in a peck of troubles. Expects Burke ‡ over in Cork every day, notwithstanding all that has been done to prevent his coming. Burke pretends that he is come on his private affairs. *Private fiddlesticks!* Gog in a rage; determined to thwart him on all occasions, and put him down with the Catholics, which he most richly deserves for the great impropriety of his conduct."

"*August 17.* Gog's man has been dunning me for 20l., I believe without orders. Give the man a short rebuke, but do not pay him. The Devil to pay in Paris. The mob have broken open the prisons, and massacred all the prisoners (Montmorin, the Princess Lamballe, &c.) with circumstances of great barbarity, but robbed no one. Strange mixture of cruelty and sentiment! An Irish mob would have plundered but shed no blood. A Parisian mob murders, but respects property; which is best? I lean to the Frenchman; more manly. Our mob, very shabby fellows. Never would have stood as the Parisians did on the 10th of August."

"18. Pay Gog, and resolve to have no more to do with him in the money way."

"*Oct. 3.* Call at Moira House, and see every body. Most graciously received. Introduced to Lady Granard, who takes charge of my letter to Col. Barry. Dinner, and a great deal of wine. Frivolous day. Generally drunk."

"4. Sick as a dog. Rode out to Gog. 'Smoke the rhyme.' Dennis Browne playing tricks in Mayo. Recommends a separate petition, and condemns the plan. Wishes, if he could, to act the patron to the Catholics, that he might make sale of 3,000,000 of clients at the Castle. A blockhead, without parts or principles!"

The following are some fragments of the Journals of 1793. January;—

"The King of France was beheaded on the 21st;—*I am sorry it was necessary.*"

"*Sunday.* Dinner with J. Plunkett, of Roscommon, and J. Jos. M'Donnell, of Mayo. The Country Catholics, I think, will *stand fire*. Mayo has returned, in spite of Dennis Browne, who is as vexed as the Devil, and cannot help himself. Huzza! Drink like a fish till past twelve. *God bless every body.* Embrace the Connaught men, and go to bed as drunk as a Lord. It is downright scandalous to see in this, and other journals, how often that occurrence takes place;—yet I call myself a sober man!"

In the commencement of this year (1793,) Tone proceeded to London as Secretary to the Catholic Delegation. The interviews of the members composing this body, with Mr. Secretary Dundas, are detailed with much pith and freshness, and full justice is rendered to the services of the deputation by the Earl of Moira, at that period Lord Rawdon. When Mr. Secretary

* John Keogh, Esq.

† Tone himself.

‡ Richard Burke, Esq. son of the Rt. Hon. E. Burke, and agent to the Catholics.

Dundas hesitated about presenting the Delegation to the King, Tone gives the following account of Lord Moira's conduct:

"Lord Moira came forward and told them that, if it became necessary, *he* would, as a peer, demand an audience of his Majesty, and be their introducer; adding, 'As an Irishman and a military man, it might be esteemed to wear, perhaps, too peremptory an appearance, were I to introduce you, and when the minister finds that you are secure of admission, he will, probably, be less reluctant to have the credit of it himself.' The minister relaxed: and Wednesday, the 2d of January, was fixed as the day of their introduction."

It would appear, however, from the conduct of the Deputation on their return from England, which is glanced at in the following loose fragment of Tone's thoughts, that he suspected some treachery among the members of the body, whose faithful servant he still continued to remain.

"Sudden change of Deputation, on our return from England—Bellew's visit, and mine, to the Castle—All set aside by the first visit of the whole Deputation—Negotiation, giving up both Houses of Parliament—People then unanimous and spirited, but soon disheartened by this unaccountable conduct of their former leaders—Great advantages of the Castle over us in negotiation—My own opposition to compromise—Compelled to give it up at last—Consequence of this dereliction, a loss of all public spirit—Low state of Government at the opening of the Session, as appeared from their admitting the principle of reform—Their recovery, from the indecision of Catholics—Consequent carrying, under cover of the Catholic bill, the gunpowder and militia acts, augmentation of army, proclamations, &c.—Motives of Catholic leaders: not corruption—Some negotiation carried on by one of them in London, unknown to the others—Secret Committee examine about me and my letter to Russell—Proof of their meanness and weakness."

The events that followed the passing the act of April 1793, are thus detailed by Mr. W. Tone. We shall not spoil the narrative by any abridgment.

"Blood had not yet flowed, and the reign of torture had not yet commenced; but a noxious crowd of informers, from the fæces of society, began to appear like the vermin and insects from the mud of Egypt, under the fostering patronage of the Castle; state prosecutions were multiplied beyond example; juries were packed and iniquitous judgments rendered; the soldiery were quartered on the disaffected districts, and indulged in every licence; the affections of the people were alienated for ever, and their irritation increased to madness. Amongst the most marking events which indicated the increasing violence of all parties, and the approaching crisis of the storm, were the arrest, trial, and imprisonment of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Simon Butler, and Oliver Bond.

"In the month of April 1794, William Jackson was arrested on a charge of high treason. This gentleman was sent by the French Government to sound the people of Ireland as to their willingness to join the French, and had received his instructions from one Madgett, an old Irishman long settled in France in the office of the Department for Foreign Affairs. The sincerity of Jackson was fully demonstrated by his heroic death, but his imprudence and indiscretion rendered him totally unfit for such a mission. On his passage through England, he opened himself to an English Attorney, Cockayne, who instantly sold his information to the British Government, and was ordered by the police to follow him as an official spy. The leaders of the patriotic party and Catholics in Ireland, desirous as they were to open a communication with France, were unwilling to compromise themselves with a stranger. My father undertook to run the risk, and even engaged himself to bear the answer to that country. But he was deeply disgusted by the rash and unlimited confidence which Jackson reposed in Cockayne.

"This was an awful period of my father's life. Every night he expected to be arrested for examination before the Secret Committee. Several of the patriotic and Catholic leaders, most from attachment to him, some for fear of being compromised by his arrest, urged him to abscond. At length, by the most pressing instances with the Government, Tone's friends succeeded in concluding an agreement, by which, on his engaging simply to leave Ireland as soon as he could settle his private affairs, no steps were to be taken against him."

'This compromise (if such it can be called) effected through Lord Kilwar-

den, then Attorney General, was not a dishonourable one. Tone betrayed no friend, revealed no secret, and abused no confidence.

In the beginning of 1795 Lord Fitzwilliam was appointed Viceroy; and efforts were then made to attach Tone anew to the Whig party, and to induce him to write in support of the administration, but these efforts wholly failed. In March 1795, Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, and in the month of April the trial of Jackson took place. It nobly redeemed his former errors.

The following is a summary of what took place previously to Tone's embarking for America. We give it in his own words:—

“I hasten to the period when, in consequence of the conviction of William Jackson for high treason, I was obliged to quit my country and go into exile in America. A short time before my departure, my friend Russell and I walked out together to Rathfarnham, to see Emmet. He showed us a little study which he was building, and which he said he would consecrate to our meetings, if ever we lived to see our country emancipated. I begged of him, if he intended Russell should be of the party, to fit up a small cellaret, which should enclose a few dozens of his best old claret. I mention this anecdote because I love the men, and it seems now, at least, possible that we may yet meet again in Emmet's study. As we walked into town, I opened my plan to them. I told them that I considered my compromise with Government to extend no farther than the banks of the Delaware, and that the moment I landed, I was free to follow any plan which might suggest itself to me for the emancipation of my country. They both agreed with me in those principles, and I proceeded to tell them that my intention was, immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French Minister; to detail to him, fully, the situation of affairs in Ireland,—to obtain a recommendation to the French Government, and, if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America, set off instantly for Paris, and apply, in the name of my country, for the assistance of France, to enable us to assert our independence. This plan met with the warmest approbation from both Russell and Emmet. We shook hands, and having repeated our professions of unalterable regard and esteem for each other, we parted; and this was the last interview which I was so happy as to have with those two friends.”

On the 13th June, Tone embarked on board the *Cincinnatus* of Wilmington. We extract the following strange incident:—

“About the 20th of July, after we had cleared the banks of Newfoundland, we were stopped by three British frigates, the *Thetis*, Captain Lord Cochrane, the *Hussar*, Captain Rose, and the *Esperance*, Captain Wood, who boarded us, and after treating us with great insolence, pressed every one of our hands save one.

“As I was in a jacket and trowsers, one of the lieutenants ordered me into the boat, as a fit man to serve the King, and it was only the screams of my wife and sister which induced him to desist. On the first of August we landed safe at Wilmington, not one of my party, providentially, having been for an hour indisposed on the passage, nor even sea-sick. We put up at the principal tavern, kept by an Irishman, one Captain O'Byrne O'Flynn, for all the taverns in America are kept by majors and captains.”

After remaining for some time at Wilmington, and procuring an interview with the French minister, Citizen Adet, who promised to forward a memorial of Tone's to the French government, the author of these volumes was in treaty for the purchase of a farm, when he received letters from Keogh, Russell, and the two Sims's, pressing him to fulfil his engagement “to move heaven and earth” to force his way to the French government. Sims's letter contained a credit to the amount of 200*l*. Tone's determination was immediately taken. He set off the next morning for Philadelphia, and waited on Citizen Adet, who offered him letters to the French government, and money if necessary. The former Tone accepted, and on the 16th December arrived in New York. On the 1st January 1796, he sailed, on board the *Jersey*, from Sandy Hook for Havre de Grace, where the crew arrived safely on the 1st of February.—Here confessedly a most interesting part of the work commences:—On the 11th, Tone sets off for Paris, and on the 12th arrives in that city. On the 13th he goes to the Theatre. The following account of the Opera is full of interest.

"In the evening at the Grand Opera, Theatre des Arts; *Iphigénie*. The theatre magnificent, and I should judge, about one hundred performers in the orchestra. The dresses most beautiful, and a scrupulous attention to costume, in all the decorations. The performers were completely Grecian statues animated, and I never saw so manifestly the superiority of the taste of the ancients in dress, especially as regards the women. *Iphigénie* (*La Citoyenne Chéron*) was dressed entirely white, without the least ornament. The acting admirable, but the singing very inferior to that of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. The French cannot sing like the Italians. Agamemnon excellent. Clytemnestra still better. Achilles abominable, yet more applauded than either of them. Sang in the old French style, which is most detestable, shaking and warbling on every note: vile! vile! vile! The others sang in a style sufficiently correct. The ballet, *L'Offrande à la Liberté*, most superb. In the centre of the stage was the statue of Liberty, with an altar blazing before her. She was surrounded by the characters in the opera, in their beautiful Grecian habits. The civic air '*Veillons au salut de l'Empire*,' was sung by a powerful base, and received with transport by the audience. Whenever the word *esclavage* was uttered, it operated like an electric shock. The Marseillaise hymn was next sung, and produced still greater enthusiasm. At the words '*Aux armes citoyens!*' all the performers drew their swords, and the females turned to them as encouraging them. Then came two beautiful female figures, moving like the Graces themselves, with torches blazing; these were followed by four negroes, carrying two tripods between them, which they placed on each side of the altar; next came as many Americans, in the dress of Mexico; and these were followed by a crowd of other performers, variously habited. The little children then approached the altar with their baskets of flowers, which they laid before the goddess; the rest in turn succeeded, and hung the altar and the base of the statue with garlands; the two females with the torches approached the tripods, and, touching them with the fire, they kindled into a blaze. The whole then knelt down, and all of this was executed in cadence to the music. The first part of the last verse, '*Amour sacré de la patrie*,' was then sung slowly and solemnly, and the words '*Liberté, Liberté chérie*,' with an emphasis which affected me most powerfully."

We present our readers with the account given by Tone of his interview with Monroe.

"15. Went to Monroe's, the Ambassador, and delivered in my passport and letters. Received very politely by Monroe, who inquired a great deal into the state of the public mind in America. I inquired of him where I was to deliver my despatches. He informed me, to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I then rose and told him that when he had read B——'s letter, (which was in cypher) he would, I hope, find me excused in taking the liberty to call again. He answered, he would be happy at all times to see me. I took my leave, and returned to his office for my passport. The Secretary smoked me for an Irishman directly. *A la bonne heure*. Went at three o'clock to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Rue du Bacq, 471. Delivered my passport, and inquired for some one who spoke English. Introduced immediately to the Chef de Bureau, Lamare. I showed my letter, and told him I wished for an opportunity to deliver it into the Minister's hands. He asked me, 'would it not do if he took charge of it?' I answered, he undoubtedly knew best, but I should consider myself much obliged by being allowed to deliver it in person. He then brought me into a magnificent ante-chamber, and after a few minutes I was introduced to Charles de la Croix. He is a respectable man of sixty, with the air of a Bishop."

We pass over, in consequence of the want of space, the various interviews of Tone with Madgett; in which the whole progress of the plan of Tone is detailed, and in which the resources and the disposition of the French government with regard to Ireland, is laid open; and we come at once to that part of the Journal which details the author's interview with Carnot.

"24. Went at 12 o'clock to the Luxembourg; conning speeches in execrable French. What shall I say to Carnot? Well, 'whatever the Lord putteth in my mouth, that surely shall I utter.' Plucked up a spirit (as I drew near the Palace)—Went into the first Bureau that I found open, and demanded at once to see Carnot. The clerks stared a little, but I repeated my demand with a courage

truly heroic; on which they instantly submitted, and sent a person to conduct me. I began the discourse by saying, in horrible French, that I had been informed he spoke English.—‘A little, Sir; but I perceive you speak French, and, if you please, we will converse in that language.’ I answered, still in my jargon, that if he could have the patience to endure me, I would endeavour, and only prayed him to stop me whenever I did not make myself understood. I then told him I was an Irishman; that I had been Secretary and Agent to the Catholics of that country, who were about 3,000,000 of people; that I was also in perfect possession of the sentiments of the Dissenters, who were at least 900,000, and that I wished to communicate with him on the actual state of Ireland. He stopped me here to express a doubt as to the numbers being so great. I answered, a calculation had been made within these few years, grounded on the number of houses, that, by that calculation, the people of Ireland amounted to 4,100,000, and which was acknowledged to be considerably under the truth; that all those people were unanimous in their sentiments in favour of France, and eager to throw off the yoke of England. He asked me then, ‘What they wanted?’ I said, ‘An armed force in the commencement, for a *point d’appui*, until they can organize themselves; and undoubtedly a supply of arms, and some money.’ The Organizer of Victory proceeded to ask me, ‘Are there not some strong places in Ireland?’ I answered, I knew of none, except some works to defend the harbour of Cork. He stopped me here, exclaiming, ‘Ay, Cork! But may it not be necessary to land there?’—By which question I perceived he had been *organizing* a little already, in his own mind.”

We are constrained to pass over the various other interviews which Tone had with Carnot, La Reveilliere Lepaux, Madget, and Clarke Duc De Feltre, to whom the arrangement of the Irish expedition was finally referred, and Hoche, who was to have the command of it. Want of space also precludes us from giving any portion of the Journal during the period of General Tone’s attachment to the army of the West, with the journey from Rennes to Brest; and we come now to the Journal of December 1796, from which we make the following extracts touching the first expedition to Ireland.

“2. Bantry Bay Expedition—on board. Received my order to embark on board the *Indomptable*, of 80 guns, Capt. Bedout.”

“15. At 11 o’clock this morning the signal was made to heave short. There is a signal also at the point for four sail of enemies in the offing; the sun is as warm and as bright as in the month of May—‘I hope,’ as Lord George Brilliant says, ‘he may not shine *through* somebody presently.’ We are all in high spirits, and the troops are as gay as if they were going to a ball: with our 15,000, or more correctly, 13,975 men, I would not have the least doubt of our beating 30,000 of such as will be opposed to us; that is to say, if we reach our destination.”

“16. At twelve to-day the *Fougueux*, a 74, ran foul of us, but we parted without any damage on either side.”

“18. At nine this morning, a fog so thick that we cannot see a ship’s length before us. ‘Hazy weather, master Noah;’ d—n it, we may be, for aught I know, within a quarter of a mile of our missing ships.”

With the result of this expedition our readers are already well acquainted.

On the 29th December, 1796, the Commodore made the signal to steer back for France, and on the 1st of January 1797, they made the island of Ushant. From this period Tone became attached to the army of the “*Sambre et Meuse*,” till the 26th of May, when he joined the Batavian army at Cologne, preparatory to his being attached to the second expedition, from the Texel, which in the execution was still more unfortunate than that to Bantry Bay.

The last expedition, and that in which Tone perished, sailed on the 20th of September 1798.

“That fatal expedition set sail from the Baye de Camaret. To avoid the British fleets, Bompard, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the Westward, and then to the North-east, in order to bear down on the Northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered; for, on the 10th of October, after twenty days’ cruise, he arrived off the entry of Loch Swilly. He

was instantly signalled; and, on the break of day, next morning, 11th of October, before he could enter the bay or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee of sixty guns, and two frigates, bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for the large and heavy man of war. Bompert gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner, to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honour the flag of his country and liberty, by a desperate but hopeless defence. At that moment, a boat came from the *Biche* for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. 'Our contest is hopeless,' they observed, 'we shall be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?' "

Tone was deaf to their entreaties; and during the action, which lasted for six hours, he fought with the most desperate resolution. After the action was over, he was basely pointed out to the police officers by a person who had been his fellow-student at Trinity College, who stepped up to him, and said, "Mr. Tone, I am very happy to see you." From Letterkeney the unfortunate man was hurried to Dublin, where he made two attempts on his own existence after he had been sentenced to die by a court-martial.

The last of these attempts was successful. On the evening of the 11th November, 1798, it was discovered by the sentry that Tone had inflicted a deep wound across his neck. A surgeon was called in, who stopped the blood and closed it, reporting that the prisoner had missed the carotid artery. Tone murmured in reply, "I'm sorry I've been so bad an anatomist." The concluding sketch is given by Mr. William Tone with truth and feeling.

"Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union, and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence, counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family, and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which flitted before his eyes were those of the grim gaoler and rough attendants of the prison; the only sound which fell on his dying ear, the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, the calmness of his soul, and the possession of his faculties, to the last:—and the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice and liberty, illumined, like a bright halo, his latest moments, and kept up his fortitude to the end.

"On the morning of the 19th of November, he was seized with the spasms of approaching death. It is said that the surgeon who attended whispered that, if he attempted to move or speak, he must expire instantly; that he overheard him, and, making a slight movement, replied, 'I can yet find words to thank you,' Sir; it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?' Falling back with these expressions on his lips, he expired without farther effort."

Thus perished a brilliant genius—a mind pregnant with enterprise, and a faithful and warm heart. The political principles of Tone will be judged of according to the feelings and opinions of the reader; but there is no one, we think, who having read the volumes before us, must not be constrained to admit, that however much their author may have been destitute of prudence, however mistaken in his views, and extravagant in his opinions, he was at least full of sincerity, and free from all taint of selfishness, the besetting sin of pseudo-patriots. Of his rashness he was the victim, and of his principles the martyr; and for the rest we have no hesitation in saying, that the piece of Biography of which he was himself the author, sheds more light on the history of his own times, than any other work we have ever met with, while it displays a union of brilliancy and solidity, of depth of thought and variety of acquirement, which it seldom falls to the lot of the most gifted to possess, and the direction of which we must deplore.

MISS POPE—A PORTRAIT.

WHEN I first saw Miss Pope, she was performing Mrs. Candour in the *School for Scandal*. Her fellow-labourers in the theatric vineyard were Miss Farren as Lady Teazle, and King as Sir Peter; Parsons and Dodd performed Crabtree and Backbite; Baddeley personated Moses; Smith, Charles; and John Palmer, Joseph. Here was a galaxy which the dramatic hemisphere will not again present in one night. I have heard people wonder why the good actors in our days will not pull together in one piece, as they did when the *School for Scandal* first came out: meaning, I presume, as they habitually did at that period. I take the liberty to doubt the fact. If the *School for Scandal* had been brought to the Theatre by "some starved hackney sonneteer or me," Parsons would not have acted Crabtree, and Dodd would have "fined" rather than perform Backbite. I even doubt whether Baddeley would have taken to the Jew. Miss Pope would unquestionably have demurred about Mrs. Candour. Not that those parts are bad ones in themselves, but there is too great an interval between the first and last appearance of the "scandalous club." They get out of the sight, and consequently out of the mind of the audience. Moreover (which is an inexpressible sin in the perception of a player) there are better parts in the play. Why then, it may be asked, did those eminent performers act these characters? I answer, because the play was written by a manager. When, many years afterwards, Miss Pope attended the rehearsal of Frederick Reynolds's play, "*The Will*," I beheld her (for the first and last time I ever witnessed it) a little out of humour. "Oh, Mr. Reynolds," exclaimed the lady, turning over the leaves of her manuscript, "this is a very bad part." "Very, Ma'am," was the answer; "but, bad as it is, I can't make it better." Now, be it remembered that Reynolds was not a manager, and moreover, that he was not a regular writer for Drury-lane Theatre. His movements thither were eccentric. *The Will*, *Cheap Living*, and *The Caravan*, were the only wares he ever carried to that market. This may account for the lady's petulance, and may perhaps excuse it.

Nick-names are often given at hazard. Miss Pope's private alias, in certain theatrical circles, was Mrs. Candour; originating partly from her playing that part, and partly from her readiness to undertake the defence of any person who happened to be run down. I owe it to truth to declare my conviction that, in adopting that course, not a particle of irony or sarcasm was mingled with her encomiums. I never heard her speak ill of any human being. This, in a theatre, where there is so much ill, and so many people disposed to speak it, is surely no faint praise. I have sometimes been even exasperated by her benevolence. In cases of the most open delinquency, I could never entice her into indignation. "I adore my profession," I have heard her say more than once. She might, therefore, think it policy, at all events, to uphold the professors, in the same way as the sex uphold each other in the article of marriage. You never can prevail upon female A to admit that female B has become an old maid from want of offers. It is constantly a matter of choice. She has bad health: she was attached to a young man who died at Monmouth: she is devoted to

her sister's children : or she won't quit her father. Any thing rather than the fact.

I saw Miss Pope, for the second time, in the year 1780, in the character of Flippanta, in Sir John Vanbrugh's licentious comedy, *The Confederacy*. Miss Farren was the City Wife, Clarissa ; Moody, the husband ; John Palmer, the Dick Amlet ; John Bannister, the roguish servant Brisk ; and Mrs. Jordan, the Corinna. The last-mentioned part was formerly, however, personated by Miss Pope : witness the encomium of Churchill in the *Rosciad*.

“ With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in jig and trip
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humour just yet new.
Cheer'd by her promise we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.”

This poem was published in the year 1761 ; and when “ the fatal time ” which it prognosticated had arrived, Miss Pope wrote poor Kitty Clive's epitaph. It may be seen on a mural tablet in Twickenham church-yard, commencing as follows :

“ Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim.”

“ She was one of my earliest and best friends,” said Miss Pope, “ I usually spent a month with her during the summer recess, at her cottage adjoining to Horace Walpole's villa at Strawberry-hill. One fine morning I set off in the Twickenham passage-boat to pay her a visit. When we came to Vauxhall, I took out a book and began to read.” “ Oh Ma'am,” said one of the watermen, “ I hoped we were to have the pleasure of hearing you talk.” “ I took the hint,” added the benevolent lady, “ and put up my book.” She asked me if I remembered Horace Walpole. I could only say, as Pope said of Dryden, “ *Virgilium tantum vidi*.” The only time I ever beheld him was when I went about the year 1793 in Undy's passage-boat to Twickenham. He was standing upon the lawn in front of his house. “ He *could* be very pleasant,” said Miss Pope.—“ He often came to drink tea with us at Mrs. Clive's cottage ; and he *could* be very unpleasant.” “ In what way ? ” said I. “ Oh, very snarling and sarcastic,” was the answer.

When young people look at old people, they find a great difficulty in imagining that the latter were formerly as young as themselves. When I first became acquainted with the lady in question, namely, about the year 1807, she had passed her grand climacteric, and was consequently gifted with a bulky person, and a duplicity of chin. “ Is it possible,” said I to myself, “ that this old woman could ever have verified Churchill's assertion, ‘ Native vigour of sixteen ? ’ Ridiculous ! ” And yet the matter is mathematically a fact : nay more, Miss Pope was once in love ! I had “ the soft confession ” from her own lips ; and as I was not sworn to secrecy, and the lady has long since joined the Capulets, the reader shall have it too.

The scene of the acknowledgment lay in Miss Pope's back drawing-

room, at her house in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn Fields, situate within two doors of the Freemasons' Tavern; whether on the north side or the south I will not aver, not having a map of London before me with the points of the compass annexed. All I can say is, that it was on the Lincoln's-inn Fields side of the tavern. She had then lived there for a period of forty years. The room was hung round with portraits of people who had been gathered to their fathers half a century before. "Who is this, Madam?" said I, pointing to a three-quarters as large as life. "That is the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield," answered Miss Pope. I stood up to look at that once high-prized beauty, and repeated from Pope's Imitation of Horace's Second Satire (I firmly believe the imitation to be his, though he denied it,)

"The tribe of templers, players, apothecaries,
Pimps, poets, wits, Lord Fannys, Lady Marys,
And all the court in tears, and half the town
Lament dear charming Oldfield dead and gone.
Engaging Oldfield! who with grace and ease
Could join the Arts to ruin and to please."

"Ah, well! we must not believe all that Pope said of her," answered the companion of Kitty Clive. "See what a fine marked tragic brow she has! I myself believe she was a very good woman." "And who is that little child upon whose head her right hand rests?" inquired I. "Did you never see," answered the lady, "a very old man walking about town named General Churchill?" "I have." "Well, that child is he!" Here was another surprise to my then juvenile imagination. General Churchill aged eighty, once a little boy in petticoats! Miracles will never cease! In the hurry of business I quite omitted to ask Miss Pope how "a very good woman," named Oldfield, could have a son named Churchill.—Over the sofa hung an engraved likeness of a gentleman, whose ponderous quantum of hair was buckled up behind, like the tails of my old maiden aunt Leonora's coach-horses. "That is Baron Newnham, the present Earl of Harcourt," said the owner of the mansion. I bowed acquiescence. "And pray who is this?" said I, turning to a portly gentleman in pearl-coloured dittos, with a laced cocked hat under his arm. "Oh, that," said the lady, in a hesitating sort of a flurry, "that is Mr. Holland!" I thought it rather odd that Holland should be the only *Mister* of the party: and I said to myself, as Gibbet said when he heard that Aimwell had gone to church, "that looks suspicious." The stomach-pump was not then invented: but I nevertheless gradually obtained the contents of the old lady's heart upon the subject of the said Holland; who, as the reader will find, on consulting Tom Davies's Life of Garrick, was an actor of celebrity in his day. The ugly curly-pated lap-dog having been now silenced by several flirts from a scented cambric handkerchief, Miss Pope confessed her early love and her early disappointment. "Mr. Holland and myself," said the fair sexagenarian, "were mutually attached. I had reason to expect that he would soon make me an offer of his hand. Mr. Garrick (*here was a second Mister, but this proceeded from the posthumous awe inspired by the shade of a manager and sole proprietor,*) "Mr. Garrick warned me of his levities and his gallantries; but I had read that a reformed rake makes the best husband, and I hoped

that I should find it to be so! One day I went to visit Mrs. Clive in the Richmond coach. The coach stopped to bait at Mortlake, when, whom should I see pass me rapidly in a post-chaise but Mr. Holland, in company with a lady! I could not discern who the lady was; but I felt a pang of jealousy which kept me silent for the rest of the journey. I got out of the coach at the King's Head, near the present bridge, and, with my little wicker basket in my hand, I set off to walk along Twickenham meadows to Strawberry Hill. When I came opposite the Eel-pie Island, I saw the same parties in a boat together; and I then discovered that Mr. Holland's companion was the notorious Mrs. Baddeley. He looked confused when he saw me, and tried to row across to the Richmond side; but the weeds prevented him. I met him on the Tuesday morning following at a rehearsal. He had done wrong, and he knew it; but he tried to veil his degradation by an air of *hauteur*. I was as proud as he; and from that time we never exchanged a word. He afterwards made love to this, that, and t'other woman; but I have reason to know that he never was really happy." Here the old lady wiped away a tear, which the remembrance of what happened forty years before had caused to trickle down her cheek.

I cannot dispatch this fickle Mr. Holland without relating an anecdote in which he was posthumously concerned. I sat in the pit of Drury-lane theatre one evening about twenty years ago, when one of Shakspeare's historical plays was performed, embracing "all the strength of the house," accompanied by the usual portion of its weakness. Two worthies sat within earshot of me, between whom an exchange of play-bills produced a temporary intimacy. They conversed to the following effect:—"Do you often come here, Sir?"—"Yes, Sir, now and then. I see by this bill that almost all their actors are engaged."—"Yes, Sir."—"Actors live to a great age, Sir."—"Yes, Sir, some of them."—"Now here, Sir," said the first speaker; "here, Sir, is Holland: he was an actor, Sir, in Garrick's time," and yet we have him in the bill for to-night."—"True, Sir," answered the second speaker, "and here is another of the Garrick school—Mr. Powell: he's in the bill, too: he must be no chicken by this time." I thought at the moment of proving to both speakers, as Partridge says, "that this Mr. Jones was not that Mr. Jones," and that of the two Garrick contemporaries, whom they had named, the one, if living, would be now ninety-six years of age, and the other a hundred and four. But I left them in the thick of their error. People in the pit of Drury-lane "conceive better than they combine."

The Widow Racket in Mrs. Cowley's "*Belle's Stratagem*" was one of Miss Pope's best parts. It is difficult to describe action in words. Miss Pope's usual manner of exhibiting piquant carelessness consisted in tossing her head from right to left, and striking the palm of each hand with the back of its fellow, at the same moment casting her eyes upward with an air of *nonchalance*. Miss Mellon, who came after her, came nearest to her in this manner; but still it was "*haud pussibus æquis*." One morning, on turning the corner of Great Queen-street, with the intention of making a visit, I beheld the carriage of Lord Harcourt, (his Lordship's official vehicle as Master of the Horse to the

Queen,) standing at the door. The chariot was blood-red, the horses were coal-black, and the coachman and footman were in a complete armour of gold lace. Venturing in was out of the question; so I passed the door, and loitered in front of a broker's shop about seven doors nearer to Lincoln's-inn Fields, and close abutting upon the chapel. I had plenty of time, before the departure of the noble Master of the Horse, to make a mental inventory of the contents of the shop. A counting-house stool stood in front of me, with the wadding making a partial exit through an aperture in its morocco covering; an oaken chest of drawers, highly wrought and inlaid with ivory, with a rusty key in the folding-door, gave token of former grandeur.

“ Oh, couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees,”

thought I, thou mightest give me some curious anecdotes of what passed in Old Burlington-street a century ago. A lady in blue velvet, guiltless of neckerchief, with a red rose in her hand, was half hid by a rickety wash-hand stand; a lap-dog painted in crayons, was ill guarded by a starred and splintered pane of glass; and a crazy mirror in a frame of dingy white and gold, multiplied and distorted my visage as I moved around for a more accurate view of what the back of the shop contained. In a few minutes I peeped forth from my hiding-place. The royal carriage was in the act of departing, and I knocked at the door. I walked upstairs, and on entering the drawing-room, I found Miss Pope still in the attitude of graceful deference, in which his lordship had left her. Her hands were crossed upon her stomach, and her eyes were modestly bent toward the earth. She still felt the influence of the patrician deity, although he had corporeally ceased to fill the vacant blue-damask arm-chair, which fronted her on the opposite side of the fire-place.

I attended the last appearance of this estimable woman in public. It was on the 26th of May, 1808; the character was Deborah Dowlas, in the “Heir at Law.” A week before, she had talked with me about the manner in which she should dress the character, and I answered in black bombazeen. Miss Pope stared; but I proved to her that not only Deborah Dowlas, but all the rest of the *dramatis personæ* ought, properly speaking, to assume suits of sable. “Attend,” said I, while her sister Susan counted them up on her fingers. “All the Dowlases should wear black as relatives of the deceased Lord Duberly. Henry Moreland should do the same as his son; and Steadfast as a friend of the family. Clerical custom requires Doctor Pangloss to be attired in black. Caroline Dormer has recently lost her father, and so have Zekiel and Cicely Homespudd: Caroline Dormer's first servant Kenrick, added I, must of course do as his mistress does: and this makes up the whole of the party.” Susan, who was a matter-of-fact personage, thought me right; but Miss Pope, notwithstanding, was not “fondly overcome” by my argument, but dressed Deborah Dowlas as her predecessors had done. This leave-taking was in character and in rhyme, both of which I thought objectionable. The character, Audrey, that of a female fool, should, at all events, not have been assumed. The last line of the farewell address still dwells in my memory. “And now poor Audrey

bids you all farewell." The example of Miss Pope's friend and patron, Garrick, in a similar situation might have taught her better. He expressed himself as follows:—"The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction, would but ill suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon the spot where that kindness and those favours were enjoyed." This was as it should be.

Miss Pope ended her days in a house in Newman-street. I felt grieved when she quitted Queen-street, and so I believe did she. The pictures had in a measure grown to the walls; and though the mansion was rather too near to the Freemasons' Tavern, whence, on a summer evening when windows are per force kept open, the sounds of "Prosperity to the deaf and dumb charity," sent forth a corresponding clatter of glasses, which made every body in Miss Pope's back drawing-room, for the moment, fit objects of that benevolent institution: still a residence of forty years and upwards, is not to be parted from without regret.

Miss Pope gave an evening party at her new residence, about a twelvemonth after her retreat from the stage, at which, I remember, the late Mr. Justice Grose was present, as well as a great number of other highly respectable persons of either sex; many of them, as I then learned, from the purlieus of St. James's Palace. Here I beheld her in society for the last time. She shortly afterwards was attacked by a stupor of the brain: and this once lively and amiable woman, who had entertained me repeatedly with anecdotes of people of note in her earlier days, sat quietly and calmly in an arm-chair by the fire-side, patting the head of her poodle dog, and smiling at what passed in conversation, without being at all conscious of the meaning of what was uttered. At her death, I promised to myself to write her character in one of the public Journals: and at her funeral, I vowed to myself to write her epitaph. But, as Doctor Johnson says, "the promises of authors are like the vows of lovers."

Upon a candid review of my pursuits and feelings, at the period above described, it appears to me that I was a much happier man then than I now am. Upon recollection I find that, about that time, Lewis the comedian let me, by anticipation, into the cause of this. We were walking homeward from the Keep-the-line club, then held at the British coffee-house. Lewis asked me my age, and I answered "thirty." "Stick to that, my dear boy," said the veteran, "and you will do. I myself was thirty once. I was fool enough to let it go by; and I have regretted it ever since."

THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

" Good people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song."

For the last six years the parish of Ballybogue, in the county of —, had enjoyed such profound tranquillity, that even the family of Mr. Clutterbuck Casey, of Slug-mount, the most active magistrate in that part of Ireland, had discontinued the custom of sitting down to breakfast with loaded pistols upon the table. There were no burnings or burglaries—no homicides, excepting now and then a fair manslaughter—no abductions, save an occasional one of such doubtful violence, that Father Hennessy, when called upon, did not hesitate to sanctify the transaction by an *ex-post-facto* marriage; and what was better still in the opinion of the poor proscribed and suffering Protestant gentry of the neighbourhood, rents were punctually paid. This happy state of things was attributed by various persons to various causes: by Father Hennessy to himself, and by his flock to "the Association;" by Mr. Hugh Maxwell Ellis, of Saintville, to the moralising influence of his new school-house; and by a particular friend of mine, that shall be nameless, to the abatement of rents that followed the insurrection of 1822; but Mr. Clutterbuck Casey, with the prophetic instinct of an Irish justice, used often to declare in his domestic circle, that things would sooner or later change; "let people talk as they might, he knew the county better than they did, both before ninety-eight and since; and with all this pretended tranquillity, depend upon it they would soon have the Insurrection-act among them again, and then, the district being once more fairly disturbed, who had a better claim than he to be made chief magistrate of police? for wasn't he an Orangeman? wasn't he a Friendly Brother? Hadn't he stuck to the Glorious Memory when others were afraid or ashamed to give it? Hadn't he distrained every tenant of his that paid the Catholic rent? Hadn't five stacks of his corn, besides a rick of hay, and three calves and a filly, been all maliciously burnt one night some years ago, and for which he never got any thing but compensation from the county? Hadn't he been illegally fired at four times when riding along the public road, and once when walking in his shrubbery with his wife and daughters, and for which he never got any compensation at all? Hadn't he laid out more money in blunderbusses and gunpowder than would have bought his son Frank a commission in the army? Had he ever refused to take an information against a Catholic, more especially if he was suspected of being a suspicious character; and accordingly was there a magistrate in all Ireland more detested by them? If these were not claims, what were! And besides, hadn't he been faithfully promised over and over again by his friends in Dublin, including Alderman Twiss and the Dean of Glennacarry, that at the very next insurrection in his county, his services should be honourably and liberally rewarded?" In these cheering anticipations, Mr. Casey endeavoured to reconcile himself to the calm that obstinately prevailed around him. Winter (it was this last winter) and its long nights came and brought nothing insurrectionary with them; so that the worthy magistrate, rather disgusted with the "horrid stillness" of the scene, increased as it was by the absence of Mrs. Casey and the girls on their annual visit to Dublin, and being also privately informed that his name

at the next assizes, from the many pressing claims upon the High Sheriff, was either to be the last on the Grand-Jury panel or omitted altogether, was not sorry to receive an invitation from a friend in the adjoining county, to ride across and pass a few weeks at his house. Thither accordingly he went on the 24th of last February, and there he remained for an entire month; and although the distance was only forty miles from Slug-mount, it somehow so happened that no tidings, directly or indirectly, reached him of some most important local circumstances that, during the interval, had been occurring in his neighbourhood; so that he probably would have prolonged his visit, had it not been for the near approach of Lady-day, upon which he did not deem it prudent for a landlord to be out of the reach of any rent that might be tendered. The reader is therefore to imagine Mr. Clutterbuck Casey, on the 24th day of March, 1827, mounted on his favourite bay mare (according to the literal fact) and homeward returning. The animal had performed her duty so well, that about four o'clock in the afternoon he found himself entering the Pass of Thubbanamull, distant only three miles from Slug-mount. Up to this point nothing had appeared from which the most sanguine magistrate in Ireland could have inferred a restoration of disturbance. As he came along, he had observed no signs of recent depredation. The peasants whom he met upon the road had accosted him with civility, and "their tameness was shocking to him." The few residences of the gentry that he had passed, appeared in as unguarded a state as if they were never to be attacked. Once, and once only, after he had entered his own county, his ears had been cheered by the sounds, as he thought, of a distant riot; but his hopes had deceived him, for, upon a nearer approach, they turned out to be nothing more than a peaceful death-cry. All this, as was natural, caused the active magistrate to despond; and the farther he penetrated into the pass, the more the feeling was increased by the pacific character of the scenery around him. His road wound through a narrow glen (its precipitous sides thickly covered with mountain-oak and brushwood), and accommodated itself to the course of the stream that flowed beneath,

" Whose low sweet talking seem'd as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade."

Not a breath of air was stirring, and the sun, notwithstanding the season and the hour, was so bright and warm, as to cast a summer-glow over all it rested upon. On the whole, the scene was so sequestered and so quiet in the strictest meaning of the word, that another might have been easily lulled into a momentary oblivion that he was actually travelling in Ireland. Not so, however, Mr. Casey. He remembered too well where he was. He remembered with a sigh the days when the Pass of Thubbanamull was the favourite cover of the white-boys of the county—when noble appointments might be gained in their pursuit—and when an active magistrate like him, instead of waiting and waiting for an insurrection that seemed farther off than ever, might, such were the times, have defied the government to neglect him. But what a contrast now! What a depressing quietude in that scene, where all had once been bustle and alarm—where, instead of the melancholy chirpings of the birds, and the unprofitable bubbling of a mountain-brook, the shouts of insurgents and the reports of blunderbusses had been wont to re-echo gaily through

the glen! Such were the heart-rending comparisons (peculiar, perhaps, to Irish magistrates,) that now crowded upon Mr. Casey's mind, presenting to his too vivid imagination nothing but images of present peace, and a dreary prospect of interminable tranquillity, when, just as he was about to emerge from the Pass, the well-known whiz of a bullet dashed by his ear, followed by the report of a musket, and a hearty curse in the native Irish, a few yards off in the thicket above him. Before he had time to appreciate the occurrence as it deserved, a second bullet, discharged from the opposite side of the stream, passed through the crown of his hat. Mr. Casey being for many reasons more anxious to live than to die in the service of old Ireland, put spurs to his mare, and in a few minutes reached the open country. He pushed on for Slug-mount in high spirits, arranging, as he cantered along, his future plan of operations and their results, which were obviously as follows—first, to barricade Slug-mount—then to draw up a report, with appropriate exaggerations, of the particulars of his recent escape—then to call a meeting of his brother magistrates, who on reading the report were to declare the county to be disturbed, and to petition for the Insurrection-act—then to get down the insurrection-act among them once again—and then to slip in, with all imaginable snugness, to his long-delayed appointment of chief magistrate of police.

Mr. Casey had now reached the grounds of Saintville, which adjoin his own, when, to his great satisfaction, he perceived that his friend's new school-house was a heap of ruins. This was as it should be. The county was unequivocally disturbed. The cause was still a mystery to him, and he was impatient to meet some person who should clear it up, when, at the next turning of the road, he saw a body of peasantry moving towards him, in rather greater numbers than just at that moment he would have preferred to encounter. But he was constitutionally brave—and though he knew he was not "loved of the multitude," he boldly advanced into the midst of them. The foremost persons of the cavalcade, who were all mounted and evidently belonged to the better class of farmers, escorted a car bearing a coffin, which two women, seated beside it, almost concealed from view, as in sudden anguish they clasped it to their bosoms. Mr. Casey perceived at once that it was not a funeral. There was no hearse—no wailing among those who surrounded the remains—no careless conversation among those behind. He could further see that the countenances of the party were far more in anger than in sorrow—and in anger which his sudden appearance among them had no tendency to mitigate. Nothing was said—no disrespect was offered; but as group after group passed by him, every eye that encountered his shot a quick vindictive glance of deep and most intelligible meaning. With persons thus unsociably inclined, he had no desire to enter into conversation; but as soon as the main body, which consisted of several hundreds, had cleared him, he ventured to stop one of the stragglers, (a little ragged boy of about ten years of age,) and inquired into the nature of the procession. The child's information, as contained in his own words, amounted to this: "that they were only carrying Tim Sheehan home to be waked: Tim Sheehan that suffered that morning from the new drop of the old gaol." Why he had suffered, the informant could not tell, "barrin' that the tack among the neighbours was that Mr. Hugh Maxwell Ellis, beyant there, had fairly murdered him." Here a wild and terrific shouting rent the air,

which the magistrate, on looking back, discovered to proceed from the cavalcade, which had made a momentary halt before the ruined school-house; a second and third deliberate cheer succeeded, and the procession resumed its silent route. Mr. Casey would have interrogated the boy farther, but the young son of riot had no sooner caught the first sounds of the music which he loved, than he instantly threw in his own shrill octave whoop, and scampered off to join in the uproar. A better authority, however, was at hand, for Mr. Casey was now at the avenue gate of Saintville. After repeated applications by ringing, knocking, and calling, the aged portress, bearing the keys, emerged from the lodge, fearfully at first, and with looks of dire dismay, until she ascertained that the applicant for admission was Mr. Clutterbuck Casey. He endeavoured to extract from the old woman some clue to the causes of the scenes he had just been witnessing; but she could only speak of effects, among which the following were the most prominent. "That she was in fear and dread of her life, thinking, little blame to her, that the boys had been coming to serve the lodge, as they had served the school-house—that the master was above at the house preparing for the attack that was to be made, if threatening letters were to be believed, that very night—the night before, seventeen sheep had been strangled on the lawn, the Kerry cow houghed, the steward fired at, the haggard burnt, the mistress's new shrubbery and flower-garden destroyed out and out, besides much more which his honour would hear when he stepped out to the house." This, though an imperfect sketch of a "night in Ireland," filled the breast of the magistrate with the delicious consciousness that "this was his own, his native land;"—and with this enviable sensation, he hastened up the avenue, and in a few minutes received from the mouth of his friend, a full confirmation of the joyful tidings. Their conference was long and interesting. They both agreed, and probably with reason, that the lawless spirit of the neighbourhood had now reached a height which required the instant application of the Insurrection-act; but with respect to the immediate cause of so sudden a transition from tranquillity to disturbance, Mr. Hugh Maxwell Ellis, though closely questioned by the magistrate, professed himself unable to give a satisfactory solution. It therefore becomes the duty of an honest historian to supply the deficiency.

From the first, Father Hennessy never relished the idea of that new school-house; rather, however, from an old, traditional "timeo-Danaos" sort of feeling, than from there having been any thing unequivocally hostile to the Catholic Church in its proposed constitution. Nothing indeed could have appeared more fair and considerate towards him than the conduct of its founders. The day the foundation-stone was laid, he was invited to Saintville, where all sorts of attention were paid him during the dinner, and his apprehensions stilled by Mrs. Maxwell Ellis's pious sallies upon the subject of charity and toleration. When the building was completed, her intended *cours d'étude* was submitted to him. It contained nothing from which the most tremulous pastor could infer a tendency to transmute his infant flock into Ranters, Jumpers, or Muggletonians; and besides, who could have questioned her sincerity, as with an almost holy fervour she over and over protested to Father Hennessy, "that all she wished to have taught to the children of her school was to read and write, to cast up accounts, to tell the truth upon all occasions, and to wash their

little hands every morning without any reference to distinctions of religion?" Matters accordingly went on very smoothly until the breaking out of the Reformation in the county of Cavan. The multiplication-tables were models of toleration, and words of six syllables selected for the spelling classes with the most scrupulous regard to tender consciences. Not a lamb of Father Hennessy's flock had been tempted to stray; but no sooner was the splendid discovery made that Irish Catholics had it in their power to emancipate themselves by merely "turning Protestants," than the system of Saintville school-house began to accommodate itself to the advancing spirit of the age. First, there reached Father Hennessy's ears authenticated rumours of surreptitious readings from the forbidden text. He remonstrated with mildness against the breach of compact; but the fact was denied—and repeated. Next followed the introduction into the school of numerous copies of "The Converted Sinner, or Idolatry made plain"—and of "Andrew Dunn." Father H. put a copy of each in his pocket, and proceeded to Saintville. He saw Mr. Ellis, and declared, respectfully, that if such practices were continued, he should incur the censure of his superiors if he did not instantly withdraw the Catholic children from the school. Mr. Ellis received him with a condescending shake of the hand, a friendly spiritual smile, insisted upon his taking a chair, "that they might talk the matter over at length," and then proceeded to pronounce an elaborate discourse, the exordium of which consisted of a glowing panegyric upon himself—the middle, of unintelligible matter—and the peroration, of a pressing invitation to his reverend friend to come over to the Protestant faith, in which latter event he should be strongly recommended to Dr. Magee. Father Hennessy was, and is, one of the best-tempered of human beings, lay or ecclesiastical; so that, instead of taking fire at the proposition, he contented himself with making an amiable retort, rather circuitously expressed, but of which the point amounted to this, "that Mr. Hugh Maxwell Ellis's mother had lived and died in the bosom of the Catholic Church—that his father, though he lay in the Protestant side of the church-yard, yet when his hour came, and he wanted consolation for his soul, had sent for Father H.—privately, no doubt, and in the dusk of the evening—but still he had sent for him, and received at his hands absolution in *extremis*, having first executed restitution codicils, to the amount of three thousand four hundred pounds; and after that, not knowing but that it might be in the course of Providence that he might yet be called upon by Mr. Hugh Maxwell Ellis himself, upon a similar occasion, he would beg leave, with all humility, to keep himself qualified for performing this final act of respect to the family." With this *argumentum ad familiam*, Father Hennessy took his leave. But retorts and remonstrances were unavailing. The very next day six penny-rolls were distributed as prizes to as many Catholic children, each of them enveloped in a printed bulletin of the last conversions in Cavan. This brought matters to a crisis. On the following Sunday Father H.'s congregation were warned from the altar against the snares of proselytism; and early the next morning the schoolmaster apprised the patron of the establishment that he was performing to empty benches. The patron retaliated by distress-warrants upon the parents of the seceders. The tenants prayed for mercy; but the answer, as delivered by Mr. Ellis's steward, was, "The children to the school, or the cattle to the

pound." In this state of things Father Hennessy held a conference with his newly-arrived young coadjutor, the Rev. Cornelius Magrath, as to the possibility of still appeasing the anger of Mr. Ellis, without conceding any points affecting the doctrine or discipline of their church. He had, in truth, no great reliance upon the prudence of his friend, whom the College of Maynooth had just sent forth somewhat "o'er-informed" with natural fire and theological zeal; but the case was becoming desperate. Father Hennessy was extremely averse to irritating discussions with a gentleman with whom he had lived for years upon terms of amity; and his spiritual helpmate, though deficient in the arts of courteous persuasion, had certain powers of gloomy oratory, not ill-adapted, he thought, to the task of forewarning Mr. Ellis of the public consequences of his hostile proceedings.

My own opinion is, that Father Hennessy should have gone himself to Saintville. I say this, judging from the different characters of the men. The elder ecclesiastic, now an aged person, is one of the few remaining specimens of the better class of the Irish Catholic clergy of the old school—a race that in a few years more will be extinct. He was obliged to fly his country for his education, and after a long sojourn abroad, for the most part at Rome, returned with manifest signs (which he still retains) of having mixed with beings of a milder clime. Instead of passing his youth, and forming his mind and manners amidst the rough parochial duties of an Irish priest, that "never ending, still beginning" round of preaching, marrying, christening, absolving, and interring, at all hours, and in all weathers, he had been enabled to mingle literature with theology, and to catch and practise the softer courtesies of life, as he witnessed them in the social habits of Italy. He had read her poetry, heard her music, reflected over her ruins, and been confirmed in his faith by the magnificence of her temples and the pomp of her spiritual institutions. The impressions thus made had never been effaced; and even Mr. Clutterbuck Casey has been known to admit, that "Father Hennessy, whatever else he might be, was very like a gentleman." But though a foreign education had thus raised his tastes and manners above his condition, it had by no means tended to give an energy to his character in temporal concerns. Obedience to established authority, even acquiescence in wrong, formed a part of his doctrines. If left to himself, he would have shrunk from any thing in conduct or language bearing the aspect of resistance, even upon points where his religion was assailed. He had in the first instance been somewhat panic-struck by the establishment of the Catholic Association and the Catholic Rent, as overt acts of an unseemly spirit. It was only when they became prosperous and popular, that the fear of reproach from his own body induced him to contribute his countenance and co-operation. It was upon the same principle that he had remonstrated against Mr. Maxwell Ellis's late proceedings. I am quite certain, that, if he could have ventured, he would have submitted. At all events, the mildness of his character, whether founded on Christian humility or complexional subserviency, would have rendered him a more appropriate mediator upon the present occasion than his reverend coadjutor, who was in every respect a very different sort of person. The Rev. Cornelius Magrath is a stern home-bred divine, full of native confidence in his faith, and paying little reverence to the worldly powers arrayed against it: he is distinguished for his blunt

piety, his knowledge of the Fathers, his declamatory powers, his skill in disputation, his strong Irish accent, and his contempt for the Protestant ascendancy. Talk to him of submitting to the Kildare-street Association, and his eye becomes ignited, his frame tremulous with theologic ire, and in solemn sepulchral tones he denounces the sacrilegious attempt to shut the gates of Heaven against the Irish poor. Even in his relations with his spiritual superiors, the spirit of a stubborn democracy is strong within him. Father Hennessy should have remembered this, and have paused before he precipitated such a temperament into an angry collision with a champion of the new reformation. To Mr. Ellis's, however, the coadjutor was despatched; and he accepted the mission with characteristic alacrity. He had never seen that gentleman; but, inferring from his proceedings that he should have much in the way of arrogance to sustain at the interview, he braced up his mind as he went along to repay his Protestant scorn with compound interest. He found Mr. Ellis in his library, occupied in writing a spiritual circular to his Cavan fellow-labourers, and surrounded with bales of "Andrew Dunn," "The Converted Sinner," Dr. Magee's "First Charge," and an extensive assortment of no-Popery tracts and handbills. This did not surprise the coadjutor; but what surprised him was, that the person before him should turn out, upon inspection, to be so utterly variant from the picture of his anticipations. Instead of encountering a coarse and fierce fanatic, he fancied himself in the presence of a young gentleman, rather fashionably dressed, of a slender frame, handsome face, and of a mild and courteous aspect. Mr. Magrath, though well versed in the Humanities, had never studied Physiognomy at Maynooth; and in scanning Mr. Ellis's countenance, he failed to be struck by that peculiar expression of the eye, which denotes that all is not sound within, and thus explains the otherwise irreconcilable contrast between the mildness of his manners and the perverseness of his conduct. He does the most mischievous and provoking things in the most gentle and considerate manner imaginable. His heart is far from depraved: he can be kind and generous, and always thinks he is so; but his intellect is the victim of self-delusion; and, incapable of discriminating between fancy and demonstration, is perpetually substituting its own morbid conclusions for moral ends. To emancipate the Catholics of Ireland upon the newly-discovered plan, was the form his malady had now assumed; and to compass this maniacal project every thing appeared justifiable and laudable. Accordingly when Mr. Magrath forcibly called upon him, as a Christian, to desist from the attempt to force the consciences of his tenants, he mildly replied, "That which he did was for their temporal and eternal good; that their unfortunate faith—he intended no offence—was the sole cause of their degradation; and that the day was not distant when, their eyes being opened, they would be the first to bless him for his salutary harshness." When he was told to remember, as a man of common sense, that the ruin of his tenants would inevitably impair the value of his estate, he answered, "That in such a cause, gold was to him as dross; and, besides, that every shilling thus lost would be treasure laid up in Heaven." When he was reproached with the inhumanity of goading on his dependants to excesses, which their pastors could no longer control, he meekly responded, "That any excesses thus occasioned would lead to discussion; that the more the

truth was discussed, the more surely and brightly it would shine ; and that, for his part, he meant nothing uncivil to Mr. Magrath ; but the emancipation of his poor benighted countrymen from their priests, upon any terms, was a blessed speculation, for which he would willingly lay down his life." This was too much for the coadjutor's patience ; he started up, and vehemently exclaimed, " Mr. Hugh Maxwell Ellis, in obedience to the directions of my reverend superior, I have come here and endeavoured to soften your heart : I have failed ; and, therefore, being forced to it, I say, ' Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte ; and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of'—— but you know the rest ; and may Heaven forgive you !" The modern reformer returned a smile of placid commiseration, and the coadjutor took his departure.

The consequences of Mr. Ellis's " blessed speculations" soon appeared. The irritated tenants conspired, and burnt down the school-house. Tim Sheehan, the leading conflagrator, was discovered, tried, and executed for the offence. The crime was forgotten in the provocation ; and the populace, as has been seen, lost no time in celebrating his martyrdom. Mr. Ellis, pent up in Saintville, looked on in holy exultation ; and Mr. Clutterbuck, according to the last accounts, was in hourly expectation of being made chief magistrate of police.

ANGEL HELP.*

THIS rare Tablet doth include
 Poverty with Sanctitude.
 Past midnight this poor Maid hath spun,
 And yet the work not half is done,
 Which must supply from earnings scant
 A feeble bed-ridden parent's want.
 Her sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,
 And Holy hands take up the task ;
 Unseen the rock and spindle ply,
 And do her earthly drudgery.
 Sleep, saintly Poor One, sleep, sleep on,
 And, waking, find thy labours done.
 Perchance she knows it by her dreams ;
 Her eye hath caught the golden gleams,
 (Angelic Presence testifying,)
 That round her everywhere are flying ;
 Ostents from which she may presume
 That much of Heaven is in the room.
 Skirting her own bright hair they run,
 And to the Sunny add more Sun :
 Now on that aged face they fix,
 Streaming from the Crucifix ;
 The flesh-clogg'd spirit disabusing,
 Death-disarming sleeps infusing,
 Prelibations, foretastes high,
 And equal thoughts to live or die.

* Suggested by a picture in the possession of Charles Aders, Esq. Ruston-square, in which is represented the Legend of a poor female Saint, who, having spun past midnight to maintain a bed-ridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and Angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber, an Angel is tending a lily, the emblem of her purity.

Gardener bright from Eden's bower,
Tend with care that Lily Flower ;
To its leaves and root infuse
Heaven's sunshine, Heaven's dews ;
'Tis a type and 'tis a pledge
Of a Crowning Privilege :
Careful as that Lily Flower,
This Maid must keep her precious dower ;
Live a Sainted Maid, or die
Martyr to Virginity.
Virtuous Poor Ones, sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find your labours done.

C. LAMB

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.—NO. VI.

My Wife's Mother.

My uncle George was never easy till he got all the males of the family married. He has said to me, at least a hundred times, "John, I'm surprised you don't settle." I did not at first understand his meaning. I was walking with him in the Temple Gardens, and while we were in the act of contemplating the beauties of the majestic Thames—I allude to a man in a red night-cap walking to and fro on a floating raft of tied timbers, and a coal-barge embedded in mud—he stopped short on the gravel-walk and said, "John, why don't you settle?" Concluding that he was tired, I answered, "Oh, by all means ;" and sat down in the green alcove at the eastern extremity of the footpath. "Pho !" said my uncle, "I don't mean that. I mean why don't you marry ? There's your brother Tom is settled, and has had seven children, not reckoning two who died of the measles : and Charles is settled, and he has nine ; his eldest boy Jack is tall enough to thump him : and Edward is settled, at least he will be, as soon as Charlotte Payne has made up her mind to live in Lime-street. I wonder why you don't settle." "Pray uncle," said I, "of what Bucks Lodge are you a noble brother?" "Why do you ask?" said he. "Because," replied I, "you seem to think men are like masonry—never to be depended upon till they settle." As we walked homeward, we saw that adventurous aeronaut Garnerin flying over our heads ; and while we were wondering at his valour, he cut the rope that fastened his balloon to his parachute, and began to descend in the latter towards the earth. My uncle George began to run as fast as his legs could carry him, looking all the while so intently upwards, that he did not advert to a nurse-maid and two children, whom he accordingly upset in his course, and nearly precipitated into the subjacent ooze. "What's the matter, uncle?" said I. "Matter !" answered my outlandish relative, "why, I'm going to look after Garnerin. I shall never be easy till I see him settled."

In process of time my uncle began to be seriously displeased at my not settling. Population, he seemed to opine, was on the wane. And if anything should happen to my brothers Tom and Charles, and their respective families, not omitting Edward and his issue, when his intended wife should have conquered her repugnance to Lime-street, what would become of the House of Jackson ? It might be dead, defunct, extinct, like the Plantagenets and Montmorencies of other days, unless I, John Jackson, of Finsbury Circus, underwriter, became ac-

cessary to its continuation. The dilemma was awful, and my uncle George had money to leave. I accordingly resolved to fall in love. This, however, I found to be a matter more easily resolved upon than accomplished. The Batavian government, after Lord Duncan's naval victory, passed a series of resolutions, the first of which ran thus: "Resolved, that a new marine be built;" but I never heard of a single seventy-four that ever after issued from Rotterdam docks: and certain disaffected Hibernians in Dublin, in the year 1798, by way of discouraging British trade, made a patriotic determination in the words and figures following, that is to say, "Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burned, except her coals, which we have occasion for." Paddy here put himself in a cleft stick, and so did I when I resolved to fall in love. A man may fall in a ditch whenever he pleases:—he must fall in love when and where he can.

My mother recommended Susan Roper to me as a suitable match; and so she was as far as circumstances extend. Her father was a reputable coal merchant, living in Chatham-place: I tried very much to be in love with her, and one warm evening when she sang "Hush every breeze," in a boat under the second arch of Blackfriars-bridge, and accompanied herself upon the guitar, I thought that I was in love—but it went off before morning. I was afterwards very glad it was so, for Susan Roper turned out very fat, and ate mustard with her roast beef. She married Tom Holloway, the Policy Broker, and I wished him joy. I wish it him still, but I doubt the efficacy of my prayers, inasmuch as his wife's visage bears a strong resemblance to the illuminated dial-plate of St. Giles's church clock.

My next affair was more decisive in its result. Old Mrs. Cumming, of St. Helen's-place, Bishopsgate-street, had a daughter named Jane, who taught me some ducts. We sang "When thy bosom heaves a sigh,"—"Take back the Virgin page,"—and "Fair Aurora," with impunity. But when it came to "Together let us range the fields," where the high contracting parties talk about "tinkling rills" and "rosy beds," the old lady who had hitherto sat in seeming carelessness on the sofa, hemming doyleys, requested to speak with me in the back drawing-room; and after shutting the door, asked me my intentions. My heart was in my mouth, which plainly implied that it was still in my own keeping. Nevertheless, I had no answer ready; so Jane Cumming and I were married on that day month. My Uncle George was so delighted at my being settled, that, after making us a present of a silver coffee-pot, he exclaimed, "I shall now die happy," an intention, however, which he has since shown himself in no hurry to carry into effect. Now came my wife's mother into play. Sparrows leave their daughters to shift for themselves the moment they are able to take to the wing. (My Uncle George calls this barbarous, and says, they should wait till they are settled.) But in Christian countries, like England, one's wife's mother is not so unnatural. Mrs. Cumming lives, as I before mentioned, in St. Helen's-place: I reside in Finsbury-circus: so that the old lady has only to cross Bishopsgate-street, pass the church-yard, and issue through the iron bars at the base of Broad-street buildings, and here she is. This makes it so very convenient, that she is never out of my house. Indeed, all the congratulations of my wife's friends, verbal and epistolary, ended with this apophthegm: "Then it must be so delightful to you to have your Mamma so near!"

It is, in fact, not only delightful, but quite providential. I do not know what my wife would do without my wife's mother. ~~She is the~~ organ blower to the organ—the kitchen jack to the kitchen fire—the verb that governs the accusative case. Mrs. Cummings has acquired, from the pressure of time, rather a stoop in her gait; but whenever my wife is in the family way, my wife's mother is as tall and perpendicular as a Prussian life-guardsman. Such a bustling about the house, such a cry of "hush" to the pre-existent children, and such a bevy of directions to Jane! The general order given to my wife is to lie flat upon her back, and look at nothing but the fly-trap that hangs from the ceiling. For five months out of the twelve, my wife is parallel to the horizon, like a good quiet monumental wife in Westminster Abbey, and my wife's mother is sitting beside her with a bottle of Eau de Cologne in one hand, and one of my book-club books in the other. By the way, talking of book-clubs, it makes a great difference, as to the utility of those Institutions, whether the members of them are married or single. My wife's mother is a woman of uncommon purity of mind, and so consequently is my wife. We have accordingly discarded our Malone and Steevens to make way for Bowdler's Family Shakspeare. My expensive quarto edition of Paradise Lost, printed for J. and J. Richter, Great Newport-street, in the year 1794, is dismissed to an empty garret, because it contains cuts of our first parents undecorated by the tailor and milliner. It is to be succeeded by a Family Milton, edited by the late Mr. Butterworth, in which our aforesaid progenitors are clad, like the poet's own evening, "in sober grey." My wife's mother is herself editing a Family Æsop, in which old Menenius Agrippa's fable of the belly and the members is denominated the stomach and the members. Our family nomenclature is equally unexceptionable. Water, according to us, is the elemental fluid; a mad dog is a rabid animal; and a stroke of the palsy is a paralytic seizure. Little Charles was yesterday rebuked for alleging that he had seen a mad bull, and informed by my wife's mother that the animal, which had excited his fears, was an over-driven ox. A pair of trowsers is the rest of a man's dress; newspaper-reporters are gentlemen connected with the press; and a sheepstealer making his exit under the gallows, is not hanged but launched into eternity. Neither do our obligations to my wife's mother end here. Our workmen she has changed to operatives; and by parity of reason she would have denominated the parish work-house an opera-house, had she not been apprehensive that in so doing she might then cause Miss Fanny Ayton, in error, to call upon us in quest of a re-engagement. Old Bethlem is already Liverpool-street, and we only wait to see Edinburgh fairly launched as the Modern Athens, to call Broker's-row Cabinet-crescent. But to return awhile to our book-club. My wife and my wife's mother have an amazing knack of grasping all the quartos and octavos that come to my share. They all get into my wife's boudoir, as my wife's mother has christened it, whence they seldom emerge till a week or ten days after they are transferrable. This costs me an extra sixpence per book *per diem*: but that's a trifle. I sent up-stairs yesterday for something to amuse me, hoping for De Vere, and down came little Billy with Baverstock on brewing, with a portrait of the author prefixed. I myself drink nothing but water, but the secretary of the club brews his own beer. I sent back Baverstock on Brewing, with a request for

something more funny ; whereupon my wife's mother sent me down Sermons by the Reverend Something Andrews, of Walworth, with a portrait of the author likewise prefixed. Mr. Burridge, the indigo broker, happened to be with me when this latter publication arrived ; and when we happened also to be discoursing about what trade my nephew Osgood should be brought up to, Mr. Burridge cast his eye upon the portrait, and said, "Has your nephew got a black whisker ?" "Yes," I answered. "And a white shirt collar ?" "Yes." "Then bring him up to the church." It appears to me that a book-club would be a good thing if we could but get the books we want, and when we want them. But perhaps I am too particular.

We never have a dinner without, of course, inviting my wife's mother. Indeed she always settles the day, the dishes, and the party. Last Wednesday I begged hard to have Jack Smith invited ; but no—my wife's mother was inexorable. The last time he dined with us he was asked for a song. Mrs. Cumming wanted him to sing "My Mother had a Maid called Barbara ;" thinking that daughters should bear in mind not only their mothers, but their mothers' maids : whereupon what does Jack do, but break cover as follows :—

"The Greeks they went fighting to Troy ;
The Trojans, they came out to meet 'em :
'Tis known to each little school-boy
How the Greeks they horse-jockey'd and beat 'em.
No house in that day was secured ;
They made them too hot for their holders ;
And Æneas, not being insured,
Pack'd off with his dad on his shoulders,
Singing Rumpti, &c."

This was intolerable. A man who would mention a husband's father thus irreverently, could only wait for an opportunity in order to lampoon a wife's mother. Jack is consequently suffering under the bann of the Finsbury empire. This reminds me of an odd incident that happened under my cognizance before I had a wife's mother. I went one night into the Green-room of Drury-lane theatre. When young girls are called upon to perform in London playhouses, it is customary for their mothers to come to look after them, to adjust their dress, rub their cheeks with a rouged hare's foot, and prevent viscounts from falling in love with them. It so happened that five young girls were wanted in the drama : the consequence was that five fat black-bonneted mothers blockaded the Green-room. "Did you ever see any thing like it ?" ejaculated Munden in an under-tone ; "I'll bring my own mother to-morrow night : I've as much right as they have !" — Munden's mother !!!

My uncle George dined with us yesterday se'nnight, and before dinner asked my wife what she thought of the weather. "Mamma thinks it cold for the time of year," was the answer. At dinner, she was asked by Sir Anthony Andrews, whether she would take red or white wine : Mrs. Cumming happened at the moment to be deep in conversation with the clergyman of our parish, who sat next to her, about the opera of Proserpina, which the clerical gentleman wished to see revived, adding "You remember, Ma'am, what a fine situation occurs in the story when Proserpine invokes the aid of Jove to punish her gloomy abducer." My wife's mother could not accuse herself of

remembering any thing about it. When Doctor Stubble had explained the story, the old lady shook her head, and wondered that a deity, who behaved in that way to his wife's mother, could be allowed to continue on his throne. "It was in the infernal regions," said the Doctor. "I'm glad of it, a brute!" ejaculated Mrs. Cumming. During the whole of this colloquy, Sir Anthony Andrews sat with his wine-glass in his right hand, waiting for my wife's decision. The poor girl—(she is only thirty-four)—waited for her mother's fiat. "White, my dear," said the old lady,—and white it was.

I own I am puzzled to know what my wife will do when my wife's mother dies, which in the course of nature she must do first. The laws of this country prevent her from mounting the pile, like a Hindoo widow, or descending into the grave, like Sindbad, the sailor. But I will not anticipate so lamentable an epoch. Two incidents more, and I have done. We went last Wednesday, with my uncle George and my wife's mother, to Covent Garden theatre to see "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians," whom, by the way, my wife's mother mistook for defeated Burmese. Miss M. Glover and Miss J. Scott acted two flying Gowries, and were swinging across the stage, when Mrs. Cumming expressed a wish to go home. "No, no, wait a little," said my uncle, looking upward to the theatrical firmament, "I'm quite uneasy about those two girls; I hope they'll soon settle."—Last Sunday Doctor Stubble gave us an excellent sermon: the subject was the fall of man; in which he descanted eloquently upon the happiness of Adam in Paradise. "Alas!" ejaculated I to myself, as we walked homeward, "his happiness, even there, must have been incomplete! His wife had no mother."

THE BEAUTIES OF THE COURT OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

If any of our readers wish to have a bevy of beauties perpetually beside them—to look for ever upon lovely features and magnificent persons—to know what sort of ladies those are whom nobles worship and kings adore—they have nothing to do but to buy, with all speed, Mr. Murphy's "*Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second*," which have been lately published.* They cannot invest their money more advantageously or more agreeably.

The Court of Charles was a galaxy of beauty and wit. There never was a time when the intellect of men and the loveliness of women arrived at such undisputed eminence. Rank and wealth, title and power, seemed to have been laid aside by a compact almost as complete as swayed the foresters in the woods of Arden. To be a peer, a duke, was nothing. The wit was lord of the ascendant; and to him even the monarch was content to bow. To him the lady bent; to him she smiled; and to him, it is said, that she even sometimes yielded. But we cannot imagine such things. We apprehend that this must be the scandal of some later and demurer age, which has striven to cast a shadow upon the brilliant purity of those memorable times. It is scarcely possible to gaze upon the features of the illustrious "beauties," and not reject so monstrous an imputation.

At all events (for we have not leisure at present to discuss so delicate

* *The Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second, with Memoirs, Critical and Biographical.* By D. B. Murphy, Esq. 1827.

a question) the people of the times of Charles were interesting people: not indeed as sages or heroes, although wit and courage were not sparingly scattered, but as a band of gallant thoughtless men, who had stood by their King in exile and extremity, and returned to the land of their birth as careless and brave as they left it. Charles himself, with all his faults, was worth a hundred of that sober, moral martyr, his father. He had more wit, as much wisdom, and less hypocrisy. And his court was as good as a comedy. Buckingham, and Rochester, and Sedley, Hamilton, St. Evremond, and the rest, floated about the person of Charles (himself a brilliant meteor), or ran their erratic courses, like stars or comets, till the court became too dazzling for weaker eyes; and hence the malevolence of its enemies. Every man, whose want of wit kept him out of the circle, exerted his imbecility in slandering it. Every woman, whom paint and patches failed to make perfect, became its foe. Where is the wonder that it became a by-word for abuse? Where is the wonder that it has fallen? Its ladies alone—those “delicious lunar lights”—were sufficient to sting the ascetic moralist into detraction. They turned at once the brains of their lovers, and attracted the gall of their foes. Some few poets, indeed, have left their opinion of their merits on record; but the majority of the historians were inimical to their fame, and “*The Beauties*” have suffered accordingly.

The history of the events of that period are well known: we need not become tedious on that subject. We all know that the Cavalier quality predominated over the Roundhead; that gloom was banished for sunshine, and skull-caps for feathered beavers; that the rapier and revelry succeeded to long swords and silent meetings; and that the Genius of French fashion so overswayed the country, that English sobriety became almost extinct.

These things are matters of history: but the individual gallantry and wit; the grace, the beauty, the grandeur, the fine impudence, the brilliant coquetry, the attractive conceit of the men and women of that unparalleled period, have not been diffused so widely. It must be confessed, that the modest assurance of the gallants,—their taste in love and clocked stockings, the air with which they cast their patrimony upon their shoulders, and scorned the expense which their creditors were bound to suffer, deserves at least its portion of praise. And the generosity of the women! But that can never be enough commended. With a noble contempt for selfishness, and disdaining that their lords should be richer than the community in general, they resigned, without a struggle, their own persons and their husbands' incomes, to fortunate heroes in blue and silver, who (accomplished equally in compliments and cards) had always the power and sometimes the leisure to enjoy them.

And, in that peerless age, was this liberality of purse and person derided? By no means. Every lady of every lord of that happy court was lavish of her gifts, and her disinterestedness was applauded in proportion. Virtue met with its reward. No envy, no hatred, no splenetic, peevish, ungrateful, uncharitable prudery. All went well and merrily. The king himself—the fountain and dispenser of honour—appreciated the exquisite delicacy of his courtiers. A coarse fellow who had trudged at the head of a marching regiment, and fought his fifty battles—a solemn rogue, who had enriched his head with quibbles of divinity or law—remained where clear-eyed Fortune had originally placed them. They marched and read, and fought and argued, and acted their purpose in creation, like the potatoe or gooseberry-bush; useful, no doubt, yet withal dull. But the courtiers reflected lustre upon each other. They ran a career with each other, like Olympic competitors. Every one did his best, and all did well. He whose fortune consisted of his rich wit alone, stood at the right hand of the throne, the place of honour. He who piped on a flageolet like a bullfinch, spreading harmonious thoughts; he who added to the stock of his country's knowledge, by importing a new fashion or a matchless pair of indescribables, rose upon the ladder of renown. It was a world of pleasure. The men of those times could reconcile happiness and virtue by means of a liberal creed. “Great

men have been among us," as Mr. Wordsworth, the poet, affirms; and in fact these were the men. We know of no others like them.

"These moralists *could act and comprehend*;
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour," &c.

In a word, every thing—except that the rivers failed in their duty, running no milk and honey—every thing announced that the golden age, which Ovid treats of, had come again, and that the great Platonic circle was completed.

It was at this time that Sir Peter Lely determined to make ladies immortal. Sir Peter, it must be admitted, did not always succeed in his determinations. There is sometimes a common-place air about his portraits; sometimes too great a refinement, (if we may so call the defect); sometimes even an alarming lack of meaning; and this even in faces which we know were capable of meaning mighty things,—conquest, hatred, scorn, revenge, and cruelty of all sorts. In the present case, however,—for we are still thinking of Mr. Murphy's portraits—Sir Peter Lely has done his very best. Whether it was that with the eyes of beauty blazing upon him, he could not help but catch the Promethéan touch, we know not. But the radiant loveliness of the women he has painted seems to have illuminated his canvass. In the likeness of the wife of Charles the Second particularly, he has done more than we could have thought any artist of the time could have achieved. For there is scarcely a portrait in our recollection, (even by Vandyke, Sir Joshua, or Sir Thomas Lawrence,) which can be said to exceed in tenderness, and in unaffected quiet grace, this portrait of that unfortunate queen.

[—And here we must strip off our cap and bells; for we cannot jest, without some difficulty, on matters of this description.]

..... Catherine of Braganza (the first portrait in Mr. Murphy's work) was a noble and royal lady. Her mother was a daughter of the great house of Guzman, and she herself was transplanted from some sequestered convent in Portugal, into the hot-bed of the English palace. Young, innocent, helpless, and expatriated by the cruel policy of courts, she came into England with great claims upon Charles's generosity, (if that foible is to be found in the minds of kings.) She was pretty—lovely, even—and might be said, therefore, to have some pretensions to his regard. But he was distracted by fifty love-affairs; and he had no heart. His senses were easily chained; his habits were as fetters upon him; he was attracted by the voluptuousness, fixed by the coquetry, and intimidated by the violence of women. But his affection (properly speaking,) was a *terra incognita*—an unknown doubtful land, upon which no "bird of beauty" had ever settled. He liked often; but he never loved.

And therefore it was, that, having neither love nor pity, he allowed this young and gentle lady to be embroiled in the troubles of his palace. She was neglected—nay, hated by her husband—insulted by his satellites—and contaminated by infamous associates. The ladies scorned her; the wits jeered her; and the most atrocious termagant that modern times has heard of, (the Countess of Castlemaine,) was authorized to domineer over the Queen of England, and to shower down her imperious and spiteful impertinences upon the head of a daughter of the house of Guzman! Rank was no guard, and gentle conduct was of no avail. She had no husband to fly to, no parent to appeal to, no friend to consult, no home for a refuge; but *here*, in the face of the nobility and gentry of England, she was taunted and degraded, and stood up a lasting and melancholy instance of the true and enduring love and gentleness of women, and the tyranny and heartless ingratitude of men.

But we are getting serious; and this was not in our original design. We will take leave of the subject therefore, by commending with great since-

rity this interesting portrait of Catherine. If it does not tell quite all her story, it certainly tells it for the most part, and this is what few pictures have accomplished.

Before we quit the topic altogether, however, we must be allowed to extract from the very interesting account which accompanies the "Beauties" the following passage. It illustrates but too successfully what we have asserted of the unhappy Queen of Charles the Second.

"In the list of her new attendants ^{was} bid before Catherine for her approbation, Charles had the effrontery to include Lady Castlemaine, his acknowledged mistress. Catherine instantly drew her pen across the name; and when the King insisted, she replied haughtily, 'that she would return to her own country, rather than be forced to submit to such an indignity.' Her spirit, however, availed her little: Charles, spurred on by the female fury who governed him, was steady to his cruel purpose. On one particular occasion, when the Queen held what we should now call a drawing-room, at Hampton Court, Lady Castlemaine was introduced in form by the King. Catherine, who did not know her, and heard the name imperfectly, received her with as much grace and benignity as the rest; but, in the next moment, recollecting herself, and aware of the public insult which had been offered to her, all her passions were roused: she started from her chair, turned as pale as ashes; then red with shame and anger: the blood gushed from her nose, and she swooned in the arms of her women."

It is not stated whether or not Mr. Murphy is the author of the letter-press belonging to this work; but we apprehend that he is not. He must be too well occupied with the miniatures, which he paints so delicately, to have leisure for such a performance. For it is a work of very considerable research, apparently, into the annals of the period. It is moreover written with great neatness, sometimes piquantly, often elegantly, and (when occasion offers) betrays much power of pathos, or rises into brilliant laughter or sparkling similes—"glimpses that may make us less forlorn." In short, it is not only worthy of the engravings, which are done in the best style of Scriven, Wright, Thomson, and Holl, but it serves most materially to enhance their value.

Besides the portrait of Catherine, there are three others in the first number of the "Beauties"—Emilia, Countess of Ossory: Barbara, the renowned Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland, (who by the way, but for a lurking something in her eye, looks as though she had fed on honey); and finally, La Belle Hamilton, whose charms of wit and person were sufficiently great to attract the wary character and fix the wavering affections of the right famous Count Philibert de Grammont. This last lady looks like a rose full-blown. We marvel how she escaped the valiant monarch, of whose court she was so bright an ornament. Nothing but the most completely entrenched virtue could withstand his assaults, nothing but the most firm garrison could resist his manœuvres. And the citadel of the heart, in those times, (the infancy of engineering) was but poorly fortified. Notwithstanding which "the witty Mrs. Hamilton" had courage to withstand advances and attacks, and of all sorts; and eventually crowned the reputation of De Grammont, by surrendering to him (honourably) her person and her name.

We will not dilate further on these last-mentioned ladies, as we hope for an opportunity of doing justice to other numbers of the work as they may appear. But we must not conclude without informing our readers that we understand that the engravings are capital likenesses of the Windsor pictures (and a likeness, in a portrait, is the material quality after all), as well as being intrinsically excellent as works of the graver. Nor can we quit the subject without saying, that we think that every library which aspires to be rich in productions of art or national history, should add to its volumes Mr. Murphy's "Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second."

REMINISCENCES OF A YOUNG FENCIBLE.—NO. IV.

We were quartered a few nights at Castlebar, prior to our departing for the South ; and my rebel friend as I may call him, for he was still as much a rebel in his heart as ever, although he had prudence enough to calculate upon the chances before he acted upon the impulse of his feelings, was billeted upon the same house as myself. One night while we were enjoying a glass of whisky punch before a rousing turf-fire, a knock came to the door, and soon after my comrade's name was called aloud by our host.

"Who wants me?" said he, rising from his chair and proceeding to the door of the room where we were seated. "I do," exclaimed a voice upon the stairs, and in a moment his wife threw herself into his arms.

In a few minutes we were once more seated around the fire, and we then learned that by some unlucky chance her father had discovered her marriage, and his pride of birth predominating over his feelings of paternal affection, he had driven her from his house, with a vow that the ties which linked them to each other were for ever sundered, and that even upon his dying bed his forgiveness should be withheld from a child who had brought disgrace upon his family. Thus driven forth upon the world, she resolved at once to bring down her ideas to the level of the man whom she had chosen for her husband, and for good or evil to share his fortunes with him. Perhaps there was little merit in the resolution, but, be this as it may, her subsequent conduct was such as to ensure her the sympathy and good offices of almost every officer in the regiment. They made various efforts to reconcile her father to the step she had taken, and to induce him to raise her husband to a rank commensurate with his own station in society. All, however, was utterly unavailing. The wounded honour of a Milesian was not to be appeased by a tie of humanity, and his vow was irrevocable.

She had followed the route of the regiment on foot, exposed to the greatest perils and privations, thus acquiring in the very first instance a foretaste of the life to which her own choice had reduced her. Notwithstanding her fatigue, she was cheerful and kept up her spirits. Indeed for years afterwards that I was acquainted with her she never was broken-spirited, or at least never suffered herself to appear so, except in one single instance, which I may as well mention, as it was creditable to the colonel of our regiment, as well as in some measure to the father of the lady.

We happened to be quartered for a week or two in the town adjacent to her father's residence. Here one day as she was purchasing some little article of provision, the butcher who supplied her father's establishment, supposing that upbraiding her with her imprudent conduct would be the means of ingratiating himself with her family, taunted her with her change of life, and said that she must ere this have found out the difference between being the daughter of Mr. H. and the wife of a soldier. She immediately burst into tears, and communicated the brutal insult to her husband and myself. While he was endeavouring to soothe her feelings, I proceeded at once to the colonel, and laid the circumstance before him, at the same time telling

him that the title of a soldier was an honourable one, and that the bitterness with which the father resented his daughter's conduct was an insult to the profession.

Heaven help us! if the soldiers who were then in Ireland were to be considered as a fair sample of the profession, the father's conduct was perhaps more than excusable!

The colonel warmly took up the cause, and proceeded immediately to the residence of the father. He pleaded her cause, as we afterwards learned, with the greatest earnestness, but without effect. The father was deaf to every feeling, save that of wounded pride; yet, strange to say, this very father was indignant at the conduct of the wretch who had dared to insult his child. "I have cut her off from my affections," he exclaimed, "but I wish to expose her to no other privations than those which naturally result from the step which she has taken. That, I take it, if I may judge by my own feelings," he added in a suppressed tone of voice, "is punishment sufficient without insult being superadded. Now, colonel, let us terminate this painful interview, and leave to me the task of resenting this wanton insult."

The colonel, finding that all farther intercession would be wholly fruitless, took his leave, and the very same evening we had the satisfaction to hear that the old gentleman sent for the butcher, paid him his account, and told him that he should never serve the family again.

We learned the next morning that we were destined to proceed immediately to Mallow, a small town in the south of Ireland, between Limerick and Cork; and in a day or two afterwards we commenced our march.

The scenery of Ireland has been so often described that it is quite unnecessary here to dwell upon its beauties. That of my native country is sublime and magnificent—that of Ireland for the most part soft and beautiful; yet each are equally impressive, though exciting feelings of a very different description. Suffice it to say, that we arrived at and took up our quarters at Mallow, without encountering any thing worthy of remark.

How difficult it is to account for the workings of men's minds as inferred from their actions. Here was a rebellion which agitated the whole country, and which failed solely from want of military discipline. It is hazarding but little to affirm that the greater part of the private soldiers of the Irish militias were rebels in their hearts; yet, strange to say, these men never deserted the English standard, when such conduct upon their part would have been decisive of the struggle in favour of the rebels; but when the rebellion was almost suppressed on every side, when their desertion could no longer be of service to the rebel standard, or injurious to the royal cause, then it was discovered that their ranks were daily thinned by desertion. The men who acted thus prolonged the contest when all hope of success was at an end, and eventually sacrificed their lives for no earthly purpose.

There was, however, one plot laid while we were quartered in Mallow, which, had it not been discovered in time, would have spread the flame of rebellion over the whole country, and under circumstances which might have rendered it impossible for the Marquis Cornwallis to suppress it with even a much greater force than he had at his disposal. This plot originated in the brain of a single individual—a man full of

energy, possessed of courage and resolution to meet any chance of circumstances, and the most unbending ferocity towards those of his own party who might happen to display upon any occasion the slightest symptom of timidity. Had such a man been at the head of the rebels prior to, or immediately after the battle of New Ross, his talents, if such they might be called, would have proved fatal to English influence in Ireland. Such, fortunately for England, and perhaps for Ireland also, was not the case; but to proceed with my narrative.

The person to whom I have thus particularly alluded was Sergeant Beattie, of the Royal Meath militia, which was then quartered in Mallow. Sergeant Beattie felt dreadfully disappointed at the unsuccessful termination of the rebellion, and ascertained that he had several friends and comrades who felt as sorely upon the subject as he did himself. They very soon came to a resolution to make some movement which should have the effect of exciting the country once more to take up arms for its independence—a plot was formed and matured, and in a very short space of time would have been in action, when it was most providently discovered.

A great number of the peasantry of the adjacent country were sworn in as aiders and abettors of this plot, which was to be put into execution in the following manner. The peasantry were to enter the town on the Sunday morning while the military were attending divine service. They were to be immediately joined by the disaffected soldiers from the Royal Meath Militia; and, thus supported, to proceed to seize upon the cannon, over which there was usually at that hour only a slight guard. They were then to bring the cannon to the church, and slaughter the whole garrison without mercy. So well was this plot contrived, and so secretly though extensively carried on, that not a single breath of suspicion had been excited. We were all reposing in the most perfect fancied security upon a mine of gunpowder, which was just upon the very point of explosion, when we were awakened to a sense of our situation, and shuddered with horror at the danger from which we had, I may say, miraculously escaped.

There was a man named Michael Carty, a cooper, residing in Bridge-street, who had been sworn in as one of the conspirators. This man's zeal for the success of the rebellion was only to be equalled by his religious devotion. He was a Catholic, and was most strict in his performance of all the duties of his faith. He naturally felt that it might be possible that his life might be forfeited in the enterprise in which he was embarked; and deemed it only prudent, therefore, to be prepared for his transit to another world.

With this impression he went to confession on the day previous to that which had been appointed for the explosion of the plot. The clergyman to whom he confessed was the Rev. Thomas Barry, a priest well affected towards the existing government of the country. This gentleman was horror-struck at the exposition of the plot which Carty laid before him; for Carty deemed it his duty to confess that, as well as his other transgressions, before he received the sacrament, well knowing that whatever might be the consequences of concealment on the part of father Barry, he dared not utter a syllable of what was communicated to him under the seal of confession.

The priest was also aware that he dared take no step to thwart this

plot prior to its explosion, without the consent of the penitent before him. A painful situation to be placed in:—the destruction of friends, and perhaps of relatives also, about to take place, with power by a single word to prevent it, and yet the little word could not be uttered without blasphemy to that God, whose representative he stood to hear and to advise, but not to mention or to act upon communications addressed, not to him, but to God alone. He, however, did his duty, and did it successfully. He pointed out to the man the enormous loss of life which must ensue; for all of which he would be answerable before the tribunal of the Most High, because he had the power to prevent it and did not exercise that power. He so worked upon the religious feelings of his auditor, that he at length obtained from him his consent that the plot should be disclosed to General Sir Eyre Coote, who then commanded in Mallow, and whose residence was on the Spa-walk, at no great distance from that of the worthy priest. This point gained, he hastened to the General, and disclosed to him the whole of the plan.

The General immediately contrived to have the Meath Militia disarmed, and ordered them to be marched under a strong escort to a mountain called Knockaroura, some distance from the town. Early on the Sunday morning every avenue to the town was planted with cannon. Notwithstanding this, however, vast numbers of the peasantry flocked into the town, almost all of them wearing great coats of a coarse cloth called frize, under which they had arms concealed, ready to act upon a preconcerted signal. Sir Eyre Coote upon this occasion acted with the greatest prudence and discretion. He issued orders that no man should be molested, unless he should be guilty of an actual breach of the peace, wisely foreseeing that the peasantry would disperse as soon as they should discover that their project had proved abortive; while if any attempt was made to make prisoners of them, the consequence must be a bloody, and, perhaps, a dubious conflict. The result answered his object: the peasantry finding that no signal was given according to their expectations, and seeing nothing at all of the Royal Meath Militia, began to surmise the truth, and gradually quitted the town, to the inexpressible relief of the inhabitants, who were in a state of feverish anxiety at the portentous appearances which the morning of the Sabbath ushered to their view.

In the mean time the Meath Militia had marched to Knockaroura; and upon their arrival there, when the roll was called over, it was discovered that fifteen men were missing. The fact was, that Sergeant Beattie had discovered, Heaven knows through what channel, that he had been betrayed; and communicating this circumstance to his brother conspirators, fourteen of them agreed to place themselves under his guidance; and they all accordingly deserted, taking with them sixty rounds of ball cartridge.

As soon as this desertion was ascertained, they were pursued by the Yeomanry of Doneraile so hotly as to be compelled to take shelter in a bog. Captain White commanded the Yeomanry; and as soon as they came within gunshot of the deserters, the latter fired upon them. The carabines of the Yeomanry, of course, could not carry as far as the musketry of the deserters, and the former were consequently obliged to disperse and skreen themselves from the balls behind the adjacent

hedges. Amongst the royal force was a gentleman named Garret Nagle, of Ardnakisha. The firing having ceased for a few minutes, when one party was no longer to be seen, this gentleman got upon a hedge for the purpose of reconnoitring the position of his opponents. He was immediately taken notice of by the deserters, one of whom levelled his musket, exclaiming, with an oath,—“I have not an eye in my head if I don’t take his cap off!” He was not quite so good as his word; but, although he did not take the cap off, he drove a bullet through it; and Mr. Garret Nagle, though unhurt, disappeared from the hedge in the twinkling of an eye, having thus received proof positive it was rather more prudent to ensconce himself behind the hedge than expose himself to the muskets of such marksmen as he had then to contend with.

Beattie and his followers now pushed their way through the bog, and took the road to a place called Kilfinnan; and being fatigued with their march, they stopped at an inn to refresh themselves. While they were here making the best use of their time, the innkeeper contrived to give information to the proper authorities of their being in his house; and a detachment which was stationed in Kilfinnan belonging to our regiment was sent off for the purpose of making prisoners of the whole party. I was not one of this detachment; but my quondam rebel friend was. They proceeded immediately towards the inn; but Beattie was not a man to be taken by surprise. He had placed a sentinel at the door of the inn, who observed our approach while still at a considerable distance, and rushed pale and trembling into the presence of his leader, telling him that the Highlanders were upon them. Beattie, instead of feeling at all alarmed at the peril of his situation, surveyed the sentinel with a look of the most cool contempt. “If,” said he, “I thought that I had such a coward as you now appear to be amongst those whom I had selected for my comrades in our enterprise, I would have shot you long ere this.”

Beattie then ordered his little force to the front of the house, and as the Highlanders approached, he poured a volley upon them, which caused five of them to bite the dust. The remainder, who scarcely exceeded in number the little army of Beattie, fled with precipitation, leaving him to pursue at leisure whatever course he might think proper to adopt.

From thence he directed his march towards Leinster, pursued by several strong detachments so closely, that it was almost impossible for his physical powers to hold out against the fatigue consequent upon the rapidity of their movements. There was one circumstance that occurred in the course of this harassing march, which serves clearly to display the resolute spirit which characterized these desperadoes. There were amongst their number two brothers, whose names have escaped my memory. One of these became so completely knocked up, that he at length declared himself unable to proceed any farther, and earnestly besought his comrades not to suffer him to fall into the hands of the royal army, but to shoot him on the spot. His brother did all he could to encourage him to proceed, but, finding that he was unable to move another step, he at length complied with his request, and actually shot him with his own hand.

They were now so hotly pursued, that after losing some more of their

number in skirmishes with the royal troops, they found themselves under the necessity of dispersing as their only chance of safety. Some succeeded in escaping to the mountains; while Beattie effected a safe entry into the city of Dublin, where, as I afterwards learned, he was apprehended in concocting another conspiracy, and finally terminated his career upon the scaffold.

The executive Government of Ireland was alive to the good policy of rewarding such instances of attachment to the British crown as that displayed by the Rev. Mr. Barry; and accordingly allowed him a pension of 300*l.* per annum for the remainder of his life. Carty also was rewarded for betraying his companions, with a pension of 50*l.* per annum.

Thus terminated this dangerous conspiracy, which, but for the conduct of Father Barry, would have kindled afresh the dying embers of the rebellion, and involved in its consequences a loss of human blood, perhaps greater than that which had already taken place. I had reason to be thankful that it was discovered in such happy time, for I should have been inevitably sacrificed in the church along with the rest of the garrison of Mallow, had the conspiracy succeeded, and his Majesty would have been thereby deprived of one of his most zealous, loyal and active subjects!

These were not the times for soldiers to be allowed to remain long in one place, or I should have well relished a longer residence in Mallow. As, however, my sentiments were not consulted upon the subject, we were compelled to bid adieu to the fair inhabitants of that part of the country, and direct our march once more to the county of Wexford.

The rebellion might be said to be now virtually terminated, and I no longer expected that every feeling of humanity would be outraged by such cruelties as had disgraced its commencement. I was deceived in this opinion. It is true that the cruelties which about this time took place, were not so extensive, but it is also true that they were more outrageous, because perpetrated in cold blood, and attempted to be justified on the ground of necessary policy. I thought that the policy which could sanction such proceedings, was nothing less than damnable—but then I was a mere stripling—my mother's milk was still running in my veins, and how could I be a judge of the necessity of measures founded on the political situation of the country!

The remnant of the rebel army took refuge, to the amount of some few hundred men, in the dwarf woods of Killaughrim near Enniscorthy, while others, and these latter were the most numerous, sought shelter in the Wicklow mountains. Each of these parties was receiving continual reinforcements by desertions from the Irish militias, particularly from the Antrim and King's County regiments, but being too weak to appear against the king's troops openly in the field, and having no other support but what they derived from plunder, they became such a formidable annoyance to the inhabitants of the country, whose houses they plundered without the slightest ceremony, always retreating with their spoil to the woods or mountains, that the people found themselves under the necessity of taking up their residence in towns, as the only security for their lives and properties. The Catholics were greater losers by these devastations than their Protestant brethren; which clearly proved that plunder and not patriotism was the stimulant to these out-

laws, who called themselves, and were generally known by the appellation of the "Babes in the Wood." The Catholics being disarmed by order of the Government, were plundered with less risk than the Protestants, who were all well provided with arms and ammunition.

Our first task upon our arrival in Wexford was to clear these woods of their innocent babes,—a task which with no little difficulty we were at length enabled to accomplish with the assistance of other troops, and the yeomanry corps of the neighbouring country. The rebels in the Wicklow mountains, however, were not so easily suppressed. Their territory, if I may so call it, was much more extensive, and their haunts and recesses much more difficult to be got at. They were commanded by two men who were by no means destitute of the talents requisite to govern such troops, and to whom their eventual preservation was chiefly to be attributed. The names of these men were Holt and Hacket. Their enterprises were much more formidable than those of the "Babes in the Wood," because well concerted; and being not altogether instigated by plunder so much as by a desire of vengeance, they massacred those loyalists whose houses were selected as objects of attack, and almost always succeeded in effecting their retreat to the mountains, before they could possibly be overtaken by the military. It might, perhaps, have been imagined that Highlanders would be as active upon the mountains as these insurgents, but I can only say, that many a day has seen us in pursuit, without being able to overtake them.

As the persons massacred by these troops were almost all Protestants, it was naturally concluded that the murders sprang from a spirit of religious hatred, and therefore it was that the measure to which I have alluded was resorted. It was of course next to an impossibility to light upon the real perpetrators of the massacres, and therefore some person gifted with more than ordinary political sagacity, hit upon the notable expedient which I am about to relate, and which in one instance I *saw* put into execution.

Whenever any Protestants were murdered, it was determined that a greater number of Catholics should be immediately put to death by the military, and this without the slightest reference to their *guilt* or *innocence* of any implication in the rebellion. In conformity with this wise and just and merciful plan of authorized assassination, a detachment of soldiers quartered at a small town in Wicklow, the name of which I forget, but I rather think it was Aughrim, near which some Protestants had been massacred in the night, were ordered to scour the country, and make prisoners of the first Catholics whom they might happen to meet with until the number of Protestants slain was at least doubled by that of the prisoners. As soon as they had succeeded in collecting a sufficient number, they returned with them to the barracks, where one of the most revolting scenes was perpetrated, which, perhaps, the records of history can furnish us with.

Here the troops of his Majesty formed themselves into a square, with the prisoners in their centre, who prayed in vain for mercy until the signal for carnage was given, when nothing was to be heard but the terrific shrieks of the victims, and the savage and exulting shouts of their murderers, as they cut and hacked the wretches flying from one phalanx of bayonets to be transfixed upon another, while others were cut

down in the act of kneeling with clasped hands raised in the attitude of supplication to their merciless destroyers. Others again, bold from despair, rushed upon their assassins and were put to death, while endeavouring to snatch a musket or a bayonet, with which at all events to sell their lives at as dear a rate as possible. This is a scene too painful to dwell upon. If any of the actors in it are still living—if any of those who projected such a mode of quelling the Wicklow mountaineers are still in existence—if any of the *educated* portion of the troops, the officers, who were implicated in this massacre, are still in the land of the living, now, when I trust better feelings and more humane sentiments have taken possession of their bosoms, let them thank their fortune, while blushing with shame and remorse at their murderous conduct, that their names are only known to those who were as deeply implicated as themselves, and that no other sting than that of a self-accusing conscience will be inflicted upon them by the “*Reminiscences of a Young Fencible.*”

A similar massacre, though the victims were less numerous, was perpetrated at Castletown, near Gorey; and I have heard of others also in other places. In excuse for these murders, it was alleged that they were productive of the desired result, that of putting a period to the massacres and burnings of the Protestants and their houses. Now it is very true that an end was put to these transactions about this time, but I much question if it was at all accelerated by these monstrous measures. The fact was, that the winter had set in, and the bleak and desert mountains of Wicklow afforded no security to the rebels against the rigour of the weather. These mountains might have addressed their inhabitants in the language of the woods of Clan Alpine to the followers of Roderick Dhu:—

“ We give you shelter in our breast,
Your own good swords must buy the rest.”

Shelter they certainly afforded against the pursuit of the royal army, but none against the winter's biting frosts; and therefore the number of these daring outlaws gradually diminished. Hacket was killed about this time, which also contributed to their dispersion, although a considerable number still remained in arms under the command of Holt, who might be considered the cleverest of all the leaders of the rebellion, and might have rendered it successful, had he been appointed at its commencement.

As far as regarded the comfort and good cheer of the soldiery, it was a lucky thing for them that this force was not wholly suppressed. Wherever we were quartered, and we were usually sent into those places which had just been plundered by the rebels, and of course abandoned by the possessors, we lived upon the best of every thing. What the rebels commenced in the way of devastation, we put the finishing hand to, always attributing the whole to them, or else laughing at the complaints of the party injured, and boldly avowing our right to salvage—a term to which we gave the most liberal interpretation, by always taking every thing of value that the rebels might perchance have left behind them in their hurry.

Provisions upon those occasions we always had in the greatest plenty, and the wine-cellars of the gentry cheered us under the fatigues to which we were necessarily exposed in protecting their property from

being pillaged by the followers of Holt. Well might we exclaim in these times—

“Hey for the life of a soldier!”

Although this system of indiscriminate plunder upon our part (I say our part, although Heaven knows that the Scotch troops generally were comparatively little implicated in these transactions, except as far as regarded the meat and drink) was not punished, yet I will not go so far as to say that it was authorised, although the officers participated as largely in it, and in some instances more so, than the common soldiers. Nay, in one case, a noble lord went to the house of a gentleman* who had been attainted of high treason, and who was subsequently hanged, and took out of his stable two coach-horses for the purpose of selling them for his own emolument! The house of that gentleman, who had been a commissary to the rebel army, might perhaps upon that account have been considered as fair game; though even in that case one might imagine that a peer of the realm should have paused before he disgraced his hands by the plunder of an unfortunate gentleman in Mr. Grogan's then situation.

Little redress could be expected to result from complaints relative to the pillage of property by the King's forces, when crimes of a darker dye were perpetrated with the utmost impunity. I have been in several towns where the soldiers compelled numbers of respectable females to submit to violation—the unfortunate female peasantry dared not refuse at the peril of their lives—and all complaints for such wrongs were sneered at, and the complaining party, if a female, exposed to fresh insults—if a man stood up for redress for the injury to a wife or daughter, that injury was redressed in many instances by running a bayonet through his body, as being a rebel opposed to the laws and institutions of his country.

Sometimes when I reflect upon all that I witnessed in Ireland, I should be apt to imagine, did I not well know the contrary to be the fact, that the Irish are the tamest and most cowardly people that ever inhabited the earth, or they would have risen *en masse*, and massacred to a man every soldier in the country. So far from being tame, however, they are the very reverse—their passions are in a blaze in a moment, and the only way in which I can account for the tranquillity of the greater part of the country at that time, is by the supposition that all men are too apt to wait until such injuries and insults come home to themselves, before they rise to resent them.

Holt, as I have already stated, still held out, but the dreariness of winter had thinned his followers, few of them possessing sufficient resolution to face its bitterness, without even the shelter of a hut, upon the desert mountains of Wicklow. But this very difficulty of passing night after night upon these mountains, in the midst of frost and snow, and with no other canopy than the heavens, was the circumstance which mainly contributed to protect them from the pursuit of the loyalists. It is true, Holt was clever, and in numerous instances foiled our troops by his own tact and ingenuity; but he at length perceived that in the long-run he must be defeated and taken prisoner, in which event he

* That of Mr. Cornelius Grogan, near Wexford.

should most assuredly lose his life: while on the other hand the Irish Government deemed it more advisable to treat with him for laying down his arms, than to keep that part of the country in a state of terror and agitation. It was also by no means advisable to keep up a sort of focus for the assemblage of the discontented with a man of some talent and experience at its head, who, in the event of any second convulsion, might prove too many for his opponents. These considerations upon either side led eventually to a stipulation by which Holt agreed to disband his followers, their lives to be spared to them, and his own also to be spared, on the condition of his submitting to transportation for life. In compliance with this stipulation Holt surrendered to the Earl of Powerscourt; and from that time these bands of midnight marauders totally disappeared.

Thus at length we were left at liberty to take up our winter-quarters in peace and quietness, being seldom called upon to leave the city in which we were now for a short time quartered, unless for the purpose of assisting the excise officers in the seizure of a still, or in protecting the proctors, while assessing or taking the tithes in the neighbourhood.

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.*

“Hast thou through Eden’s wild-wood vales pursued
Each mountain-scene magnificently rude,
Nor, with attention’s lifted eye, revered
That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear’d,
Which still records, beyond the pencil’s power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour?”—*Pleasures of Memory.*

MOTHER and Child! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place,
Where to the love of many years
Was given one last embrace;
Oh! ye have set a spell of power
Deep in your record of that hour!

A spell to waken solemn thought,
A still, small under-tone,
That calls back days of childhood, fraught
With many a treasure gone;
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
Though long untroubled, of remorse.

For who that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,
Who but a mother’s love hath known,
The one love changing not?
Alas! and haply learn’d its worth,
First with the sound of “Earth to earth?”

* On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar with this inscription: “This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April, 1616: in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. Laus Deo!”

But thou, true-hearted Daughter ! thou
O'er whose bright honour'd head
Blessings and tears of holiest flow
Ev'n here were fondly shed ;
Thou from the passion of thy grief
In its full tide couldst draw relief.

For oh ! though painful be th' excess,
The might wherewith it swells,
In Nature's fount no bitterness
Of Nature's mingling dwells ;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
Poison'd the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more
Which thy young heart first knew ?
And all—was all in this world o'er
With ties thus close and true ?
It was : on earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze
Where, deep within thy breast,
The sounds and dreams of other days
With Memory lay at rest ;
No other smile to thee could bring
A gladdening like the breath of Spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still
Its lone memorial keeps,
While on thy name, midst wood and hill,
'The quiet sunshine sleeps,
And touches, in each graven line,
Of reverential thought a sign ;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
Tho' impress of the Dead,
Think of the love embodied there,
As of a vision fled ?
A perish'd thing, the joy and flower
And glory of an earthly hour ?

Not so !—I will not bow me so
To thoughts that breathe despair ;
A loftier faith we need below,
Life's farewell words to bear !
Mother and Child !—your tears are past,—
• Surely, your hearts have met at last !

F. H.

VICISSITUDES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

(Written by Himself.)

“ 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.”

I WAS born in Dublin, in which city my father was an eminent solicitor; and I received in common with my brothers and sisters a liberal education, under the superintendence of kind and affectionate parents. Of my infancy and boyhood, I have nothing remarkable to relate, for they passed away, as they generally do, in happiness rarely equalled in after-life. I cannot recollect any propensity of my boyhood, indicative of the wandering and unsettled disposition, which afterwards distinguished me; on the contrary, I was a steady plodding lad, and the only peculiarity of my boyhood which bears at all upon my story, was the predilection which at that time I felt for reading Shakspeare. Before I had numbered sixteen years, I was well read in all his plays, could quote them with readiness, and found more real pleasure in perusing them than in the amusements of boys of my own age in general. In compliance with my father's wishes, though contrary to my own, I consented to turn my attention to the law, a profession to which I had ever borne a strong dislike; and I entered his office as an articled clerk. During my clerkship the dislike with which I commenced it gradually ripened into absolute hatred; the occupation was too dull, too void of excitement for me, and at the close of each day's labour I gladly sought a refuge from the horrors of musty parchments, long briefs, and tasteless repetitions, in the delights which were offered me by my favourite Shakspeare, and a host of poems, novels, and romances with which the circulating library furnished me. Such a course of reading could not fail to have its effect on my mind: I fancied myself qualified, and indeed intended by nature for a nobler occupation than the petty mean business of an attorney, and in my heart I resolved to pursue it no longer than circumstances might render necessary. While in this state of mind I got intimately acquainted with some theatrical persons, through whose means I was enabled to visit the theatre; and it was not long before I imbibed the idea of making the stage my profession. Long and secretly did I cherish this idea; it became an essential part of my existence—every thing I said, every thing I did, was theatrical.

“ My mouth I scarce could ope
But out there flew a figure or a trope.”

In this way matters went on until I had nearly completed my clerkship, when an event happened, which, though it for a time recalled my scattered senses, and brought me to a right feeling, yet by making me my own master at an early age proved instrumental in my subsequent ruin. It pleased Providence suddenly to deprive me of the best of fathers. He fell a victim to a typhus fever in the prime of life, after an illness of fourteen days, leaving my mother and eight children to deplore his loss. I will not trespass on the patience of the reader by attempting to paint my grief: it was too acute to be described. Suffice it to say, that from thenceforward I resolved to banish “All trivial fond records, all petty recollections” of the dreams which had so long occupied my imagination, and to turn my mind seriously to business. Alas! had my vow been as firmly kept as it was sincerely made in that moment of affliction, I should not now have the degrading task of recording my own humiliation. But how frail is poor human nature!

I entered upon my professional career under most favourable auspices, and pursued it with credit and success for upwards of two years, when a disappointment which I had not the firmness to bear, again unsettled me. I had fixed my affections upon a young lady in every respect qualified to make me happy, and I had the good fortune to be esteemed by her in return. My enthusiastic disposition led me to overlook all obstacles, I saw but the bright side of the picture, I looked for complete happiness in a union with the

beloved one ; and when I thought myself about to taste the o'erflowing cup of bliss, it was dashed from my lips for ever. Disappointed in the affair upon which my fondest hopes were fixed, and the prospect of attaining which had given a stimulus to my industry, and sweetened my toil, I became a wretched, careless being. I lost all steadiness, neglected my business, and dissipated my money. Tossed about by my despair, I was like a ship without a rudder : beating about at the mercy of the winds and waves, I had indeed no longer a haven to make.

My former predilection for the stage now returned, and, yielding to its influence, I determined to try my fortune in a profession for which my vanity persuaded me I had talent ; besides, its nature seemed to promise me that refuge from thought I could not hope to find in the dull routine of law proceedings. Enamoured of this hazardous project, excited by its novelty, and dazzled by fancy pictures of its advantages, I was not long in making preparations to quit the home, which to me had now lost its chief attraction.

On the morning of the 18th of June, celebrated as the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, but to me still more remarkable as the commencement of my self-sought misfortunes, I, without any intimation to my friends, embarked on board the steam-packet, and sailed for Bristol. From thence I went to Bath with the intention of making my first attempt at the theatre in that city ; but finding the season about to close, I left Bath, and proceeded to Birmingham. At the latter place the theatrical campaign had just commenced, and having a letter of introduction to the manager, I immediately waited upon him. He received me politely, but threw every possible obstacle in my way, with the view of diverting me from so foolish a project. I was not, however, easily to be deterred from the execution of the scheme I had so long fostered ; and I persevered until I wrung from him a reluctant consent, that I should undertake the part of O'Donnell in *Henri Quatre* the following evening. The time for preparation was short, and I was wholly ignorant of the play ; but such a trifling matter was nothing to my sanguine spirit. Having procured the part, I laboured incessantly until I had made myself master of the words set down for me. This, I thought, was all that could be necessary on my part : my genius, I conceived, would do the rest. Thus prepared, I went to the theatre on the appointed evening, saying to myself,

“ This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.”

I thought myself prodigiously fine when I had put on the dress laid out for me ; and as I strutted before the glass I fancied I was certain of success. My heart swelled proudly as I pictured to myself the involuntary burst of applause which must follow my first appearance, the modest elegance of my bow in acknowledgment, the rapture with which each of my speeches would be received, and the glowing colours in which the papers of the next day would paint the merits of him who was to outshine John Kemble as

“ Hyperion to a satyr.”

At length the glorious moment arrived ; O'Donnell was called, and bold as a lion I approached the stage ; but scarcely had I set my foot upon that dangerous ground, scarcely had I cast one glance upon the audience and the lights, when the few senses I had ever possessed, with one accord deserted me, and I stood before my judges a senseless image of egregious folly—

“ Obstupui steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.”

The gentleman who played Eugene, to whom my first speech should have been addressed, grasped my hand, and goodnaturely whispered “ Go on.” This aroused me a little from the stupor which had seized my senses, but it was only to a consciousness of the horrors that surrounded me. I essayed to speak, but in vain ; my tongue refused to perform its office. I endeavoured to move, but without success ; my feet seemed riveted to the boards. How

long I might have remained in this state I know not, had not a coarse voice from the gallery, echoed by twenty more, shouted "Speak up!" This gentle hint, given in the true style of "button-making breeding and Brummagem politeness," was irresistible, and I did speak, but not so as to be heard beyond the limits of the orchestra. "The gods impatient of delay" could brook suspense no longer—they had paid their money, and had a right to know what was going forward; and they entered their protest against the proceedings by a loud and general hiss. This ungentle usage excited my indignation, and I actually walked down to the footlights for the purpose of addressing the audience; but ere I could reach the bright boundary which oil or gas had placed between the hissers and the hissed, my courage failed me, and I wished for nothing more than a secure retreat. I was conscious of being superlatively ridiculous; this consciousness did not tend to diminish my awkwardness. All this was high fun to the gods, and they shouted with delight, while the people in the boxes tittered, and the pit shook with laughter. I now scowled with rage, and looked big, but all to no purpose; I bowed, and by signs expressed a desire to be heard, but, when silence was obtained, I could not speak, and confusion again covered me. Some called out "Fair play," "Do as you would be done by," "Hear him, hear him;" but the majority with stentorian voices shouted "Off! off! off!" Irritated and mortified, astonished and bewildered, I knew not what I did, but suffered some friendly hand to lead me, unconscious as I was, from the stage; and thus ended the first scene of my actorship. Not daunted by this disastrous commencement, I persevered throughout the play, in hopes of retrieving my forfeited honour, but still committing every kind of blunder, and experiencing the same treatment. In short, during the whole performance I was the object alternately of laughter and hissing, of mirth and anger. At the fall of the curtain I retired from the stage, covered with shame instead of glory, with vexation and repentance. I was now perfectly satisfied of the worth of my theatrical talents, and fully resolved never more to give them a trial. In a newspaper critique which appeared the next day, I was congratulated upon the brilliant success which had crowned my efforts, and advised never to condescend in future to play any part inferior to Timoleon in the Grecian Daughter, or Fortinbras in Hamlet, characters which are merely alluded to, and never make their appearance before the audience. To avoid the repetition of this annoyance, and various jeers to which I had subjected myself, I fled from Birmingham as from a pestilential region, and took my route to London.

In London I gradually recovered from the mortification I had undergone, and my mind returned to its wonted state. I soon became capable of reviewing without pain, the circumstances of my late adventure. From this review it appeared that fair play was not allowed me, and that unkind usage had deprived me of the power of displaying those talents, which a little indulgence might have encouraged to develop themselves. Under this impression, and fanned by the breath of vanity, the flame which had been smothered, but not extinguished, again burst forth; I became again the victim of the theatrical mania. Experience had, however, taught me something, and, profiting by her hints, I determined that in any future attempts to climb

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

I would begin at the foot of the ladder. I therefore made diligent inquiry respecting the small theatres in the vicinity of London, and having ascertained that a company was performing at Windsor, I repaired to that town, waited upon the manager, and offered my services as a volunteer. To a country manager the offer was too tempting for refusal. Recruits such as I was, well dressed and serving gratuitously, were not every day to be met with; I was at once declared a member of the *corps dramatique*. This point being adjusted, my next care was to provide myself with a lodging, suitable to the then declining state of my purse, and I soon succeeded. It was cer-

tainly not such a lodging as I had been accustomed to. The sitting-room was small and meanly furnished, and the bed-room was a narrow attic, in which, owing to the shape of the roof, it was impossible to stand upright, except immediately in the centre. The furniture of the dormitory was in perfect keeping with the chamber itself—it was miserable in the extreme; and yet such was my infatuation, that though I had been from infancy accustomed to every comfort that money could procure, I was content to put up with it for the sake of being an actor.

The first part allotted to me was that of a fop in *Tom and Jerry*; and although I was dreadfully agitated, the recollection of my recent disgrace was too strong to allow me to give way to fear; I mustered resolution enough to carry me through the task—at least without being hissed. Encouraged by this negative success, and becoming familiar with the audience before me, and the other actors, I grew bolder and bolder on each succeeding attempt, and in a short time fancied myself equal to any part in the range of the drama. Amongst the many characters which I subsequently undertook, was the Irishman in "*Rosina*." Of my performance in this character I was exceedingly proud, for it had elicited the rapturous applause of a "regiment of Irish dragoons" then quartered in the town. One evening, just as I had completed my toilet for the elegant Hibernian, (a task which for convenience I generally fulfilled at my lodging) and when I was dressed in a tattered grey jacket, a pair of patched and greasy leather inexpressibles, old worsted stockings darned with various colours, shoes to match, and every other article after the same character, I was informed that a gentleman wished to see me. Thinking that the visitor could be no other than one of my brother performers, come, as was the custom, to borrow some portion of my wardrobe for the evening, I desired that he should walk up. Chairs being scarce, I was sitting on the bed in the elegant attic which I have already mentioned, and in my acting attire. The door opened, and one of my most intimate friends, a young surgeon of Dublin, stood before me. I felt thunderstruck, while my friend stood at the door surveying me and my apartment with an expression of countenance, in which amazement, indignation, and grief seemed struggling for predominance.

"Gracious Heaven!" he at length exclaimed, "can it be? are you already reduced to this state of abject misery?" Recovering my presence of mind, I welcomed him as well as I could, and begged him to be seated while I explained to him the cause of my present appearance. I tried to persuade him that my rags were badges of honourable distinction, and that my lodging was such as actors of note had used from time immemorial. He was not to be thus satisfied, and implored me to renounce a way of life which could lead only to ruin and disgrace. He informed me, that, anxious to restore me to my friends, whose grief he painted in the most vivid colours, he had undertaken the journey to England, and had long sought me in vain, until accident discovered the place of my abode and the nature of my occupation. He said that he was commissioned by my mother to entreat that I would return to her, and that no endeavour should be spared to promote my comfort and happiness. He used every argument which friendship or reason could suggest, to induce me to abandon my folly and accompany him home. But all was in vain: I was too closely wedded to the life I had chosen, and I suffered that kind-hearted young man to leave me in anger and disgust.

With my present company of actors I passed six weeks completely to my satisfaction, for my mornings were occupied in rehearsals, my evenings in acting, and the intervals of time in study: I thought the life of an actor the most delightful in the world. My good opinion of myself was daily gaining ground, although I occasionally received some slight check, of which the following is a specimen.

I was one day reading the paper in the coffee-room of one of the principal inns, when a gentleman of fashionable appearance entered into conversation with me. After some preliminary observations he said, "What a wretched

company of actors you have here!" I answered that some of them were bad enough, and inquired if he had been at the theatre the preceding night. "Oh! yes," said he, "and I have had enough of it." "Pray, Sir," inquired I, "what did you think of the tall thin young man, who wore a brown frock-coat and white trowsers?" "Think of him," exclaimed he, "why, Sir, his was the most miserable attempt at acting I have ever witnessed. I would recommend the manager to employ him in future in trimming the lamps." "Sir," said I, rising and bowing, "I thank you for your good wishes. I am the individual of whom you are pleased to express yourself in such flattering terms. Good morning, Sir:"—and I walked out of the room with no very exalted opinion of the stranger's discernment.

At the end of six weeks the season terminated; and the company separated each to seek or to fulfil some new engagement. I found, upon examining into the state of my finances, that my remaining stock of cash was wholly inadequate to the demands upon it, and that without a supply I could not leave the town. I therefore applied to an Israelite who dealt in jewellery, and requested him to buy my watch, which had cost me twelve guineas but a few months before. I had always regarded it as a good time-keeper, but I now discovered a thousand faults in it, which I should never have known but for the sagacity of Moses, who pointed them all out carefully, solemnly assuring me that it was not worth thirty shillings: in fact, he would sell me better for the money, but that, as I was in distress, he would give me forty shillings for it, and take his chance of selling it to some one who might not know the value of such things. I was by no means satisfied with this offer, and was about to leave the shop, when he made an advance of five shillings, to which he gradually made additions until his offer reached three pounds, and there he protested his conscience obliged him to stop. My conscience, however, would not allow me to take this sum, chiefly because it was not equal to my purposes, and I left the shop in distress, when the Jew followed me and said that rather than let me be annoyed he would give me three pounds ten shillings. At last declaring it was robbing himself and his heirs, he gave me four pounds. With the money thus raised, I paid my debts, and got to London, with a little experience and half a crown in money. I had scarcely alighted from the coach, when I was accosted by one of my fellow performers at Windsor, whose name was Douglas, the *primo buffo* of the company. After the usual salutations, he inquired if I had any money. I instantly told him the extent of my purse; then said he, I humbly move that we enter into partnership, for I have eighteen pence. I could see no reasonable objection to this proposal, even though my share of the capital was the largest; and having signified my assent, we forthwith set out in quest of lodgings. After diligent search, we provided ourselves with two bed-rooms in the neighbourhood of Tottenham-court-road, at the rent of nine shillings per week. One of the bed-rooms being a large airy room, it was agreed that it should be used likewise as a parlour, and that I, having the largest share of the capital, should sleep in it. These preliminaries being adjusted, we resolved ourselves into a committee of supply, being fully persuaded that we could not long exist upon four shillings, and it was determined that each should apply to his friends for assistance, and that in the mean time Douglas' watch should be pawned for our present exigencies. This was no sooner resolved upon than executed; letters were written, and we sat down as happy as princes to a good beefsteak and a quart of Barclay, Perkins and Co. For a fortnight all went on comfortably, and we busied ourselves looking out for engagements; but even thirty shillings could not last for ever, and in spite of our endeavours the last shilling made its appearance without our receiving any intelligence from home. The consideration of the solitary shilling sank my spirits to the lowest ebb; I was conscious of having forfeited all claim to the assistance of my family; I saw no prospect of employment, and I knew not which way to turn for relief. One morning after Douglas had gone out, the servant girl brought me something carefully wrapped up in paper,

which she said she had found in his bed. It felt so very like money that I could not resist the temptation of examining it; and opening the parcel I found ten shillings. True to the character and thrift of a Scotchman, he had provided for a rainy day, which, he afterwards told me, judging from my disposition, he saw would not fail soon to visit us. When he came home, I was half inclined to be offended with him for deceiving me, but could not really feel angry, so much was I pleased with the possession of the money. For a time this supply cheered us, but it was soon exhausted. "Now, indeed," cried I, "we are likely to starve!" but scarcely had I pronounced the words when the loud knock of the twopenny postman made me start from my chair. "Whom can this be for?" said I. The entrance of the girl with a letter for me put an end to our doubt. Eagerly I broke the seal, and found that it was from a stranger, informing me that if I would call upon him the next day, he could offer me an engagement for the Cheltenham theatre. "Now," exclaimed I exultingly, "this is as it should be; my name has already reached Cheltenham, the gay, fashionable and elegant Cheltenham; and I am offered an engagement for that place. Well, let Cynics scoff as they will, merit is sure to be rewarded."

I was so overjoyed that I could think of nothing but Cheltenham. I got a map and traced out the journey, fancying myself already on the road. Next morning I was punctual to my appointment, saw the gentleman who had written to me, and concluded an engagement for the remainder of the Cheltenham season, then about eight weeks, at the handsome salary of twenty-five shillings per week, for which I agreed to make myself generally useful, that is to say, to play any part allotted me, however degrading or disagreeable.

"On! what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

My professional earnings at home, during the two years that I was steady, were never less than six guineas a week, with every prospect of an increase, and that too in a reputable business. "Heu mihi dolor!" By a lucky coincidence, the very next post brought me a letter from home, inclosing a little money. I was thus unexpectedly furnished with the means of making the journey. Leaving Douglas fifteen shillings, and reserving to myself one pound for the coach fare, and five shillings for sundries, I set off the next day, and arrived at Cheltenham with about two shillings in my purse.

At Cheltenham, however, the shallowness of my purse did not signify, and having procured a lodging at four shillings per week, I easily contrived to get credit for eatables and drinkables until the ensuing Saturday, when I received my salary, the first I had ever earned by my theatrical exertions. My first appearance on the Cheltenham boards was in the important part of the Sheriff in *Henry the Fourth*, in which play the well-known amateur Colonel Berkeley played the Prince, and his brother Augustus, Falstaff. I had therefore a claim on the acquaintance of the Colonel similar to that of the man on the eminent actor whom he reminded that he had played the Cock to his Ghost in *Hamlet*. I thought then and still think the Colonel a good amateur actor, and the best stage-manager I ever saw, for I never met any other man who to a knowledge of his business added such persevering industry and zeal. I well remember that the play of *Henry the Fourth*, under his direction, underwent sixteen rehearsals, which I, having only six lines to speak, thought a great bore. The good effect of this drilling was evident when the play came to be acted, for every one was to the letter perfect, and even I had the good fortune to get through without stumbling.

Having thus made my own ground sure, I bethought me of my friend Douglas, and so glowingly did I represent his qualifications to the manager, that I procured him an engagement as singer, at the salary of two pounds per week. Upon this engagement he came to Cheltenham, and a second room being to let in the house where I lodged, we again became messmates. In the Cheltenham theatre, I played a variety of parts without any marked disgrace, a fact which I now attribute to the urbanity of the audience, for

I am well assured that I was far from being tolerable as an actor. However, as I did not think so then, my apparent success was pleasing to my vanity, and I was on excellent terms with myself. I passed my time very agreeably, for Douglas having hired a piano for the purpose of practising, our lodging became the rendezvous of all the musical men of the theatre, who usually every non-play night assembled there, and sang glees and duets. I contributed to the harmony in the only way I could, by mixing whisky-punch after the true Hibernian style. Such gay living was, however, so unsuited to my means, that at the end of the season, when it became necessary to depart, I was without a shilling. In this dilemma the prudent Scot again befriended me, for he had saved three pounds, and to his thrifty conduct I was indebted for the means of reaching London.

We arrived in town, wearied, dispirited and cold, late in the evening of one of the damp chilly days in the middle of November. We could muster but five or six shillings in our joint purse, and were not provided with a lodging; it was then too late to seek one, and it became absolutely necessary to put up for that night at an hotel. We accordingly stopped at a respectable house in Oxford-street, resolving to make ourselves comfortable, and trusting to Providence to send us the means of paying the bill in the morning. Accordingly, we had a good supper, of which we stood much in need; and having qualified it with a glass or two of brandy and water, we retired to rest, and slept as soundly, perhaps more soundly, than if we had been possessed of ten thousand pounds. After breakfast next day we held a consultation upon raising money to discharge our bill, and we agreed each should go in search of his acquaintances and endeavour to borrow a trifle, and meet at the hotel at the dinner-hour. When we met, however, the length of our faces too plainly told our disappointment. We had returned as we set out, excepting that each of us had acquired an enormous appetite. To satisfy our hunger we ordered a beefsteak; and having disposed of that and a glass to cheer our spirits, we came to the conclusion, that by so much had our expenses been increased while our funds continued unimproved. Pondering over the means of extrication, an expedient occurred to me, which, however unpleasant, I determined to carry into execution. I had some good clothes, and there was a pawnbroker in the neighbourhood. The great difficulty was to get the clothes out of the house unobserved; but that difficulty was soon removed. Having communicated my plan to Douglas, we went upstairs to my bedroom, where I took from my trunk four good coats, which I folded separately, while he passed a silk handkerchief round and secured them to my body. I then put on my travelling cloak, which being very large, completely concealed the cargo with which I had loaded myself, and a slight appearance of corpulency was all which could be perceived. Thus prepared I sent Douglas forth to see that the coast was clear; and following him with cautious steps, I had descended one flight of the stairs when one of the waiters was seen coming up. In a moment I was in my room again, and when there I had some difficulty to prevent myself from fainting, so overcome was I with terror; for had I been detected I must have appeared like a thief. The coast being pronounced clear again, I made a second attempt, and luckily got out of the house without farther interruption. When in the street I almost flew until I reached the three balls; and entering at the friendly door, above which was written "Money lent," I joyfully deposited my burthen on the counter. The money raised by this expedient was two pounds. Happy in possessing the cash, I returned to the hotel in lighter spirits than I had enjoyed for some days.

We next took a lodging in an obscure street close to Leicester-square, paid our bill at the hotel, and removed our luggage to our new quarters, consisting of two bed-rooms. Here we remained many weeks in a most deplorable state of poverty, frequently having no other meal than tea in the morning and evening; sometimes, through accident or the kindness of an acquaintance, we got a good dinner; but more frequently a walk in the

Regent's Park, or a peep at the print-shops, was its substitute. At the close of each week I was obliged to pawn an article of clothing in order to pay the rent, and by these means my wardrobe rapidly diminished. At length I mustered resolution and wrote my mother a penitent letter, which procured me five pounds; and Douglas having at the same time succeeded in making an engagement for the Exeter theatre, I divided the money with him after paying some arrears of rent. He left town promising me a remittance as soon as possible. Having some hope of obtaining employment at the Greenwich Theatre, I went to that place and remained a fortnight in fruitless expectation. At the end of that period I returned to London, my money was exhausted, and I was compelled to have recourse again to an hotel in order to avoid actual starvation. I accordingly took my abode at a house not far from Covent Garden. In order to raise a fund to defray my expenses, I wrote immediately to a friend in Dublin, stating my circumstances, and soliciting a trifling loan; but to that application I never received an answer; and when my bill for the first week was presented, I was obliged to beg a little indulgence on the score of being disappointed of a remittance. While at dinner one day in the coffee-room, a very dashing, elegant-looking fellow, with a huge bunch of seals and all the other appurtenances of dandyism, entered into conversation with me; and having introduced himself as a Mr. Somebody from the city, whose old dad was immensely rich, he politely invited me to take a share of a bottle of wine. I at first declined his offer; but his kindness was such that he would take no excuse, and I was obliged to comply. Flattered by his civility, and pleased with the wine, which in my low spirits was a welcome treat, I made no objection to the appearance of a second bottle, but helped to finish that also, and went to bed highly delighted with myself, my entertainer, and all the world besides. In the morning, however, I found that "all is not gold that glitters;" for my kind friend had absconded and left me to pay for the two bottles of wine and an expensive decanter which he had broken. This formed a most unseasonable addition to my bill; but it gave me a useful lesson, and I was ever after more cautious of accepting such marks of kindness from strangers, particularly the race who haunt the west end of town, dressed in the pink of the mode, aping men of fashion, but really living in holes and corners. I was still in hopes of hearing from my friend, and anxiously did I watch the arrival of the postman: but day after day passed away and no letter came. Several times my landlord reminded me that the bill was unpaid; but I contrived to put him off with the same plea, until at length his patience and his confidence in me were worn out. One evening I had an order presented me, and went to see the new pantomime at Covent Garden theatre, which was not over till twelve o'clock. On my return, feeling much exhausted, I ordered some trifle for supper; but, instead of supper, the waiter brought me a note from the landlord informing me that no farther credit could be given until my bill was paid. Stung to the soul by this indignity, and disgusted at the cruelty and meanness which could dictate a refusal at such an hour, I started from my seat, and, throwing my cloak about me, rushed into the street, resolved, even if death should be the consequence, not to pass another night under the fellow's roof. It was now the beginning of January, the snow lay upon the ground knee-deep, and the wind was piercingly cold; but the passion which raged within my bosom and made my blood boil, rendered me insensible of external annoyance. I wandered about the streets for nearly an hour, neither knowing nor caring where I went. At length the excessive cold reminded me of my situation. I looked around for some place of shelter, in vain; every house was closed, nor had I the poor consolation of a companion in misfortune; for such was the inclemency of the weather, that even the unhappy beings who usually frequent the streets at night, had retired to their miserable homes, and the watchmen had ensconced themselves snugly within their boxes, leaving

• The world to wretchedness and me." •

Deeply did I now repent the folly which had led me from my comfortable home, deserting a respectable station for one which imagination had painted as happy and glorious, but which experience told me was fraught with misery and disgrace. Vainly did I call to mind the comforts of the cheerful fire-side at home, the maternal smile which had ever welcomed me there, and the indescribable charm which presides over a domestic circle. The contrast between my past and present circumstances filled me with anguish: I had wantonly sacrificed good for evil, comfort for misery, respect for contempt; and I was now a wretched outcast, cold, hungry, penniless, and houseless, without prospect of relief for the present or hope for the future. What might have been the consequence of these bitter reflections I dare not think, had not a merciful Providence directed my steps to the door of an hotel, where I had in better times expended considerable sums of money. A light over the door attracted my attention, and re-awakened hope. "Here," thought I, "if gratitude and humanity have not together departed from the world—here I may surely expect a welcome;" and I was not mistaken. I knocked, and was admitted. A large party within had caused the inmates of the house to stay up later than usual. The landlord received me with cordiality mixed with some surprise at seeing me at such an hour: he provided me with a supper of cold meat; but so acute had been my mental affliction that I had lost my appetite; and after in vain endeavouring to eat, I retired to bed, where I lost for a time all recollection of my recent sufferings.

RURAL PLEASURES.

To live in the country, surely one must be more or less than man; less, to be satisfied, or more, to endure it with fortitude. I have very often tried the experiment, and slaved with all my might and main to bear with the *ennui*; but I am not Hercules; and if even he had been sent for, by way of a thirteenth labour, to spend six weeks with a country cousin, the Centaur's shirt might have been cut up into blister-plasters; for the god would have died without its administration. What people mean by "rural pleasures" I cannot conceive. The "life exempt from public haunt" is good for nobody but a hermit, or a man hiding from his creditors. As for "tongues in trees," I never could find any tongues fit to be named with those which are vended by Mr. Burgess in the Strand; while the "books," which they boast of, to be read in "running brooks," are nothing to be compared with the "New Monthly Magazine" and "Mr. Colburn's New Publications;" and for "sermons in stones," to my taste, the Macadamization of Regent-street is more edifying than Stonehenge and the Giant's Causeway together.

This vaunt of half-thinkers, concerning the charms of a country life, is another of those pieces of conventional jargon, which occupy the place of ideas in the brains of a large portion of his majesty's lieges, and make parcel of the established creed of the community. Unlike, however, to some other portions of the national symbol, there is nothing to be got by upholding it; and therefore it is that I am surprised at the credit in which it stands. When one considers that there really is no one, having a direct interest in preaching rusticity, except the steam-boat company, and the lodging-house keepers of Margate, &c. &c. I own I cannot by any ingenuity account for the ready credence which men, otherwise of sound discretion, bestow upon the "flattering error," in spite of oft-reiterated experience. Upon how many worthy families may not every reader lay his

finger, who for ten or more successive years have tried the experiment of spitting over bridges and picking up cockleshells, till they have but narrowly escaped "dying the death of the bored," (as the young lord happily expresses it in Florence Macarthy,) and who yet return annually to the same watering-places, like a foolish perch to the hook which is baited with a piece of his own torn jaw, leaving their pleasant and commodious town-houses, in some well-wooded and picturesque square, to inhabit the narrow, cribbed, hot, cold, damp, and sun-baked tenements of a leafless sea-coast! How many also are there who go annually into a voluntary banishment to Camberwell or Clapham-rise, under the notion that London is dreary; and yet, who would give their eyes to be once more in the *terra incognita* of Russell-square, before they have left home a fortnight.* An hundred years ago there might perhaps have been some excuse for such fancies, some pretext for carrying on the absurd farce of rural simplicity, when cockneys had no other notions of a country life than were to be acquired from the pastoral poets, or from boarding-school landscapes worked in chenille; where shepherds play upon pipes, instead of smoking them, and where well-fed shepherdesses, taller than the steeple of the adjoining church, squint horribly upon their potbellied swains; and, surrounded by sheep, the image of poodle-dogs, and by scenery, such as rivals a blue-china saucer, lay basking amidst eternal sunshine, and never-ending summer. In times thus ignorant, that men should be found to put as implicit a faith in Pope's eclogues as in their Bible, and to make the pleasures of the country a sort of fortieth article to their religion, is not so surprising; but now, in the broad glare of intellectual illumination of this nineteenth century—when a shilling's worth of the Paddington stage, or a trip in the steam-boat to Greenwich or Richmond, can bring the matter to the test of sensation—that such absurdities should be admitted and committed, fairly beats cock-fighting. There is, it must be allowed, a physical sensation, a "pleased alacrity and cheer of mind," derived from breathing the pure air of the country, and glancing over an extensive range of fields, which, on first leaving a great city, is sufficiently delightful. I grant also that the smell of new-mown hay is sweet, and that the distant bark of a village-dog, or the lively song of the nightingale, (why is it called melancholy?) are quite as agreeable preparatives to sleep, as "past twelve o'clock," or "fire! fire!" Some allowance also must be made for the luxury of thick cream, (real cream and not snails and chalk,) and of "new-laid eggs" that are not quite chickens. These certainly are calculated to seize on a young imagination; yet for even these, I would not grant the most romantic imagination more than a week; and when the novelty has passed away, what else remains? If I were desired to define the pleasures of a country life, as I hope to be saved, I scarcely know what else to enumerate, besides reading stale newspapers, and returning in dark moonless nights, on an average, seven miles from your dinner-parties, together with being thrown for society on any terms, during nine-tenths of your existence, upon some prig of a parson, or village apothecary, who "can find in his heart to bestow all his tediousness" on the nearest householder "possessed of aught to give:" ay, and you must be grate-

* See prospectus of the Anti-out-of-town Company, N. M. M. v. xiv. p. 193.

ful to Providence even for the welcome avatars of these itinerant and incarnate bores. Let not the unsuspecting dupe, who has been invited to a country mansion during a hunting party or the Christmas festivities, imagine that the hilarity, and fun, and dancing, the splendid feasting, and deep drinking of those epochs, go on during the entire year. Upon these occasions the owner of the house keeps an hotel; for the rest of the year he lives in solitude unbroken except by the weekly invasion of the curate upon the Sunday beef, or by the chance company of the aforesaid apothecary, or perhaps of the physician, tempted from the country town by the prospect of—a fee in your next fit of the gout.

To those, however, who live all their lives in the country, things may not be quite so bad as they seem. There is a great principle of compensation in human affairs; and Providence, it is said, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. It cannot, for instance, be denied that farmers derive a pleasure from the smell of a dunghill, to which a cockney citizen is wholly insensible. A well-filled barn, likewise, may be a very picturesque object in his contemplation; and the heaviest day's weather that ever drove an hypochondriac into a halter, may by him be cheerfully endured, provided his turnips want rain, or his after-grass is backward. Nay, there is something even in the vexations of the agriculturists which partake of the pleasurable vicissitudes of gaming. Many's the time when I have sat in listless despair tracing the drops of an *imperturbable* down-pour, chasing each other down the panes of the windows: I have envied the agitated countenance and half-suppressed oath of the farmer, as he consulted his barometer, or watched the cloud-covered hill giving new tokens of a protracted visit from Jupiter Pluvius; while his wandering eye searched the heavens in vain for as much blue sky as would make a Dutchman a pair of breeches. These, however, are pleasures which the farmer alone can prove, and in which the Cockney cannot participate. Doubtless, also, the proprietors of estates enjoy some rural pleasures known only to themselves, and which compensate for the stupidity of their monotonous existence. The pleasure of possession is in itself considerable; the owner of the dreariest fenny flats of Lincolnshire, or of the blackest bog in Ireland, can look from the bow-window of his bleak residence, and find something that does not displease him. There is always, besides, for this privileged class of mortals, that greatest of all delights, the pleasure of tormenting every one within their reach and influence;—bullying tenants, justicing the county, educating the parish children, and lecturing the villagers on those two essential points of doctrine, external neatness in temporals, and orthodox rigour in spiritual matters. Then, last, but not least, they have the game laws, the dearly-purchased and fondly-cherished privilege of their caste, which, from Dover Cliffs to the Land's End in Cornwall, and northward up to the “good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed,” keep the whole agricultural population in hot water, and find the proprietors of the soil an amiable and exhaustless amusement for occupying their *otium cum dignitate* as a country gentleman should do. All these country sports are cut off from the men whose estate is in the Bank-books or floating in an East Indiaman. Once a year I am compelled, for my sins, to make a dirty visit to some relations in the country; and never did “a double letter from Northamptonshire” excite a deeper and more awful sensation than the

arrival of this well-known invitation produces in my bosom, recurring, as it does, with the punctuality of a tailor's bill at Christmas. Imagine, my dear reader, imagine the mere horror of leaving town; the dreary hoarseness of the mail horn, the melancholy announcement that "all's right," the pattering of the rain against the windows, with that sinking of the heart which follows the disappearance of the last gas light!

There is something quite awful in that most typical leave-taking with cheerfulness and civilization; and if it were not that I sleep in a coach like a top, I verily believe that I should have often got out at Barnet, or, at all events, should not have made up my mind to encounter the Downs of Dunstable. When first I embarked on one of these expeditions, I was as ignorant as any other native of the *ban lieu* of Bow bell. Every thing at starting was a source of delight: every duck-pond was a lake, and all the little cabbage-gardens of the hedge ale-houses where we stopped to water the horses, were as many paradises. The hens and chickens, and pigs, were all matters of endless amusement, and the cock turkey employed my imagination during a whole morning, by his striking resemblance to a lord mayor. Picking my own gooseberries was enchanting, till my fingers, covered with scratches and dripping with blood, reminded me of the superior comfort of buying them out of a pint pewter-pot. Catching my own fish was delightful till the fish refused to take the hook, and my own nose did not; and above all things, doing nothing from morning till night but walk about, was pleasurable, until I discovered that my walks were without an object. This discovery was not long in making; I soon found out that nothing more closely resembles one green field than another; that rivers are all twin brothers; and that mountains possess the most astonishing family likeness; that inanimate objects, however beautiful, like a French lady's husband, "*ne savent pas remplir l'ame*;" and that the country bumpkins are at once less beautiful, and not more interesting. The first thing that convinced me that I was not singular in this disgust, but that the country really affords but a miserable sort of existence, was the frequency of the meals, and the anxiety with which the hour of their arrival is anticipated. Eating in the country is the business of every one in the house, and "is dinner almost ready?" is a question repeated in as many different keys as was Sterne's never-to-be-forgotten "Alas! poor Yorick." If it were not for luncheon, more especially, time itself would be lost in eternity. Why else do the ladies tire down their four stout coach-horses, in daily visits to their neighbours, which have no other discoverable motive but the cold meat and remainder of yesterday's bottle of sherry. Then, by the by, when the hour of eating does come, how inferior is the best-supplied country table, to that which is furnished from Leadenhall market! Your fish,—but don't mention that. If you live on the coast, you have the pleasure of seeing delicious turbot and mackerel with the hues of the rainbow, packed up at your very door and sent to town; and if your residence be inland, you may indulge in the luxuries of muddy tench and eels, with now and then, for a change, a stale lobster or a stinking barrel of oysters, per coach from London. Then what are the best desserts and ices, which the country affords, to those of Gunter? or the best country inn to the London tavern? And it is notorious that a real cook will not live permanently out of town, if you

would give him the pay of a lieutenant-general. The country, we are told, is the place for contemplative minds, for sentimentalists, and those to whom their own ideas are a sufficient world, and who find in the presence of nature themes for endless reflection, and ever new delight. The man who candidly admits his preference for a sea-coal fire, and the society of cultivated companions, is reproached as a shallow-pated blockhead, who cannot bear to be alone, nor exist without a ball or a play. You may tell this to the marines, if you will, but I know full well that there never was a proposition more unfounded. In the first place, the country stands convicted of irretrievable dulness from the mere fact that every one hurries to London during the finest months of the year, when an out-of-door life is alone enjoyable, and when nature offers in her fondest prodigality, sights, sounds, and odours to delight the senses, and intoxicate the imagination. Then it is, if ever, that the country possesses an especial charm. Yet ask the warmest devotee of rural life, which is the pleasantest time of year, and he will tell you the shooting and hunting season. So then the truth comes out at last that the contemplative man, the sentimentalist, the communer with the Deity rendered visible in his works, leaves the *fade* amusements of the town, to employ his superior intellect, his awfully solemn emotions, in worrying hares, foundering horses, and bringing murder and carnage to the haunts of the partridge; that animal of all others claiming our tenderest sympathies, as the most closely shadowing forth in its habits, domestic affection and human society. Without these innocent amusements, the country gentleman is a man of *ennui*, and all the charms of summer "as tedious as a twice-told tale." Surely it is no arrogance to say that the man whose soul is filled and saturated with field sports, is a man "of very little soul indeed," and in the scale of beings not much more elevated than his own pointers. Oh! but then you forget husbandry, gardening, natural history, study, and a thousand other agreeable pastimes of a country life:—not in the least. Husbandry (of course not meaning the trade of agriculture, but gentlemen farming, as it is called) is one of the idlest of all men's methods of killing time. If practised for gain, it is a sordid and unworthy occupation of a gentleman's hours, defiling the mind as it does the person, and degrading him to the level of a plough-boy. If practised at a loss, and as a mere pastime, it is a shameful waste of the powers of the soil, in a country which does not produce sufficient food for its own population. The notion of gentleman's agriculture being beneficial to the community in the way of experiment, is altogether a sham plea. The real farmer, who lives by his labour, alone makes useful experiments, because he alone undertakes them at a heavy personal risk. Gentleman-farming is the refuge of those who can neither think nor read: and who prefer doing mischief, and injuring their property, to enduring the load of an existence which they know not how to enjoy. As for gardening, there is something, I grant, in that. Of all the modes of passing the heavy hours of a country life, gardening is certainly the most interesting and agreeable. Yet the story of our first parents exemplifies how little it is to be depended upon as a resource against *ennui*. Adam had never been introduced at Crockford's, nor Eve admitted at Almack's; yet amidst all this ignorance of life, they fell, notwithstanding that they cultivated the finest

garden of which history makes mention. Besides, the florist may have, if he chooses, a hundred times more pleasure in London, than can be obtained in the country. The productions of every clime are there laid at his feet, collected within the small space of a nursery ground; and there is scarcely a hundred square yards in the suburbs of the Metropolis, without its specimens of rarities, any one of which the rich country gardener might be proud to possess. Then as the labour and difficulty of rearing a plant to a healthy maturity, is far greater in the smoke of London, there is proportionably a greater excitement in the process: and a few hyacinths in glasses over a metropolitan chimney-piece, may be pitted against the finest bed of carnations that the country ever produced. Natural history, again, as it is generally pursued, what is it but a most pompous inanity; a substitution of sounds for ideas, of nomenclature for knowledge? With the exception of a very few men of real science, almost uniformly inhabiting great cities, your observers of the loves of the cockchafers, the Paul Prys into the mysteries of the cryptogamic hymen, are for the most part the heaviest mortals that breathe. Ay, but what say you to books? Why, truly, I say that you may read books in the country as well as in town,—if you can get them to read: but even when that is the case, I do not see why a man should be obliged to go into banishment for the sake of reading, while he may do it with much less abstraction in a two-pair of stairs back lodging in Lincoln's-inn or the Temple.

There is one conclusive answer to all the preceding argument of the intellectuality of a close intercourse with Nature. Pray, Sir, did you ever pass an evening with a knot of mere country gentlemen? because, if not, I have; and I promise you, a greater set of bores “my conversation never coped withal.” Their talk is ever of bullocks, and dogs, of grand-jury jobs, of poachers, of impossible Munchausen leaps and shots by rural parsons and squires, of election squabbles, and of all the personalities, births, deaths, and marriages, disputes for precedence, and warnings off preserves, for ten miles round. A stranger who drops into such a company, is as completely thrown out of all conversation or understanding, as a New Zealander at a lecture on the atomic theory, or a man of sense at the readings of the Royal Literary Society. How wearisome existence really is, to these unfortunates, may be seen, in the dullness of their houses, in the heaviness of their looks, in their early going to bed, and their “sleepings on benches in the afternoon:” to say nothing of the relief they experience from two sermons, and an evening lecture on Sundays, with the long commentary on their accompanying events. “Mr. A. sat in the Q's pew; I wonder what that means.”—“The W's are all in deep mourning; another legacy, no doubt!”—“Doubletext has preached that sermon till I am tired of hearing it. It has served for a charity sermon, a funeral, and a general fast, with the sole alteration of the citation from scripture.” “That slut Sally Seagrim is again with——” But enough. If this is intellectual life, give me a city feast, or a meeting of creditors.

It was observed in France, that a nobleman could not spend six months on his estate, without losing much of the polish and refinement of the court; and I solemnly declare, that when my neighbours, old Cash and his wife and daughters, return from their trip to Worthing, (it is not altogether so bad with Brighton,) they seem to be quite another

sort of creatures. Not a trace of the *beaux esprits* of Finsbury remains on their persons. Their ideas are as sun-burnt as their faces; and I should not be surprised to hear of their being beset by the pickpockets in Fleet-street, as so many country puts. What can be more conclusive against a country life, than the pains universally taken to make all the summer retreats of our banished citizens as like the town as possible, and to banish by every imaginable device, all chance of an intrusion of rural ideas? Go to Cheltenham and Leamington, to Brighton or Margate, no two peas are more alike, than these are to London. There you will find balls, promenades, theatres; and hackney coaches and pastry-cooks, and methodist meetings, and jewellers, and news-rooms, and hair dressers; and I am heartily convinced, that ere long we shall hear even of a stock exchange. If this does not convince, nothing on earth will. In leaving London, country is the last thing folks think about. *Cælum non animum mutant*. By a sort of common consent, while the common folks are thus imitating the capital, the Londoners are building London out of town. In a short time we shall see these extremes, like most others, meet. The whole island will be covered with dingy bricks and mortar, till not a green field will be left; and the landed interest will be driven to confine their efforts at legislation to the protection of their mignonette pots, and the preservation of the sparrows on their chimney tops. A consummation, I say, most devoutly to be wished; and the sooner it is completed, the better I shall like it. Neither is this, after all, so selfish a wish. Every one to his liking, say I: but if, after the perusal of this paper, there should yet remain any advocates for a country life, can't they go to Switzerland, and pass their summers in making a pathway over Mont Blanc, and scribbling nonsense in the innkeeper's police books? or if they are tired of that, there is very picturesque scenery in New South Wales.

M.

A CANADIAN CAMPAIGN, BY A BRITISH OFFICER.—NO. V.*

NEARLY ten days had succeeded to the detection of our plan of escape, when, one evening at a late hour, we received intimation to prepare for our removal to the penitentiary of Frankfort in Kentucky; and accordingly the next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we were conducted to the front of the prison, where a detachment of regular infantry was drawn up with their ranks facing inwards and at extended order. Between these ranks we were placed two abreast, and the detachment being ordered to face to the right and left, we moved on, thus escorted or rather enfiladed, from the gloomy walls of our prison. As if to humiliate us to the last degree, and add insult to misfortune, we were paraded through the principal streets of the town, though such a route was at once circuitous and unnecessary. The taunts and hisses of the populace who had assembled at an early hour to witness our departure, and were now with difficulty kept back by the guard, followed us throughout; but the clamorous ebullition of their hate gave us far less concern than the sombre countenances of the more respectable inhabitants collected to view the passing scene. Those with whom we had lately associated, and who had exercised the rites of hospitality in our favour, now gazed on us with various expression—some with a cold and triumphant disdain, originating in a false rumour, which had been industriously propagated,

of a design to fire the town—others with an evident interest and concern arising from the conviction of the injustice of such a change. Friends and foes were, however, alike to us at that moment, and the proud indifference of our looks lighted on all with the same expression of defiance; for we felt that the ignominious treatment we were then receiving reflected no shade on us, who had attempted the fulfilment of a duty we owed both to our country and to ourselves, but on those who thus abused the power they had over us as defenceless captives. Still were we not without a secret confusion of soul, arising from the contrast of our late and actual positions, as we caught the long line of female heads which filled the windows and watched our approach with mingled emotions of curiosity and interest. From more than one of these the occasional and partial movement of a handkerchief or hand waved an adieu, which seemed apprehensive of detection; but, manacled as we were, the eye alone could reply to the salutation. At length, when it was presumed that the good inhabitants of Chillicothe had sated themselves with a view of the “English lions,” we were conducted to a large boat on the river, already manned with soldiers, and awaiting our arrival.

It was with a feeling of real pleasure that we found Lieutenant Harrison to be the officer in command of the detachment to whose charge we were here given over; and as we took our places, the boat was pushed off from the shore, and quickly glided down the Scioto, amid the continued hootings of the rabble collected at the point of embarkation on its banks. Impressed with various reflections arising from the preceding scene, few of the party were disposed for conversation, and an almost uninterrupted silence prevailed for some hours, when, towards the close of the day, the boat struck against what is called in America a “sawyer,” which is nothing more or less than the trunk of a tree carried off from the land during the floods, and frequently stationary in the beds of rivers, from whence, when acted on by the tides and currents, it rises suddenly to the surface in a perpendicular direction, preserving a state of reaction, and threatening destruction even to the largest boats used in the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi. The concussion we experienced gave rise to serious apprehensions for our safety; and in an instant the leaden pins of the handcuffs were removed, but yet with sufficient precaution to escape the attention of the guard. Lieutenant Harrison, however, caused the boat to be directed towards the shore, and having expressed his intention to pass the night in an old deserted building which stood at the distance of some few hundred paces, we were accordingly disembarked. When arrived at the spot indicated for our temporary sojourn, the American officer, evidently impressed with a full sense of our recent danger, declared it to be his determination to remove the fetters from our hands, provided we would pledge our words to him, as British officers, that no attempt at evasion should be made. This step, he observed, had not in any way the sanction of his superiors, but he was willing to take the responsibility upon himself, satisfied that, our parole once engaged, no ultimate risk could be incurred. This circumstance, however grateful in fact, placed us in rather an awkward dilemma, since it was evident that in removing the irons, which had been replaced the instant the danger was passed, the deception must be discovered. We had, however, formed too just an estimate of the character of Lieutenant Harrison to hesitate long in the avowal of a subterfuge to which we had been driven by suffering and necessity. Our promise was then given, and we once more enjoyed the unrestrained use of our limbs. At an early hour on the following morning we again embarked, and a few hours brought us to the point of confluence with the majestic waters of the Ohio. The strong current of this expansive river carried us rapidly forward, and we soon found ourselves at Cincinnati, the capital of the state. The first use we made of the momentary liberty obtained here, was to seek weapons of destruction against each other; for unhappily even during our painful confinement at Chillicothe, dissension had crept into our circle, and contributed to the unpleasantness of our situation. The parties

in this case were Lieutenants Purvis, Stokoe, and Rolette, all of the navy. Some warm discussions relative to the late engagement had given rise to a misunderstanding, which had terminated in the resolution to meet on the first favourable occasion. They were, however, of course much at a loss for pistols, it being quite out of the question to expect that the officer to whom the custody of our persons was entrusted, would so far commit his responsibility as to afford the means, or even admit of a duel taking place. In this dilemma recourse was had to an elderly officer, a major in the American regular service, who resided in the hotel where we stopped for the night. This gentleman unhesitatingly supplied all that was necessary for the occasion, and the first meeting took place at daybreak on the following morning. Purvis, who was the challenged party in both instances, received Rolette's fire with singular coolness, and then discharged his pistol in the air. His warm-hearted brother sailor immediately dashed his weapon to the earth, and heedless of the cold formalities usual on such occasions, advanced to embrace him whom he still considered his companion and friend. Thus happily was this affair terminated. The second meeting took place some hours afterwards, and on the same spot; Mr. Garden, of the Newfoundland regiment, acting as the second of Purvis, I was the friend of Stokoe. In the same manner did the noble Purvis receive his adversary's fire; and nearly in the same manner, but with less effusion of feeling, were the brave sailors (one of whom, Stokoe, was scarcely recovered from a recent wound in the head) reconciled to each other. On our return towards the hotel, we found that a hue and cry had been raised in consequence of our absence; and even our friend Harrison, knowing not how to account for our sudden disappearance, had entertained no slight anxiety. Amidst the bustle and noise attendant on this circumstance, the gallant American major continued to preserve an honourable silence, and only avowed his participation when, on beholding us approach the inn with our ill-secreted weapons, he found there was no longer a necessity for concealment. At noon we again embarked, and the evening of that day was, in consequence of the reconciliation of all parties, the happiest we had passed for many weeks. Descending the full waters of the Ohio, we enjoyed the wild surrounding scenery, with additional and unbroken interest, while our guard amused themselves with firing at the numerous flocks of wild turkies which sprang up at every instant from either bank, and, winging their dull and fearless flight over our heads, presented in their vast bulk an unerring mark to the murderous lead. After passing the boundary line which separates the States of Ohio and Kentucky, the direction of our course was changed, and we ascended a small river intersecting the latter state, and leading in the line of the capital. Our progress here was slow and difficult. A thick and apparently impervious wood skirted its banks, and, occasionally interweaving its protruding tops, threw a chilling gloom over the scene, while the close underwood, reaching to the very margin of the waters, seemed to preclude all possibility of a landing. At length a more open space was perceptible, and at this point our journey by water, owing to the increasing difficulty of movement, was discontinued. Horses were procured in the adjacent country; and, escorted by Lieutenant Harrison, who left his detachment in the boat, we continued our route towards Frankfort, then at no great distance. After travelling through a wild and thinly inhabited country, and along paths which no other than American horses could have trod with safety, a range of lofty and gloomy hills, by which that capital is nearly surrounded, announced the proximity of what we were to consider as our future home. The morning was cold and rainy, and as we wound round the base of a hill which intercepted our view, the towering walls of the penitentiary, situated in the extremity of the town by which we approached, fell suddenly on our gaze. A few minutes brought us on a line with its principal entrance; and as we glanced upwards at the low and narrow windows, we beheld our companions thrusting their handkerchiefs through the bars, and saluting us as they could. They were the party that had preceded us from Chillicothe,

and consisted chiefly of the officers taken at the Moravian town. It was a melancholy moment for recognition, and our feelings had imbibed much of the sombre character of the season, as we moved on to the spot appointed for our delivery into the hands of the marshal. This duty performed, Lieutenant Harrison bade us adieu, with a friendly warmth which every individual in our party fully appreciated and returned. Should these pages ever meet the eye of that officer, he may perceive that his gentlemanly and humane conduct throughout has not been lost on the captives entrusted under such painful circumstances to his care. May he be induced to consider the testimony of one as the unqualified sentiment of all !

On entering the prison of the penitentiary, we found our friends distributed into two small rooms little larger than common cells, and crowded together in a distressing manner ; but many had reconciled themselves to their situations, and enjoyed a temporary distraction in studying the trades carried on by the convicts in the court, who cheerfully initiated them in the rudiments of their respective arts. Our stay here, however, was too limited to admit of perfection in our new occupations. At this period a strong sensation was produced in America by the intelligence of Napoleon's unexpected reverses in Russia. A termination of the war between Great Britain and France might now be anticipated as an event of no very remote occurrence, and the ability thus afforded to the former power of sending a more formidable army to oppose that of the United States, would place the struggle between the two countries on a very different footing. Under this view of the case, and as one of the measures consequent on the altered aspect of the war, the affair of the hostages was gradually suffered to die away. The first step, however, was only an amelioration of our condition, which was effected by our removal from the penitentiary to the town. The principal hotel in Frankfort, to which was attached an extensive garden, surrounded by a low wall, was the place selected for our residence, with the express prohibition, however, of outstepping its limits. Here our sufferings were in a great measure at an end, and on the score of personal comfort we had no reason to complain. Three shillings a day was the allowance granted by the American government to each officer, and the sick were entitled to twice that amount. With the first sum we were boarded in the hotel. One room was occupied by two prisoners, and our table was abundantly supplied with excellent food. Tea, coffee, eggs, cold meat, and the various "sweet sauces" to which the Americans are so partial, composed our breakfast ; while at dinner we generally found ourselves seated before meats of every description, interspersed with game and "long sauce," (by this is to be understood potatoes and other vegetables,) and succeeded by a plentiful dessert, two large decanters of whisky invariably occupying their stations at either extremity of the table. Of this latter article, however, our consumption was small, it being extremely fiery, and possessing few of the properties of that of the lands of the thistle and shamrock. Tea, coffee, and hot cakes, such as at sea I have often with an envious eye beheld descending for the breakfast of the ship's officers, while compelled myself to eat the dry and mouldy fragments from the bread-room, composed our evening repast. A number of black slaves were also at our orders, and the washing of our linen was included in the moderate charge. Such was the revolution effected in our position, and but for the restraint imposed on our liberty, our chains would have been light. Our promenade was the garden, and as some of the officers still retained their uniforms, we were the objects of general attraction to the long-bodied and long-limbed backwoodsmen of Kentucky, assembled daily to behold the "British," who, much to the surprise of many, were discovered to be of the same colour with themselves, and not like the "Ingians," as they had been taught to believe. Their rude and uncereemonious stare generally drew from us boisterous expressions of mirth and ridicule,—the only arms we found successful in driving them from us ; and on these occasions they would exclaim to each other in evident surprise, and in their usual nasal drawling tone, "Tarnation seize me if these Bri-

tainners don't treat us more as if we were their prisoners than they ours;" "Roar me up a sapling if they arnt mighty saucy;" "By Ch—t I've the swiftest horse, the truest rifle, and the prettiest sister in the whole state of Kentucky, but I'd give 'em all to have one long shot;" and other equally expressive phrases peculiar to themselves. To be gazed at like wild beasts, and to be constantly interrupted in our seclusion, was not altogether desirable, but we were compelled to submit to their impertinent curiosity, and were sometimes gratified in return by a "biting and gouging" match. This mode of fighting is very common in this Western State, where many a disgusting victim of its practice may be encountered. When two combatants engage in this strife, the principal manœuvre is to grasp the hair pending over the temples, and worn of an unusual length by the lower orders of people. The forefinger of each hand is then twisted into it in such a manner as to form a *point d'appui*, and the thumb being dexterously inserted into the eye, every effort is made to remove it from the socket. The next object of attack is the nose, and ill-fated is the wretch who in a moment of hostility suffers this member to fall between the teeth of his adversary. To crown the honour of the disgusting exhibition, blows from the feet are directed towards a particular part of the individual, where injury is certain and agonizing death. It is by no means uncommon to see men in these States deprived of portions of their noses; and on our route at a period subsequent to that of which I now treat, we fell in with a man who had lost not only his nose, but presented a terrific example of this horrible species of combat, in the wild distortion of eyes half wrested from their sockets.

At length, in consequence of an order from the seat of Government, we were once more placed on parole, and permission was accorded to such of the prisoners as chose to pay their own expenses, and provide their own horses, to repair to the Canadian frontier. This offer was eagerly embraced by the field officers, and such others as the state of their finances would permit. The remainder were compelled to await the definitive arrangements then in agitation for an exchange of prisoners, satisfied that the shackles of captivity, which had at the outset promised to be of long continuance, would speedily be removed; and we availed ourselves of the liberty once more accorded. Several gentlemen of the highest respectability in the place were forward in offering attention; and among the first of these was Major Madison. This officer had been himself a prisoner in Lower Canada, from whence he was only recently returned, and, impressed himself with a grateful sense of the treatment he had received, hastened to evince it by various acts of hospitality and courtesy towards ourselves. We became welcome visitors in his family, and frequently accompanied him in excursions to several delightful country seats at some distance from the town. Permission was frequently obtained for us to visit places at the distance of twenty miles without any escort whatever; and as our purses had been replenished by the kindness of Mr. Sproule, a Frankfort banker, without any other guarantee for future payment than our simple bills, these excursions were not few. A good understanding was, however, only maintained with a very small portion of the inhabitants. By the rest we were regarded with an eye of jealousy and detestation, and whenever opportunities did present themselves, these feelings were undisguisedly manifested, though it must be confessed we took little pains to conciliate them, but, on the contrary treated them with a *hauteur* bordering on contempt. We had made it an invariable rule to celebrate the festivals of our tutelar saints, and the anniversary of the King's birthday we resolved to keep as became liege and loyal subjects. Our dining-room, the windows of which were thrown open on account of the excessive heat, overlooked one of the principal streets, and as we had substituted our uniforms for the grey cotton frocks, which, like the Kentucky riflemen, we generally wore, our preparations were viewed with an increased feeling of disquietude and dislike. In no way awed by the forbidding air of the crowd collected in front of our hotel, and little inclined to forego the customary tribute of respect to our

sovereign, our toasts were adapted to the occasion, although by no means suited to the fastidious taste of our listeners. This, however, was endured until towards the close of the evening, when the favourite "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," fell in startling numbers on their ears. Unable longer to contain their wrath and impatience, they rushed forward to the entrance hall, but were prevented ascending the stairs by our host Mr. Weisiger, who knew his own interest too well to suffer men who paid him thirty dollars a dozen for Claret and twenty-four for Madeira, and consumed no small quantity of either, to be thus unceremoniously disturbed. An innkeeper is a man of no mean importance in the United States, and the persuasions of Mr. Weisiger had their due effect. They retired, but with a threat of future vengeance. That threat was speedily executed, and in a manner worthy of themselves.

As a slight return for the attentions of Major Madison, Lieutenant Irvine of the navy, the person so honourably alluded to in the first part of this narrative, had, with an ingenuity for which he was remarkable, constructed a vessel in miniature for the daughter of that gentleman. To many of the inhabitants of Kentucky, the model even of a frigate complete in all her parts, was a novel sight, and the present was thankfully received. Anxious to tender a similar offering, though in a different quarter, a young midshipman named Campbell, occupying one of the upper rooms, had undertaken a similar task, and devoting himself with all the anxiety and ardour of his years to the completion of his vessel, soon had the satisfaction of seeing it in a state of great forwardness. Most unfortunately for him, however, he had forgotten that an English flag even on a bark of these Lilliputian dimensions is ever an offensive image to an American eye; and decked in this fatal ornament, it now lay exposed in one of the windows of his apartment, and was distinctly visible from the street. On the morning subsequent to the birthday, a crowd of the same persons, delighted at having what they conceived a pretext for insult, rushed in a body up the stairs, uttering imprecations and threats. Having reached the spot where the object of their fury was lying, they seized the luckless ship, and dashed it on the pavement of the street, where it was shattered in a thousand fragments, the leader of the party exclaiming, "You d—d British rascals, if you show your d—m—n British colours here again, we'll throw you after them." This noble feat being accomplished, they retired, swearing at us all in true Kentucky style, and leaving poor Campbell to brood at leisure over his misfortune.

Shortly after this event, arrived the agreeable intelligence of a general exchange of prisoners; and a few evenings previous to our departure another act of hostility, though of a more personal and revengeful nature, was directed towards myself. Since our liberation on parole, I had been rather intimate in the family of a highly esteemed and much lamented officer, who had fallen in the affair of Frenchtown in the preceding year. Among the persons whom I occasionally met beneath this hospitable roof, was a Mr. James, a man of vulgar bearing and appearance, and evidently little used to the decorum necessary to be preserved in the society of females. I had ever cautiously avoided all sort of immediate connexion with this person, for whom I felt the most decided dislike, but could not on one occasion forbear commenting aloud on the ungentlemanly tenor of his conduct in persisting to smoke a cigar in the drawing-room, to the evident annoyance of the females of the family. He made no reply to my observation, but, darting a look full of malignant meaning, soon rose from his seat and retired. From this period, he seemed cautiously to avoid me, and we never afterwards met under the same roof. When the order for our departure reached Frankfort, many of the officers employed the intermediate time in farewell visits to their acquaintance. The last evening but one prior to our journey, I passed with the family in question, and only left them at a very advanced hour of the night. The house was situated in an unfrequented part of the town, and my path lay along a solitary declivity leading to the foot

of our garden wall. I had not advanced more than a hundred yards, when through the gloom I perceived a man stationary near the road. The unusual appearance of this person at such an hour somewhat startled me, yet I resolved to see who it was. My suspense was not of long duration. The figure proved to be Mr. James, who now placed himself in such a manner as to bar my passage. I endeavoured to avoid him, and demanded the motive of his conduct. This, he said, I should presently know, and swearing a horrid oath, observed, "You have escaped me once, but I'll take good care you don't again." His right hand grasped a stiletto or dirk, which he held behind his back, and with the other he made a sudden movement to seize me by the collar. I felt all the danger of my situation, and found that, unarmed as I was, and opposed to a man whose physical strength exceeded my own, my only chance of safety was in flight. The thought was no sooner conceived than executed, and, eluding his touch, I ran with all the speed of one who perceives that life hangs on the fleetness of his steps. This unexpected movement rather disconcerted my enemy, but he speedily recovered from his surprise; and on his uttering a shrill whistle, several other persons sprang up from an ambuscade on either side of the road, and joined in the pursuit. Not a cry was uttered—not a sound broke on the stillness of the night, save that of rapid and numerous footsteps; for I felt that any exclamation for assistance would be too late, and that one desperate attempt alone could save me. If fear sometimes deprives men of the power of action, it also sometimes urges them to undertake seeming impossibilities. The garden-wall which I now rapidly approached, was upwards of five feet in height, and the ground leading to it from the outside sloped rather abruptly off from its base. At any other moment I should not have thought of attempting it, but a successful leap was now my only hope of escape. Placing my left hand on the wall, I made a desperate bound, and cleared it with an ease which surprised me even at that moment; and, as I was in the act of passing, I felt my coat glide from the uncertain grasp of one of my pursuers. Nor was this all the effect produced by a sense of danger. Impressed with an idea that my enemies were still in pursuit, I stopped not an instant in my flight, but advanced to the opposite extremity of the garden. The gate which opened into the court was firmly closed, but such was the violence with which I thrust my person against it, that it fell as if entirely unsupported; nor did I discontinue my speed until I had finally gained my apartment.

On the following day I despatched a note to Mrs. H——, with an account of the assassination meditated by Mr. James; and received a reply towards the close of the evening, filled with expressions of concern at the occurrence, and stating that their doors were in consequence closed against him for ever; and the letter contained other intelligence of a more important nature. Foiled in his attempt of the preceding evening, and enraged at the affront thus offered him by the family, the ruffian had that morning boldly avowed having followed me to Lexington in the same State, where I had some time previously accompanied a brother-officer,* for the purpose of witnessing the ascent of a balloon, with a brace of pistols in his pocket, and with the fixed determination to shoot me in the crowd, an object which had only been left unaccomplished from the circumstance of his having lost sight of my person. This assertion, the letter intimated, there was every reason to believe correct; and I was now enabled to account for his expression, "You have escaped me *once*, but I'll take good care you don't again." I now began to think my life seriously endangered, and but for the circumstance of our departure having been fixed on for the following day, should have been compelled to call on the authorities of the place for protection. We were not permitted to have arms of any kind in our possession, and not one of our apartments was provided with a key or fastening

of any description. Nothing therefore could be more easy than for an assassin to find his way to his victim in this unguarded building; and it was under the firm impression of a visit of this nature that I retired for the last time to my place of rest. Nor was it until the day had some time dawned, that I ventured to consign my wearied senses to the repose they so much required. Such was my adventure with this individual; and although it may appear extraordinary, it is no less true, that I had no reason to believe any other motive for his vindictive conduct existed, than that I have already mentioned.

The morning of our departure from Frankfort was one of joy and exultation to us all; and at an early hour most of the officers were already up and preparing for their journey. Those alone who have experienced the miseries and restraints attendant on a state of captivity, especially under such circumstances as those by which that of the officers of the right division was marked, can enter into the feelings by which we were actuated. By many the news, although long expected, of our exchange being actually effected, had been received as a pleasing dream or illusion, from which the mind dreaded to be awakened; and until the moment of actual departure, that restlessness of impatience which is the offspring of uncertainty seemed to dominate in every breast. A thousand things unlikely to occur, but still within the pale of possibility, presented themselves to imaginations more disposed to the expectation of gloomy than of agreeable events. The order for our departure might be repealed—the negotiation for the exchange broken off altogether—and to crown all, the cruel subject of the hostages renewed. Pleasurable anticipations belong only to those who have basked in the unbroken sunshine of Fortune—those who have been tutored in the school of Adversity are less sanguine in their hopes, and temper the glow of generous confidence with the steady calm of waning experience.

Our horses were at length brought to the entrance of the hotel, before which nearly half the town of Frankfort had collected to witness our departure. Habited in our light Kentucky frocks, fastened by silver buckles attached to broad red-morocco belts, we soon vaulted into the saddle; and escorted by Lieutenant Mitchell of the rifle service, and Mr. Crocket, the marshal of the state, a consequential gentleman, who had often vainly sought to subdue our refractory spirits into something like submission to his authority, we commenced our journey. The hand of kindness and the voice of gentlemanly consideration were extended to us by a few, among whom stood principally conspicuous Major Madison, and the banker Mr. Sproule; but on the countenances of the many might be traced very different feelings. Even while detesting our presence, they seemed to regret the approaching removal of their victims, and the insolence of their looks and observations bore sufficient testimony of their hostility. A more serious apprehension, however, than that of looks and comments weighed with me at the moment; for I fully expected to be in some measure compelled to run the gauntlet in the wood through which we were to pass. The character of the villain who had already meditated two several attacks on my life was such as to excite a belief that I should be greeted with a parting "long shot" from a rifle, an impression which several of my brother officers shared with me; and for the first league of our journey we examined every tree as we passed with a scrutinizing glance, frequently casting a look behind to see if the assassin was not in cautious pursuit. Nothing however occurred.

Pursuing a route different from that by which we had reached Frankfort, we soon arrived at Newport, a small town situated at the confluence of the Kanaway and Ohio rivers, and immediately opposite to Cincinnati, in the neighbourhood of which latter place the prisoners from Chillicothe were awaiting the arrival of their officers. Large boats were procured for the passage of our horses, and, having crossed the river the same evening, we were conducted to the principal hotel in Cincinnati. While passing through the streets, we observed several groups of people collected, and evidently discussing some subject of interest. A gloomy expression of disappointment

seemed to hang on every brow, and, as the evening advanced, the groups became more numerous. With the knowledge we had of the rage for politics which distinguishes every class, age, and sex, in the United States, we immediately conjectured that the "British" had gained some serious advantage over them, and our idea proved to be correct; for on inquiry at the hotel we found that this violent sensation had been produced by intelligence just received of the capture of the Essex frigate near Valparaiso. This was felt as a severe blow by the Americans, whose successes at sea at the outset had led them to imagine their power invincible on that element; and the only consolation they now derived, arose from an assertion, eagerly spread and as eagerly accredited by the vulgar, that their beloved frigate had only yielded to the united efforts of two English vessels of war, each of which was of sufficient force to cope singly with her enemy. This unpleasant news did not, however, retard certain preparations we found making at the hotel for a ball the same evening; and soon after our arrival, several of our regimental band entered to say that they had been desired by the American officers to be in attendance for the evening,—a command which they had refused to obey, unless the sanction of their own officers was obtained. We had, throughout the whole period of our captivity, carried what the Americans were pleased to call a very high hand, and been at some pains to show them that even as prisoners we expected to be treated as gentlemen; and that there were certain points of etiquette which we were not willing to wave. This was decidedly one; and as they had not evinced delicacy enough to go through the form of asking a permission which would have been unhesitatingly accorded, we expressed our disapprobation of the proceeding, and the band positively refused to attend. This decision gave much umbrage to the party. Yet, as it was by no means our intention to deprive the ladies of their amusement, but simply to remind the American officers that, although prisoners, the men were not to be ordered about as slaves, or to be held amenable to their will in cases unconnected with our actual position, we subsequently repealed the prohibition, authorising them at the same time to state the motives of our conduct if questioned by the former. The weak orchestra of Cincinnati had therefore the addition of our imperfect band, and harmony appeared to be the order of the evening. The apartment we occupied was in a distinct angle of the building, but opening into a corridor communicating with the ball-room; and two or three American gentlemen, whom we had previously known, having been invited to join our circle, the hours flew rapidly by in conviviality and cheerful converse. The bottle circulated freely, but without leading to excess, and songs were finally introduced. Two or three had already been sung, when an American officer, smarting in all probability beneath the loss of the Essex and the recollection of our recent lesson of politeness, appeared at the door to say that we were disturbing the dancers, and desired our silence. With this very modest request we declined to comply, observing that we were, like themselves, in a public inn, forming a distinct society, and in no way disposed to forego the pleasures of our meeting at so peremptory an intimation. The intruder then thought proper to use some threatening expressions, which were answered by Lieutenant Clements, of the 41st, to whom they were more immediately addressed. The language of hostility he was told, in an ironical tone, well became him, who, powerful only in our weakness, and abusing the position in which we were placed, thus ventured to give utterance to his sentiments; and after some farther observations he withdrew without advancing his object. We were soon afterwards, however, visited by our redoubtable "guardian," Mr. Crocket, who, burning for an opportunity to display a little of his now expiring authority, entered the apartment with due and becoming solemnity of voice and manner, repeating the *order* of the person who had preceded him. Finding us however, as usual, refractory, and Clements in particular, he pompously threatened to detain that officer altogether, and suffer the rest of the party to proceed without him. The impotency of this threat called up an incred-

lous and provoking smile on the countenance of Clements, accompanied by a "Just as you please, Mr. Crocket—we know you to be a man of authority," which irritated the Marshal beyond bearing. Pale with rage, and in a voice broken by agitation, he returned, "Another word, sir, and I shall drag you to prison." "Just as you please, Mr. Crocket—we know you to be a man of authority;" and the same sarcastic smile accompanied the reply.—"Silence, sir, or you go to prison this very instant."—"Just as you please, Mr. Crocket—we know you to be a man of authority;" and he sipped his wine, and held his glass up to the light with an air of provoking composure and indifference. "Follow me, Mr. Clements," vociferated the indignant Marshal. Clements drank off his wine, rose slowly from his seat, threw on his hat with an air of *nonchalance*, wished us a "good night," and left the apartment with another cutting "We know you to be a man of authority, Mr. Crocket." There was nothing in the mere words, but the tone of irony in which they were drawled forth, the manner which accompanied them, and the personal contempt they conveyed, stung the angry Kentuckian to the soul. We saw no more of our companion until the following morning, when, visiting the gaol of Cincinnati at an early hour, we found him lying on the floor, dressed as he had left us, and wrapped in a blanket which had been given him by the gaoler. He was then enjoying a profound sleep in the apartment, which he shared with two other prisoners: the one was a robber, the other a reputed murderer!

The morning of Clements' liberation was the last of Mr. Crocket's "guardianship;" for we were now handed over to an old friend, Mr. Steele, the Marshal of Ohio, a man as gentle, considerate, and unassuming, as the other was harsh, exacting, and overbearing. From this gentleman we received an account of the death of our old persecutor Colonel Campbell. This officer had been desperately wounded on the Niagara frontier, whither he had been ordered with his regiment soon after our departure from Chillicothe. The cap of his knee had been carried away by a cannon shot, and he died in extreme agony. If we had humanity enough not to rejoice at this intelligence, we certainly did not indulge in any very immoderate grief; for the unfeeling conduct of that individual was still fresh in the recollection of many, and above all the insult of exposing us to public curiosity in the principal streets of a town in which he held the first military command—an insult we had every reason to believe originated with himself.

On joining the men, we found, that independently of those whom the Americans had successfully employed every art to seduce from our service, two individuals were missing, in whose fate we had become previously interested. At the moment of departure from the harbour of Amherstburg, Captain Barclay had received two young Indian warriors, anxious to witness a naval combat, on board of the Detroit; and on engaging the American fleet, they were stationed in the tops with their rifles. This position, however, they found less secure than the trees of their native forests, and were soon assailed by showers of grape and canister, which filled them with dismay. They instantly relinquished their rifles, and hastened to decamp. Too much frightened to adopt the safer and more usual mode of descent by the ladder of the rigging, they each grasped a loose rope pending from the yards, and in this manner glided with fearful rapidity to the deck, lacerating their hands in a cruel manner, and no doubt secretly regretting their spirit of adventure. Nor did they stop until they reached the bottom of the hold, where they were subsequently found by the Americans, lying within a large coil of rope, and in company with a pet bear, belonging to one of the crew, who had conveyed him there, as a place of perfect security from the enemy's shot. In our occasional visits to the encampment at Chillicothe, we always saw and conversed with them, and at the last which preceded our close imprisonment, we found them busily engaged in making bows and arrows—a work in which they were not interrupted by their guard, who probably saw nothing more in the occupation than amusement, or an agreeable employment of their time, but they told us in their own tongue, a little of which was under-

stood by one or two of the party, that they were meditating their escape, and that the bows and arrows were to provide them with food in the woods. The intelligence now received was, that they had succeeded in effecting their design shortly after our departure, having managed to scale the picketing on a dark night, which they had selected for the purpose. What the final result of their enterprise was, we had no future opportunity of ascertaining; but with the knowledge we possessed of the extreme facility with which the Indians find their way through the deepest and most extensive forests, we did not entertain a doubt of their having rejoined their countrymen in safety.

Our route from Cincinnati lay through the same dull region we had traversed the preceding autumn; but with feelings far different from those we then experienced, did we now measure back our steps. The season too was changed, and instead of chill damps and penetrating rains, over the face of nature was spread the genial warmth of summer. It was the middle of July; and though the ardent rays of a burning sun threw their oppressive lustre on our heads, while traversing the more open parts of the country, we much more frequently found shelter in thick and extensive woods, where a solitary, winding, and imperfect waggon-road alone marked the progress of civilization. Each moment of our journey brought us nearer to the more fortunate companions of our toils, and the termination of our anxieties; and with this heart-cheering perspective we reconciled ourselves to the privations we were again compelled to endure along this inhospitable road. A detachment of American infantry escorted the men, and with the officers we were on more friendly terms than at any other previous period, nor did our mutual good understanding suffer the slightest interruption to the end. Among themselves, however, the spirit of discord had been let loose, and we witnessed an exhibition of physical strength soon after our journey commenced, against which as men our hearts recoiled, and for which as British officers we were wholly at a loss to account. A quarrel had arisen shortly after our departure from Cincinnati between Doctor Baldwin and Lieutenant Edmondson, both of the same regiment, and attached to the escorting party, which terminated in a challenge from the former. Edmondson, from some particular motive, refused to accept it, and Baldwin, even on the route, caused placards of the affair to be printed and posted in one of the towns at which we stopped for the evening. Edmondson, who had been clearly stigmatized with the name of 'coward,' received the account of this proceeding with apparent calmness and indifference, and the Doctor evidently exulted in his victory. On the following morning while we were all seated at the breakfast-table, Edmondson whispered his adversary that he had something to communicate to him, and requested a private interview. Baldwin instantly arose and followed to a considerable distance from the inn. The heat of the weather was oppressive, and he had thrown off both coat and waistcoat on sitting down to breakfast, neither of which he resumed on retiring. After having gained a retired spot, Edmondson, who had hitherto preserved an unbroken silence, suddenly stopped and sternly desired his now alarmed enemy to take off his shirt. This the other refused; and Edmondson, who was a very powerful and active young man, caught him by the collar of this slight garment, and exhibiting a strong cow-hide, which he drew from within the sleeve of his coat, proceeded to use it in a cruel manner. In vain did Baldwin, whose person was weak and diminutive, make the most desperate efforts to escape the grasp of his antagonist, or with intreaties for mercy seek to disarm the vengeance of his oppressor. The strokes fell without intermission on his back and shoulders; and when several of our party, alarmed at their long absence and apprehending some serious termination of their conference, moved in the direction they had taken, they beheld the unfortunate Baldwin writhing beneath the lash and uttering prayers for delivery, intermingled with imprecations, which were utterly disregarded by Edmondson, whose heart was steeled against pity, and whose cool, collected countenance contrasted singularly with the agitation and despair visible on that

of his victim. As the intruders approached, he ceased; but not until the unhappy Baldwin had been fearfully lacerated. Filled with rage and humiliation at this treatment, the sufferer was no sooner released, than he swore that Edmondson's life should pay the forfeit of his temerity; and so well did the latter believe in an attempt at the fulfilment of this threat, that during the remainder of the journey he never retired to repose in his tent without placing his loaded pistols at his side, and using every other precaution to guard against surprise. How the affair subsequently terminated, we had no opportunity of knowing; but during the period that we continued with them, the rankling hatred of these officers was indulged in secret, and manifested in no other way than by looks that would have murdered if they could, whenever they came in contact with each other.

Towards the close of August we again arrived at Sandusky, and during nearly the whole of the succeeding month, were compelled to remain encamped on the small marshy plain extending from the base of the hill on which that fort is situated to the edge of the river from which it derives its name. Owing to the unjustifiable neglect of those to whom that office was entrusted, not a boat was in readiness for our transportation across the lake, and we beheld this new and unlooked-for evil with dismay. The finishing stroke was put to our calamities by the introduction of intermittent fever into the camp, a malady which necessarily arose from constant exposure to heavy fogs and noxious exhalations from the stagnant waters around us. Few of the officers escaped this cruel and distressing scourge, and nearly one-half of the men were attacked by it. With the view of having the former more immediately at hand, the medical officers in the fort caused them to be conducted to a small building contiguous to one of the gates, which had been previously used as a stable, and admitted the air and rain on every side. A handful of hay covered with a blanket composed our couch; and here in a state of inexpressible misery did we languish beneath the effects of accumulating privation and disease. Nourishing or refreshing aliments we were utterly unable to obtain, and the absence of necessary medicaments was severely felt. Either from ignorance or indolence,—but we were given to presume the former,—the medical officers, while they prescribed bleeding, would not perform that office themselves, but entrusted it to a drummer of the garrison, who certainly, to his credit be it said, opened our veins with admirable dexterity. This operation being performed on the arm of each patient, half a pint of raw whisky was given us to drink. If this potation was administered with an idea of burning the disease out, the effect did not answer the intention, for our stomachs were long inflamed in consequence of this draught, and the fever raged with unceasing violence. Heartily sick of our present abode, we begged to be removed to the tents we had lately occupied. This request was accorded; but here we were visited by another severe inconvenience. The neighbourhood of Sandusky abounded in wolves, and our ears were nightly assailed with their dismal howlings. The noise generally commenced from one pack at no great distance from the fort, and was repeated by several others in succession, and from opposite situations, until the whole extent of surrounding woods appeared to be alive with them. There was something fearfully grand in this association of wild sounds, particularly when the night was far advanced, and the encampment hushed into silence and repose, and but for the danger actually apprehended, we should have been disposed to find amusement in their discordant yellings; but these bold animals came frequently down from the adjacent hills, and by the pale light of the dying embers, we could distinctly see and hear them crunching the bones and fragments remaining from our meals. At our repeated solicitations, however, fire-arms were accorded us; and though we made no actual use of them, they inspired us with a feeling of greater confidence and security. Yet were we not even then entirely free from alarm, especially as our tents were detached and at some distance from each other; and more than one sleepless night did we pass with our fingers on the triggers of the muskets and momentarily

expecting to be attacked by these ravenous prowlers, against whose fury we invariably took the precaution to secure the entrance to our tents in every possible manner.

Our situation was now become truly pitiable, and some of the officers were compelled to part with their scanty wardrobe in order to procure the common necessities of life from the few miserable settlers who had taken up their abode in the neighbourhood of that fort, which they partially supplied with milk and vegetables. The former article was that in most requisition with the invalids, and, in addition to the wild fruits which we ate with avidity, contributed not a little to the increase of our malady. At length, when nearly worn down by vain expectation and undermining fever, a solitary boat was seen slowly emerging from one of the angles formed by the windings of the narrow and unhealthy river, and in this we were embarked for Cleveland, a small harbour on the American shore opposite to Long Point, in Canada, where we were to be finally delivered up. During this coasting voyage we were assailed by a tempest, which upset our boat; but as we had fortunately kept close to the land, the accident occurred in water not beyond our depth, and we easily succeeded in righting and dragging the vessel to the shore. Every article of clothing was, however, completely wet through, and no habitation being near, we were compelled to throw ourselves for the night on the damp beach, covered with blankets still dripping with recent wet, and suffering the extremes of cold and heat as the various stages of our disease were developed. It required more than ordinary constitutions to resist these attacks, and one officer (Lieutenant Jones, of the 41st) subsequently perished. Our provisions had been utterly destroyed by the water, and our only dependence was on the scanty pittance obtained from the impoverished inhabitants along the coast. A few potatoes and a small quantity of rancid butter were all that could be procured by the American officer escorting us, and these we devoured with all the keenness and rapacity of famished wolves; yet was our hunger never wholly appeased. At length the harbour of Cleveland appeared in sight, and we were now landed on the beach, where several of the officers imprudently ate large quantities of peaches which grew uninclosed and in abundance around. The accession of fever produced in consequence was great, and the night was passed in the ravings of a delirium amounting to madness. On the following morning we were re-embarked in a small vessel lying in the harbour; and leaving Lieutenant Watson behind to await the arrival, and superintend the transportation of the men, who were advancing by land, we again set sail. Long Point, the place of our destination, was soon gained; but with what altered feelings did we now behold that soil which one short month before would have been hailed with rapturous exultation! Disease had worn away our persons, and our minds were deeply tinged with that morbid melancholy which is a characteristic feature in the complaint. Existence itself had nearly lost its value with its charms; and in our then tone of feeling liberty or captivity were situations of indifference. It had rained without intermission during the passage; and on the vessel being brought to anchor, we were summoned from the small filthy cabin, into which we had been thrown, to the boats waiting for our reception. In a few minutes we were landed, exhibiting to those by whom we were received on the beach the most distressing images of poverty, disease, exhaustion, and discontent. We arrived in Canada on the 4th of October, 1814, making just one year from the date of our captivity.

A word in conclusion, of our complaint. The ague we had contracted was of the most tormenting and dangerous description. Several of the officers continued to be afflicted with it for five successive months; and during that period not one day of respite was experienced. The cold fit generally commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon, and was preceded by excessive hunger, which it did not afford time to appease. It continued with dreadful shiverings, accompanied by distortions of the features, until seven, at which hour fever and delirium resumed their empire, raging with intolerable vio-

lence, and causing the sufferer frequently to start in agony from his burning couch and rush into the open air. This usually lasted longer than the cold fit, and was succeeded by a languor and torpor of the senses amounting almost to imbecility. Arsenic was copiously administered to several, yet without effect; but large quantities of strong Peruvian bark infused in Port wine proved an efficient remedy. The evil stopped not here. The disease was accompanied by dysentery, and ended with many in an affection of the spleen. The succeeding winter being also extremely severe, greatly retarded our convalescence; and for months after our liberation we dragged on a joyless, cheerless existence, equally insensible to the attentions of our friends and to the amusements by which we were everywhere surrounded while in winter quarters, and in which our more fortunate companions, who had preceded us from Frankfort, indulged. At length Spring with her smiling and invigorating attributes arrived to dissipate the remnants of disease, and restore us that cheerfulness, of which we had long been deprived; and when, after the cessation of hostilities between England and America, a great proportion of the Canadian troops received the order for embarkation to join the English army in Flanders, we were once more enabled to prepare for fresh toils, and enter with renewed ardour on the duties of our profession.

— — —
LOVE'S VICTIM.*

SHE left her own warm home
To tempt the frozen waste,
What time the traveller fear'd to roam,
And hunter shunn'd the blast,
Love pour'd his strength into her soul—
Could peril e'er his power control!

She left her own warm home,
When stone, and herb, and tree,
And all beneath heaven's lurid dome
By wintry majesty,
In his stern age, were clad with snow,
And human hearts beat chill and slow.

It was a fearful hour
For one so young and fair:
The woods had not one sheltering bower,
The earth was trackless there,
The very boughs in silver slept,
As the sea-foam had o'er them swept.

Snow after snow came down,
The sky look'd fix'd in ice;
She deem'd amid the season's power,
Her love would all suffice
To keep the source of being warm,
And mock the terrors of the storm.

* A few miles below the Notch of the White Mountains in the Valley of Saco, is a little rise of land called "Nancy's Hill." It was formerly thickly covered with trees, a cluster of which remains to mark the spot. In 1773, at Dartmouth, Jefferson co. U. S. lived Nancy——of respectable connexions. She was engaged to be married. Her lover had set out for Lancaster. She would follow him, in the depth of winter, and on foot. There was not a house for thirty miles, and the way through the wild woods a footpath only. She persisted in her design, and wrapping herself in her long cloak, proceeded on her way. Snow and frost took place for several weeks, when some persons passing her route reached the hill at night. On lighting their fires, an unearthly figure stood before them beneath the bending branches, wrapped in a robe of ice. It was the lifeless form of Nancy.

Love was her world of life,
 She thought but of her heart,
 And knowing that the winter's strife
 Could not its hope dispart,
 She dream'd not that its home of clay
 Might yield before the tempest's sway—

Or judged that passion's power—
 Passion so strong and pure,
 Might mock the snow-flake's wildering shower.
 Proud that it could endure,
 As woman oft in times before
 Had peril borne as much or more.

She went—dawn past o'er dawn,
 None saw her face again,
 The eyes she should have gazed upon,
 Look'd for her face in vain—
 The ear to which her voice was song,
 Her voice had sought—how vainly long!

There is in Saco's vale
 A gently swelling hill,
 Shadows have wrapt it like a veil
 From trees that mark it still,
 Around, the mountains towering blue
 Look on that spot of saddest hue.

'Twas by that little hill,
 At the dark noon of night,
 Close by a frozen snow-hid rill,
 Where branches close unite
 Even in winter's leafless time,
 The skeletons of summer's prime—

That flash'd the traveller's flame
 On tree and precipice,
 And show'd a fair unearthly frame
 In robes of glittering ice,
 With head against a trunk inclined,
 Like a dream-spirit of the mind.

'Twas that love-wander'd maid, death-pale,
 Her very heart's blood froze,
 Love's Niobe in her own vale,
 Now reckless of all woes—
 Love's victim fair, and true, and meet,
 As she of the famed Paraclete.

The mountains round shall tell
 Her tale to travellers long,
 The little vale of Saco swell
 The western poet's song,
 And "Nancy's Hill" in loftier rhymes
 Be sung through unborn realms and times.

THE STUART PAPERS.—NO. 1.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, that ten years have now elapsed since the discovery of one of the most important collections of State Papers connected with the most interesting portion of our history, and the public are still in unpardonable ignorance of their most valuable contents.* Whether the inquisitorial severity with which they were at first seized, and have since been concealed in the Lethe of the Royal Library, from public, or at least popular inspection, be a state measure of expediency, I am so poor a politician, or so philosophical a one, as neither to inquire nor care; but it is surely in some manner to defraud the British nation of a portion of their title-deeds, and to rob posterity of their unquestionable rights, thus to bury a second time in thick obstruction records, which, in an especial manner, unlocked the minutest mysteries of history, and introduced us to a sort of cabinet acquaintance with the personages who sustained the chief characters of our eventful drama for a hundred and fifty years. Passion still lives under the smoothest surface of court panegyric; and the historian of that period feels still beneath his head, as he journeys on over "the burning marl" of our Revolution, those occasional bursts of smoke and flame amongst the expiring embers, to which the chronicler of all civil feuds must more or less be exposed. The slightest gleam which can bring things to our political view divested of the confusing circumstances of prejudice and passion, is a great gain: it is worth time, and labour, and pain, and disappointment, and obloquy; and no efforts are better expended, or more noble sacrifices offered to the good of a free community, than thus turning the eye of the political inquirer to the true side of the tapestry, and leading him, "*intus et in cute*," to the reality of history through all the flattering semblances of its exterior. If history does not this, it does nothing; it is little better than a strenuous idleness, an ingenious repetition of the Sisyphean punishments of Tartarus—a long discourse in the style of a reception speech of the Academy—the writer exclaims to his subject, "*merci grand merci*;" and his subject would be well authorized to answer his panegyrist, "*il n'y a pas de quoi*."

No one is a hero before his valet de chambre; and kings are the property of posterity. It is natural, then, we should feel anxious to catch all those individualities which belong to the unsophisticated monarch, when disrobed of the brocade and tinsel of royalty. French history, perhaps, has this advantage over ours, that it much more profusely abounds in every description of autobiography, from the first minister to the last mistress; and materials from every hand, and worked up in every fashion, are always ready for the compiler. The same traits, even to the same eyes, will considerably vary according to the point of view; and it is from the comparison of these front and profile likenesses that we gradually feel our way to some clear conception of the whole man. In despotic courts, more than in others, these records are of importance, and are collected accordingly with corresponding care. The interior wheels and their unseen movements are a very curious study for a state mechanist, and are to the people,

* The publication of Stanier Clarke does not embrace the most important, according to our correspondent.

who are subject to them, certain approximated data, by which they may reasonably conjecture as to the regularity or eccentricity of the orbit in which they chance to move. In a free government the sovereign, as the species generally go, bears much the same relation in point of real power to the rest of the state, that the crown does to the sovereign who wears it : it is rather the decoration and dignity of the empire, the crowning capital of the commonweal, the emblem, and bond of the converging interests of the entire community. An oligarchy in such a mitigated form of monarchy either governs by the monarch, or in despite of the monarch ; and if the oligarchy be also an aristocracy either of wealth, birth, or talent, though the latter is rather an extension of the term, the government machine will proceed in the same progressive and uniform tenor without bound, but also without obstacle, for many successive reigns. In such cases there is little to learn from one man's history, and it is too voluminous a task to write or study all.

The history of the Stuarts is just that eventful period in the existence of our government, that the transition from youth to manhood is observed to be in the history of man. It is varied both in dramatic incident and moral instruction beyond any other of this, or any preceding time. Its lesson, whilst applicable and perplexing enough to all despots, is particularly home and English. It broke up the dormant elements of our English nature, and cast them forth tumultuously to the surface. It gave us a clear and intelligible right to our inheritance, made liberty not a word of the schools, but the thought and theme of the ploughman and peasant, and unrolled the English charter to the whole English nation, instead of confining its explication and privileges to the Halls and study of the learned and noble few. But these wonders were not achieved by a miracle, no more than any of the other great moral or physical phenomena around us : the cause was linked with the effect through a long and regular chain ; and it was by many apparent contradictions and oppositions that we arrived, through the conflicting portions of the system, to its perfection, and from the darkness with which we had been encompassed, emerged into absolute and certain day. It is not to be concealed, that the history of the Revolution embraces every anomaly and diversity in character, opinion, and conduct. The same men are often found on every side, and the same side often exhibits, on the extinction of some immediate and common danger, the most deadly and unnatural foes. National faith stands scarcely higher than individual ; and whether it be the Puritan, Royalist, or Freethinker, they all play at the same game with the same common reference to self. Men seem the creations and slaves of mere circumstance, and bubble up from the troubled bottom, cohere, and dissolve, under the blow or stir of the moment, as if they were accidental combinations of mere matter, gathered, or scattered by some resistless stream. To seek, in such an abandonment of all the ordinary standards of right or wrong, for a principle or an end is, perhaps, too much like the search for the needle in a bundle of straw. The late Revolution in France, which was the enactment of the same drama on a more terribly extensive stage, and with a still greater cast and venture on the die, exhibits precisely similar views of human hopes and happiness. The English Revolution, like the French, has its dictionary of Girouettes ; like

the French also we have our sudden and perfect profligacy, our audacious cant, our tinkling patriotism, our cheap metal virtue, we have our gods and idols of all complexions and statures; and few historians there are even of the present day who can take up their pen without having first sworn themselves to some of these many faiths with a fanaticism not at all different from the predetermination of the Napoleonist or Bourbonist of our own days. If in their instance it be of value to have in our hands such correctives as the works of Fouché, Segur, and Napoleon himself, even upon points the progress and influence of which we have marked with our own eyes, how much more essential and interesting it must be to possess such antidotes as a journal by each of the Stuart family, on events which have long since evaded the prosing grasp of philosophical history, and had nearly sunk into irrecoverable night. Such aid is in existence, but its application is still uncertain: the public curiosity has indeed of late been directed to portions, and fragments of these chamber anecdotes of our constitution: the Pepys Memoirs are a good specimen of the court gossip of the day, and form a curious antithesis to the sparkle and spirit of the epigrammatic Grammont; but, though royal authors are not more marvellous as authors*, than they generally seem to have been as sovereigns, there is some difference in reading a man's own heart in his own confessions, and the opinions of others, at a distance, upon what such men are likely to feel or say. The Stuart papers fully supply this desideratum, and there is as much difference between their portraitures, and those of their copyists, as between the substance and colour of the real man, and the empty shadow which accompanies him.

In the year 1817 the public, or, more correctly speaking, the English public at Rome, were much excited by the report of a very singular discovery. The largest and the most interesting collection of papers relating to the Stuart family, probably existing, was suddenly recovered. The circumstances connected with the discovery are curious. Doctor W—, whose residence on the Continent for many years had been unceasingly devoted to every species of research which could tend to throw light on the antiquities of his country and the history of her Kings, had in the Scotch college at Paris, after much patient investigation, arrived at the knowledge of some Gaelic MSS. and, what may be perhaps deemed of more consequence, of several papers relating to the dethroned family. The Gaelic MSS., it was imagined, would throw some light on the quarrel *de lana caprina* of the Ossian "remains," a name which, as it has been given to the Iliad and Odyssey, cannot be considered as an insult to the claims of the Irish or Scottish phantom which has been conjured up under the name of Ossian: but the Journals, &c., though they added little to his actual information, and communicated few facts not hitherto before the public, had at least the merit of placing the end of the clue in his hand, and hinting first the probability of a more productive inquiry elsewhere. It occurred to him that after the demise of James II. as the majority of the family habitually resided at Rome, much the greater number of interesting

* Louis XVIII. is, I believe, the last, but I am afraid the least also, on the catalogue. No one can read his Tour without envying him his thoughtlessness and his appetite, but nothing else.

documents ought still to be discoverable in that city, and, whatever facilities might originally have existed, they must have been increased considerably, and indeed enhanced by the late extinction of the direct line in the person of the Cardinal de York.* His journey to Rome, and the results of his perseverance, fully justified these conjectures. There was nothing in Doctor W—'s appearance or manner, nothing in the circumstances of his long absence from his country, which could offer motives of encouragement; no man carried less before him, as far as externals were in question, that letter of recommendation to which the most uncourteous are compelled to yield. He was in bad odour with his own government, and consequently with every thing legitimate and subservient on the Continent, and one of the worst calculated individuals that Providence could have selected, if not for a discovery, at least for its preservation. Doctor W— was known to few of his countrymen at Rome; and as well as I recollect, they were exclusively Scotch, but his acquaintance amongst the natives was extensive and useful. He had been engaged in some cotton speculations in the Campagna, which had altogether failed, more, I believe, from want of funds and public spirit, than from any error in the project or its execution. The soil was favourable, the climate favourable, and the specimen I saw scarcely inferior to the Asiatic. But whatever may have been the causes, the results were salutary, and productive at least of this advantage, that it served to introduce him to the "mezzo ceto" circles of the Capital. A Mercante di Campagna is a personage in no wise inferior to a lawyer, and Doctor W. knew how to preserve his importance amongst his competitors. The information which he gained here, was a new source of encouragement. After much sagacious and persevering inquiry and occasional but partial disappointments, he at last chanced in a happy hour on the great object of all his labours. He was informed in rather a circuitous manner, that a considerable portion of the late Cardinal de York's effects lay still in the hands of the executors, but could not at first ascertain whether they comprehended any large masses of his papers. Enough, however, had been detected to lead him much farther: he seized the hint, profited by it, and in a few weeks satisfactorily assured himself that the papers were, as he suspected, included, and were at that very moment at Rome. He lost no time in addressing himself to the proper quarter, but Monsignor — was out of town, (the acting executor of the Cardinal,) and it

* His Royal Highness the Cardinal de York, or as he was sometimes called "Your Majesty," reposes in the subterraneous church of St. Peter, under a plain sarcophagus, which bears the name of Hen. IX. No one will dispute the title of a few handfuls of dust, but it is worth observing that something very similar reappears on the monument in St. Peter's itself. This is consistent in a Roman: legitimacy, like the priesthood, is indelible, and cannot be rubbed out by misfortune or wrong. The sketch in Forsyth is interesting and delicate, though rather Jacobite and Scotch. I met many persons who retained recollections of him at Rome, but none of these recollections are worth noticing. He seems to have rendered himself more remarkable by petty peculiarities, than any great quality of heart or head. He was supposed to be the quickest driver for a cardinal of the whole college, and sometimes came in from Frascati (his bishopric and habitual residence), a distance of about fourteen miles, in an hour and a quarter. This was thought in the first instance marvellous, and in the next indecorous. The only honours he retained were his titles great and little, and the privilege of mounting the Vatican in a sedan-chair.

was very doubtful whether his agent, the Abbate Lupi, was sufficiently authorized or empowered to dispose of them in his absence; the Abbate Lupi, less scrupulous, or more ignorant than persons in situations of such high trust, smiled at the communication, and conducted the Doctor without delay to the premises where these Cartacci, or Paper-rubbish, as he termed them, were still lying in confusion. It was a dark and dreary garret or gallery, at the top of the house. The Abbate pushed back a crazy door, and showed them heaped up, in large lots, in various parts of the chamber. The garret was crumbling, the wind and rain entered *ad libitum* through the broken tiles, the rats prowled and plundered at full discretion, like the followers of Omar, and had now lived for many years at free quarters on the spoils; but neither decay, nor the seasons and their ravages, nor the rats and their incursions, nor the appearance of daily loss, were sufficient to rouse the habitual indolence of the administrators to the least effort for the preservation of the remainder. There was a sufficient quantity, however, left to surpass the most ardent anticipations of the Doctor: he gazed in silence and astonishment; it was a moment of true and unalloyed delight—an instant which, in the estimate of the enthusiast, will outbalance the sufferings of months and years, like the “Land! land!” of Columbus, or the *eureka* of Pythagoras. He hesitated, he doubted—he took up the paper that was nearest to him; his warmest wishes were realized; it was an autograph of James II. A glance over the rest was sufficient; it was with difficulty he could suppress the feeling of exultation which shivered and fled over his whole frame. After an affected question or two, the Abbate accepted his proposal, and very near five hundred thousand documents, of unquestionable authenticity and of the first historic importance and authority, were knocked down to him for not more than 300 Roman crowns. Dr. W. still meditated, paused, appeared reluctant, inquired for the letter of attorney, examined it, and finding all in order, and powers as he imagined sufficiently full, the arrangement in a few moments was completed. Two carts were brought to the door, the papers were thrown into them confusedly, and so little did the Abbate value their utility, that on two or three packets falling into the street, they undoubtedly would have lain there with other rubbish, had not the Doctor immediately hastened to take them up and carried them himself to his lodgings.

The prize was now won, and a collection perhaps unrivalled in Europe, an El Dorado of imaginary wealth and glory, was safely lodged in the precincts of his own apartment. Joy is talkative, and for once the Doctor altogether forgot his caution, and in the dangerous moment of a first triumph, rushed to his countrymen and proclaimed his *veni, vidi, vici* to their envy and astonishment. They were invited to inspect them. Rome, the capital of a considerable state, is still a provincial town, and events of this kind hardly require newspapers. In a few days the news of all the poets and barbers was the singular good fortune of the Doctor. What it was no one knew, except the Duchess of D——. Her drawing-room was not only the rendezvous of every stranger, and particularly of every Englishman at Rome, but, what ought to have been considered as of infinitely more moment and indeed danger, was a sort of antichamber to the Vatican. Her acquaintance with the Cardinal Secretary intimately connected her with the Papal government; and during her life and his administration,

the English might almost be said to be, in the language of the modern city, the assistants of the pontifical throne. The Duchess requested a cabinet peep. The Doctor expostulated;—he ought to have done so, but on the contrary he was gratified by the compliment, and a little conversazione packet was made up with expedition for her next evening party. The Doctor had time to judge of his acquisition, and made a judicious selection, but so unfortunately inviting, that his noble patroness could with difficulty confine to her own breast the sentiments she felt of surprise and admiration. Besides, it would be selfish to conceal the gratification from her friends; the papers were of course in a few days to start for England. Who could tell when they were likely to be out? Then there was an enjoyment, not likely to be resisted by a duchess and a protectress, of all that was literary at Rome, in tumbling over an original MS.—and such a MS.—and reading and judging the important work, before it was even dreamt of by the rest of the world. She had been favoured, and could not be blamed for extending, like the Doctor, the favour to others. She had two or three very dear friends, and she could not reflect without pain on what they might say, and with so much justice, should they discover some days afterwards, that she had been in possession of such a treasure, though for a few hours, without kindly participating her pleasures with her acquaintances.

These reasons, cogent at any time, were altogether invincible under the circumstances of the case. The Duchess had many friends, but the most intimate of these many was the Cardinal Secretary. The practised eye of that statesman could not be so easily seduced. He was one of the chief invited of the evening, and as usual appeared amongst the earliest of the guests. The papers were on the table on his entry; they became the chief, the first, and soon the only topic of conversation. They were examined; the Cardinal read, folded them up, and was silent; but ere daylight the next morning a guard of the Pope's carabinieri attacked Dr. W—'s apartment, which was not the castle of an Englishman, and very important papers were irrecoverably lost to him, and perhaps to the public for ever.

The next morning, all the valets de place in Rome knew, and took care to inform their masters, that during the night the Abbate Lupi had been arrested, and lay actually in prison for a gross violation of his trust; but it was not understood till much later in the day, that the moment the Cardinal had left the apartments of the Duchess, orders had been also given to have the papers immediately put under the seal and wardship of the State. The Doctor was consequently awakened, as we have seen, rather earlier than usual, in the most unceremonious manner imaginable, and requested in rather a peremptory manner to point out the treasury room. Tortures were not used, but threats were. The sanctuary was easily discovered; the inviolable seal was fixed on the door; and a guard put over the house, during the remainder of the day.

The arrest of the Abbate was followed up by a measure of more rigour, and of far greater importance. The contract itself was annulled on the ground of incompetence in the seller—the three hundred crowns were ordered to be paid back, and Dr. W. permitted to appeal, and satisfy himself with civil answers as well as he could, and with what

every Jurisconsult of the Curia Innocenziana had decided, or would decide if called upon by the secretary, to be the ancient and existing law of Rome.

The Doctor made, through himself and others, the ordinary applications, each of which were received and answered in the ordinary manner. This was encouraging, and he vented his indignation amongst his acquaintances, and, when the access and struggle were over, lay like Gulliver, fatigued on his back.

In the mean time, a vessel arrived from England at Cività Vecchia, and a boat's crew a little after from Fiumicino at Rome. The papers were released and embarked. The Doctor expostulated, and the Cardinal Secretary received him with his usual urbanity. His visit was quite as satisfactory as any of the preceding, and as conclusive as such visits generally are at Rome. The Cardinal heard every thing with the most dignified composure, and simply replied, that any application to him personally was now unavailing, and that he could not do better than apply to the King of England, in whose hands the papers in question would probably be found in the course of another month.

The Doctor bowed and took the advice,—but, in leaving the room, it occurred to him that he might not meet a more favourable reception in Downing-street than at the Vatican. A friend at that time resident at Rome proposed to act as his representative to the minister, and acquitted himself in the sequel with a fidelity as rare amongst ambassadors as attorneys.

I never heard any thing decisive of the result of this interview ;—but I have no doubt the Cardinal was in the right. No inquiries at all disquieting were made or questions asked of the Keeper of the King's conscience, on the adjudication of the Court of Rome. The King of England, in right of his Stuart blood, keeps and will leave to his descendants probably, the care of publishing all the Stuart MSS.

But in the momentous interval between the discovery of the papers, and their voyage to England, more eyes than those of an English Duchess and a Cardinal Secretary of State contrived to glance over the treasure. For a day or two they were exposed to the inspection of the privileged few, at the head of whom was the late Professor Playfair, Lord S——, Lord of Session, &c. : to one of these favoured individuals I am indebted for most of the particulars which follow.

On entering the chamber where they were arranged, which was a small room, on the first floor, of a small apartment in a secondary quarter of Rome, he found the walls to a great height literally covered with piles of paper of every size and quality. They were packed so close, had been so long unopened, and had so much suffered from the humidity, that each packet was found to contain, on examination, a very much larger quantity than had at first been expected. They were arranged in the most perfect order, and classed according to the age, country, or writer. Several were autographs, and copies, where they existed, were in the best preservation, and generally under the eye, and by the order of the first authority. The series commenced about the period of the King's arrival in France, and were continued down, with scarcely any interruption or hiatus to the demise of the last direct heir, the Cardinal de York. They embraced not only every document connected with political matters, but entered into the most minute details on the

domestic and personal affairs of the illustrious individuals, to whom they related, and threw a very singular light on transactions which have been long concealed or viewed under very partial bearings by the British public. Not only the private and confidential correspondence between the different members of the Royal Family, but references to the most trivial circumstances connected with the interior of the royal household, and various other matters of similar interest, were everywhere observable. The revenues, the expenditure, were regularly noted; a large volume or ledger almost completely filled with items of this kind, gave no bad scale of the gradation or diminution of expense, calculated on country, time, and situation, and therefore a very fair estimate of their means under the successive fortunes to which they had been exposed. But by far the most interesting documents of the collection referred to the important political transactions of that memorable epoch. James II. occupies a considerable, and, indeed, a principal portion of this interest. His letters to his son, written and corrected in his own hand, give a very flattering portrait, and perhaps a very authentic one, of his character in almost all his domestic relations, without much claim, but also without much pretension, to style—the sin of that age, and not less of the succeeding: they are not without a certain tinge of the elegance of manner, which, though by no means his apanage, had more or less been contracted in those dissolute circles which had inspired Hamilton. But there were other qualities with which they abounded, of much higher value and importance, greater depth of feeling than what usually exists in courts, paternal affection in all the bitterness of an unrequited fondness, and a settled and unavailing despair (he died, indeed, of a lethargy,) of the future destinies of his house, grounded on the frail support he could anticipate from the depraved habits of his son. The reproaches addressed to him are frequent, and fraught with the overflowing waters of fatherly disappointment; the *brouillon*, or rough draft of the letter, which was sometimes preserved, was often blotted, and the wavering and agitation of his mind betrayed itself very visibly in his very hand. The general view which they give is favourable, and presents a kindlier aspect of his character than what we are habituated to meet with in the generality of the Whig writers. But, in proportion as the father gains, the son loses. James the Third is not to be confounded with his father. But I have already trespassed sufficiently on the indulgence of the reader, and must reserve, for my next communication, the continuation of this review.

THE TANNER—AN EPIGRAM.

A BERMONDSEY tanner would often engage
 In a long *tête-à-tête* with his dame,
 While trotting to town in the Kennington stage,
 About giving their villa a name.
 A neighbour, thus hearing the skin-dresser talk,
 Stole out, half an hour after dark,
 Pick'd up in the roadway a fragment of chalk,
 And wrote on the palings—"Hide Park!"

ANECDOTICAL RECOLLECTIONS.—NO. III.

Bonaparte.—The following dialogue, which I have heard related of Bonaparte when quite a boy, an age at which most youths think only of dress and gaiety, seems very characteristic both of his mind and manner in after years. One day going to a tailor's he addressed the man of shears with the following pithy brevity:—

"Des culottes, mon ami?"

"Oui, Monsieur! you do me great honour. I do not think there is a tailor in the town or faubourgs that will suit you better than myself. I have made for the Count de —, for the Marshal de * * *, and for the most illustrious Effendi who lately visited us from Turkey. I had his custom (*pratique*). He required *culottes* of a vast and truly magnificent size; all the articles from my magazine fitted his excellency to a tittle; no one else could have managed as well, he declared they were superb, grand——"

"Eh, bien! je vois que vous êtes le roi des tailleurs: mais des culottes, mon ami, à dix heures demain, et point de verbiage!"

"Monsieur will allow me to take his measure?"

"A la bonne heure."

"Very good, Monsieur! and of what stuff would Monsieur please to have them made, of what quality and——"

"Ne vous ai-je pas dit, point de verbiage? Des culottes, mon ami, demain à dix heures; et voilà tout."

"Pardon me, Monsieur, but the colour?"

"Tenez, Monsieur. J'ai d'autres choses à faire que de m'occuper de mes culottes. Prenez la couleur, que vous avez donné à votre '*pratique*' l'Effendi, ou une étoffe sans couleur, ou de toutes les couleurs; cela m'est parfaitement égal. Mais des culottes, à dix heures demain: pas un mot de plus; ou j'envoie chercher un autre tailleur qui a peut-être moins de '*pratique*,' mais certainement moins de verbiage. Je ne suis pas né pour faire la guerre avec un aussi brave tailleur que toi sur les différentes modes des culottes. Bon jour! demain à dix heures."

This anecdote is on the authority of an officer who was a companion of his youth, and a witness of the surprise of the talkative tailor at the conduct of his customer. The man of the thimble did not dream there was a youth in France who could treat the important matter of the colour of a pair of inexpressibles with such, in his eyes, heretical indifference, or turn a deaf ear to the relation of his own professional achievements. I have used Bonaparte's own words in the original language as they were told me.

Parr.—Sitting one day with Parr, we were talking of principles and the strange perversion of some minds, that could reconcile to their belief almost any guide of human action rather than simple justice. "Fox," said Parr, "always beat Pitt in argument by taking this ground. Pitt dwelt with eloquence upon the expediency, policy, necessity of a measure, rarely on the justice, for it seldom suited him to do so. Paley fails here."—"Yet how many take his principle as their guide," I observed. "They had better take a purse," replied the Doctor.

The Quaker Fox.—This individual, several years deceased, was a most remarkable man in his circle; a great natural genius which employed itself upon trivial or not generally interesting matters. He deserved to have been known better than he was. The last years of his life he resided at Bristol. He was a great Persian scholar, and published some translations of the poets of that nation, which were well worthy perusal. He was self-taught, and had patience and perseverance for any thing. He was somewhat eccentric, but had the quickest reasoning power, and consequently the greatest coolness, of any man of his day, who was able to reason. As an example of this I remember that his house took fire in the night; it was situated near the sea; it was uninsured, and the flames spread so rapidly nothing could be saved. He saw the consequences instantly, made up his mind to them as rapidly, and ascending a hill at some distance in the rear of his dwelling, watched the picture and the reflection of the flames on the sea, admiring its beauties, as if it were a holiday bonfire.

Suchet.—I was once in company with the Duke of Albufera. He was an agreeable man, with dark coarse hair, and a form the reverse of that which Byron held must appertain to genius. His stature was of the middle height. He did not strike the beholder as possessing the extraordinary talent he had in military affairs. "You are going to the 'fête Dieu' to-day, Marshal?" observed a gentleman who was of the company. "No," replied Suchet, "I cannot make up my mind yet to change my profession." He died very lately at Marseilles.

Washington.—I remember my father telling me he was introduced to Washington in 1790, by an American friend. A servant, well looking and well dressed, received the visitants at the door, and by him they were delivered over to an officer of the United States service, who ushered them into the drawing-room in which Mrs. Washington and several ladies were seated. There was nothing remarkable in the person of the lady of the President; she was matronly and kind, with perfect good breeding: she at once entered into easy conversation; asked how long he had been in America, how he liked the country, and such other familiar, but general questions. In a few minutes the General entered the room. It was not necessary to announce his name; for his peculiar appearance, his firm forehead, Roman nose, and a projection of the lower jaw, his height and figure, could not be mistaken by any one who had seen a full-length picture of him, and yet no picture accurately resembled him in the minute traits of his person. His features, however, were so marked by prominent characteristics, which appear in all likenesses of him, that a stranger could not be mistaken in the man. He was remarkably dignified in manner, and had an air of benignity over his features, which his visitant did not expect, being rather prepared for sternness of countenance. After an introduction by Mrs. Washington, without more form than common good manners prescribes, "He requested me," said my father, "to be seated; and taking a chair himself, entered at once into conversation. His manner was full of affability. He asked how I liked the country, the city of New York: talked of the infant institutions of America, and the advantages she offered by her intercourse for benefiting other nations. He was grave in manner, but perfectly easy. His dress was of purple satin. There was a commanding air in his appearance, which excited

respect, and forbade too great a freedom towards him, independently of that species of awe which is always felt in the moral influence of a great character. In every movement too there was a polite gracefulness equal to any met with in the most polished individuals of Europe, and his smile was extraordinarily attractive. It was observed to me, that there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking. It struck me no man could be better formed for command. A stature of six feet, a robust but well-proportioned frame, calculated to sustain fatigue, without that heaviness which generally attends great muscular strength, and abates active exertion, displaying bodily power of no mean standard. A light eye and full,—the very eye of genius and reflection, rather than of blind passionate impulse. His nose appeared thick; and, though it befitted his other features, was too coarsely and strongly formed to be the handsomest of its class. His mouth was like no other that I ever saw; the lips firm, and the under jaw seeming to grasp the upper with force, as if its muscles were in full action when he sat still. Neither with the General nor with Mrs. Washington was there the slightest restraint of ceremony. There was less of it than I ever recollect to have met with, where perfect good breeding and manners were at the same time observed. To many remarks Washington assented with a smile or inclination of the head, as if he were by nature sparing in his conversation; and I am inclined to think this was the case. An allusion was made to a serious fit of illness he had recently suffered; but he took no notice of it. I could not help remarking, that America must have looked with anxiety to the termination of his indisposition. He made no reply to my compliment but by an inclination of the head. His bow at my taking leave I shall not forget; it was the last movement which I saw that illustrious character make as my eyes took their leave of him for ever, and it hangs a perfect picture upon my recollection. The house of Washington was in the Broadway, and the street front was handsome. The drawing-room, in which I sat, was lofty and spacious; but the furniture was not beyond that found in dwellings of opulent Americans in general, and might be called plain for its situation. The upper end of the room had glass doors, which opened upon a balcony commanding an extensive view of the Hudson river, interspersed with islands, and the Jersey shore on the opposite side. A grandson and daughter resided constantly in the house with the General; and a nephew of the General's, married to a niece of Mrs. Washington, resided at Mount Vernon, the General's family seat in Virginia, his residence, as President, keeping him at the seat of government." The levees held by Washington, as President, were generally crowded, and held on a Tuesday, between three and four o'clock. The President stood and received the bow of the person presented, who retired to make way for another. At the drawing-rooms Mrs. Washington received the ladies, who curtsied and passed aside without exchanging a word. Tea and coffee, with refreshments of all kinds, were laid in one part of the rooms, and before the individuals of the company retired, each lady was a second time led up to the lady President, made her second silent obeisance and departed:—nothing could be more simple, yet it was enough.

Duke of Orleans.—In 1789, *Egalité*, as he was called, visited Eng-

land, and in company with the English princes, partook in the gay scenes and amusements of the country. He returned home, delighted with the freedom enjoyed by all ranks here, and was ever alluding to it in conversation. He one day said to Count du Rourc, who told me of it, "What service is my wealth to me, what advantage is my rank? In England the princes go about as they please, and partake in all public amusements, but here in France I cannot mount my horse and take a ride of a dozen miles, but I must send to the palace and ask leave, and often even to Versailles! I am sick of this restraint!"

Orthodox Obsequiousness.—A clergyman, not long ago, was called upon by the bishop of his diocese, with whom he was well acquainted. On going away, the prelate discovered around the house a number of sporting dogs of all kinds, on which he said to the owner, who expected promotion in the church through his prelate's influence, "Mr. ———, I do not like sporting parsons—what a variety of dogs you have here!" The bishop's back being turned, the parson went to his servant, and said, "John, hang all these dogs, and when you see any of the bishop's servants, tell them what you have done!"

Mr. Coleridge.—In conversation upon authors borrowing from each other, I observed to Mr. ———, that Mr. Coleridge could not be accused of this in *Christabel*, for certainly the poem was original, whatever opinions might be held upon its merits. "Nonsense," he replied; "the very 'To whit to whoo,' is borrowed." From whom? I inquired. "Why, from the 2d book of old Quarles, in his *Emblems*," replied the cynic; "look for it—'To wit—to woe'—it is rank plagiarism!"

Col. Thornton.—The following anecdote of this sporting character may furnish hints to frugal country gentlemen, who do not know how to frank their game up to town. I had been sitting one day with an individual, to whom, just as I was going away, a servant announced that Col. Thornton had sent a present of some game. "What is it?" inquired my friend. "Two partridges and a rabbit," answered the girl, "and there is two and sixpence to pay for portorage. I am certain, sir, it is a servant of the Colonel's, though he is differently dressed from what he used to be." "Send them back," said my friend; "and let the bearer tell the colonel that I can get them as cheap in the market." Then turning to me, he added, "this is one of that mean fellow's tricks. He has received a quantity of game from his place in the country by coach, and having kept the best for himself, repays the carriage of it up to town, by laying a portorage upon the worthless part, and sending round his servant in disguise with it to half a dozen of his friends. He never pays a milkman, but he must be summoned." Thornton was a diverting fellow too. He was one day stating that he had bought the princely domain of Chambord from the French government. I said, "It has some rank annexed to it, I think?" "Oh, yes," said he; "and I shall have it. The estate is so immense, no one in France could buy it. I am naturalized, sir, and have purchased it. I have rank, sir, as a French peer in consequence; it is a noble estate, quite a province." Just then a casual visitor dropped in, and he reiterated, "I am a French peer, and shall have my seat accordingly." "What is that, Colonel?" said the last comer, in catching the word peer. "I have bought Chambord, a noble place in France—its possession

makes me a peer, sir—pardon me, a prince, I mean—it is a principality. I am a prince, by G—d!" Had he told the story a third time he would have made himself the Dauphin.

Opie.—The early friend and patron of Opie, Peter Pindar, so often had the laugh against Opie, without his being able to retaliate, that one day hearing Wolcot say he had been at a meeting of the friends of the people at Copenhagen house, and that he was apprehensive of being a marked man in consequence, and showing at the same time considerable nervousness on the occasion, the painter thought it a good opportunity for taking his revenge. Government was on the look-out for certain suspected characters at the time, and the newspapers teemed with accounts of arrests. One evening Opie called upon Wolcot, and advised him to take care, for government had its eye upon him; Wolcot was alarmed. The next evening Opie and a friend, disguised with great coats and slouch hats (as officers then dressed) took their station opposite the doctor's lodging about dusk. They soon saw him eye them with alarm from his window, and Opie going away, leaving his companion, stripped off his disguise, and knocking at the door of the house, entered and sought the poet, whom he found in a great tremour, which it was not his business to lessen. "What had I best do?" asked Wolcot. "Get into the country, my dear fellow," said Opie; "fly at once; there are two cursed runners now about your house. I saw them and know them well." "But how shall I get out?" said the Doctor in alarm, "without being observed? See, one of them is gone!" "Perhaps coming to knock at the door," said Opie, "and inquire for you—get out at the back window, I will assist you." Accordingly out at the back-window got the Doctor, and disappeared; nor was he heard of for a fortnight, having flown down to Windsor, and got into an obscure lodging, perhaps shrewdly thinking no one would suspect his flying towards head-quarters on such an occasion. Opie and his friend spread abroad the story; and the Doctor, which was very rarely the case, had for once the worst of it.

Wolcot.—Every one who has visited the port of Falmouth knows the little village of Flushing, situated on a branch of that beautiful harbour. At Flushing, nearly fifty years ago, resided Mr. John Goodridge, a practitioner of medicine, and also well known in that neighbourhood for a predilection for the study of astronomy, which he felt a sudden fancy to acquire, and an ambition to cultivate, that nothing could control. Those who flattered him on his progress he loaded with his attentions. When he told them of any visionary discovery, they were often mischievous enough to run the astronomer farther into his errors, and a good dinner and plenty of excellent wine followed. Such a character could not escape Wolcot, who then resided in the neighbourhood. Goodridge had announced the discovery of a new star, which he had christened the "Phoenix," and compliments poured in upon him from his acquaintance. Wolcot sent him the following lines, which the simple man looked upon as a compliment, and actually invited a party to meet the mischievous writer in the excess of his gratitude:

O Goodridge, whose uncommon eyes explore
What, by thy kind, was never seen before,
To thee shall all the sons of science bend,
For Heaven-born science ne'er shall have an end.

See mighty Newton from yon azure sky
 Looks down on Flushing with an envious eye,
 Ready to yield the merit of his Fluxions,
 To shine the Author of thy rare productions.
 How have the wondrous sages 'mongst mankind
 Been to thy radiant star, like puppies, blind!
 Since thou (with sharper astronomic eyes)
 Hast just found out this Phoenix of the skies,
 Lo grateful Science shall reward thy brains,
 And christen thee a "Phoenix" for thy pains!

Bonaparte—Massena.—An incident not worth reciting here, brought me acquainted with the individual who was despatched by Massena to Napoleon during the siege of Genoa in 1800, to give him information of his distressed situation. It was long before the downfall of the Emperor, that the circumstance was told me by this officer, then employed in the army of Italy. "I was," said he, "in Genoa with Massena. Thirty-five thousand Austrians blockaded us by land, and the English fleet by sea. The inhabitants were starving. Mutiny was ready to break forth. We had fed on the most disgusting food; and the garrison, consisting of twelve thousand men, was worn out with service and famine. Nothing could exceed the strictness of the blockade, and frequently the British ships came so close that they threw shells into the port. I saw infants expire from hunger, not having been able to draw nourishment from the dried up sources of the mothers' bosoms. Massena was firm, but he saw his situation was well nigh hopeless, and were he certain of not receiving relief, would willingly spare further misery by a surrender. Courier after courier made vain attempts to pass the enemy, but both by water and land, they failed to effect a communication with Bonaparte, or to convey to him the desperate situation of the garrison. Massena one day thus addressed me. 'Our lives depend on a communication with the first consul. We can subsist a certain number of days and no longer—try your best.'—I set out," said Monsieur L——, my informant, "believing that to hold out even so long as the general said was impossible.—'Tell the first consul,' said Massena, 'that we have ever beaten and foiled our enemies even in a state of famine and misery—there are nine of their colours.'—He pointed at them with a sort of theatrical motion of the body, and an air of triumph that had an effect upon my young and ardent feelings. I shall never forget it. It was the first time he ever spoke to me. I caught a portion of his enthusiasm, and declared my determination to try my fortune. In the dead of a gloomy night, I succeeded in getting beyond the enemy's lines, passing on all-fours close to a sentinel; and by a circuitous route, I ultimately reached Lausanne, where Bonaparte then was. 'How long can the general hold out?' he asked me hastily. I told him what Massena had said, but that I did not conceive it possible. 'But he will,' said the first Consul; 'very well. By the 26 Prairial I shall have beaten the enemy, and Genoa will be free.' At this moment, Bonaparte was at Lausanne, he had to pass the Alps by St. Bernard, the strong fortress of Bar, the Tesin, and the Po, swollen by the melting of the snows—in short, what to my mind and those of any other man, were obstacles no skill could surmount in the time. Feeling for the misery of the garrison, I ventured to say, 'General Consul, you have heretofore made us familiar with miracles, but I fear for the

truth of your prediction that Genoa will have fallen.'—He replied, 'That is my affair, Sir, you may retire.' The prediction of this extraordinary man was correct. I saw Massena and his attenuated garrison set free within the time named by Bonaparte; and how they subsisted, is as great a miracle to me even at this moment, as the passage of the Alps by the then First Consul."

Admiral Sir Edward Buller.—The late Admiral Sir Edward Buller was a very kind man and a good officer, whom no one accused of being too lenient in discipline. Captain Corbet, who was killed in the *Africaine* frigate, near the Isle of France, last war, was notorious on board ship as a naval despot. When the *Africaine* lay in Plymouth Sound, and Corbet was appointed to her, the crew showed symptoms of discontent, and did not at all relish the idea of having him for a commander. Admiral Young, who then commanded at Plymouth, ordered two heavy vessels to lie near the *Africaine*, in case mutiny should openly appear, so far was the dissatisfaction carried among the crew. One day at table, Corbet, sitting near Sir Edward Buller, said, "The service will not be good for any thing until captains can flog their lieutenants if needful, as well as the ship's company; absolute power over all in the ship is the thing." "Why, then," said Sir Edward Buller, "Admirals must in justice have the power of flogging captains—have a care, Corbet, and don't come under my orders, for I won't spare you!"

Major Topham.—This well-known character, who established the "World newspaper," and afterwards retired into the wolds of Yorkshire to breed greyhounds, once invited a friend to dine with him, who was in fear of being arrested for debt. The party was seated at dinner, when a loud knock at the door produced more than a common degree of alarm on his friend's countenance, while he, observing him start, said, "What, my dear ——, startled by my knocker? You are not at home, recollect—yet of men in your circumstances, my friend, Gray well says—

"Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy."

Madame de Staël.—The first time I ever saw Madame de Staël was at her house in Argyle-street, in London. I think it was next door to the house at present occupied by Sir Christopher Hawkins. The present Duchess de Broglie, a very interesting and agreeable young lady, not handsome, and marked a little with the smallpox, but extremely polite and affable, received me. Never was I so much disappointed in the idea I had preconceived of any individual as in that of Madame de Staël. She is reported to have declared she would give all her literary reputation gladly to be beautiful in person; and really if her impression of her own personal attractions was as unfavourable as mine, on my first glance at her face when she entered the room, I cannot think she was much to blame. Wilks, who was, as all the world knows, hideously unhandsome, only desired ten minutes time in advance of the handsomest man of the day to gain the good graces of a lady. They who could appreciate the charms of Madame de Staël's conversation, soon forgot her ordinary person. When she chose to be the woman of the world (though not always fond of being such),

she could bring herself down to the level of her sex's general conversation, and be the woman of every-day life. Her wit, her information, and her very illustrations were remarkable and interesting, even upon subjects of no great moment. In her company, with a very small circle, her conversation was preferable to that when in a large party. She said many good things; but then it could be seen she aimed at point and sparkle, notwithstanding every affectation of ease. The conversation turned upon Germany. "They are a mystical people, fond of the extravagant," she said; "but they will by and by become the coolest and most exact of reasoners. Their wild theories will be forgotten, and reason will govern them entirely; for their slow plodding temperament will make a good soil for it. They will then shame you logical English, who talk of Locke and reason, and live slaves to custom in its defiance. The Germans will be sincere actors in what they may believe right; you are a sort of logical hypocrites; you own your belief, but you are too much afraid of custom to practise the truths you do not hesitate to acknowledge." This was, I recollect, the substance of one of her remarks.

A nobleman invited her to visit him. "Let me look at my tablets," she replied. "I am engaged, my Lord, until the fifteenth of April (this, I think, was January or the beginning of February); on the sixteenth I shall be happy to inscribe myself for your Lordship's guest."

"It is astonishing," said Madame de Staël, "what a number of writers, without learning or sentiment or religion, we have in France always writing about learning, sentiment, religion. They are in literature and morals what a French critic calls '*Fanuaques de l'Esprit*.'"

LONDON LYRICS.

The Exhibition.

SAYS Captain John Clay,
 " 'Tis the second of May,
 All the town's in a humming condition,
 Like bees in a hive—
 Shall I give you a drive
 To the Somerset House Exhibition?"
 "You've tumbled," I answered, "my wish on,
 We'll go to this year's Exhibition:"
 So, light as Queen Mab,
 We enter'd his cab
 And drove to the new Exhibition.
 We first, hard as bone,
 View'd the models in stone,
 And saw, like a turkey a dish on,
 Fair Psyche on Zephyrs,
 As spotless as heifers,
 All making an odd Exhibition.
 A polish'd defunct politician,
 A Kemble,—the drama's magician,
 A Mrs. H. Gurney,
 A marble attorney;
 And all in this Year's Exhibition.

We then, with our cat-
A-logue stow'd in our hat,
 Ascended, with no expedition,
Where Hercules grapples
His larceny apples,
 And guards this sublime Exhibition.
Upstairs, in a weary condition,
We mounted this grand Exhibition ;
 Saw Boys with a spaniel,
 Two Flounders by Daniell,
And all in this Year's Exhibition.

A chief of dragoons
In tight red pantaloons,
 Stood looking as fierce as Domitian ;
A big Holofernes,
Whom Judith at her knees
 Survey'd in a ticklish condition.
Indeed 'tis a fine Exhibition !
Pray mark in this Year's Exhibition,
 A fat Captive Negro,
 Whose visage made me grow
Quite sad, in this new Exhibition.

There 's Jesse Watts Russell,
A Waterloo Bustle,
 May Morning—not painted by Titian.
A Boa Constrictor,
As big as the picture,
 And all in this Year's Exhibition.
Indeed 'tis a fine Exhibition,
Pray note in this new Exhibition
 A Farebrother Sheriff,
I should not much care if
He graced not this Year's Exhibition.

There 's mild Caradori,
H. Singleton's Glory,
 A head of R. Gooch, a physician,
Charles Mathews revealing
His charms to the ceiling,
 And all in this grand Exhibition.
A Snow-storm, a dresser with Fish on,
Three Smugglers prepared for sedition,
 Five heads by Sir Thomas—
 Should fate take him from us,
'Twould be a much worse Exhibition.

• A Juliet by Briggs,
A Peasant and pigs,
 A doctor descended from Priscian.
A Miss Charlotte Bestwich ;
Not naming the rest which
 Appear in this Year's Exhibition.
Pray, reader, let no prohibition
Keep you from this year's Exhibition.
Do but go, and I trust
That you 'll find this a just
 Account of the new Exhibition.

CONVERSATIONS OF MATURIN.—NO. II.

ALTHOUGH Maturin was very sensitive to animadversions and comments upon his own writings, I do not think he always extended the same consideration to his contemporaries. In May 1820, Sheridan Knowles produced "Virgilius." The extraordinary success of that play very naturally excited Maturin's curiosity, and he was impatient to read it. To one who had never witnessed the representation of Virgilius, its perusal would afford little satisfaction beyond the mere force of natural sentiment. This defect, if defect it can be called, in a play written for the stage, was seized upon by Maturin, who always exposed it when speaking on the subject. "A tragedy," he used to say, "ought to be natural, it is true, but it ought also to be poetical: pathos may be effective without poetry; but how much more so with it!" "Virgilius," however, is a very peculiar play; it possesses great vigour, and certainly produces in representation more effect than any modern drama, without descending to melodramatic agency, or trespassing beyond the limits of legitimate tragedy. Every scene has a separate subject, and a distinct catastrophe; and yet the great incident of the play, upon which its whole interest depends, is felicitously simple. Several dramatists had tried the subject before, and failed from the scantiness of material it afforded; still Mr. Knowles, upon a foundation that seemed so fallacious, erected a superstructure that stood well, and deserved to stand. The homely and unaffected phraseology, which caused such a nervous irascibility in Maturin, constitutes its greatest beauty in the opinions of good judges. I have frequently been disposed to attribute Maturin's objections rather to his jealousy than his judgment. When "Virgilius" was first published, a friend of Maturin's purchased a copy, with which he was so pleased, that it always lay on his table, and he constantly devoted hours of relaxation to its perusal. Maturin calling one morning when his friend happened to be from home, filled up the interval by scribbling, in some places rather unintelligibly, his splenetic remarks in the pages of the favourite drama.

In 1794 an Historical Society was established in Trinity College, Dublin, and continued to exist for a period of twenty-one years. It was during that time that Maturin entered college: he was then but fifteen years of age, yet before he took his degree, he distinguished himself in its debates. Indeed romantic as was his early story, and much as he was engrossed by his attachment for Miss Kingsbury, his college course was as brilliant as if he had devoted all his anxieties to study: he won many academic honours, and finally gained a scholarship, which, small as were its immunities, was at that time a very acceptable triumph.

The Historical Society will long be remembered in Dublin: it was the nurse of some of the most distinguished Irishmen, and is recollected by every man of feeling with affectionate regret. As it is a subject connected with the most valuable interests of education, and associated with the names of many illustrious individuals, now living, who shared in the splendour of its meridian, a rapid sketch of its history will be interesting.

The first institution of the kind which is found in the annals of the

college of the Trinity, Dublin, was established about 1758: it was little more than a club to promote the knowledge of history; but as information of any kind only excites a desire for more, the members gradually enlarged their system, and introduced a monthly discussion on a question taken from ancient history. It was at first but a conversazione, and finally grew into a Debating Society. How long that society continued there is no record; and there is some reason to conjecture that it was but the descendant of an earlier and more imperfect club which had fallen away some years before. In 1770 a great effort was made by the students to attach the liberal advantages of debate and discussion to the usual course of study; because as most of them were advancing to professions where eloquence, and the exercise of memory, and research, would become necessary, they felt that the dull undeviating routine of academical instruction was too inactive for public life; and accordingly formed themselves into a society to cultivate these practical objects. They obtained a grant of apartments in the College, and held their meetings weekly. The most brilliant success, and the most decided benefit followed the progress of the society; and it may not be inapposite to remark that the direction which it gave to the minds, habits, and characters of the young gentlemen it associated together, mainly contributed to detach them from the immoralities to which a residence in the Irish metropolis exposed them. At the end of twenty-four years, however, the society voluntarily dispersed; and although no specific reasons are assigned for that dispersion, yet it is not improbable that it arose from a general resistance to some restraint attempted to be imposed by the heads of the University, for they, like all other oligarchs, were not destitute of selfish principles. During its existence, however, it had the honour of reckoning amongst its members a host of great men who have since attained the highest rank in the liberal professions. Amongst these, I can name the late and present Justice of the King's Bench, the Lord Chief Baron, Judges Day, Mayne, Fox, Osborne, Jebb, &c; the late and the present Attorney-general of Ireland, and the late and the present Solicitor-general; Dr. Radcliffe, Sergeants Ball and Brown; the Pennefathers, Townsend, Lloyd, &c.; and, I believe, Lord Avonmore, and Curran: some of the highest dignitaries of the church, including the present Archbishop of Dublin (once called the *liberal* Dean, and now the *illiberal* Bishop); the present Provost of the College; the Rev. J. Whitelaw, whose patriotic exertions completed the project of establishing canals throughout Ireland, and whose History of Dublin will long be esteemed a valuable addition to Irish literature.

This society was immediately followed by another, to which some distinguished characters belonged. It was established in 1794, under the name of the "Historical Society of the University of Dublin," instituted for the cultivation of history, oratory, and composition. It was confined exclusively to the student; it awarded medals for excellence, and was governed by such rules and regulations as were calculated to give it solidity and importance. The rays of its influence were felt by every member of the University; sustained by public opinion, and gathering strength and improvement from success, it became almost a necessary branch for collegiate exercise; and the honours with which it rewarded

ability increased the ardour and avidity to obtain them. It continued for eighteen years in a state of progressive prosperity. This was under the provostship of Dr. Hall, who, on being promoted to the Bishoprick of Dromore, unfortunately left a vacancy for a man who inherited the barbarous policy of the Vandals, and acted upon it; Dr. Elrington was that man. His name will long be accompanied by the anathema of free-born literature. The first act of that gentleman's power was the substitution of new laws in the place of the old ones, by which, serious innovations were made upon the constitution of the society, and the seeds of dissension and ruin sown. These laws limited the admission of students until they had obtained a certain standing, thereby depriving those, who most required the advantage, from availing themselves of it, and gradually sapping the foundation of the system; they also threw barbarous restrictions over discussion excluding the old and experienced members from the privilege of attendance; and, in fact, consigned the society to the class that without ability to promote its interests, possessed just sufficient knowledge to embarrass its progress. Against these devices to overthrow it, the society in vain remonstrated: the Provost remained inexorable, and, the better to secure the object he had in view, instituted an inquisitorial watch over its proceedings, in the person of a porter whom he placed nightly in the hall to detect in the members any violations of the prescribed punctilio. The exclusion of the senior members, whose presence had hitherto preserved decorum and commanded respect, exposed the young, the petulant, and the unpractised, to the inevitable consequences of warmth in debate, and frequent deviations from collegiate regularity. This was what the new law-maker and his colleagues at the Board of Fellows desired. Some personal disputes occurred, which were likely to lead to serious results: the names of the parties were erased from the books of the college; and further and more harassing restraints laid upon the society. From one injustice they proceeded to another, visiting the offences their own tyranny had caused with further and still more aggravating oppressions, until at length to escape the disgrace, and evade the discomfiture of direct suppression, the society, after mature deliberation, adjourned *sine die*, in the year 1815.

Every lover of learning, who feels the importance of education upon liberal and expanded principles, will be interested in this brief sketch; for although it refers to an act of local barbarism, the cause and the question it involves are of general and paramount interest. The same policy that crushed the Historical Society, would now resist the establishment of the London University, and, under the selfish pretext of preventing the growth of political knowledge, stifle all examination and discussion. But it is not so easy to repress the ardour of inquiry—it is not so easy to build up a barrier before the march of a young generation: the youth of the country *will* be instructed in the practical and the useful—in the arts that are available to life, and in the mode that will render them impressive—whether that instruction is obtained in-doors, or out of doors—whether it is obtained through the natural channel of unprejudiced and open education, or through that after medium by which it comes coloured with scorn of defeated despot-

ism and contempt for the petty tyrant. Nor has the Dublin University yet terminated its system of slavery: the students are to this hour prohibited under pain of expulsion from joining any literary societies: yet the same University that prohibits under so vindictive a penalty the cultivation of the mind, exhibits no sensitiveness, and raises no objections, to a society instituted within its walls, and nourished by its forbearance, having for its object the cultivation of bigotry, discord, and bear-garden riot. I allude to what is called the T. C. D. club, which is, in fact, the most violent Orange Lodge in Ireland, and which lately gave a very just illustration of its character, by burning in effigy a most distinguished Irishman, because he voted in favour of that liberty for which Grattan died! But despite the coercion of the heads, the students have formed societies that meet privately in Dublin: they cannot be restrained from drinking at the pure streams of science and the belles lettres; and to this hour a society exists under the name of the "Historical Society," devoted to these objects, of which several students of the University are members.

I have mentioned that Maturin had a strong distaste for Lord Byron's poetry, and while more orthodox readers may condemn, or, perhaps, disbelieve the existence of such an heresy, yet they must remember that Byron himself was guilty of the same offence against Shakspeare, in which opinion, according to Moore, he was joined by no less a dramatist than Sheridan: and that Wordsworth abhors Gray, Pope and Dryden. When Newton read "Paradise Lost," he calmly remarked, "It is a fine poem, but what does it prove?" There is a standard in the mind to which it refers all questions of taste, and first decisions are frequently permitted to settle into invincible dogmas. Maturin yielded to prejudices of this description, and suffered the caprice of the moment to tyrannize over the labours of years. His aversion to rhyme at once deprived the world of that which he was eminently qualified to produce, and produced that which is a reproach to his fame: isolated and undigested verses are scattered through his novels; and as they were written in spite of impulse, and not in obedience to it, they carry few of the marks of that luxuriant fancy which was the chief characteristic of his writings. So sensibly impressed was he with this conviction, that he frequently lamented the publication of some of those earlier unfinished pieces that appeared before fame was to him a matter of consequence: indeed, I have some reason to think that had he lived, and been permitted by circumstances to indulge his wish, he would have carefully revised his first productions, and republished them.

In common with almost every man of genius, the first indications of his taste were exhibited in sundry temporary verses upon local and personal subjects, which were, as all such premature tokens of talent are, read with avidity and admiration, and quoted, and copied in the circle of domestic friends. Nor did his friends forget that fatal fondness of excessive praise to which the heart too often gives way—which arrests the growth of solid information and the progress of improvement, by filling the precocious aspirant with undue notions of his powers, and giving him sufficient excuse for thinking he is already perfect, and can perform by intuition, what others have done by labour. The tenderness of his parents towards him, however, was in some measure

drawn from circumstances of household sorrow, as he was the only child left of many who lived beyond the term of boyhood, and who seemed to have been preserved to their love like a solitary relic of early years: he was therefore treated with extraordinary fondness, and every new instance of ability was a fresh motive to that natural and lavish affection: his appearance, too, was a justification of their anxiety, for his frame was delicate and fragile, and a cast of melancholy and reserve overspread his features, which at that period were exceedingly interesting. Some of these verses were as a matter of course published in the newspapers, but I am not aware that they excited any attention beyond that of the immediate friends to whom the secret of publication was made known. His earliest passion, notwithstanding the applause bestowed on his authorship, was for the acting drama: here he was the director, the manager, the prompter, the arranger of scenes, and the overseer of the wardrobe. The spirit and genius he threw into his plans naturally gave him the supremacy amongst his juvenile companions; and an authority, equal to a dictatorship, was universally conceded to him on those occasions of holiday pageant and pastime. He ingeniously seized upon opportunities, when his parents were from home, to construct his private theatricals, which he did by converting folding-doors into a green curtain, the back apartment into a stage, and the front into pit, boxes, and gallery for the accommodation of his imaginary, or at best, scanty audience. It may be remarked as a singular type of the turn of his mind, as afterwards developed in his writings, that his favourite play was Lee's "Alexander," in which he enacted the principal part himself. The mad poetry of that piece was his favourite recitation, and it would have been difficult to discover an actor who could give a greater force to the tempestuous passage of his "Bucephalus" than young Maturin. But who could have beheld the germ of so much talent in the boy dressing and instructing his young sisters and companions? Yet even in that subordinate department he exhibited an adherence to truth, and a desire for effect, that subsequently expanded into delineation of costume and character, to which the delight of thousands has borne testimony. Inappropriate and meagre as were his dresses, they were, nevertheless, disposed gracefully; and if his Queen wore a shattered turban of his mother's, and flounced in a French silk or an Irish tabinet, yet she was redeemed by some slight ornament, or some peculiar fold of the drapery, that gave an air of antiquity or extravagance to her appearance: and comical as he must have looked in a double-breasted waistcoat of his father's, and perhaps a scratch-wig, with old Spanish shoes, and some of his mother's frills round his neck and wrists, still he contrived to throw over the ludicrous personation a semblance of reality of manner and earnestness of delivery, that quickly dissipated that which was ludicrous in the effect.

Those who recollect Maturin at this period, agree in stating that his histrionic powers were eminently correct, impressive, and adaptive; and were calculated to secure the highest success in the more arduous trial of the public stage: and had it not been for considerations of a very different kind from distrust of the event, it is not improbable he might have chosen for life that very laborious and uncertain profession. To the latest period he was passionately fond of all

that related to the paraphernalia and business of the theatre; and I believe it will be admitted by those who have had the pleasure of witnessing him in the hours of relaxation, that the scenes of "Bertram" were never delivered with so much feeling, tenderness, and power, as by the author himself when stepping behind a chair and assuming the part of his own gloomy hero, he delivered one of those passages illuminated by poetry and passion, into which the dramatist alone could infuse the truth of representation. He was particularly fond of reciting Imogene's soliloquy, which he considered as one of the most eloquent specimens of the play.

To this taste, and the knowledge of the stage acquired by its cultivation, may be partially attributed the acting qualities of Bertram, every alternation and speech, of which he rehearsed with a view to stage-effect, until he produced, by the process of constantly refining, a pure tragedy almost without alloy, considering it in reference to the class to which it belongs. Connected with Bertram, and with Maturin's propensity for recitation, I recollect an anecdote, which, as it is somewhat characteristic, will not be out of place. A dignitary of the church, who became interested by some accident, in Maturin's circumstances, and was anxious to improve them, called upon him for the purpose of offering him some clerical promotion, or of consulting him as to the means of forwarding his advancement. It was during the time that Maturin was composing Bertram, and before he became an avowed writer: his works, however, were sufficiently well known to entitle him to the character of an author, and I believe the object of the good visitor was to rescue the poet from the necessities that forced him to write

"Profane conceits and fantasies—"

and to enable him to devote all his abilities to the offices of his spiritual calling. The reverend doctor was formally ushered into a sitting room, the poet being engaged at the moment in his study. He waited for some time very patiently, but the fascination of some frenzied scene was upon Maturin, who felt little compunction in sacrificing the divine to the drama; and it was not till after an half-hour's delay that the poet made his appearance. He entered the room suddenly, reciting some rapturous passage—a part of the manuscript play in one hand, the pen in the other; his person attired in a theatrical morning-gown—his attitude that of an inspired *provisante*, his arms tossing, and his eyes strained, and thus continued his oration until he wound it up, by flinging himself on the sofa, beside the astonished minister. This unlucky interference of the ruling passion lost to poor Maturin, whatever patronage or advantage might have been derived from the intended friendship of his visitor, whose nerves or habits were ill qualified for the grotesque exhibition presented by the Curate of St. Peter's: in vain did Maturin endeavour to neutralize the effects of his *malapropos* enthusiasm; and the only gleam of ecclesiastical hope that ever broke upon him, thus came and vanished in the same instant!

There is something in Maturin's story that bears a resemblance to that of Charles Wolfe, the author of the lines on Sir John Moore. They were both educated in the same college—both members of the Historical Society—both obtained scholarships, and both were finally transported to obscure country curacies, which it was Maturin's fortune,

to outlive, but which, in combination with private sorrows, destroyed the health of Wolfe. In their tastes and habits there was a remarkable similarity. Wolfe's temper was naturally gay and social, but a secret melancholy preyed upon his spirits; yet, delighted in gratifying the wishes of others, he concealed his personal feelings from society. His habits of study were desultory and unsatisfactory: the book upon which he happened to be engaged, was thrown aside upon the most frivolous occasion; and if taken up again, it was more by accident than design. He did not direct his mind to a particular object for any time together, but varied his pursuits as whim directed. By this means he became only superficially acquainted with science and literature, made but a little progress in one study, and then stopped and began another. Still he possessed the advantages of a clear understanding and a retentive memory, and what he did read he digested and retained. His excellent biographer, the Reverend Mr. Russel, of Dublin, states that he had a disputative turn of mind, which started fresh arguments and speculations at every step, not only delaying his progress, but, in a measure, unfitting him for a comprehensive consideration of any subject. These singularities in a greater or less degree, belonged to Maturin. His temper was gay, flippant, buoyant: and whatever might have been the sad or dispiriting reflections of his solitary moments, he never permitted them to intrude on his light-heartedness in society. He had a scrupulous and fantastic regard for that species of French manner and coquetry, which may be termed elasticity of mind rather than levity. In company, he appeared quite free of the thoughts that oppressed him in secret; still like Wolfe, he had a hue of melancholy over his character, which imparted even to his foibles a romantic interest. His studies were as various and as profitless. But there was this difference: Wolfe read for the sake of refuting the book—Maturin for the sake of imbibing its spirit and novelty; casting it into a crucible, and making it his own. From the most extravagant romance, Maturin was certain to extract a thought which he moulded into something of value: but if Wolfe met such a thought, he would replace it with another, superadd fresh idealisms to those of the author, and totally supplant his descriptions with some picturesque creation of his own. Whatever Maturin read, contributed something to his stock of acquirements, but nothing in a regular or useful order: all was accidental, occasional, scattered,—but from the vast mass of materials thus collected, he was able to produce works at once systematic and imaginative. His studies were governed not by a desire to promote or perfect his acquisitions in learning; but by the description of composition he happened to have in hand. Locke and Tillotson gave way to Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis at the seasons when the spell of romance was on him. Like Wolfe, he had a genius for many subjects, and dipped into all. He seemed to have been a disciple of that doctrine of Sheridan's, that "there are on every subject but a few leading and fixed ideas; and their tracks may be traced by one's own genius as well as reading." This accommodating principle (in which, however, there is some truth) seems to have guided Maturin, who too often mistook false lights for the great first laws of science. General principles to a mind so volatile, hasty and adaptive, are not always serviceable, because it too

often takes a part for the whole, and is satisfied with partial proofs for perfect demonstrations.

Maturin's reading, however, was extensive; and while he may be charged with the injustice of deciding the merits of literary men upon an imperfect acquaintance with their works, his opinions of them were frequently correct. His notions of excellence were often singularly at variance with his practice. What could be more contradictory than the author of the extravagant *Bertram*, a poem amenable to no laws, and outraging all unities and systems, extolling the well-balanced measures of Pope, and the domestic simplicity of Crabbe! Yet although forming an apparent antithesis to Maturin, these writers were the idols of his poetical devotion; and he has been heard to declare that he considered "Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard* a piece perfect in its way." He held his opinions very pertinaciously, and did not seem to admit either kindness or utility as motives to disturb them. His anxiety to show that he would not be "dislodged from his position," frequently seduced him into an exuberant and extravagant mode of expression, as if the violence of his style gave him a stronger hold on his subject. This mode he often adopted to fortify a paralogism, and to show the hopelessness of his opponent's hazarding a contradiction. To the most insignificant subject he carried this over-wrought periphrasis. For instance, in speaking of old English country dances, he said,—“I hate these culinary dances—they breathe the very air of the furnace and scullery, and come upon you with the swing, the fulness, and the coarseness of the region from whence a vitiated taste has redeemed them, for the paradise of the chalked floor and the harp.” Who would undertake to answer this? Dr. Johnson, when a lady who travelled with him in a carriage, remarked that she could not hear him in consequence of the noise, is said to have answered, “Madam, the stripetuousity of circumrotary motion renders the modulations of ordinary discourse inaudible; and the cartilaginous materials which compose our auricular members, become stultified to the exercise of their natural functions!” Who could answer this?

DIBDIN'S REMINISCENCES.*

The effects produced by the Drama upon the literature of a nation, its character and tastes, render the history of the Stage not only interesting, but important. Without a theatre, we should probably not have had Shakspeare, and Otway would, perhaps, have been only contemptuously remembered, as he appears in Southey's specimens. The scenic representation which we have first seen upon the stage in childhood, is always distinctly remembered in after-life, invested with a brilliancy which, as we advance in years, fades into the light of common day. But even, when the earliest impression is gone, the charm undone, the spell broken, we experience a high and intellectual gratification in studying in the pictured drama the anatomy of the human heart, in watching all its pulsations, and in seeing its darkest recesses laid open to our gaze: in untwisting all the intricacies of passion and

* The Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin of the Theatres Royal Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Haymarket, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1827.

temper, and in witnessing the complicated movements of the springs of human action and human character. Even to those who have neither the taste nor the talent for this, the drama may be made admirable as a school of morals, and instructive as a teacher of history. How many persons are there now living, who know nothing of English kings, or the events of their reigns, but what they have learned from Shakspeare's historical plays! Are not the wars of the Roses far more familiar to the general ear than even the tale of "Troy divine?" Is not Lancaster "time-honoured," chiefly in virtue of the poet who graced him with the epithet?

There are few readers of Shakspeare, however little tinctured with the love of the stage, who have not felt a curiosity to know something of the actors who first maddened in Lear, shuddered in Macbeth, or gave its earliest utterance to the melancholy music of Hamlet: and there are many to whom the early history of the theatre is so interesting, as to have led to the production of sundry little quartos, in which are embodied all that can be learned about Burbadge, Alleyne, Kempe, Taylor, and the other professors of the theatrical art, who trod the same stage with Shakspeare, and sat in the Mermaid with Ben Jonson. Even the minutest scraps of information which can be collected respecting them, are eagerly preserved by all lovers of the drama—for the same causes that give the drama its power and interest, lead us to be curious about the personal history of those that embody its creations. What would we not give for Reminiscences of the stage in the days of Elizabeth, as minute and ample as those that unfold its history under the reign of the four Georges? Who would not be delighted to trace its earlier history in the pages of so picturesque a writer as Colley Cibber, or of such an honest chronicler as O'Keeffe? who would not relish the quaint and rich anecdotes of its later periods in the pages of a reminiscence like Kelly, our revived Anacreon; or Reynolds, that prince of dramatic story-tellers; or of Dibdin, the Momus of the tribe?

But if we are curious about players of so remote a period, if we are voracious of anecdotes of actors, so far removed from our own times, we are yet more deeply interested by those that relate to performers of whom we have only heard the fame—of those who made our fathers and mothers glow, tremble, or weep, by the magic of their "so potent art." Who does not love to glean all he can respecting the style of Garrick's acting—to learn whether his Richard the Third was most like Cooke's or Kean's? Who does not wish to know whether Henderson's Hotspur resembled John Kemble's—and how he used to build up Falstaff, that mighty mass of wit, humour, sack and sugar? To have seen Garrick was one of our earliest wishes—and not to have seen him will perhaps be among our last regrets.

Then if we love to read about performances that charmed or overawed the past generation, we must be still more delighted with the personal history of actors that have enchanted our own eyes and ears,—whom our own hands have applauded. We are not contented with having seen John Kemble kindle a Hotspur, or Henry V., or be contemptuous in Coriolanus, or stately in Brutus; it is not enough for us to have seen Mrs. Siddons go sweeping by, like an incarnation of the Tragic Muse, in Volumnia, or melt and subdue in Queen Katherine, or awake all

the tremendous energies of grief in Constance : we are unsatisfied even with Jack Johnstone's Major O'Flaherty, and the complete contrast, (equally perfect) to that most exquisite and refined sketch, Dennis Brulgruddery. Munden pleases us not : nor Liston with his face—nor Mathews with all his faces—unless we know something about their private lives and conversation. We wish to know whether Cato ever drank Burgundy—or Lady Macbeth took tea ; if Sir Lucius O'Trigger made bulls off the stage ; if Lubin Log was a wit at a dinner-table, and if Mathews, the mimic of multifarious characters, had any individual character of his own—if the master of all styles and all manners had any style or manner peculiar to himself. On all these points, we are naturally anxious to be informed ; and as few comparatively can have the gratification of learning such matters from personal acquaintance, they must learn them from such books as Mr. Dibdin's. Such writers as O'Keeffe, Kelly, Reynolds, and the Author before us, are indeed the only persons by whom such things can or ought to be told : they have always lived in the very heart and current of the society they describe ; they have assisted at *symposia* from which the rest of the world are excluded ; and they have a taste for embellishing, which makes good things still better, and middling stories piquant and racy.

Mr. Dibdin has the talent, and has had all the opportunities that could be desired for producing an amusing book about stage matters : and the interest of all he says on the subject is greatly enhanced, by its referring particularly to persons *now upon the stage*. It is this quality of recentness which distinguishes it from all the other dramatic biographies, and must give it considerable popularity with the existing generation.

There is nothing more interesting and amusing than theatrical autobiography. An actor or a play-writer has not only a better story in general to tell than other men, but he tells it better. The constant study of effect, which in him becomes a habit, leads him unconsciously to present even his facts in a more imposing and dramatic dress than other reminiscents. The personal history of an actor at least, lends itself readily to this practice. His early adventures are in general sufficiently droll, and the miseries of a youthful stage-life sufficiently whimsical to afford matter for lively narrative in the author and laughter in the reader. The world, which at a later period of life he has seen on all sides, gives ample scope for light sketches of character and shrewd remarks on human nature : the society, both above and below him, with which of necessity he has mingled, gives him more opportunities than any other manner of man, (to borrow a phrase from the American dictionary,) for observation of manners and detail of anecdote ; and admitted as he is into the company of his superiors in moments of conviviality, when all the springs of the heart are suffered to flow freely, and its emotions and workings are most undisguised, he is enabled to give far more curious and characteristic traits of people of rank than could be gathered from any other sources, or at any other times.

The power of making an amusing book, is a very good excuse for writing one, and Mr. Dibdin may justly give this reason for coming forward as an auto-biographer. But we are glad of the appearance of his book on another account : it completes the series of memoirs,

which, taken jointly, present a complete history of the English stage from the time of Colley Cibber down to our own days—to the actual year in which we are writing. O'Keeffe is the successor of Cibber—Kelly of O'Keeffe; Reynolds follows Kelly, and Dibdin completes the chain of theatrical narratives.

Mr. Dibdin may certainly be regarded as possessing, of all theatrical biographers, the best opportunities for writing a diverting book of stage history. He has not only been an actor, but like his predecessor, Colley Cibber, an author too: and not only an author but a manager; so that he has literally been more “behind the scenes” than any of his brother-biographers. He must have heard more of the *chronique scandaleuse* of the Green-room, and seen more of the cabals of actors—he must have known more of the intrigues both of authors and actresses than any other individual now living, having been successively director, under various proprietors, of Drury-Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket—not to mention his own two theatres: and whatever estimate may be formed of his merits as a dramatic writer, the success of many of his pieces which still keep possession of the stage, entitle the life of the writer of two hundred plays to very respectful attention—especially when we consider the very great effect which even the farce of a season has upon manners—the colouring which it gives to conversation and habits of expression—and the way in which the stage modifies the ordinary language and ordinary ideas of the numerous class of persons who frequent the theatres.

Mr. Dibdin begins his Reminiscences with some amusing anecdotes of his childhood—his apprenticeship, from which he ran away, and his first appearance as an actor. The account of his strolling adventures is inimitably good—and few things in Reynolds's “Dramatist,” or the “Wild Oats” of O'Keeffe, will be found so whimsical and diverting as the detail of the Author's alternate mishaps and successes from the time of his engagement in Mrs. Baker's Dramatic corps at Deal to his arrival in London. We give the following little sketch of Mrs. Baker:

“The indefatigable priestess of Thalia and Melpomene went every morning to market, and kept the box-book, on which always lay a massive silver ink-stand, which, with a superb pair of silver trumpets, several cups, tankards, and candlesticks of the same pure metal, it was the lady's honest pride to say she had paid for with her own hard earnings: she next manufactured the daily play-bill, by the help of scissors, needle, thread, and a collection of old bills; cutting a play from one, an interlude from another, and a farce from a third, and sewed them neatly together; and thus precluded the necessity of pen and ink, except where the name of a former actor was to make way for a successor, and then a blank was left for the first performer who happened to call in, and who could write, to fill up. A sort of levee for those of her establishment who had business with her, while others were rehearsing on the stage, (for her dwelling was generally in the theatre,) filled up the remainder of the morning. Her family, consisting of a son, two daughters, (one of the young ladies being the Siddons and Jordan, and the other the Crouch and Billington of the company,) together with her sister, and Mr. Gardner the manager, and sometimes a favourite actress or actor, were added to the dinner-party, which no sooner separated, than Mrs. B. prepared for the important five-hours' station of money-taker at box, pit, and gallery doors, which she very cleverly united in one careful focus, and saved by it as much money in her life-time as I lost at the Surrey Theatre in six or seven years. When the curtain dropped, she immediately retired to her

bed-chamber, with the receipts of the evening in a large front pocket, leaving always a supper-table substantially covered for the rest of the family. Twice a week, when the theatre was not open, a pleasant little tea and card party, concluding at an early hour, filled up the time, which, on other evenings, was allotted to the business of the theatre. When Mrs. Baker (who had many years previously only employed actors and actresses of cherry-wood, holly, oak, or ebony, and dressed and undressed both the ladies and gentlemen herself,) first engaged a living company, she not only used to beat the drum behind the scenes, in Richard, and other martial plays, but was occasionally her own prompter, or rather that of her actors. As has before been hinted, her practice in reading had not been very extensive; and one evening, when her manager, Mr. Gardener, was playing Gradus, in the farce of 'Who's the Dupe,' and imposing on old Doiley, by affecting to speak Greek, his memory unfortunately failed him, and he cast an anxious eye towards the promptress for assistance; Mrs. B. having never met with so many syllables combined in one word, or so many such words in one page as the fictitious Greek afforded, was rather puzzled, and hesitated a moment; when Gardner's distress increasing by the delay, he rather angrily, in a loud whisper, exclaimed, 'Give me the word, Madam.' The lady replied, 'It's a hard word, Jem.'—'Then give me the next.'—'That's harder.'—'The next?'—'Harder still.' Gardner became furious; and the manageress, no less so, threw the book on the stage, and left it saying,—'There, now you have 'em all; you may take your choice.'"

Here are a few anecdotes of the same eccentric personage:

"No individual ever persevered more industriously or more successfully in getting money than Mrs. Baker, who, as fast as she realized cash, laid it out in purchasing or building the several theatres she died possessed of. When by her laudable exertions she had become sole proprietress of the Canterbury, Rochester, Maidstone, Tunbridge-Wells, and Feversham theatres, (the first four have each an attached dwelling-house well furnished, and its own particular stock of standing scenery; the latter, a slight edifice, built at Margate, and removed to Feversham, in consequence of Mrs. B.'s being excluded by the Margate patent,) she began to be at a loss how to dispose of her increasing savings. Well versed as she was in the art of fairly acquiring money, she knew so little what to do with her honest gains, when she had obtained them, that, after vesting sums in country banks, and in the hands of respectable tradesmen at perhaps three per cent, and in some cases at no per cent at all, but with a view to its being safer than in her own hands,—she still retained considerable sums in *rouleaux* in her house and about her person. Incredible as it may appear, she had an insurmountable distrust of the Bank of England, and could never be brought to comprehend why her money would be safer and more productive there than elsewhere. At last, in consequence of some trifling losses, (incurred through her keeping so many little spice-boxes full of guineas in her own custody,) she began to listen to advice; and by request of her nearest relations, my wife and self joined in entreating her to buy stock. I recommended a highly-respectable stock-broker, Mr. Millington, who was and is a most intimate friend of her son-in-law Downton; and among the first money she commissioned me to pay into his hands, (at a time when gold was gold) were seven hundred guineas, (guineas were often sold at 1*l*. 7*s*. each in that day) a gold Jacobus, several foreign coins, and a Bank of England note for two hundred pounds,—which last, from its being in her eye a rarity, she had literally kept in her pocket above seven years, and parted with it as reluctantly as if she was never to see its value again. It was vain trying to convince her that had she bought stock with it when it first came into her possession, it would have been now worth three hundred instead of two: she conceived she had acted like a heroine in parting with it at all: her opinion, however, gradually altered; and we had the pleasure of a half-yearly visit from her in town, when she came, not to take,

away, but to add to her dividends the very comfortable profits she still continued to realize."

"I remember one very crowded night, patronized by a royal duke at Tunbridge-Wells, when Mrs. Baker was taking money for three doors at once,—her anxiety, and very proper tact, led her, while receiving cash from one customer, to keep an eye in perspective on the next, to save time; as thus:—'Little girl! get your money all ready while this gentleman pays.—My Lord! I'm sure your Lordship has silver; and let that little boy go in while I give his Lordship change.—Shan't count after your Ladyship.—Here comes the Duke! make haste! His Royal Highness will please to get his ticket ready while my Lady—now, Sir! now your Royal Highness!'—'O, dear, Mrs. Baker! I've left my ticket in another coat-pocket.'—'To be sure you have! take your Royal Highness's word: let his Royal Highness pass: his Royal Highness has left his ticket in his *other* coat-pocket.' *Ecclats de rire* followed; and I believe the rank and fashion of the evening found more entertainment in the lobby than from the stage."

Of Incledon's unintermitting flow of nonsense there are many examples in these volumes.—Our readers may take the following:

"Mr. Johnstone had walked out with Mr. Lewis, the latter desiring me to wait his return; pending which, Incledon re-entered the room, and said, without stopping for breath,—'My dear lad! that you possess some talent, no man that *is* a man—of judgment can deny: I adore your father; and, my dear boy! you have got the mark of the beast on you, as well as he has. Then why, my dear Tom Dibdin! (I love the name; for, in short, it is a name—that *is* a name) though your father is abused by many a composer who is no brick-maker himself, (but his 'Lads of the Village' will live longer than you or I, my boy!) and that makes me ask you—you, who have heard me sing 'Black-eyed Susan' and the 'Storm,'—the 'Storm,' my boy!—how you could think of writing me such a d—d diabolical part as this? not but what I'll do it from respect to Tommy Harris, and yourself, and your father's talent; and because I'm sure you can never have heard me open 'the Messiah,' or sing 'Old Towler.' Come to-night, and listen, and then you'll know how to do the next better."

"I'll be judged by any body: ask my friend Dowton, the old Cacique; ask Cacofogo, my dear boy! whether Charles Incledon is fit to play Harlequin. What is Harlequin? can he sing 'Old Towler,' or 'The Thorn?' is he like Billy Shield, or Rauzzini, or Jackson of Exeter, or little Davy? can he compose, or can he open 'The Messiah?' can his black face give 'Black Eyed Susan?' will his tricks produce 'Sally in our Alley?' or his magic conjure any thing like 'The Storm?' A pantomime isn't an opera, my dear fellow! Can Macheath, when 'his pistols miss fire,' and 'his mare slips her shoulder, when she is pursued,' change Peachum into a poll-parrot; or can Young Meadows, when he leaves his father's house 'on the 15th of June,' turn Justice Woodcock into a wig-block? What would Tommy Harris say, and Sloper, and Farley, to see 'Harlequin Hawthorn, or the Wandering Melodist,' and Charles Incledon in 'The Quaker,' while singing 'The Lads of the Village,' transmogrified from Old Steady into

The high-mettled racer
Is in at the death?

Apropos of Talma, Mr. Dibdin introduces the following pleasant anecdote:

"Monsieur Talma's father lodged in the next house to me, and practised as a dentist. A Miss Daniels, (afterwards married to George Cooke, and now to Mr. Windsor, of Bath,) with her mother, also lodged in the same house with Talma, sen. Miss Daniels, at that time, had a completely foreign accent, and was practising a song in Dudley Bates's opera of "The Woodman," in which there was a frequently repeated passage of 'Tell me, tell

me, tell me,'—which Miss Daniels mispronounced, 'Tall ma, Tall ma, Tall ma!'—Mr. Talma, sen., who was in the room above, hearing these words given with so much expression, imagined the young lady was suffering from the tooth-ache, and wanted his assistance: he selected his terrific instruments; and, peeping in at the siren's door, with a crimson night-rap on, exclaimed,—'You want me, Miss? here I am! I take out your loose *incassament*, and I prevent you make dat discordant noise again.' It would be superfluous to add, that Miss Daniels speedily chased the mistaken foreigner from the door."

Mr. Dibdin gives an anecdote of the elder Sheridan not generally known:

"During the latter part of his theatrical life, he was unfortunately subject to something like an approach to asthma, which, especially when declaiming, obliged him alternately to (what is very vulgarly called) hawk and spit; but as his ear was very fine respecting poetical measure, he never suffered the expression of his infirmity to break the quantity of a line, and therefore let it stand as a substitute for the word or syllable displaced; as thus, in *Cato*:—

My hane and (hawk) tidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to my (hawk),
And this informs me I can never (spit).

Or imagine the gallant Douglas, had Sheridan ever played the young hero, addressing Lord and Lady Randolph with—

My name is (hawkye); on the Grampinn (spits)
My father feeds his (hawks); a frugal (spits),
Whose constant care, &c. &c. &c.

The following anecdotes we extract without any attempt at arrangement:—

"At the last rehearsal of '*Joanna*,' Mr. Wild, the prompter, asked the author for an order to admit two friends to the boxes; and whether Mr. Cumberland was thinking of the probable proceeds of his play, or whether his anxiety otherwise bewildered him, cannot be ascertained; but he wrote, instead of the usual 'two to the boxes'—'admit two pounds two' Wild often exhibited this order to his friends, and kept it as a *byou* among his other theatrical curiosities."

"Cooke and the Author went, at a tolerably steady quick step, as far as the middle of Greek-street, when Cooke, who had passed his hand along all the palisades and shutters as he marched, came in contact with the recently painted new front of a coachmaker's shop, from which he obtained a complete handful of wet colour. Without any explanation to me as to the cause of his anger, he rushed suddenly into the middle of the street, and raised a stone which, in respect to its magnitude, Polypheme might not have rejected in his desire to crush the shepherd Acis. This fragment Cooke was going to hurl against the unoffending windows; but I was in time to save them from destruction, and him from the watch-house. On my asking the cause of his hostility to the premises of a man who could not have offended him, he replied, with a hiccup, 'What! not offend? a d-d ignorant coachmaker, to leave his house out, new-painted, at this time of night!'"

"I forgot to say that he stopped in the middle of Soho-square, and with thundering emphasis uttered the interjection '*Hah!*' in a tone about ten degrees beyond the strongest aspiration of our stoutest street-paviors. 'There!' said Cooke, 'tell Harris what my voice effected, after a hard drinking-bout, at seven in the morning, in Soho-square.'—'I will, my good friend!' said I. 'Will you, indeed,' replied Cooke, 'be such an enemy to your old friend? What business, Harris will say, had Cooke in Soho-square at seven in the morning? and thus, through your forward friendship, I shall lose my situation!' He uttered much more nonsense; com-

pared the bright moon to Mr. Harris, and a dark cloud to Mr. Kemble, with whom, he said, he would play any part by way of wager for—for—yes, for a god."

"Mr. Lewis mentioned a whimsical circumstance occurring to himself, when he had engaged to play six nights at a considerable distance from the capital, and the manager had stuck up a very large LEWIS indeed. Only one member of the company (and he happened to be the worst actor in it) took umbrage at this display; and his indignation was so loud, that it happened to reach the ears of the envied nominee. Lewis was always fond of a joke; and having sought out his temporary employer, the two managers, town and country, laid their heads together how to give the grumbler a lesson; and next day's bills appeared with the names of the actors in general, unusually *small*, Mr. Lewis's only distinguished by being much *smaller* than the rest, and that of the aggrieved hero, in the LARGEST LETTER the printer's fount afforded;—a distinction so truly ridiculous, that even the malcontent joined in the laugh against himself, and was glad, from that time, to find his 'post of honour in a private station.'"

"When I produced the comedy of 'The School for Prejudice,' at Covent Garden, some years before, Mr. Munden asked me, in what style I wished him to play the part of Old Liberal? I replied, I meant it as an humble imitation of Matthew Bramble. 'And who the devil's Matthew Bramble?' to my astonishment, inquired the veteran. 'You are pleased to joke, Sir; you have, of course, read Humphrey Clinker?' 'Not I, Sir; after I left school, I never read any books but plays—and no play unless I had a part in it—and even then, no more of such play than was immediately connected with the character assigned me.'"

"I had the honour of being in a post-chaise with Mr. Kemble, very early in the morning, on our way to a friend's house in the country, on business to be related hereafter. We had left town early, and I expressed a wish for our arrival, where I might enjoy the luxury of warm water, for the purpose of shaving. 'There, my dear Dibdin!' observed my fellow-traveller, 'you are quite wrong: you go often, I dare say, (as I do) on visits to gentlemen's houses, where a guest, who is not attended by a valet of his own, will always find it advisable to make himself as independent of his host's servants as possible: now, if you are subservient to the luxury of warm water, you must either ring your bell as soon as you awake in the morning; or, if you do not readily find one, you must call William, or John, or Thomas, (for gentlemen's servants have various names,) and ask for warm water; by which means it is proclaimed to all the house, that Mr. Thomas Dibdin is going to get rid of his beard; (it is a mistake to suppose he said *bird*.) On the other hand, if, even in the depth of winter, you are man enough to use cold water, you enter the breakfast-parlour in the true spirit of independence, above the necessity of previous assistance; and the neatness of your toilet receives double effect from the silent and unassuming way in which you have made it.' Mr. Kemble laughed as heartily as he made me laugh at this and several other whimsical ideas, each embodying much polished good sense in their comicality."

The note and letter from Lord Byron are highly characteristic of the Author of Childe Harold:—

I received the following from Lord Byron, after a meeting in which it was resolved, among other matters, *unâ voce* by the whole committee, that no free admissions should be issued:—

"Dear Sir,—You will oblige me with a couple of pit orders for this night, particularly if prohibited.

"Yours, very truly,

"BYRON."

P. S. I mean two orders for one each—single admission."

His Lordship again, after hearing a new piece read:—

"Dear Sir,—Is not part of the dialogue in the new piece a little too double, if not too broad, now and then? for instance, the word 'ravish' occurs in

the way of question, as well as a remark, some half dozen times in the course of one scene, thereby meaning, not raptures, but rape. With regard to the probable effect of the piece, you are the best judge: it seems to me better and worse than many others of the same kind. I hope you got home at last, and that Miss —— has recovered from the eloquence of my colleague, which, if it convinced, it is the first time,—I do not mean the first time his eloquence had that effect,—but that a woman could be convinced she was not fit for any thing on any stage.

“Yours truly,

“BYRON.”

We venture to give a few more private letters, now for the first time made public :

“Sir.—Of all the extraordinary things, or, at least, things which have struck me as extraordinary, since I have become conversant with the interior of a theatre, the *most* extraordinary has been, the refusal of performers to take parts offered them, of which we have now a signal instance in the case of Mr. Phillips. I do not understand how salaries can be paid, if performers will not co-operate to render pieces attractive. Wishing you and the theatre every possible success, and desiring by no means to interfere, I am, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,,

“S. WHITBREAD.”

“Pray show this to Mr. Raymond.”

Cassiobury, Nov. 12th, 1815.

“Dear Sir,—Your Journal of to-day (if it does not give you too much trouble) is really most satisfactory, interesting, and amusing; but pray let it be always so done as not to deprive you of those few moments of leisure so necessary both for your comfort as well as amusements. I cannot bear to occupy your time, while you have so many other calls on it: only spare me a few short words in Dr. Pangloss's style; as ‘Wednesday 420*l*. gross receipts,—play went off well,—Miss Nash in good voice,—Mr. * * * in a d—d passion,—Peter Moore got a new wig: Thursday, house crammed,—an alderman and his wife nearly squeezed to death. ‘T. T.’ and no beginnings and endings of ‘your Lordship,’ and ‘obedient servants:’ it is too much and must not be. If you have an inclination to take a little fresh air, return here with my carriage: I shall be happy to see you; or if your subjects require, this evening, the attendance of both kings, I send up my landau and four horses to-morrow: it will leave town about four, and we do not dine till seven. I have directed my porter to receive your orders. Send a man from the theatre, about one, to fetch the books I have sent you, and let the porter know your determination.

“Yours, very faithfully,

“ESSEX.”

His Lordship concludes another equally affable and condescending letter with

“Yours, Essex, with the gout in his foot.



“P. S. This is my foot upon a stool.”

“Dear Dibdin,—Imagine you had written this request to the late Mr. Kemble, and guess his answer: he was patient; I am irritable. He would have said,—‘I cannot be made a stop-gap of the property I have been so long supporting,’ &c. &c. I, Edmund Kean, say,—‘if I play on Monday night, I’ll be ——’

E. KEAN.”

Our readers may remember some curious specimens of theatrical epistolary correspondence which appeared some time ago in this *Maga-*

zine. There are several to be found in Mr. Dibdin's volumes that would have made an amusing continuation of that series of papers :

"The following, addressed to Lady Caroline Lamb, having been enclosed to me by her ladyship, will need no better testimony of its being genuine ; there is therefore no occasion to give the writer's name :

' And now there's ' Madam' enough for you.'

"*My Lady*,—I some time back took the Great liberty of applying to your *Ladiship*, to have the kindness to patronize my Sons benefit at the Royal Coburg Theatre ; and your *Ladiship* had the kindness to say that your *Ladiship* had patronized so many that your *Ladiship* could not comply with my request just then. My son, *my Lady*, has been in Scotland since and succeeded very well ; his talent is not yet known in London *my Lady*, as he has never yet had an opportunity to shew it : I hope your *Ladiship* will forgive this liberty, and trust my motive for again troubling your *Ladiship* will meet with your *Ladiship's* pardon. I am the widow, *my Lady*, of an old officer, and have four children totally unprovided for. I am in a little way of business, *my Lady*, but trade is so bad that it does not support us. My present request, *my Lady*, is, if it meets with your *Ladiship's* approbation, to beg your *Ladiship* would have benevolent kindness to give my son a few lines to Mr. Thos. Dibdin, manager of the Surrey Theatre, to employ him, from your *Ladiship's* recommendation. I am confident of success, and Mr. Dibdin would be the making of my son. I can give your *Ladiship* a reference to the war office for my self and sons character, *my Lady*, and likewise to Mr. Beverly, manager of the Regency-Theatre, or Mr. Wm. Barrymore, if my request should meet with your *Ladiship's* approbation. I most earnestly beg your *Ladiship* will grant my request ; it will ever be remembered by my self and son with gratitude.

"I am, *my Lady*, your *Ladiship's* most Devoted and Grateful Servt.

"P.S. My Son, *my Lady*, will take the liberty of waiting your *Ladiship's* answer. I have taken the liberty of enclosing Mr. Mason's letter to your *Ladiship*, the manager whom he was with last, *my Lady*."

There is much matter equally pleasant mingled with the Author's history of the stage.

Among other personages of whom anecdotes are told, or whose letters Mr. Dibdin has here published, are Queen Caroline, George the Third, the Duke of Wellington, George Lamb, Douglas Kinnaird, Peter Moore, Mr. Canning, Tom Sheridan, Mrs. Coutts, &c. The following authors figure in Mr. D.'s volumes : George Colman, Arnold, Reynolds, Morton, Kenney, Sheridan, Poole. Actors : John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Fawcett, Johnstone, Simmons, Lewis, Knight, Bannister, Elliston, Blanchard, Talma, Cooke, Munden, Russell, Emery, Betty, Farley, Rae, Mrs. Bunn, Kean. Singers and musicians : Incedon, Braham, Storace, Shield, Billington, Dickons, Miss Paton, &c. &c. This must be allowed to be a highly attractive catalogue. Besides all this we have anecdotes of the clubs to which Mr. Dibdin belonged, many of the members of which were eminent both for rank and talent : and the history of the stage which his "Reminiscences" contain, is as full and particular as might have been anticipated from the opportunities the author enjoyed, and the intimate knowledge of Green-room secrets which he possessed.

THE OPERA BOX.—NO. 111.

I own I like this easy talking,
A kind of Opera sleep-walking ;
Just made for lazy brains like mine !
Let wits and sages strive to shine ;
My loveliest of all lovely things
Is woman, angel without wings.

MAY FAIR.

Time, the evening of the fifteenth, ult. between the acts of the Semiramide : locale, a box in the pit tier. Present the Earl of Cameron and Colonel Damer.

Colonel Damer. Now that the act is over, you shall have the residue of the story, I was telling you, of Chiselhurst's *affaire*.

Lord Cameron. *Ah ! le méchant !* What iniquity has he been guilty of ? In what new toils has he been entangling himself ? Has he formed any fresh *liaison* ? The fellow will be shot to a certainty some of these days ; though I don't think he fears that much-to-be-desiderated ultimatum to his career. I shall counsel him seriously on the danger of his ways. Why the young dog has not been in the Guards a month, and he is already besieging the women with a spirit worthy of the corps. *Il a fait, fureur, they say, parmi les dames.* The hair-brained coxcomb fancies that every female who smiles upon him, loves him. A single ogle, he thinks, is enough to propitiate any woman beneath the peerage ; and that a duchess falls the victim of a second glance.

Colonel Damer. Egad, I see him this very moment in the pit, exchanging love passages with some French girl. Upon my soul, the fellow is not ill-looking ; and might be bearable were he not such a pickle. By Heavens ! he seems to have two strings to his bow, and is actually exchanging, or trying to exchange, a side whisper with one of the very women I told you of before, just as if nothing had happened ; and as if she had not punished his vanity. That *nonchalance* of his is the most enviable thing in the world. It does him great credit.

Lord Cameron. I hope you will finish your story before Brocard dances ; for at that time I shall have no *ear* : I shall be all *eye*. What follows in your narrative ? “ No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope ? ”

Colonel Damer. Queen Elizabeth ! What then, you've been at the rehearsal of the new opera, this morning ?

Lord Cameron. No, I have not. Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's *privately printed book* (which I dare say will not go much into public,) has almost frightened me from looking at any thing new.

Colonel Damer. I believe his Lordship thinks nothing good of which the composer has not been dead at least fifty years.

Lord Cameron. Ay, and damned too. I don't mean to be coarse, as Lord Byron says. I mean dramatically or operatically damned.

Colonel Damer. I assure you you will be delighted with Coccia's opera. It is quite Italian in its style ; and will, I am sure, give Pasta one of the grandest opportunities she has yet had *à faire fortune* with her audience.

Lord Cameron. Has Toso any part in it ?

Colonel Damer. You should say Madame Puzzi. Yes, she is to play Elizabeth ; and will, I am sure, stand higher with the public than ever.

Lord Cameron. I hope not. She is *high enough* already, in all conscience. *N'est-ce pas ?* But proceed with your story.

Colonel Damer. You know the three dames whose beauty scorched our friend Chiselhurst, and to all of whom the egregious varlet made love. Well, after flirting, about a week ago, with one of them at a *soirée*, he sent her a letter full of professions of adoration, undivided constancy, and the usual routine of such things. To his great surprise, the lady sent him a favorable answer ; hinting, in the midst of great apparent embarrassment, that she should be at a certain musical party on a certain evening, when her husband was to be engaged in the expected debate at the House about the Canning ministry.

Lord Cameron. You astonish me ! I thought the lady was all purity.

Colonel Damer. And so she is : but wait a little, and I'll explain the mystery. You must know, it so happened, that the youngster, following the praiseworthy example of Falstaff, had not confined his addresses to *one* lady ; but, with truly meritorious prolixity, extended his correspondence to a *second* ; and then the young sinner positively dispatched a third soft missive to another. How the devil he dared to hazard such a speculation, I know not : but you shall hear their retaliation.

Lord Cameron. I'm all impatience. Proceed.

Colonel Damer. Why, as if the whole Falstaff story were to be illustrated by a "modern instance," the ladies happened to meet in the Park one day ; and, after some conversation on indifferent matters, showed each other their respective billets. The scene must have been capital. Only conceive their excessive mirth, and the mischievous projects which arose in the minds of each. They agreed to consider themselves in the light of insulted ladies ; and immediately concerted a scheme of revenge. It was arranged that one of them was to inform Chiselhurst that she would be at the Marchioness's *soirée*, as I have already told you, and the others engaged to make assignations with the gallant on the same evening at different places.

Lord Cameron. Rather perplexing, that. Surely our Millamour did not attempt to meet them all.

Colonel Damer. Yes, but he did though. He first, however, determined to pay his devoirs to the lady who was to be at the *soirée*. On entering the room, full of infinite self-congratulation, he was struck with astonishment to behold the three fair ones engaged in conversation together. Bewildered as he was, he endeavoured to separate them, and succeeded ; though no sooner had he drawn one aside, than the other ladies buzzed about him, with significant and reproachful glances. His confusion was extreme, and required the utmost dexterity of address. At length, it was suggested by one compassionating charmer, that he should withdraw, and plant himself on the South side of the Square, and she promised, that as soon as she could evade the observation of her friends, she would drive by the spot. The night was wretchedly cold. I need not tell you that no lady came. Our youth kept his ground, however, manfully till break of day ; when he stole to his

apartments, to indulge in execrations of the sex in general, and the jilts in particular. On entering his chambers, the first thing that greeted him, was a provoking little billet, signed by the three ladies, complimenting him on his gallantry, congratulating him on his success, and assuring him, at the same time, that the story was too good, and too much to his credit, to be kept secret; and that they should take every means of giving it the publicity it merited.

Lord Cameron. Bravo, Mesdames! This is what Wellington would call a "great moral lesson." But see, the *divertissement* begins.

Colonel Damer. Look at Fleurot. Very well, upon my soul! She emulates the Ronzi Vestris. You remember her peculiar *pas*, my Lord? This is nearly as good. Bravo, Blasis! cursed heavy fellow that, but gets through his business properly. Did you ever see him in Paris?

Lord Cameron. I don't remember him. What other he fellows has Ebers acquired? He wrote me down to Scotland that he had engaged Gosselin. Does he dance to-night?

Colonel Damer. Of course. We shall have him anon. Buron takes, I think: her pirouette is the best in Europe—such a firm foot, and stands so well on the fetlock! If you happened to be near her while practising in the *foyer*, one elevation of her leg, would floor you like the kick of a horse.

Lord Cameron. Ha, ha! galvanic propulsion, I suppose. There she floats in with Brocard, the sylph of the ballet. Where is my glass?

Colonel Damer. You shall have it directly. Beautiful Brocard! What eyes! Never did gazelle possess orbs more lustrously lovely: so exquisitely set, so soft, so bewitching! Her style of dressing, too, is excellent: that ribbon—those flowers—quite a picture! Upon my soul, I envy Bruce!

Lord Cameron. How admirably she enacted Venus last year! Nothing could be more graceful, more alluring, more exquisitely conceived than her Canova-like recumbency in the shell, as she floated over the waves; or more enticing than her display of loveliness as the throned Queen of Beauty.

Enter Sir Felix Dilletante.

Colonel Damer. Ah, Sir Felix! It would be strange indeed, if there were to be an Opera without your presence. But how is it you are so late? I thought your passion was for the singing, and that you despised the dancing.

Sir Felix. Why I don't care much for the twirling, that's the fact, especially when *la Pasta* is here; though I must confess that Buron has her merits,—at least the men in the pit say so. But the curtain is down, and we shall soon have Pasta and Brambilla again. I have a theory about the latter singer, which I shall put down some of these days, and send to the New Monthly. By the by, has any body heard of the new fashionable Quarterly Review?

Colonel Damer. No. What sort of thing is it to be?

Sir Felix. Oh, it isn't published yet; but Alvanley complains so much of the vulgarity of the reviews, that there's to be a new order of things immediately. Nobody is to be allowed to be a writer in it who has less than 3000*l.* a year, or is without a title.

Colonel Damer. A capital idea. Have you qualified for it, Sir Felix? Who are to be the contributors?

Sir Felix. Oh, Lord Jersey is to write on the monied interest; Lord Alvanley on Saving-banks; the Duke of Bedford on Agricultural Distresses; Petersham on the Fine Arts; De Roos on the American Marine; and the Honourable Fanny S*** on the *Belles Lettres*.

Colonel Damer. Who is to publish it?

Sir Felix. I don't know; but they say it's not to be sold, but given away, like Joe Manton's guns. I hope it will *go off* as well.

Colonel Damer. I hope so. Now for a look at the *monde*. Capital house. If it fills in this way, Ebers will make his fortune. The boxes, too, are brim-full of well-dressed women. Quite a show of hats and diamonds and plumes and bracelets, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance," of glorious beauty. Ah, Lady Owen, how d'ye do? (*kisses his hand.*) How well she looks! I must go and chat with her anon. The Countess, I see, is here. Is that her niece with her? By the by, I must find out the Marchioness of Westmeath. Where dwelleth she?

Lord Cameron. Directly opposite us on the third tier. The new Master of the Rolls, *ci-devant* Vice, is in her box. How triumphantly that plume waves about! The Marchioness understands, perfectly well, what becomes her.

Sir Felix. (*After a pause occupied in "glassing" the lovely countenances of the wearers of the aforesaid hats, diamonds, feathers, &c. and a final continuous gaze at one in particular.*) Stately, queenlike, divine Lady Jersey! if ever blue-eyed Pallas had a type on earth, 'twas thou! (*Lord Cameron laughs outrageously.*) Laugh on, insensible; but if thou matchest me that still, blue, skyey eye, I will forfeit an existence too well spent in ever gazing on its beauty. What a brow! did queen ever boast one more beautifully dignified, or serenely haughty? It proclaims her the despotic Empress of Elegance.

Lord Cameron. When you have finished rhapsodizing, my dear fellow, be good enough to inform me, whether that is the Countess of Cooper with her? for that cursed curtain obstructs my view.

Sir Felix. Yes; it is her box, I believe. So all the Pagets and Argyles are here; and the lovely Mountcharles; and, 'fore heaven, a whole host of splendid women! Look at the jewels that flame on Londonderry's patrician brows, the feathers that float from Worcester's raven tresses, and the dazzling tiara of the lovely and irresistible Tankerville.

Lord Cameron. In raptures again, Sir Felix, eh? There is one, however, unnamed, who is entitled to hold rank with the proudest of them in the scale of beauty. Where is Mercandotti?

Colonel Damer. I know not. Vainly have I looked for her of late. This house wants one of its chief attractions in her absence. (*The door opens to admit Mr. Ebers.*) Ah, Ebers! come in—capital house to-night—you've had a bustling season. What do the ladies say of Pasta?

Ebers. They think she sings and acts better than ever. What is your opinion, my Lord?

Lord Cameron. Why you know I am no authority in musical matters. When do you mean to give us a new ballet?

Ebers. Immediately, my lord.

Sir Felix. What a very pretty girl Brambilla is, Ebers; and what a

luscious voice she has! How she sports the casque and feathers and dons the pantaloons.

Ebers. I expect to make a hit with Brambilla. She is already a prodigious favourite with the male portion of the audience.

Colonel Damer. Yes, yes, she will supersede Toso, especially as the latter is married. They tell me the Countess has been in dreadful despair ever since that occurrence. I hope Brambilla is not matrimonial?

Ebers. I don't know, Colonel; but they say she has already had five offers. I hope, gentlemen, you will do me the favour to come to the rehearsal of Coccia's opera to-morrow. I long to hear Sir Felix's opinion.
(Exit Mr. Ebers.)

Sir Felix. I shall certainly attend. What little I have heard is excellent, and must, I am sure, please the public. Pasta's first song is well calculated for effect. She is just liberated from her imprisonment, and pours forth a burst of gladness at the freshness of the fields and the joy of freedom.

Lord Cameron. What do you say to a peep behind the scenes while the ballet is preparing?

Colonel Damer. With all my heart. Come, Sir Felix.—(Exeunt.)
(Towards the end of the ballet the party re-enter their box, and meet the Polish Prince, Czartoriskoplxqrstlinski.)

Lord Cameron. Ah! Prince, how do? Have you seen the ballet? But I suppose not. You are, as De Roos christened you, always the late Prince Czartoriskoplxqrstlinski.

The Prince. Really I never look at the stage. *Maintenant je suis indifférent à toutes ces choses là.*

Lord Cameron. *Comment? et la petite danseuse—*

The Prince. *Brisons-là.* I can't talk on the subject. You know I went to Greece to try to forget her.

Sir Felix. How could you be so unfashionable as to go to Greece? It's no longer *la mode* now, since Byron died. Egypt, Syria, and all that, are the only places where you don't see the eternal English blue-stocking ladies in ultra-marine pelisses, and waiting maids with their rose-coloured spencers, like Lady Belmour's woman. For my part, I should like to go to China. The Celestial Empire is, I believe, as yet sacred.

Colonel Damer. No, indeed. The Leadenhall people—the Grocer-princes, have got a breed of English there too. I am credibly informed that a Mrs. Tims gave a tea-party lately on the great wall of China.

Sir Felix. Of course, with toast and butter, and all the usual accompaniments of a July evening?

Colonel Damer. Oh! no doubt; but the Chinese newspapers don't give very precise details upon the subject, I believe.

Sir Felix. Do you read Chinese?

Colonel Damer. No; but I am qualifying myself for the study of it, by trying every morning to decypher my friend Lord Grosvenor's franks.

Lord Cameron. Very good study, I allow. Pray, how did you like Italy, Prince?

The Prince. Oh, pretty well. The women are handsome; but one

doesn't like to find that princes are bankers and print-sellers, that dukes let lodgings, and marquesses turn pawnbrokers; though, really, the mixture of people one finds in Rome is vastly piquant. Besides, you can so easily separate the set that is *distingué*, from the set that is not *distingué* by any thing but vulgarity.

Colonel Damer. Have you seen an English book upon Italy, lately published?

The Prince. "The English in Italy?"

Colonel Damer. Oh, no; though I hear that that is a very clever work; but it has become ancient—it was published above a year ago. I allude to a *new* book—a sort of novel, I believe, called "English Fashionables Abroad." I'm told it is very spirited and amusing.

Sir Felix. It is really so. I have no hesitation in saying that it is by far the best account of Italian and English manners contrasted, that has yet appeared.

Lord Cameron. I hope my friend De Roos will make as amusing a book.

Sir Felix. I have no doubt of it. De Roos has all the talents necessary for writing well. "I expect," as the Americans say, that he will draw a pleasant contrast between the manners to which he has been accustomed at home, and the habits of Jonathan in the "States."

The Prince. *Il a beaucoup de talent, ce M. de Roos.*

Colonel Damer. Do you know the good thing he said of the Cavendish?

The Prince. No, I don't. Do you?

Colonel Damer. Of course. He told the Prince de Polignac that the Duke of ——— had certainly *du talent*—*un grand talent pour le silence*.

Sir Felix. Capital! De Roos certainly says very good things. He visited the falls of Niagara, didn't he?

Colonel Damer. Yes; and has described them in such a way, I'm told, as will not tend to his own "decline or fall" in the estimation of the public.

Sir Felix. Oh, abominable joker! Certainly the *amateur* travellers are getting prodigiously clever. There are Captains Head and Alexander, and the writer of the Sketches in Persia, and my friend Keppel, whose *Babylonia* I see is going into a third edition, to the great delight of Lord Albemarle and the Duke of Sussex. By-the-by, the prints in the Major's book were rather clumsy; were they from his own drawings?

Colonel Damer. I know not; but I know that De Roos has both an eye and a hand for the Arts. He sketches pleasantly, and has even lithographed the plates for his book.

The Prince. *Eh bien—mêure si son ouvrage fait naufrage, il se sauvera sur les planches.*

Tutti. Bravo, bravo, Principe!

Lord Cameron. Gentlemen, I propose that we adjourn to the crash-room. It is the only thing left us, now that the ballet is over.

All. Allons!

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